

PETER AND ELLEN PICTURES TO PAINT

UNCLE CARL APTHORP FITCH

AND one night when Peter and Ellen were sound asleep—Peter in his little bed in his little room, and Ellen in her little bed in her little room—the door-bell rang—ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling!—down stairs.

Mamma and papa were reading, and mamma jumped up and said:

"Oh, who can it be?"

And papa jumped up and said:

"Oh, who can it be ringing that bell?"

And mamma and papa went out into the hall and opened the door, and there was Uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch.

And Uncle Carl smiled all over his funny face and said:

"Oh, don't let Peter and Ellen know that I've come. I want to surprise the dears."

And papa laughed.

"His! ha! Oh, come right in. Uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch. Peter and Ellen are both sound asleep upstairs in their little beds."

And mamma threw her arms around Uncle Carl's neck and said:

"Oh, you blessed brother, you funny, big boy! How glad Peter and Ellen will be to see you."

And Uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch walked into the hall and said:

"Well, here we all are. Ha! ha! ha!"

(He laughed very loud.)

And as he came into the hall his two big dogs came bounding in, too (Uncle Carl always brought his big dogs when he came visiting), and the two big dogs were carrying a basket between them—a very large basket, with two round holes in the top.

And mamma laughed and said:

"Oh, you funny, big boy, Uncle Carl, what have you brought for Peter and Ellen in that basket?"

And Uncle Carl laughed very loud, ha! ha! ha! "Well, till you see. I brought a wonderful, startling surprise in that basket for Peter and Ellen." And Uncle Carl laughed again, ha! ha! ha! He laughed very loud.

And little Ellen woke up and sat up in bed and called:

"Peter! Oh, Peter, I hear some one knocking downstairs."

And Peter woke up and sat up in bed and listened.

"I wonder who it is?" he said. "Let us get up and run down and see who it is, little Ellen."

And Ellen jumped out of bed and said:

"Yes, let us run downstairs on tiptoe, and see who it is."

And Peter jumped out of bed and they both went into the hall, and down the stairs on tiptoe together.

And Uncle Carl laughed very loud and said to mamma:

"Peter and Ellen will be surprised in the morning when they find me here."

And papa said:

"Sh! don't speak so loud, Uncle Carl; don't laugh so loud, or you will wake up Peter and Ellen."

And Peter and Ellen came down the stairs on tiptoe, and peeked into the room, and there they saw their dear, funny, big Uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch. (They had not seen him before for a year.)

And Peter said:

"Oh! oh! oh! it is Uncle Carl!"

And little Ellen screamed for joy and said:

"Oh, goody, goody, gander! It is my Uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch!"



Peter and Ellen came down the stairs on tiptoe, and peeked into the room

And Uncle Carl caught Peter and Ellen both in his arms and hugged them and kissed them, and said:

"Well, I thought if I laughed loud I would wake you two up. Ha! ha! ha! I laughed like that, very loud, on purpose to wake you up!"

And mamma said:

"Oh, you naughty big boy, to wake those children at this time of night." (It was 10:29 by the clock.)

And Uncle Carl sat down and took Peter on one knee and Ellen on the other, and said:

"Why, goodness me, I couldn't wait till morning to see these blessed children. Now what do you think I've brought you in that basket? Put your ear to the hole"

In the top and guess what is in that basket."

And Peter and Ellen ran to the basket, and Peter put his ear to one little round hole in the top, and Ellen put her ear to another little round hole in the top and listened.

And Peter said:

"I guess it is a squirrel." And Uncle Carl said:

"No, guess again." And Ellen said:

"I guess it is a rabbit."

And Uncle Carl said: "No; guess again."

And Peter said:

"I guess guinea pigs."

And Uncle Carl said: "No; guess again."

And Ellen said:

"I guess it is a little white mouse."

And Uncle Carl said: "No; and now run away to your little beds. I am not going to tell you what it is in that basket until morning."

