

# THE FALSE FACE SOCIETY



CORN HUSK GUARDIAN OF THE GRAIN FIELDS. GUARDIAN OF THE WILD TOBACCO. FRIEND OF THE FOREST ANIMALS. PROTECTOR OF THE BIRDS.

**T**HE False Face Society of the Iroquois Indians had its beginning in a legend as old as the tribe itself. It is the story of a giant who dwelt in a cave in the Alleghany Mountains. No human being had seen him.

To look upon his face was death. His trail could be tracked in the forests by the fallen trees which had been thrown down by him in his rage when they blocked his pathway. His footsteps were found imbedded in the rocks. When he came to a river he would turn it from its course to make the dry land for him to cross. In great storms his voice could be heard rattling the winds. If a mountain was in his way, with his strong fists he would push a gorge through its rocks that he might reach the other side more quickly. Wherever the shadows rested in the bleak mountains there would the Indian turn from his trail, drinking he might go astray to the home of this great giant, the terror of them all.

It was the fate of a young hunter to find this fear-inspiring creature. One day during a terrific storm this boy hunter—who was a chief-blinded and bruised with the hail, lost his trail and sought shelter in the hollow of a huge rock, which overhung the valley river. Night with its darkness deepened the shadows, and the young hunter had prepared to sleep when suddenly the rock began to tremble. A strange sound as of music seemed approaching him from the recess of his shelter. At one moment the sound was brisk as the gurgling of a mountain stream; at the next it was as soft as the lullaby of a singing brook, only to burst forth again as the wall of a hurrying waterfall, and then louder still, like the moan of a tumbling cataract as it falls over a steep precipice, or the thunderous fall of a mad torrent fighting the winds, and finally dying away to the whispering of a Summer breeze in a forest of pine trees.

In a sudden pause of the weird harmony the boy hunter heard a great voice, saying: "You are in the cave of the great spirit. Close your eyes. No human being has ever looked upon me. I will kill with one glance. No one ever lives to leave it. You did not come here to hunt me. You came here for shelter. I will not turn you away. I will spare your life, but from this time forward and ever you belong to me and must obey my commands. Unknown to you will hear my voice. Unknown to me I will aid you. You are to go forth from here and live in the forests and by the rivers. You will meet strange animals, birds and fish, and you must tell a tree for shelter. I will not turn you away from the tree cut a piece upon which you must carve the image of each bird, animal or fish you meet. When you first strike the tree it speaks to you, you will know its name, its voice, and then you will work. When you have done all, you may return to your people."

The giant related the various duties which the boy must perform to perform when he returned to his people. He was to organize a society for the benefit of all living creatures on the earth that they might be encouraged to live. It was to be a secret society, and its members were to be held at night, and in the darkness. There was no password. No member could know another to be a member unless he had been with the society at its meetings. The brotherhood was bound by the law of charity and protection. The giant commanded that at certain seasons of the year the bird mask must offer grain to the birds by throwing seeds where they could find them. At the corn-planting season the crow must have its heap of corn in one corner of the field. If this was not done the crow might become dishonest and steal it from the ground. The Indian wearing the fish mask must on certain days of the moon in the Winter cut a hole in the ice and throw food to the fish, performing the rite at midnight.

The animal mask must enter the forest and kill deer, leaving the carcass for wolves or any other of the hungry animals prowling for food.

The wind mask must propitiate the thunder storms and the Winter blasts. The medicine mask was to heal the sick, and so on until all nature had been remembered and appeased.

The important principle of this teaching was kindness to all animate beings that might need help in hunger, cold or sickness, and the order given was to do good, unseen and unknown.

The frightened but faithful young hunter fulfilled his commission of carving the masks, and on returning to his people related his strange adventure and immediately organized the False Face Society, which has endured for how many centuries neither the Indian nor white man knows.

By the encroachments of civilization and the extermination of the Indian people this society has dwindled down to a small membership, yet it still exists, and is one of the most interesting and the secret societies of the Iroquois Indians. At the meetings of the False-Face Society the vest of the boy hunter to the cave of the giant is related, and after each story there is a song of thanks to the Great Spirit, which is accompanied by turtle shell rattles. The voice of the brook, waterfall, torrent, forest stream and so forth are imitated by the song and flute. The journey to the cave, the hallooming, the darkness, the moving rock, the voice of the giant and his commands, which were to endure forever, are not forgotten. The members wear their masks at certain moments of the ceremonial. In the mask dance they are frequently toggled out with regard to the creatures they are called upon to propitiate. The bird mask will deck himself with all kinds of birds. The animal mask will wrap himself in a blanket made of the skins of various animals. The grain mask will wreath himself with corn leaves and

frasses.

