



OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE MAGIC HAND

HARRY GOES TO THE CIRCUS

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

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HARRY KIMBERLY could hardly wait for August 28 to come. Circus day did not visit Winston every day in the year or every month, either, and Harry had had the measles on the occasion of the last visit of Forepangh's.

Add to his natural desire to see the animals and the marvelous trapeze performers and bareback riders was Harry's wish to try his new found power.

If he could make a little pig out of a large hog by merely touching him with his right hand, what might he not do if he touched a hippopotamus or a Royal Bengal tiger?

Not a word did he breathe to any one, for fear that he might be forbidden to touch anything.

He was almost afraid to touch his parents lest he make dwarfs of them, but he found by accident that his power could not affect any member of his family. He also found out that if he willed not to use his power he did not have to. For instance, he said to himself: "I want Fluffy to stay as she is," and then he patted the big yellow cat, and she remained a beautiful big cat. But when he wished to make her small he stroked her and she became such a little kitten that she could actually walk through his napkin ring.

The morning of the circus was a more perfect day than it generally falls to the lot of August to offer. Blue sky overhead, dry and dusty roads under foot, and a stream of carriages of all kinds driving toward Winston from every point of the compass.

Harry's father and mother and his little sister started soon after breakfast. When they came to Winston his father put the horse up in a livery stable "so's she'll be safe in case the tigers get loose," as he laughingly said to Harry. Then they went to the piazza of one of the hotels and waited for the parade to come along.

At the parade! First there was the band in the big golden bandwagon, every musician in a red coat and beautiful red blankets on every one of the eight white horses that drew the wagon.

After the band came a cavalcade of riders of all nationalities—Arabs, cowboys, Australians, Austrians, English hunters in scarlet coats, Cossacks, German Uhlans "loaned by Emperor William" and the "bodyguard of King Edward," solemn looking gentlemen in frock coats and high hats, with swords and pistols at their belts.

Mr. Kimberly was very much amused at them and said to his wife that he guessed King Edward must be wishing they'd come back and protect him, but it all seemed very real to Harry, who wished he could wear a high hat on horseback just for the fun of balancing it.

Then came twenty elephants of all sizes, from the baby one, who was no bigger than a huge bear, to the giant of them all, who was about as large as the posters of him on Mr. Smithsonian's barn.

The wild beasts interested Harry very much. There were "man-eating lions," and vicious looking tigers, and treacherous leopards and a hyena who every now and then looked sideways out of his eyes in a manner to scare even a brave man stiff if he were to meet him at night in a country graveyard.

A grizzly bear "found at the North Pole by an explorer and presented to the Consolidated Circus by him" was one of the star exhibits. He was chained to a thick pole, so that he might not get homesick, and as he swayed from side to side he seemed to be wishing that the ice man would give him a cake of ice on which to sit. August weather, even when cool, was much too hot for him.

Suddenly from the street there was a cry:—"The tiger's escaped, the tiger's escaped! Run for your lives!"

Even men grew pale and women fainted. A tiger is all very well in a cage with strong bars between him and the public, but a tiger out for a holiday with all the world in front of him—ugh!

"Where do you suppose he is?" asked Mrs. Kimberly, clutching her husband's arm.

"I don't know; but I guess we're safe

if we stay up here. He'll probably run straight for the woods beyond the railroad track, and he may be as frightened as we are."

Just then a crowd of men, women and children came running down the street in fearful panic, but above the noise of their voices could be heard the roar of the wild beast.