And Peter said:

"Oh, please tell us tonight, Uncle Carl!"

And Ellen said:

"Oh, please tell us tonight, dear Uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch!"

And Uncle Carl said: "No, I'll not tell you tonight, but come into the garden tomorrow morning early and you shall have a startling, wonderful surprise."

And Peter and Ellen kissed their funny Uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch good-night, and both ran away to bed. And in the morning, oh, very early, Peter and Ellen woke up and dressed and ran down stairs and into the garden.

And in the garden, oh, very early, Peter and Ellen found their funny big Uncle Carl, and there in the garden, too, they found the surprise basket.

And Uncle Carl said:

"Now open your eyes very wide, children, and you'll see what comes out of the basket."

And Peter and Ellen opened their eyes very wide and out flew three dear little birds. One little bird had bright red feathers, and one little bird had bright green feathers, and one little bird was blue and white.

And Uncle Carl said:

"These are trained birds, dear children. They will do whatever I tell them to do. Come, Molly come, Dolly come, Dot (these were the little birds' names), and Uncle Carl held up his hand. His fingers were wide apart and the little birds flew out of the basket and lit on his fingers."

And Uncle Carl said:

"Now give me my breakfast, Molly, Dolly and Dot." And these little birds flew into Uncle Carl's pockets and out they came in a minute, each with a crumb of bread, and these little birds fed Uncle Carl his breakfast right from their little bills.

And Ellen danced around and clapped her hands, and said:

"Oh, Uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch, how cunning they are!"

And Peter said:

"What else can they do, Uncle Carl?"

And Uncle Carl said:

"Watch and you shall see. Come, Molly, and Dolly, it is time for Dot to take a ride."

And Uncle Carl took a wee, wee little wagon out of the basket and put it down on the garden path, and Dot flew into the wagon, and, oh, what do you think? Molly and Dolly pulled the little wagon by two little ribbons fast in their little bills.

And little Ellen clapped her hands and laughed, and said:

"Oh, Uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch, you most wonderful man that ever lived to teach these birds to do that!"

And Uncle Carl laughed, ha! ha! ha!

"Yes, I am a wonderful fellow."

And Peter said:

"What else can they do, Uncle Carl?"

And Uncle Carl said:

"Oh, those wonderful birds know a dozen tricks or more." And Uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch showed Peter and Ellen all the tricks these little birds could do, but if it told you all about them, my dear little reader, this story would be too long.

(The End.)

TALES OF THE UGLY BRASS LAMP

THE OTHER CHIMPANZEE

IT WAS the first day of the month and Harry Munn's brass lamp had power to summon the djinn who would give to the boy two wishes. Today Harry intended getting all the fun possible out of his possession of the ugly brass lamp, and as it was Saturday he and Arthur Halsted went up to the Bronx to see the animals, taking the lamp along.

Arrived at the park the boys made their way to the monkey-house, not because there were not other things to see, but because they happened to take the path that led to it. By so doing they missed seeing one of the most amusing bears in captivity, and if any of you boys who

live near the Bronx have not seen him I advise you to go up next Saturday. He is simply immense—as to size, I mean—and he can do more funny things in five minutes than most humans can do in a week of Sundays—unless they are golf players.

But Harry and Arthur got into the monkey-house, and there they stayed, fascinated with the doings of the sad-looking little inhabitants.

"Ho," said Harry, "there's one that looks just like your Uncle Jack."

"And there's one looks like your Cousin Paul."

"He does not," said Arthur, "bring immediately, although why he did I'm sure I don't know, because it's just as bad to tell a fellow his uncle looks like a monkey as it is to be told your cousin looks like one. It only shows that it makes a difference which foot the shoe is on."



THE OTHER CHIMPANZEE

At the bottom of the bag lay the brass lamp. In fact the doghug that had lain next to it had been rather brassy, but that only made them taste the better to the boys. One doesn't begin to dislike kerowene and brass and other metals in his food until he has left boyhood and all its joys behind him.