The songs are accompanied with rattles made of hollow gourds, into which are placed small pebbles. The flute which imitates the songs of the water is decorated with wild bird feathers. The mem-

bers are not permitted to sing these songs except at the lodge. If they disobey this command the Great Giant may break his vengeance on them.

The forests have been destroyed, the wild animals driven away and many of them exterminated. There are no nesting places for the birds, the great water-craft have frightened the fish, and there is no chance for the false-faces to make the old-time offerings now, but this society has had its good influences. Every one who knows the Indian knows his love for and kindness to birds and animals. No member of this society would ever intentionally kill these for the sake of their skins or feathers.

**Protector of the Birds.**

It is carved from bass wood and decorated with black hair taken from the mane of a horse. His eyes are made of copper and he is painted red—the color of the sunset clouds. A bunch of husky feathers is attached to his forehead; this indicates the corn which is the mother of the grains. Pastries to the back of his head a wing feather of the eagle points to the sky, denoting the king of all birds and the sky—the American eagle.

**Guardian of the Grains.**

This mask is woven of corn husks. The fringe around the face represents the rays of the sun—the good friend of the corn. Rings decorate the ears and the duty of this false face is to place a pile of corn in each corner of a corn field at the planting time. It is a legend that the Great Spirit sent the crow to the earth with a grain of corn in one ear and a bean in the other—hence the crow must be protected. Originally the ceremonies by smoking the tobacco since the palefaces came, hunted to hunger and death, he helps himself to the corn, which he claims as his right in every corn field. No member of the False-Face Society would kill a crow.

**Guardian of the Tobacco.**

An important mask is a huge face carved to represent an old man. Long white hair shadows his face. In the center of the lips a small hole is cut for his pipe, as at the lodge meetings he opens the ceremonial by smoking the sacred wild tobacco. Every member of this society has a tobacco patch in his garden, and this false-face watches that it is kept free from frost and poisonous insects until it ripens. The Indian tobacco is dedicated to the sacred feast and burned as an offering of thanks to the Great Spirit at all ceremonies.

**Friend of the Forest Animals.**

This false-face is assigned a duty that is rapidly passing away from him. Civilization has destroyed the forests and the animals, having no shelter, have become the prey of the hunter. In the old times this mask was compelled to assist the forest folk, and whenever he shot an animal for food had to leave some of the body for the wolves or any larger or smaller animal which might be hungry. Even today some of the Indians "divide" their game with the animals. There are hundreds of varieties of these false-faces. It is against the rules to carve a duplicate—it would be a counterfeit and the wearer subject to punishment. The members do not wear their masks in public except when they dance for the harvest.

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAGIC.**

**Novel Entertainment by Which Visitors May Be Astonished.**

**I**F YOU have a camera and know how to use it, you can have considerable pleasure and give your friends a pleasant evening by introducing to their notice a series of magic photographs.

If you can "pat" well, it will add to the amusement, because you can then pose as a conjurer more effectively and at an evening party mystify your acquaintances.

We will imagine a number of friends gathered together waiting to be amused. You take a few sheets of plain white

paper, and after they have been examined, request the holders to place them between the pages of a blotting book, which you invite some lady to hold. You then take a wand—of course, the wand is a necessary adjunct to the amateur as well as the professional conjurer—and waving it over the book, place it under your arm while you "pat" somewhat after this fashion:

"Ladies and gentlemen: We live in an age of physical wonders. We have wireless telegraphy and mental telegraphy; we have the Roentgen rays, which enable you to look through the human body and read the heart as it were a book. But though Professor Roentgen is a most wonderful person, he has never attempted to do what I shall endeavor to perform this evening. Will the holder of the book kindly place it on this chair. Thank you. Now I would like Mr. Roentgen—I beg pardon, Mr. Smith—to sit on it. I now wave my wand over Mr.

Smith's head, this (wave wand), and say 'Ego!' I will now ask Miss Jones to take Mr. Smith's place for a few moments. 'Ego!' once more. Now will Miss Jones kindly remove the book and examine the sheets of note paper? What have we found? Really this is wonderful! A photograph of Miss Jones and another of Mr. Smith. You see the magic influence possessed by my wand has impressed their portraits on the paper."