"I guess we'd better go inside," said Mr. Kimberly in a calm tone. He took

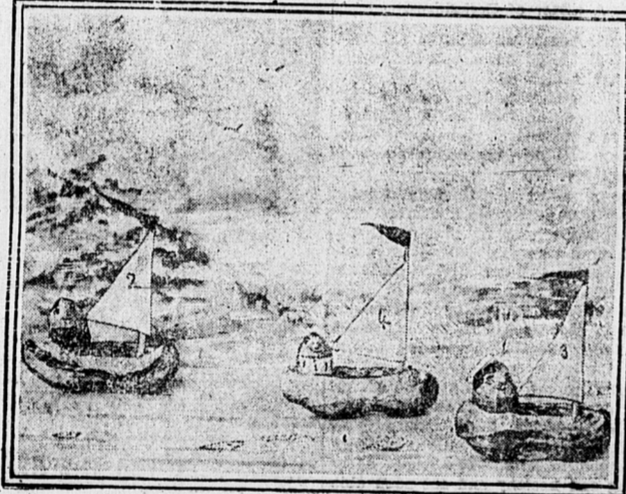


Wished with All His Might That He Might Become Small

A PECK OF FUN FROM A PINT OF PEANUTS

THE PEANUTS IN FOREIGN LANDS

BY BEATRICE D'EMO



Sailing Away in the Peanut Craft

THOSE of you who have read in the children's page on previous Sundays how many interesting things may be made of peanuts will not be surprised to see to-day several new additions to these peanut wonders. Once started on the fascinating pursuit of making things from peanuts, there seems to be no end to the number of attractive articles that may be turned out.

To-day the peanuts are wandering in foreign lands, as you will notice in the illustrations. In one picture the peanuts are sailing away in interesting home made craft, in another picture one beholds the slippers of the charming Fatima made of peanuts, and in a third picture a peanut boy is discovered in Holland, having attired himself in the garments of the country. He has just met a peanut animal which is something like a dog, something like a guinea pig and something like a rabbit. It is presumably a Dutch dachshund.

Fatima's slippers are probably the easiest to make. The greatest care must be exercised in selecting the peanuts, so that they will be regular in shape and sufficiently pointed at the toe for the slipper of a fascinating lady. The top part of the peanut is cut away with a sharp knife, as shown in the illustration. The slippers may be painted, the toes being made a different color. Red paint for the slipper and gold for the toes is a very Oriental combination. Holes are made in the back of the slippers, through which a ribbon may be run if it is desired to hang them up.

The boating scene calls for two sizes of peanuts, large ones for the boats and baby peanuts for the sailors. The peanuts which are to be used as boats should be shaped like those in the illustration. Stiff white paper makes the sails, which are cut in shape and then glued to toothpicks. The end of each toothpick is stuck in the bottom of the peanut shell boat. To the upper end is fastened a pennant of colored tissue paper.

The baby peanut sailors are seated in the stern of each boat. They are round little fellows with very little shape of any kind. Their heads are painted on the upper part of each shell and a belt of paint is put on to separate the head from the body. If desired the bodies of the peanut sailors may be painted some dark

color and little hats may be made of paper and stuck on with glue.

For the Dutch peanut boy two sizes of peanuts are used. A large, irregular peanut is the face and body of the boy. Into one end of this are thrust two toothpicks for legs. The lower part of the legs is wound with white tissue paper to resemble white stockings. The feet are thrust into tiny, almost round half shells of peanuts, which very much resemble sabots.

The arms are formed by two shorter toothpicks thrust into the large body peanut just below the head part. Small pieces of peanut shell glued to the ends of these sticks serve as hands. They can easily be shaped like hands and the fingers may be outlined with a pen.

The face of the peanut boy is painted



and he has a hat made from half a shell paper or of some light color. The clay pipe thrust into his mouth may be cut from white cardboard.

For a costume the peanut boy may have trousers and shirt of paper. The trousers are of dark blue, green, brown or orange

tissue paper, and the shirt of white tissue paper or of some light color.

The peanut animal has four short toothpicks for legs. Its face is painted and it has tissue paper ears. Its tail is natural. In every plait of peanuts there is sure to be at least one nut with a fairly sizable tail that will do nicely for a peanut animal.



In the Land of Windmills



Fatima's Slippers

JOURNEYS IN PUZZLE LAND. Trip No. 5.—Rivers of the United States



Eleven rivers of the United States are concealed in the following story. The first buried river is "Pearl," hidden in the phrase "trip early." The other rivers, all of which are better known, are buried in a similar manner.

BOB and Susie Van Brunt had already gone on a number of journeys by means of ordinary vehicles when one day their father suggested that the whole family should go on a trip in a balloon, the object being to get an idea of the interior waterways of the United States. Everybody acceded with delight to this proposal, and Mr. Van Brunt told them they must be ready to start on the trip early the next morning.