Harry took out the lamp, gave it a few vigorous rubs with his cap and the djinn waited out of the neck at lightning speed, only he looked more like thunder than lightning when his huge presence towered above the trees.

I fancy he was not visible to ordinary people, or else the stout woman who was pushing a baby carriage not 50 feet away from him would have noticed him. Still, a great many people go through this world with their eyes shut, and she may have relied on the baby carriage to prevent her from bumping into anything.

"Good morning," said Harry to the djinn. "I want a chimpanzee exactly like the one in the monkey-house and just as smart and all dressed up."

"It shall be even as you desire," said the djinn, and he vanished.

The next minute the boys saw the form of a beautiful chimpanzee up among the topmost branches of a maple underneath the big tree.

"Come here, old fellow," said Harry, and the chimpanzee dived head foremost, caught the lowest branch of the maple and swung lightly to the ground.

"You're a beauty," said Harry, "although there is no such word in the language."

But the chimpanzee certainly was a dandy, for he was dressed in the very latest fashion and carried a cane made of a Japanese wood and with a silver handle curiously chased with pictures of life in the jungle; not done by mortal hands, but fashioned by the djinn in his moments of leisure. It was a beautiful cane and a beautiful chimpanzee, and Harry named him Jim Pansy on the spot.

The boys and the monkey played leapfrog along the paths and not any one whom they met noticed that the short brown little fellow who was not a person, but an animal, that is, no one noticed it until they came to a police-

man, and he, after a keen glance at the monkey, set up a shout:

"The chimpanzee has escaped. Some body catch him. He's escaped!"

Of course, Harry and Arthur were in fits of laughter over this mistake, but they both saw that they might get a good deal of fun out of it, so they let the policeman run bawling in one direction while they taking Jim's paw, ran in the other direction along a horse-shoe path and shortly came on a crowd of people who were after them.

"That's the boy. He's stolen him," said the policeman, panting very hard, and a most important-looking individual called out to Harry:

"You come back with the monkey at once or I'll have you arrested."

For answer Harry told the monkey to climb a tree, and in a jiffy he was out of reach of everyone. Then the whole policeman crowd stepped up in one direction and shot at the chattering animal, although I am glad to say that his bullet did no more than cut off a branch of the tree.

The important One told the policeman to stop firing, and stepping up to Harry he said: "Young man, did you let the chimpanzee out of the cage?"

"No, I didn't. He belongs to me and I'm taking him to my home in New Jersey," said Harry.

At this answer the crowd roared. It was so manifestly absurd. Boys are not in the habit of going around with chimpanzees and yet Harry had spoken the truth.

The important man did not like the answer, as he thought that Harry was making fun of him, and important people do not like jokes very much.

"This is no joking matter, sir," said he. "If you don't instantly hand back that chimpanzee I will have you arrested."

"Oh, of course I'll have to, if that's the case," said Harry, and he whistled to Jim, who came down out of the tree. "Go to the gentleman," said Harry, and the obedient monkey went over to the important One, and putting his arms around his waist looked up in his face with a sweet smile that set the crowd laughing once more. The important One did not like it, but he was not as strong as Jim and they walked to the monkey-house as affectionately as two school-boys—only the affection was all on one side.

"Young man, if it is proved that you let this animal out you will go to jail."

"If I let him out I'm willing to go," said Harry, bursting with delight over something.

Into the monkey-house went the important One and the chimpanzee and Harry and the policeman and the crowd.

"I've brought back your missing chimpanzee," said the important One very pompously, addressing a policeman who stood in front of the educated chimpanzee's cage.

The policeman looked into the cage where the bright little beast was walking, and he saw that his soldier clothes and then he looked at the pompous little man and then at Jim.

"Sure, there's three chimpanzees here and two of them is escaped, but I have to do with only one."

The important One took one good look at the original chimpanzee and then he tore from the embrace of Jim and very much disconcerted he made his escape.