Can this be done? Certainly, and like all conjuring tricks, it is easy when you know how. Before the day, and when you are sure that both Mr. Smith and Miss Jones will be present at your party, you secure a copy of their pictures, of course unknown to them, and copy them, making prints on matt printing-out paper. Wash and fix the prints, but do not tone them. Then bleach them, after well washing, with a solution of bichloride of mercury, about 20 grains to the ounce, and wash again. The image will now have vanished and the prints will look like ordinary white paper. Get a new blotting book and saturate the sheets with a strong solution of hypo. The sheets should be slightly damp when handed to your friends. A few moments under slight pressure will be enough to redevelop the picture and your trick has been accomplished.

If you want to perform the trick with other couples, be careful that you get the right sheets of plain paper placed in the book. You can add to the fun by having a landscape or photograph of a

ful to have an apron, regardless of the cut; you know, dear, it won't make any difference 100 years from now!"

"But it matters everything now!" sobbed Sallie Arnold, as she put on the hated long-sleeved, high-necked apron. "I hate to cover up my pretty pink dress, when a white ruffled apron with straps over my shoulders would be just lovely! Don't you think so?" she concluded appealingly.

"Run along to school, or you'll be late," was Mrs. Arnold's only reply.

It was a long, solitary walk, and being naturally redoubtable, Sallie racked her brains for a scheme to earn the money for the coveted fringe. "My little white hen!" she exclaimed. "Oh, if he will only do it!"

Hurrying into the country store she timidly inquired:

"Mr. Brown, do you ever take eggs in exchange for calico?"

She tried to say "nainsook," but her courage failed.

"Yes," answered the storekeeper pleasantly.

"Well, how many dozen eggs would I have to bring for a yard and a half of that white calico with the forget-me-nots in it?"

"About 10 dozen," returned Mr. Brown, as he turned to get the cloth.

"I guess Snowball can lay them in a few days!" vaguely thought Sallie. "I think I'm safe in taking the calico, Mr. Brown, if you can wait a little while for your pay, I haven't any eggs just now, but my little

white hen is real smart, and I think she will lay the 10 dozen in about a week!"

Mr. Brown had to hunt for his sandals a long time under the counter, and Sallie fancied she heard him give a funny little snort as he noisily turned over the boxes and rattled the papers.

"Dear me, he is angry because I asked for credit," she thought. "Father says he does a cash business. Mr. Brown," she began hesitatingly—

"What!" he replied, and his voice sounded as if his head was in a barrel.

"I guess I won't take the calico today. I'll come when I can pay for it!" she added with a pitiful attempt at dignity.

Mr. Brown appeared with a very red face.

"Take it, Sallie," he said, as he tore it off. "I'll trust you."

Sallie gave him a beaming smile as she took the parcel, and as soon as she was out of sight, she tied it around her waist under her apron and went to school. At 4 o'clock she rushed home, ran up into the garret playroom, where she hid it in the darkest corner of her small domain.

"Mamma," she inquired at supper, "how many eggs does a hen lay in a day?"

"Why, one, of course."

Sallie made a rapid mental calculation. Ten dozen eggs at one egg a day would take 10 dozen days, and 10 dozen days are equal to how many weeks? Sallie gave it up, for mental arithmetic was not her forte.

"Do hens ever stop laying?"

"Mercy, yes, child; their season is almost over now; their season begins again!"

"When does a hen's season begin again?"

"Why, a hen's season is usually about 20 eggs; then they set, raise their chickens, and if they have good care, they will lay a few eggs before molting."

"Sallie drew a deep sigh, only she didn't sigh out loud, and grown people know such sighs are sadder than tears.

"When does a hen lay her eggs, at all?"

"For pity sake," cried Grandmother Arnold, "why, I am ashamed of you, Sallie Matilda Arnold! Here you have been raised on a farm and know no more about the habits of a hen than if you had never seen one. Learn to keep your eyes open, and don't ask so many foolish questions."

The grandmother's sharp reproof brought the tears to Sallie's eyes and a lump in her throat. She slipped away from the table and flung herself under the lilac hedge. In a moment gentle Aunt Mary was kneeling beside her, wiping away the hot tears.

