

Kitao Dines Like a King

KITAO supposed himself to sleep. True, he had not dined, but he was contented, for all that. Had he not given his last handful of rice to the poor? Surely, he would gain much more good from it by this way than had he eaten it.



WENT FLACIDLY TO SLEEP

was dissatisfied. The idea of taking a nap while hungry was not at all attractive to her. She determined to hunt for some tempting morsel in which she could busy her teeth.

She had gone not more than a hundred yards from the cottage of her master, however, before she met several naughty boys, who wickedly tied a huge saucepan to her tail. Terrified by this great thing, which banged and clattered



FASTENED THE SAUCEPAN

after her, Matou sped helter-skelter along the byways.

So great was her fright, that she did not realize what she was doing when she ran against the royal cook, who prepared the viands for the emperor himself. Now, the cook was carrying a pullet, which had just been cooked for his majesty, and when he fell, tripped by the string attached to Matou's sauce-



DROPPED THE PULLET

pan, he dropped the chicken. And this dainty fell right into the saucepan tied to the cat's tail. Away fled Matou, more frightened than ever. This time she made directly for the home of her master.

Kitao was astonished, indeed, when Matou appeared, drawing behind her the pullet in a saucepan.

"The gods have provided me with dinner!" cried he. And as he proceeded to



PROVIDED WITH A DINNER

enjoy this feast he remarked, with gusto:

"This pullet is fit for a king to dine upon."

Little did he know with what truth he had spoken. Had he done so, perhaps, he would not have eaten the pullet so calmly, nor so gratefully shared it with Matou.

A Fair Exchange

NEVER before had Willie been in the country. He fell into raptures of delight over many things, but above all did he admire a Jersey calf.

"I'd like to buy it," he said to the owner.

"But what would you give in exchange for it?" was the response.

"My baby sister," gravely answered the boy. "We often have a new baby, and we've never had a calf."

A Princess' Kindness



NOT long ago a motor-car in which the Princess of Wales was riding killed a fox-terrier puppy belonging to the children of Mr. Robert Edmunds, of Rickmansworth.

This accident so distressed the princess that she sent another puppy to the children to replace "Nelly," who had been killed. The children named the new dog "Royal Prince." You can imagine how they prize their pet and how they appreciate the kindness of the princess.

"I want to buy a dog that will look terribly fierce and won't bite anybody," said the lady to the dog dealer. "You'd better get a china dog, mamma, was the reply."

Dollies made at an Emperor's Coronation



THE ARTIST QUICKLY ARRANGED THE WONDERFUL DOLLS IN A PROCESSION BEFORE NAPOLEON

ALl there is nothing to disturb me today. I can now devote the time necessary to finish this portrait."

Thereupon, Isabey, the great painter of the French court, applied himself to his work with renewed energy.

But not long was he to remain in this contented frame of mind. Some one knocked loudly at the door. With a grunt of irritation Isabey turned the handle, to find himself confronted by an equestrian in the royal uniform.

"Your presence, sir, is desired at the Tuilleries immediately," said the messenger.

"Isabey," said he, "you know that my coronation takes place in two days. Well, I want you to begin work this hour upon two water colors, reproducing exactly the event which will take place on that day. I wish to have these paintings completed by the day I am crowned emperor."

The painter murmured, "Yes, sire," and then found himself dismissed. Back to his house he walked, with his mind all befuddled. How in the world could he finish two water colors, demanding great care, in just forty-eight hours?

Isabey knew the task set him was impossible. It would have taxed the ability of the work," he reflected.

All at once an idea came to him. Not only was he clever at painting, but he could devise splendid costumes with remarkable speed. Mine, Isabey was wit-



SUMMONED BY NAPOLEON

ness to his skill in designing elaborate robes exquisitely decorated.

Once having made up his mind, Isabey made hurried plans to put the scheme into execution. Servants were dispatched to buy numbers of undressed dolls; others were sent to shops to buy rich fabrics and gay tinsel of gold and silver.

Then the painter set to work. First, he painted the faces of the dolls to represent the features of those who were to take part in the pageant. Then from the heap of costly cloth he cut pieces and deftly fashioned them into beautiful robes, exact counterparts of those to be worn at the coronation. Hours passed, but the flying fingers of the artist fairly kept pace with them. Round him now lay masses of dresses and cloth and dolls and scraps—as

though it were a doll factory. Puppets after puppets was completed, however. Yet Isabey never ceased from his labors.