Harry was now beset with questions and it looked as if he might be arrested after all, for he certainly was in possession of a chimpanzee that belonged to some one.

It seemed to him that it was about time that he left the place. The important One's feelings had been wounded and he intended to make it unpleasant for the boy, unless Harry and the chimpanzee were for him to do would be to summon the djinn and for his second wish get conveyance home.

Out of the paper bag came the lamp and Harry quickly rubbed it.

There was no question that the people saw the djinn this time. When he came rambling out of the neck and his terrible form inflated, and they will sometimes get between the cages, they ran out of doors in a panic.

"Take Jim and me home," said Harry, utterly forgetting poor Arthur, did not get home until next day. Harry had the railroad tickets and the money and the poor boy had to walk the 20 miles to his own home.

As for Harry and the chimpanzee, they arrived the next instant in the monkey-house and before another day had passed he had sold his chimpanzee to Hagenback for \$200. I dare say that that is a low price for an educated chimpanzee, but considering he had cost Harry nothing it was a good price after all. I wish some one would give me an ugly brass lamp.

SPORTS OF THE SEMINOLE CHILDREN

AFTER the Seminole War, in which the brave Chief Osceola was defeated, the Government ordered all the Indians in Florida to remove to a reservation in the West. Most of them went, but a few took refuge in the regions lying among the big Florida swamps, where their descendants live to this day.

As soon as the Seminole child is four years old he is set to work at some light task about the house. He sits the boll-sock, watches the fire and replenishes it with sticks of wood, aids in kneading the dough for bread, washes and pounds the "koomit" root, a sort of potato, and contributes in many other ways to help his mother in her work.

But the children have plenty of time for play, too. The little girls have dolls made of sticks, with pieces of rag wrapped around them, and they are as fond of their white dolls as are of their dolls with winking eyes.

The Indian children build little houses for their dolls and call them "camp," and a small prize may be given to the boy or girl having the most squares when the game is at an end.

Fill an ordinary square box with soft wood ashes or sawdust. Give each player half a dozen pins and let him run around the room six times, endeavoring, each time, to reach the sawdust, to drop a pin in such a way that it will stand upright in the sawdust.

A quick run is not necessary, and might prove exhausting. A gentle trot is best, but the player must neither stop nor hesitate in passing the box to let fall his pin. He who succeeds in making most pins stand upright is victor in the game.

place there are no such contrivances for the amusement of children. Nor could it be learned that any picture of a merry-go-round had ever found its way into the Seminole country.

The little boys of this tribe do not play at being soldiers, but they do play at being hunters. They throw long sticks over their shoulders and say they have a rifle. Then they go into the woods and make believe to shoot game with the stick.

The Seminole boys and girls have a bad habit of eating between meals. A big kettle, filled with stewed meat and vegetables, always standing ready with a big spoon in it for any one who happens to feel hungry, and they will sometimes get up even in the middle of the night to take a spoonful of stew.

The streams in the Seminole country abound in fish, and the little Indians soon become good fishermen. But their ambition is to be trusted with a shotgun, and as soon as they are old enough they are allowed to take one and go into the woods to shoot wild turkeys. When the Seminole boy is allowed to do this he counts himself no longer a child, but a man.

HOW TO DO CIRCUS TRICKS

CLOWN WRESTLING

THE eccentric star of a circus whose doll sayings convince the people with laughter and whose marvelous feats of dexterity, although they are foisted in the guise of buffoonery, are always met with a storm of applause, is so unusual in all that he does, so given to doing ordinary things in an extraordinary way, that it is only natural to suppose his wrestling is unlike the catch-as-catch-can style of the every-day athlete.

The value of an athletic sport does not depend upon its roughness.

Because it is less rough there is not necessarily less fun in much of the more genteel sport. In ordinary wrestling many "holds" are used, each of which has a name, as for instance, the terrible "strong hold" and the body-wracking "cinch."

