

Helpful Hints for Our Young Artists

LESSON NO. 100—THE FUNNY CLOWNS.

A three-panel comic strip showing a cat learning to walk on a seesaw. Panel 1: The cat is on the left side of the seesaw, which is tilted down. Panel 2: The cat is on the right side, which is tilted down, looking surprised. Panel 3: The cat is on the left side, which is tilted down, looking happy.

A Fortunate Youngster

Queen Wilhelmina's baby, heir-apparent to the throne of Holland, is the most fortunate youngster in the world when it comes to a matter of covering his pink toes. An American firm has just manufactured several pairs of shoes for him: one pair out of a piece of goods of the queen's wedding gown; one of cloth of gold; another of cloth of silver, and still another pair of the very finest patent calf and cloth of silver.

WHAT WAS APPRECIATED.

It was in returning thanks for the branded peaches from an Ontario grocer at Thanksgiving time that the appreciative parson said from the pulpit: "I wish publicly at this time to thank Robert Smithers for his generous present of branded peaches. I appreciate the peaches and thank him for these, but I more particularly appreciate the spirit in which they were sent."

Beautiful silks and brocaded satins that cost \$100 per yard were used. The latter pair of shoes are tiny carriage boots. Satin brocade in ecru and white fur were used in connection with the patent calf. Each style of shoe for this spring of nobility is made in three colors, pink, white and blue.

A cartoon illustration of a man in a top hat and tuxedo, smoking a pipe and pointing, with children in the background. The man is the central figure, wearing a dark tuxedo with a white polka-dot vest and a white shirt with a bow tie. He is wearing a tall top hat and has a large, round nose. He is smoking a pipe and pointing his right hand towards the left. In the background, there are two children, a boy and a girl, standing on a path. The boy is wearing a striped shirt and shorts, and the girl is wearing a dress. They are looking towards the man. There is a small house with a chimney in the background. The entire scene is enclosed in a circular frame.

For the queer little man
In the funny old hat
Never came back our way,
And that is the reason
We all supposed
That he had gone off to stay.



"Help! Brother is drowning!" she cried with all her strength. "Help! Help!"

THE CHILDREN AND THE KNIGHT

ZIGZAG PUZZLE.

This zigzag contains seven words of four letters each. If the words are rightly guessed and written one below another their zigzag letters, beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter, will spell a game much enjoyed by children. The crosswords are: 1. Something which looks very pretty over a little girl's ear; 2. The name of a central state; 3. A city dwelling; 4. To be afraid; 5. Something used for catching animals; 6. The way a lazy person likes to be; 7. Something we always have in pairs.

For in the moon, so glorious;
The old May-Man is seen;
And if you count your fingers
And say "Red, white and green,"



To bring your heart's dear wishes
And make your May-time bright,
If you will only ask him
When you see him rise at night.

CURTAILINGS:

1. Curtail to be foolish and giddy and leave part of a window.
2. Doubly curtail to wrangle and make a loud noise and leave a shellfish.
3. Doubly curtail a tool used by carpenters in their work and leave a little bird.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead an article of dress worn by both ladies and gentlemen and get that which cannot be bought, but which is worth more than anything else in the world. 2. Behead a modern small musical instrument. 3. Behead to dash noisily together and leave a whip.

LETTER PUZZLE.

My whole of six letters is a kind of tree. My 1, 2, 4, 6 form a desire. My 4, 5, 6, form a kernel. My 3, 2, 1 form something by which we are governed.

ABOUT PEANUTS

Even if it were not for the circus America would eat more peanuts than any other country. The demand for the nuts has never been fully supplied. During the years 1907 and 1908 Japan exported 17,000,000 pounds of peanuts and the greater por-

BY WILLIAM WALLACE, JR.

The children had gone to England to see their father, who had said that it was their first time to leave their New World home. Their father had left his native land—England—when a mere boy, to seek his fortunes in the great United States of North America. And now that he was a well-to-do merchant, residing in a western city, he had decided that his two sons and one daughter should visit the old home. And thither they had gone, to see their father and their mother, a sweet, lovable lady. The father, being so occupied with his business, could not go with his wife and children, but promised to "run over" for them before the end of the summer, to see them in their permanent homeplace, across the Atlantic.