On the eve of Coronation Day Isabey was admitted to the presence of Napoleon. Accompanying him was the painter's valet, bearing a mass of pasteboard boxes.

"What are all these parcels for?" demanded Napoleon. "Surely two water colors cannot occupy so much space."

Without replying, Isabey proceeded to unfasten the cords which bound the boxes, and to place upon the floor a multitude of puppets, exactly resembling the noted personages who were to

"I regret, sire, that I could not execute your command better, but I trust that this substitution for the water colors will be acceptable."

And Napoleon, thoroughly amused as well as astonished at the painter's marvelous skill in designing the procession, replied:

"I am satisfied, Isabey—and surprised. While Josephine, wife of Napoleon, added, with enthusiasm:

"You do very well as a court painter, Isabey, but I would that you were my costumer!"

Isabey acknowledged his compliment and the praise bestowed upon him by



ISABEY'S ROOM LOOKED LIKE A DOLL FACTORY.

take part in the coronation on the morrow.

In the space of a short time he had arranged a complete procession. Then he turned to Napoleon, bowed, and said:

courtiers and ladies.

The water colors were afterward finished, as Napoleon had first commanded, but it is said that the emperor was not more pleased with them than he was with the wonderful group of dolls.



SERVANTS BROUGHT UNDRESSED DOLLS AND RICH FABRICS

Wondering for the necessity of such great haste, Isabey hurried to the palace, where he gained admittance at once. Napoleon greeted him kindly, and then referred to the matter which had caused him to send for the artist.

ity of an art. "I must at least make some attempt to

Himself the Enemy

AN OLD Norse legend tells of one of the kings of Northland who was a mighty warrior, and so strong that none other could stand against him in combat. There was no man living whom he feared.

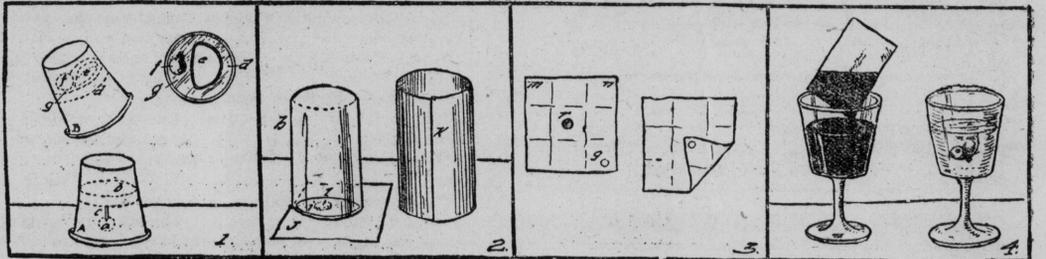
But one dark and cloudy night he was set upon by an enemy who seemed to know in advance his every defense, and who was able to forestall all his moves and grips and thrusts. In vain the king sought to free himself. He felt that he was being choked to death.

Then, as the clouds parted for a moment, the king caught a glimpse of his enemy, and, lo! he saw his own face. So it was he found that he was his own greatest enemy.

Natural Motives.

Teacher—When the war broke out all the men who could leave their homes enlisted in the army. Now, can any of you tell me what motives took them to the front?
Bright Boy—Locomotives, teacher!

Interesting Pastimes of Nan and Dan



TRICK THIMBLES

HOW THE COIN DISAPPEARS

FOLDING THE HANDKERCHIEF

GOBLETS FILLED WITH "INK"

HURRIEDLY unfolding the note which Nora had just brought her, Nan read:

"To Her Majesty Queen Nan: With the permission of your most gracious majesty the court magician will perform in the queen's audience chamber at the hour of 2."

"MAGICIAN DAN."

The little girl clapped her hands in glee. It was very, very nice of Brother Dan to help amuse her, while her grainy ankle still kept her confined to the house. She settled herself, more comfortably on the couch, to await the coming of the "magician." Dan could do such wonderful tricks that she well knew a treat was in store.