In a recent Graco-Roman no hold be-

low the waist) wrestling match one of the combatants succeeded in getting the cinch hold, in other words he twisted his opponent's arm back until only a little more twisting was needed to throw it out of joint. He then demanded that two falls be allowed him or he would give the extra amount of twist and dislocate the arm.

The man whose arm was in such danger was necessarily not in a position to argue the question, and had to sacrifice the match.

No such element enters into clown wrestling. No limbs are broken at this exercise and through no conceivable circumstance can one wrestler force his opponent to allow him two falls without throwing him even once.

In ordinary wrestling the question of weight is a very important one. To be 10 or 20 pounds lighter than your opponent is a serious handicap. In clown wrestling,

on the contrary, skill and not weight is the important factor, and the dwarf clown may often overcome the giant.

In the illustration the reader will see that two clowns are lying on their backs. Their left legs are raised and locked together. The object of each clown is to make his adversary raise his right leg from the ground without raising his own right leg.

The diagram shows two heavy black lines crossing each other. The shorter of these is known as the scratch and the longer of the lines is known as the belt line.

The four black circles in the diagram, two of which are marked "right" and two of which are marked "left," are intended to indicate the position which the shoulders of the wrestlers should occupy relative to the belt line and the scratch.

When the shoulders of a wrestler are in one of the circles marked "left" he

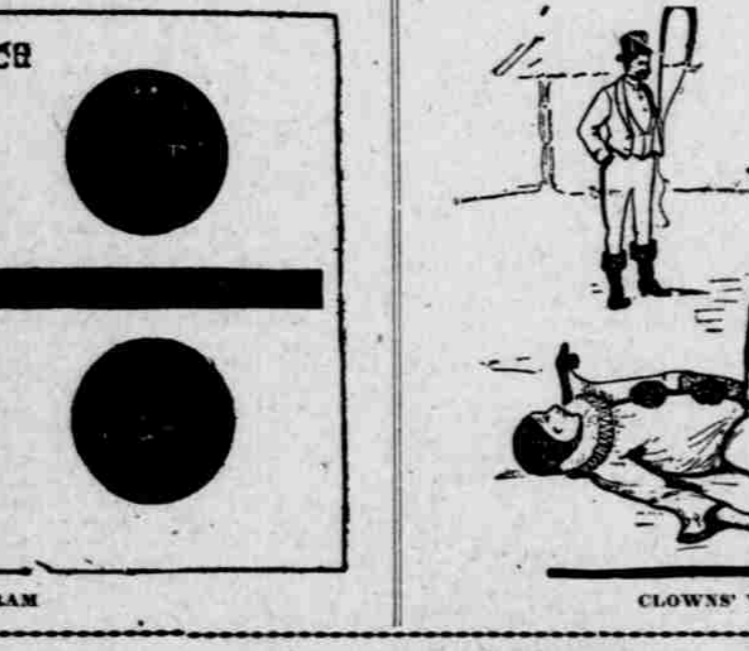
will raise his left leg. When the shoulders of a wrestler are in one of the circles marked "right" he will raise his right leg.

A match consists of six bouts, three in "right," three in "left." The wrestler obtaining the greatest number of "falls" will, of course, win the match.

It is agreed sometimes that a "fall" shall not be counted until both legs of one or the other of the combatants are thrown across the belt line, in other words, until one of the men is made to turn the beginning of a back somersault.

If the reader will experiment a little with some companions he will soon learn what is meant by the beginning of a back somersault, particularly if he appears to yield somewhat and then pushes down with his engaged leg.

The hands of the wrestler must be kept on the floor and cannot be used in any way.



CLOWNS' WRESTLING POSITION

FINE DEEDS DONE BY BRAVE BOYS

BAINBRIDGE

AMONG the heroes of the American Navy whose valiant deeds and high character are constant inspiration to the sailor boys of today, William Bainbridge occupies a place in the first rank.