But I must tell you the names of the children. There were Percy and Lewis, named for the grandfather and great-grandfather, and Miss Julia, named for the mother. Percy was the eldest of the three, being 12 years old. Lewis was seven. And they were the best of playfellows. Julia entered into all the sports of her brothers.

After arriving at the old manor house of their ancestors, the children were constantly busy asking questions about the many interesting things they saw there. They were especially interested in the portraits and armor. The first were of the ancestors and the last had been worn by them when in battle. The children never tired of looking at these relics of their forefathers. One day, when the old footman-Parker, aged 70, would not only answer all their questions, but would vouchsafe much information to them besides. One day, while examining the armor, they saw a splendid armor of plate, which was Parker's armor. The old Parker was Parker's grandfather. Old Parker

"Which of our ancestors wore this, Parker? He must have been a very big, strong man to have carried all this on his body while fighting."

"Ah, that was worn by—by—why, that was worn by Sir Percy, the first of the name and the builder of this hall," replied Parker, scratching his head to assist in calling up his faded memory. "Yes, Sir Lewis Percy wore that armor. And he wore it in a good cause. He fought for his king, lady."

"Where you here then?" asked Julia innocently. Both the boys laughed, but old Parker shook his head sadly. "No, Miss Julia, I was not. But I wish I might have been," he said, "for I was there when Sir Lewis Percy lived here. I saw this hall built—one wing at a time. Half of it was completed during his lifetime, which covered 75 years. His son, John Percy, was the one we call a spendthrift, and ran the place into debt. He was a wild creature. Miss Julia, his son walked in a different path, and again the old hall and the broad acres bloomed with thrift. He was let me see—he was Adam Lewis Percy, your grandfather, many, many times removed. Ah, he was a great man too, but not so great as his grand-

and the children's mother had accompanied him.

"Ah, still studying the portraits of your forefathers, my children," said the dear old man as he observed the attentive faces of his great-grandchildren in the hall. "But on such a day you would better be romping in the park, rowing on the river or out in the garden helping the gardener. It's gloomy in this old, dark hall for children, particularly American children. They have so much sunlight and fresh winds over in the New World,

"Oh, grandfather, we love this place," cried Percy. "Parker has been telling us the history of this armor." And Percy and Lewis looked at the armor which had interested them so much.

The aged grandfather shook his head knowingly. "Yes, yes, Parker, like his father, is very much in the past. But the living blood is in the present day. It is good to have children about, I can tell you." And the old gentleman chuckled in a merry way. Then he turned to the boys and told them the story of that particular suit of armor—the story as it has been handed down from one generation to another in the same hall.

"Oh, no, sir," said Lewis and Percy in a breath. "May we have the story from

"Tut, tut, you'd better be in the garden, having old Hoc-and-Spades (the name grandfather applied to his aged gardener) telling you about cabbages and cucumbers, my children. Musty armor—hundreds of years old—can hold no interest for boys and girls of the twentieth century."

But the boys and the girl of the twentieth century thought differently on the

subject, and after their mother and their great-grandfather had gone to the library, where two callers awaited them, Percy suggested that they go to the outer hall, where they could see old Parker dozing on a comfortable bench, and ask him to relate the story, of the armor of Sir Lewis Percy.

The old man was as eager to tell the story as the children were to listen to it, and soon the three little Americans were seated about him, paying the closest attention.

Well, this is the story which I got from my grandfather's old maid, who was during her lifetime. And she got it from her father, the gardener here at the hall a generation before. And he had the story from the old butler, who lived here at the hall, and he got it from his grandfather. And the story came, from one generation on to another. And," the old man looked keenly at the children. "I don't doubt a word of it. It is said that one certain night—usually during the month of May—Sir Percival returns to this hall and enters his old suit of armor. And the story goes that he takes sword in hand and goes out to the castle gate, riding away on his milk-white steed, and he is never seen out the English Army and takes command for a night—if there be a night conflict, but if not, he gives advice to the officers. And he is never seen again. He is found in the hall, leaving the suit of armor, and he is never seen again. He is found in the hall, there against the oaken wall, and no one ever sees him depart or return." As the old man paused to give strength to his knees, the children looked at each other on the suit of Sir Percival's armor, exclaimed:

"Upon my word, I saw that armor move just now! Do you suppose his spirit is in it?"