"Don't cry, dearie," she whispered lovingly. "Now, hens generally lay in the morning, so they can have all the afternoon for a frolic! You must not get discouraged, for I am glad to see you trying to inform yourself!"

In a moment Sallie would have confessed, but some other and the precious opportunity was gone. The next morning Sallie caught the little white hen and put her in a small coop, supplied her with food and water and left her to her own reflections. At bed time she took a small white egg in one corner, and though Sallie had never seen anything so pretty. She hugged the little white hen before she let her go, hid the egg, and for six days she put her in the coop every morning, and at night was rewarded with an egg.

But on the seventh day, instead of the snow-white head with its scarlet comb and golden bill thrust through the bars, Sallie found her sitting in a corner, and when she attempted to pick her up she set up a musical cluck, and her feathers stood seven ways for Sunday.

"Oh, dear me," moaned Sallie. "It's setting time now, and then it will be the chickens, and then the molting, and I've only had a dozen eggs! Oh, how I wish I hadn't bought that calico until I had the money to pay for it! If it wasn't made up, I'd ask Mr. Brown to take it back!"

"How horribly gaily she felt. How she hated the pretty white ruffled apron she had made with so much care and worn with so much secrecy. They used to put people in prison who couldn't pay their debts. I wonder if there is any danger of Mr. Brown sending a Sheriff after me! Oh, dear me, what would papa and mamma say!"

In that moment she lived the misery of having an officer come and drag her off to the little village lock-up, followed by a crowd of idle boys, hooting at the girl who could not pay her honest debts. She could almost hear the key grate in the lock and feel the horror of being left alone in the darkness. She was so overcome by the thought that she hid her face in the warm feathers of her little white hen, and whispered passionately:

"Oh, God, help me out of this dreadful trouble, and I'll never, never get into debt again!"

She was roused by her father's voice.

"Kissing your biddy? Why, I had no idea you were so fond of her!"

"Oh, papa," she wailed despondently, "I am horribly in debt!"

"What have you been buying?" he asked, anxious to drag her off.

"I bought a yard and a half of calico, and owe Mr. Brown 10 dozen eggs, and have only half a dozen to pay with!"

The father, struggling under his own heavy financial load, realized the bitterness of that cry, and he replied, gently:

"Jump into the wagon, and we will try and straighten this matter out, for I can't have my little daughter in debt!" As they entered the store, Mr. Arnold said, gravely:

"We have come to settle Sallie's account."

"Let me see," returned Mr. Brown.

was. He is a contented boy, and I was not."

"But don't you miss your father and mother?" queried Tom.

"Of course," said the Poker, "because the Fairy was good enough to have me made into the Poker used in their new house. My parents moved away from the railroad just after, Rollo became me, and built themselves a new house, and of course they had to have a new Poker to go with it—so I really live home, you see, with them."

A curious light came into Tom's eyes. "Mr. Poker," said he. "Who was this boy you used to be?"

"Tom," said the Poker.

"I'm not Rollo," roared Tom, starting up.

"Nobody said you were," retorted the Poker. "You are Dornny. Tom is Rollo—but I say, here come the Androns and the Bellows."

Tom looked down from the cloud, and sure enough the three were coming up as fast as the wind, and in the excitement of the moment the little traveler forgot all about the Poker's story, in which he seemed himself to have figured without knowing it.

(To Be Continued.)

ANDIRON TALES BY J. K. BANGS

THE POKER CONCLUDES HIS INTERESTING STORY—RIGHTY AND LEFTY RETURN WITH THE BELLOWS.

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CHAPTER V.

"It was just as I feared," said the Poker. "Rollo knew a good thing when he had it."

"I was satisfied the way things are now," said he. "I wouldn't change back and be a Scotch terrier for all the world."

"Then the fairy turned to me and said, 'I'm sorry, my dear, but if Rollo would consent to the change you'll have to be contented to remain as you are—unless you'd like to try being an eagle for a while.'"

"I'll never consent," said Rollo, earnestly, though I couldn't really blame him for it."

"Then make me an eagle," I said.

"Make me anything but what I am,"

"Very well," said the fairy. "Good night."

"Next morning," continued the Poker, "when I waked up I was cold and stiff, and when I opened my eyes to look about me I found myself seated on a great ledge of rock on the side of a mountain. Far below me were tops of the trees in a forest I never remembered to have seen before, while above me a hard block wall of rock rose straight up for a thousand feet. To climb upward was impossible; to climb down equally so."