He distinguished himself in three wars and, dying, left behind him a reputation for valor, uprightness, truth and probity.

Bainbridge was, in a way, as remarkable a boy as he was a man. He went to sea when he was 15, and at 19 he was a full-fledged captain in the merchant service, having worked his way up to that position by sheer ability and force of character.

A few times in this world has a boy of 19 found himself a captain of a big ship; but Bainbridge was equal to the position.

Young Bainbridge first went to sea as an apprentice boy. He lived forward with the sailors and did a sailor's work, but in addition he had to study certain hours every day and to learn mathematics and navigation. His seamanship was being taught him all the time.

Many merchant captains took apprentices to sea with them in those days who learned to be officers in the hard but practical school of the forecastle. They were not usually made officers until they were of age; some of them were never able to get a berth aft.

But when Bainbridge had been for three years before the mast he had shown such remarkable ability that the captain with whom he was sailing offered him the po-

sition of first mate in spite of the fact that he was only 19 years old.

The owners of the vessel, however, decided to give the young man the place of first mate on another one of their ships, the Cantor, sailing in the Holland trade.

When the boy offered to go on board the Cantor at Philadelphia he found the crew drunk and mutinous, and the captain unable to control them.

Bainbridge soon had the men under control, the ship hauled out into the stream and what liquor there was on board thrown overboard.

This crew was a tough one and had no respect for the captain, who, in turn, was always "nagging" them. When the Cantor dropped anchor in the harbor of Rotterdam the sailors managed to get gin into one of the shore boats, and that night they got drunk and attacked the captain and second mate, intending to kill them.

Hearing the noise of a scuffle, young Bainbridge grabbed his pistols and rushed on deck, to find that the sailors had the two officers down and were just about to murder them with their knives.

Two men were bending over the second mate. Bainbridge brought the butt of one of his heavy pistols down on the head of the nearest sailor, and grabbing the other by his collar, tripped up his heels and sent him spinning backwards down a hatchway.

Before the men could recover from the surprise of the sudden and unexpected assault the boy mate had brought down two more with the butt of his pistol.

As he raised his arm for another blow his foot slipped and he went down on

one knee. A man sprang at him with a knife and Bainbridge fired his pistol. But the powder flashed in the pan. The descending knife caught its point on one of the brass buttons of the boy's coat and, being thus deflected, made a long rip in the cloth, but did not reach the officer's body.

The second mate now pulled himself together and with the aid of one of the sailors who stood by the officers, they rescued the captain and drove the crew forward where they were allowed to get sober and repentant.

The captain, however, was scared by his experiences with the unruly crew and refused to go back to the United States in the Cantor.

So young Bainbridge came home in command of her and under him the crew behaved themselves all the way over.

His way was to treat the sailors squarely, feed them well and keep them busy; and so he always had a happy ship.

The owners of the Cantor were delighted with the way Bainbridge managed things, and as soon as he was 19 they made him captain of the ship.

After making three voyages as captain of the Cantor, Bainbridge was made captain of a new ship, the Hope. On his first voyage in the Hope he had an encounter with a small British man-of-war, the captain of which desired to board the American vessel and impress into the British navy such sailors as he took a fancy to—a little habit the English had in those days, and which finally brought on the War of 1812.

The Hope was armed with four nine-pounders, had plenty of muskets on

board and Bainbridge had drilled the men in target practice since he had been in command in anticipation of just such an occurrence.

He refused to heave to at the command of the British vessel and a shot was fired at her which passed through the deck-house.

Instantly Bainbridge let go with his double-shot guns and after two broadsides the British captain sang out that he had surrendered.

There being peace nominally between Great Britain and the United States at that time Bainbridge did not take possession of the English vessel, but after inquiring what ship she was and receiving the reply, "His Majesty's schooner Linnet, commanded by Captain Sir Philip Townes," he sang out, "Whi Captain Sir Philip Townes please go about his business and report to his master that if he wants this ship he must send a greater force or a more skilled commander!"