—ALL YOUNG PEOPLE.

"Oh, if he were really wanting to wear the armor, he'd never come to don it during the daytime. He only appears at night," explained Parker. "You'll never see the old knight in his armor, I can warrant you."

story-telling, and as the children ran toward the great dining-room Lewis said to Percy: "I would have sworn that the armor moved a while ago."

That night after the house was quiet, Lewis crept to the broad, shadowy stairs in the second floor hall and peered below. He was in hopes of seeing the armor move, walking toward the outside door. But he waited in vain. Growing sleepy sitting huddled in the shadow of the heavy bannister and fearing that he might not keep awake till Sir Percy arrived—for he had great hopes that he would see him—he went several steps nearer the lower hall. There he comforted himself by writing a letter.

After a few minutes, with quite reticent hesitations, the great hall's heavy door turned slowly on its hinges. Then, to his wonder, a knight of the late Ages walked slowly into the hall and fitted upon himself the suit of Sir Percy's armor. Ah, at last he had come! And he—
—Lewis' very ancient ancestor, so many generations removed—was now quite close to him! Lewis held his breath for fear of being heard and bent his starting eyes on the figure in the hall. As soon as the armor had been carefully adjusted the knight strode toward the hall and pretty soon had passed outside. And then Lewis heard the sound of a horse's hoofs galloping.

A black and white photograph showing a close-up of a staircase. The steps are made of a light-colored material, possibly stone or concrete, and are heavily stained with dark, irregular marks, likely from water damage or mold. A wooden railing with vertical balusters runs along the left side of the stairs. The wall above the railing also shows signs of staining and discoloration. The overall appearance is one of neglect and water damage.

heart was beating high. He now had proof that he had seen his ancestor enter and don the armor, and for further proof the place where the armor had been was vacant. "I'll run and call Percy and show him," said Lewis. Then, rising, he stumbled and fell! and lo! he opened his eyes to find he had been asleep and dreaming. He was on the top step of the stairs, and could see from there the suet of Sir Percival's armor still in its place in the hall.

below! His disappointment was great, and with a sensation of some wrong having been done him, he crept off to bed. And on the next morning he refused to talk about the suit of Sir Percy's armor, and told his little sister that he did not believe a word of old Parker's story about it. "The old fellow's mind is a bit off," he declared. "I never could believe in

And then, finding the gardener and the garden more interesting than the footman and the great hall, Lewis sought out the former and learned about cabbages and lettuce and beets rather than about knights and armor hundreds of years old. He had watched for Sir Percy and the old ancestor had disappointed him, and a dream had come to confuse and embarrass him.

The historic Mason and Dixon's Line is a name that was given to the boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania about one hundred and fifty years ago. It was named after Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, English engineers. They surveyed it for a distance of 26 miles from the Delaware River to the north-west corner of Pennsylvania on November 18, 1763, and December 28, 1767. Each five-mile stone bears the coat of arms of Maryland cut on one side and that of Pennsylvania on the other. The initials "M & D" are on the letters "P" cut on one side and the letter "C" on the opposite.

During the progress of the violent debates which began in 1790, which resulted in the Missouri Compromise of 1820, the Compromise, on the question of excluding slavery from Missouri, John Randolph made use of the phrase, "Mason and Dixon's line," as the dividing line between slave and free states. Maryland at that time being a slave state and Pennsylvania a free state. At that time the crossing of the line from the South meant freedom to the slave state. The reference thus made to the Mason-Dixon line by John Randolph as a dividing line between slave and free states brought the phrase into general use, and it continued to designate the line between freedom and slavery until after the Civil War.

THE GOLF ELBOW.
Mistah Ebony—"How is youah good health dis mo'nin', Mistah Black?"
Mistah Black—"I'se all hunkydory, 'cep my right a'm, Mistah Ebony, I'se sufferin' from de golf elbow."
"Wot you been doin'?"
"Beatin' ca'pet."—New York Weekly.



A Knight Walked Into the Hall and Fitted Upon Himself the Suit of Sir Percy's Armor.