Promptly at the hour appointed Dan appeared at the door of the sitting room, and bowed profoundly to Nan. Then he left the room for a moment, returning with materials for his tricks. Raising two thimbles in the air, he announced:

THE PERFORMANCE BEGINS

"Your majesty, the performance will begin with a mystifying thimble trick. You will observe the thimbles are entirely empty. Now I shall place a cork pellet on the table before me, and over it I shall place one of the thimbles. The other thimble I put on top of the one which covers the pellet. Presto, change!"

Dan waved his magic wand in the air, made a few mysterious gestures

and then announced:

"I have now made the pellet travel from underneath the lower thimble to the inside of the upper thimble."

Sure enough, when he raised the top thimble, there was the pellet, while the bottom thimble was empty.

OTHER ASTONISHING FEATS

Amid great applause Dan went on with his next feat. On the table he laid a square piece of paper and upon it placed a coin. Over the coin he placed a glass. Then over the glass he slipped a cylinder of pasteboard. Raising both the glass and the cylinder together, he showed that the coin had disappeared from the table. But when he laid the glass and cylinder again upon the table, and removed the cylinder, the coin rested on the square piece of paper under the glass as before.

The magician bowed low in acknowledgment of her majesty's approval, before going on with another trick. This time he borrowed a handkerchief from his royal audience, spread it out flat upon the table and placed a coin exactly in the middle. Afterward he folded the corners of the handkerchief toward the center. Then, with a few passes of his wand, he fluttered the handkerchief in the air. The coin was gone!

"I shall conclude my performance with the most remarkable feat known to masters of the Art of Magic," gravely said Dan, as he produced a glass

filled almost to the rim with ink. To prove that it was really ink, he dipped a visiting card into the fluid; but when he threw a handkerchief over the glass he muttered a few magic words, and then slowly drew the handkerchief away and, instead of ink, the glass contained clear water, in which swam a tiny goldfish.

Nan gasped with astonishment. Nor did she hardly recover sufficiently to thank the magician for his kindly entertainment, as Dan bowed himself out the door.

"I only wish I knew how he did those splendid tricks," she murmured to herself.

Perhaps you would like to know just how Dan DID accomplish these feats. In the thimble trick, the bottom thimble (A) had a piece of cork inserted inside, with a needle point extending almost to the level of the rim. So that when the cork pellet was placed under it the needle penetrated the cork, and when the thimble was raised the pellet came up with it. There was also a circular piece of cork (D) inside the upper thimble (B). This piece had a little hole in it (e)—just large enough for a second cork pellet (f) to be dropped through it. This second pellet rested on the narrow ledge (a) above the hole. Great care had to be taken to hold the thimble in an inclined position while placing it over the first thimble, in order that the pellet might not roll through the hole (e) in the cork ledge. Of course, after

the upper thimble was in position, it was a simple matter to turn the thimble so that the pellet would roll out.

The second trick was accomplished by having a circular piece of pasteboard (b)—with exactly the same circumference as the mouth of the glass—resting upon the square bit of paper (c). The coin (d) was laid on the pasteboard. Then the rim of the glass (h) was stuck with mucilage. Of course, the glass was fitted exactly upon the edges of the piece of pasteboard, to which it adhered. When the glass and cylinder (k) were raised together, the cylinder was big enough to cover the glass and the pasteboard upon which the coin lay.

COIN CLINGS TO BREAD

Before beginning the handkerchief trick, a moist piece of bread was stuck on the corner of the handkerchief. This corner was pressed upon the coin first in folding. The coin naturally adhered to the bread, and the performer when unrolling the handkerchief turned toward his audience the side of the handkerchief opposite to that upon which the coin clung.

Ink really was not used in the last experiment. The inside of the glass was lined with a piece of black cloth coming up to the exact level of the water. The card was inked on one side beforehand. Upon drawing the handkerchief away from the covered glass the performer reached down and also drew out the black cloth, concealing it within the handkerchief.

Mistress (to new maid)—"Above all things, I expect you to be reticent." Maid—"Yes, ma'am, certainly." "Curiously." But "where is there to be reticent about?"

"So stingy is James Adolphus Brown," said the man who knew him, "that he never tells a story unless it is at someone else's expense."

"I would die for you," exclaimed her lover, passionately. "Oh, don't," she answered, in alarm; "I like your hair and moustache so much better as they are."

"What do you think makes the sea salt?" was a question put to a school class. A brilliant idea struck a boy. "Please, sir, the herrings."