The next day the family started gayly up in the air when suddenly Bob cried, "We've forgotten something!"

His father and mother could not guess what it was until Bob said demurely "Susie," and sure enough sleepy Susie had forgotten about the early start and had been left behind.

The party sat high at once and called

to old Dinah, the family cook, who was out on the veranda, to tell the dilatory traveller to hurry up.

"Miss is sippin' her chocolate jes' as comfortable as ef you all hadn't gone and left her," chuckled Dinah. "She's forgot all the viage."

Susie was astonished when she discovered that it was the day of the journey and that she had almost lost the opportunity of going, and she hastily bundled herself into the balloon, which immediately made a fresh start.

The first stop made was on the banks of a picturesque river, which flowed be-

tween high hills. The balloon came down with a thud so near the precipice that it frightened every one. Not far away from where they landed a pretty young woman was sitting in the middle of a grass plat telling a fairy story to some children. Bob and Susie joined the group, and when it was time for the balloon to start again they had made a whole circle of new friends.

Everything went well with the balloon for two days, and then one afternoon the weather grew threatening and Mr. Van Brunt pointed to some low hanging clouds heavily banked against the horizon

and in color a doubtful purple. "I think we'd best get out of here quickly," he said. "That looks very much like a bad storm." Even with their haste, however, they were unable to reach the earth in time and were drenched to the skin.

One of the funniest adventures the party had occurred one day when Mr. Van Brunt was unable to control the balloon as he wished and it descended in a circus enclosure. The animals were all very much frightened. A harmless old tiger tore down the iron bars which caged it and an Eskimo dog ran desperately up on top of the big circus tent. With the

help of Mr. Van Brunt and Bob passed was presently restored and the balloon proceeded on its journey.

The last stage of the journey carried them to that part of the West which their father explained had been known as wild and woolly—before advancing civilization made law a real power in the land. Some remnants of former conditions still remained and the children saw nothing funnier during their journey than the little Indian babies, naked and brightly painted, running about in the sun.

One evening when they had stopped beside a beautiful broad river for the night Bob came running to Susie much disturbed. "We're going to start for home to-morrow," he said. "Isn't it too mean! And we're going back by train because the balloon isn't in good working order."

"Oh, I overheard papa talking about that to the balloon man at our last stopping place, but, after all, I'm glad we're going back by train. It's much safer than the balloon, and you know we don't want to miss our invitation to Cousin Jennie's birthday party, which we will do if we aren't back soon."

This reconciled Bob to the thought that the balloon trip was over and the next morning they bade good-by to their interesting vehicle and boarded the train for home.

A Verse for the Holidays.

O is for the Christmas cake, that's rich and spiced and jolly;
E is for the season's green and red, the blithe some holly;
R is for the revels where we dance with fun and folly;
I is for the inglenook that's death to melancholy.
S for good old Santa stands, and for the well filled stockings;
T for trees and turkeys that to market now are flocking;
M for midnight mummings, all the streets and lanes ablooming;
A for angel messengers that at our hearts are knocking;
S again for stockings or for Santa or for season.

Dead right and for this verse you'll find the right kind of frocks.

New Frocks for the Dolls.

JUST before Christmas it is pleasant to dress all one's dolls in new clothes, for there are pretty sure to be newcomers to the doll family on Christmas, and the dolls that have been in the family for some time may feel rather shabby and dilapidated unless they are supplied with fresh costumes.

Instead of dressing the dolls in the usual fashion, it is a lot of fun to have them all in different styles of dress. For instance, the boy dolls may be dressed as sailors, soldiers, foreign peasants, as gentlemen of the Colonial period, &c., while the girl dolls may appear as Little Red Riding Hood, a Quaker lady, a trained nurse, flower girl, German peasant, &c. There are no end to the list of fancy costumes one may have to draw upon, and in almost any household there are plenty of pieces of material from which the costumes may be made. You will find it most interesting to dress the dolls in this fashion and not any more difficult than to make the usual kind of frocks.