Then he sailed away for home.

Bainbridge could now no longer be considered as a boy captain, though still extremely youthful for important command, and the other adventures, triumphs and deaths which marked his most active and useful career are matters of history. He entered the Navy and found himself in command of a gunboat at the age of 23.

Fame.

Lives of great men all remind us That we will not be despised If we only have behind us Books that can be dramatized. —New York Sun.

JOLLY GAMES WITH A PAPER OF PINS

A NUMBER of jolly evening games can be played with ordinary pins, one 5-cent paper of which will supply the foundation for an evening's amusement.

A Paper-Spearing Contest.

Tear or cut clean scrap-paper into inch squares and pile them on a pasteboard box lid. There should be several handfuls, enough to make a good-sized heap.

Place the box lid in the center of the table at which the game is to be played and give each player a pin. The fun consists in seeing who, in the 15 minutes allotted to the game, can spear the most pieces with his pin.

By the rules of the game only one piece of paper may be taken on the pin at one time. If two are captured by mistake both must be returned to the pile.

A small prize may be given to the boy or girl having the most squares when the game is at an end.

Pins and Marbles.

Each boy or girl receives three pins, which are stuck upright in the carpet. Marbles are then used to bowl over the pins. Naturally there must be an arranged place for the pins to be stuck, and for the bowler to stand, in order that everybody shall have an equal chance. If more than one boy or girl should succeed in bowling all three pins in the three bowls allowed by the rules, the successful players can have "rubber" games together until one or the other becomes champion.

Pin Run.

Young folk fond of a lively romp will like pin run. It is easily arranged,

to be handy. See that each person present has a clean, new pin. Every player has three minutes in which to get apples or other trophies out of the basket and run around the room with them. The fruit is, of course, speared and held on the pin. The young person who, in three minutes, takes the most apples, most apples at the goal is winner in the contest.

A Thundering Joke.

Who could imagine the London Times of today indulging in such frivolity as the following story which it printed in 1822:

"One of the Dover innkeepers lately complaining of a French gentleman that his house was greatly infested with rats, and that he would willingly give a considerable sum to get rid of them, was, on the following morning (and after the Frenchman had received his bill), accosted by him: 'Sure, I shall tell you which way you shall get rid of the vermin. I will be obliged very much to you, if you can,' replied the landlord. 'Well, den, only charge de rat as you charge me, and I will be de— If de rat ever come to your house again.'"

Reward of Merit.

"I hope all you little boys," said the teacher, "commence the week right by getting up early Monday morning."

"Yes'm," replied little Johnny. "I always love to get up early Monday morning."

"And you feel all the better for it, don't you, Johnny?"

"Yes'm; that's the mornin' we have pancakes."

Fill an ordinary square box with soft wood ashes or sawdust. Give each player half a dozen pins and let him run around the room six times, endeavoring, each time, to reach the sawdust, to drop a pin in such a way that it will stand upright in the sawdust.

A quick run is not necessary, and might prove exhausting. A gentle trot is best, but the player must neither stop nor hesitate in passing the box to let fall his pin. He who succeeds in making most pins stand upright is victor in the game.

Potato Pin.

In this all the company join at once. Let all players line up against the wall at one end of the room, each with a potato and a pin. At a given signal each player begins rolling his potato across the room, using the pin as a propeller. The potato, of course, rolls this way and that. It must be followed and guided with the pin. The player first to reach the other end of the course is victor.

Stick Pin.

Place a pin cushion on a table or a chair at the far end of the room and give each player a pin.

Each player is blindfolded in turn and told to stick his pin in the cushion. As he is bandaged at the end of the room most distant from the pin cushion, and is not guided in any way toward the goal, this will prove to be no easy matter.

Pin Point.

For this game use a basket of apples, bananas, peanuts or bonbons. The starting point is marked by the basket, and the goal by a book or anything that happens