"What on earth does this mean?" thought I, and then, in attempting to walk back toward the valley, but flying back there to get out of the way of the huntersmen was worse than pulling a sled with rusty runners up a hill a mile long. Then, when storms came up I had to sit there on that mountainside and take 'em all as they came. I hadn't any umbrellas, eagles never have—to keep off the rain; and no walls except on one side, to keep off the wind, and no shutters to close up, and I couldn't see the lightning. It was terrible. All I got to eat in the whole month was a small goat and a chicken hawk, and those I had to swallow, wool, feathers and all. Then I got into fights with other eagles, and finally, while I was looking for lunch in the forest I fell into a trap and was caught by some men who put me in a cage so that people could come and see me."

"Ever been shut up in a cage?" queried the Poker at this point.

"No," said Tom. "Only in a dark closet."

"Never had to stay shut up, though, more than 10 minutes, did you?"

"No," answered Tom; "never."

"Well, think of me cooped up in an old cage for two weeks!" said the Poker.

"That was not enough for Lefty and it wasn't half what I had altogether. The other creatures in the Zoo growled and shrieked all night long; none of us ever got a quarter of a pound of meat, and several times the monkey in the cage next to me would reach his long arm into my prison and yank out half a dozen of my feathers at once. In fact, I had nothing but mishaps all the time. As the poet says—

Talk about your troubles, Talk about your woes, Yours are only mine with those. Sir, compare with those."

"At the end of two weeks I was nearly frantic. I don't think I could have stood it another week—but fortunately at the end of the month back came the Fairy again."

"How do you like being an eagle?" she said.

"I'd rather be a tree rooted to the ground in the midst of a dense forest than all the eagles in the world," said I.

"Very well," said she. "It shall be so. Good night!"

In the morning I was a tree—and if there is anything worse than being a dog or an eagle it's being a tree," said the Poker. "I could hear processions going by with fine bands of music in the distance, but I couldn't stir a step to see them. Boys would come along and climb up into my branches and shake me nearly to pieces. Cows came and chewed up my leaves, and one day the woodcutters came and were just about to cut me down when the Fairy appeared again and sent them away."

"They will be back again tomorrow," she said. "Do you wish to remain a tree?"

"No, no, no," I cried. "I'll be content to be anything you choose if you will save me from them."

"There," she said. "That's the point. If you will keep that promise you will finally be happy. If you will only look on the bright side of things, remembering the pleasant and forgetting the unpleasant, you will be happy. If you will be satisfied with what you are and have, and not go about swilling up with envy whenever you see any one or anything that has or can do things that you have not or cannot do, you will be happy in spite of yourself. Will you promise me this?"

"Indeed I will, I said.

"Even if I change you into so poor a thing as a Poker?"

"Yes," I said.

"Very well," said she. "It shall be so. Good night."

"Next morning I waked up to find myself, as you see—nothing more than a Poker, but contented to be one. I have kept my promise with the Fairy, and I am simply the happiest thing in the world. I don't sit down and groan because I have to poke the fire. On the contrary, when I am doing that I'm always thinking how it will be when I get done and I lean up against the rack and gaze at all the beautiful things in the room. I always think about the pleasant things, and if you don't know it, Dornny, let me tell you for that's the way to be happy and to make others happy. Sometimes people think me vain. The fender told me one night I was the vainest creature he ever knew. I'm not really so. I only wish to admit that there is anything or anybody in the world who is more favored than I am. That is all. If I didn't do that I might sometime grow a little envious in spite of myself. As it is, I never do, and I haven't had an unhappy hour since I became a contented Poker."

Tom was silent for a few minutes after the Poker had completed his story, and then he said to the Fairy, "I'm not a Poker. Don't you sometimes feel unhappy because you are not the boy you used to be?"

"No," said the Poker. "I am not, because Rollo makes a better boy than I

much for trusting me, but I'll never ask credit again."

Sallie never forgot the ride home, as her father explained to her that, through the selfish extravagance of another, the dear old homestead came to him so heavily mortgaged that it was shadowing their whole lives. But most of all she remembered and lived up to his motto: "Pay as you go—don't go."

JENNIE VAN ALLEN.

THE LITTLE DANCING GIRL.

The leader's baton poised on high, Sustains the trumpet's note; A welcome such as might have rung From some old Viking's throat.

And lo! The Little Dancing Girl, A fairy more than fair, Comes floating like a thistle-down Swayed by the pulsing air.

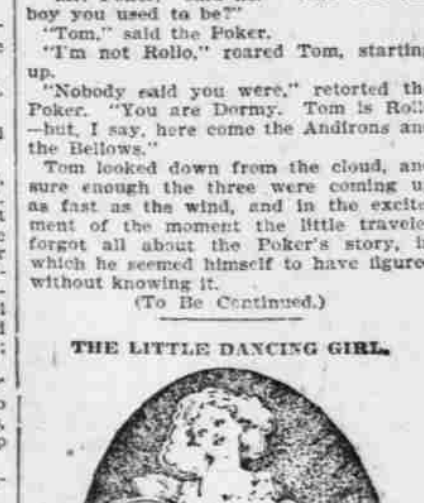
The vibrant strings of violins, With piercing sweetness sing, Weaving their web of melody About this ethereal thing.

Whose hazel eyes are dancing, too; A smile on parted lips To greet the honey-sweet applause, That, hovering, she slips.

The final curtain closes down, The music fades from sight, The music dies; the audience Has vanished in the night.

But there is that behind the scenes That's fairer far to see: A weary Little Dancing Girl, Asleep on her mother's knee.

—Douglas Zabriskie Doty.



**A Brown Songster.**

Lovers of birds will be interested by Dora Read Goodale's contribution to the March Era. It is entitled "A Hedge-Row Minstrel."

The song sparrow's livery is of the mother color—that honest, restful hue of earth, red earth, lending to the feathers streaked both above and beneath, the dusky lines on his breast converse in a broad central arrowhead which forms his distinguishing badge among many milk-colored relatives, and he is seldom far to seek, for he sings in full view from the top of some modest pinnacle along the fence-row he loves.

Our minstrel's favorite building place is, perhaps, barricaded too much for our taste—a thorny blackberry bramble or unshaped briery rose; but again he is lenient, and rears the circular walls in a harmless huckleberry bush, a cedar scrub, or a flat-topped box beside the old-fashioned garden walks. Often, indeed, his nest is placed on the ground, and it is rarely too high for the cur's-heads to look in if they chanced that way. And it is no wonder of bird architecture when finished, but a homely, serviceable, comfortable structure—supported by stalks, woven of grass, lined with horsehair, softened by feathers or two—like the dear old wayside farmhouse where you and I were born.

Four eggs, at most five, complete the tale—a rich, snowy number, in color bluish of an indelible porcelain tint, variously dotted or splashed with rufous or amber brown. The brood is hatched during April, few birds being earlier out of the shell, and by the first week of June the little brown folk are at work on a second nest, to which still another sometimes succeeds before they are ready to lay down the cares of family life. They are alert and devoted parents, very solicitous for the young whose lowly situation exposes them to the frequent raids of snakes and prowling four-footed enemies.

**Shaw, Fairbanks and the Colonel.**

One of the campaign stories that floated through the cloakroom recently, says the Washington Post, related to Senator Fairbanks, of the new Governor Shaw, of Iowa, the newly appointed Secretary of the Treasury. According to the story these two orators were stumping Kentucky. After a successful meeting the Kentucky Colonel who had the two Republican statesmen in charge, invited them into the hotel barroom for some refreshments. "What'll you have?" he asked Senator Fairbanks.

"A little cold Apollinaris," was the reply.

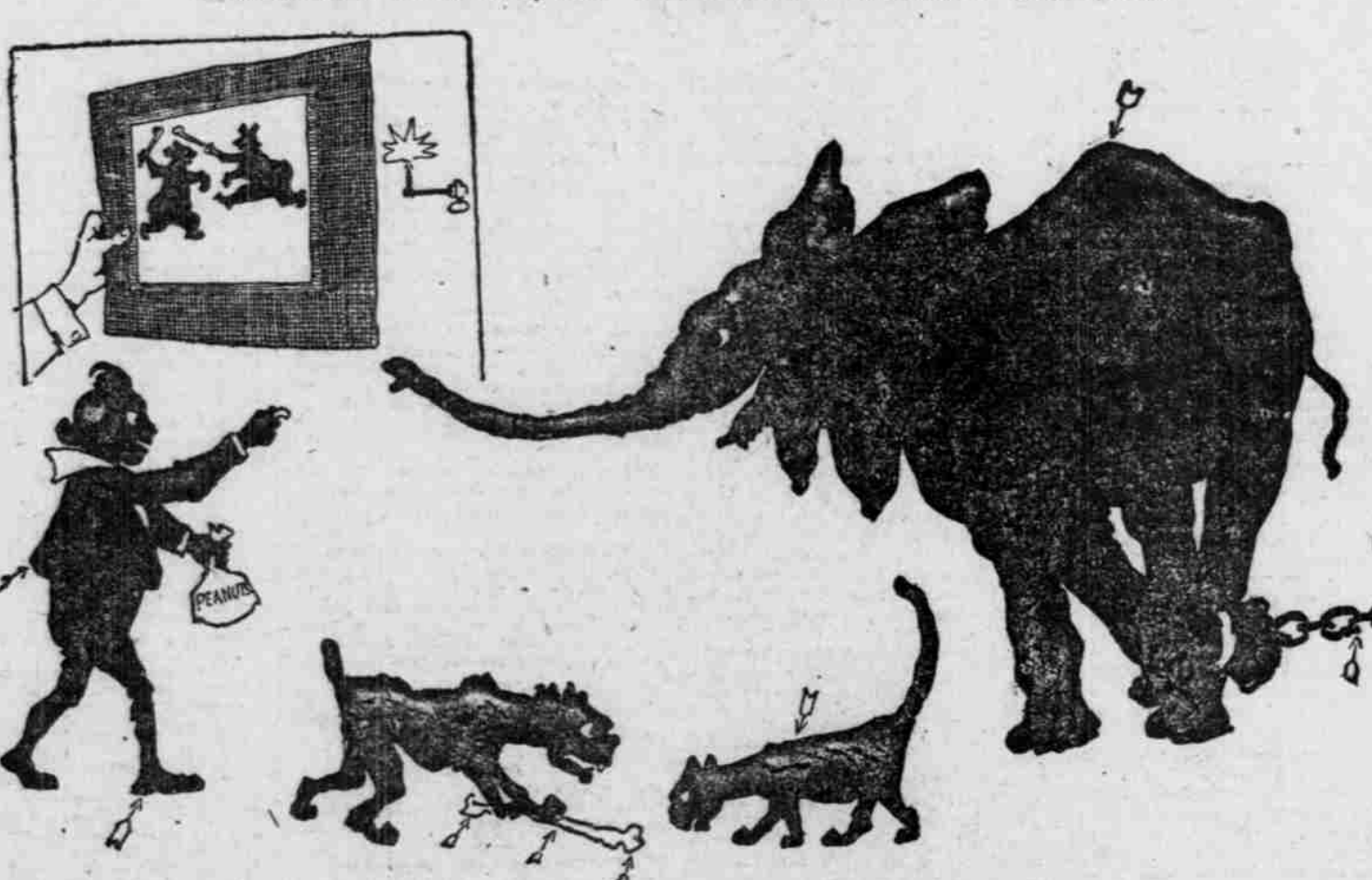
"And you?" said the host to Governor Shaw (who is a good Methodist, an excellent one of the best dairy counties of the Hawkeye State).

"I think I shall have a glass of butter-milk."

The bartender turned to the Kentuckian. "What shall I give you, Colonel?" he asked.

The Kentucky gentleman heaved a long sigh. "Under the circumstances," he said, "I think you can give me a piece of pie."

## SILHOUETTEGRAPHS, OR HOME-MADE MOVING PICTURES



Take a strip of cardboard (such as the bottom of a good-sized cardboard box), and cut out the center, as shown in the diagram. Paste over the square opening a sheet of fairly transparent paper.

Next cut out the silhouettes. The elephant and the boy go together; the dog and cat compose the other team of pantomime performers.

Each pair, in turn, should be fastened on the sheet of paper set in a cardboard frame.

The most important part of all is to properly attach these silhouettes. A slight dab of glue at the spots to which the various arrows point is all the pasting to be done.

Whenever the figure is loose bend it a trifle away from the sheet of paper. When you come to hold the frame before a jet of gas in a fairly dark room the creatures can be made to go through the most wonderful contortions by simply moving the frame a bit, now this way and that. A little practice will help you more than printed directions.

Try it, and you will find it will call forth rars of laughter from your audience.—(Copyright, 1902, by Frank Verbeck.)