PETER AND ELLEN PICTURES TO PAINT

THE OAK-TREE PLAYHOUSE

AND one morning papa put on his hat and said: "Peter and Ellen, if you will follow me, I will show you a sight worth seeing."

And precious mamma jumped up from her sewing and said:

"Oh, I want to go, too! I want to see something worth seeing!"

And papa laughed and said:

"Yes, do, mamma; put on your hat and come, too, and I'll show you something worth seeing."

And Peter and Ellen and precious mamma followed tall, funny papa out through the garden and into the little meadow, and papa said: "Follow me, follow me, you three, down this zig-zag, zig-zag path through the meadow."

They walked in line, papa and Ellen and Peter and mamma, down the little zig-zag path across the meadow. And very soon they came to a little wood with the thorn trees all in blossom, and papa said:

"Listen, I think I hear a bell, ting-a-ling-ting!"

And little Ellen said:

"I hear it, papa; I hear ting-a-ling!"

And Peter said:

"Oh, oh, here comes Baby Louise, with a little silver bell on her neck."

And the little white pony came trotting up all alone through the woods with a little silver bell on her neck, and Ellen said:

"Why, papa, who brought Baby Louise down to the woods?"

And papa said:

"Ask the little white pony, and she will tell you."

And Baby Louise trotted near and bowed her head up and down, which meant, "Oh, Ellen, I'm glad to see you."

And Ellen said:

"Who brought you down to the beautiful woods, little darling?"

And Baby Louise turned and trotted away to the big oak tree, with the spreading limbs, and Peter said:

"Oh, there is grandpa sitting under the big oak tree."

And little Ellen clapped her hands and said:

"Why, grandpa, what are you doing here in the beautiful woods?"

And grandpa laughed and said:

"Why, I am the King of the beautiful woods, you know; and I came down here to watch the thorn blossoms blow, and the violets grow; hi, oh; hi, oh."

And Ellen clapped her hands and said:

"You dear, funny grandpa; did you bring Baby Louise down to the woods to watch the thorn blossoms blow and the violets grow, hi oh?"

And grandpa said:

"Yes, I brought the little white pony for the Prince and the Princess to ride when they came to live all day with the King of the beautiful woods."

And Peter said:

"Oh, grandpa, am I the Prince, and is Ellen the Princess, and are we going to live all day with you in the woods?"

And grandpa said: "Yes, if you are the Prince and Princess who live in the big oak tree you are the ones I speak of."

And Peter and Ellen looked up into the oak tree—oh, what a grand playhouse they saw. There were boards nailed all around on the wide-spreading limbs for a floor, and there were a dear little table and two chairs; and Ellen hugged grandpa and said:

"Oh, you dear, splendid grandpa, you made us this playhouse in the oak tree."

And grandpa laughed and said:

"Yes, I'm a fine old fellow."

And precious mamma clapped her hands and said:

"I never had a playhouse up in a tree when I was a little girl."

And papa said:

"Didn't I tell you if you'd follow me I'd show you something worth seeing?"

And mamma said:

"Yes, indeed, you did, and this is a playhouse worth seeing."

Then grandpa said:

"You must stay all day and play in the woods, little mother," and precious mamma said: "Oh, I should love to stay, but what will we do for our dinner?"

And grandpa said:

"This is the woods where the fairies live, and the fairies will bring our dinner."

And Peter whispered to Ellen: "Grandpa is only joking. There are no such things as fairies."

But, oh, just then out from a thicket of blossoms, two dear little girls came dancing, and each carried a little basket (the fairies had on funny bonnets made of green leaves, and you could not see their faces). And little Ellen whispered to Peter:

"You said there were no faries, and grandpa was only joking."

And Peter whispered to Ellen: "Well, I never saw a fairy before, and I never believed in fairies."

And little Ellen whispered:

"You believe there are fairies, now, don't you Peter?"

And Peter said:

"Yes, I believe in them now."

And the two little fairies came dancing along, but you could not see their sweet little faces. And the fairies gave one basket to Peter and Ellen, and one to precious mamma. Then away they danced through the woods.

And Peter and Ellen climbed the big oak tree, and sat down in their wonderful playhouse to eat their dinner. And mamma and papa and grandpa sat down under the oak tree to eat their dinner, and Ellen said:

"I wish those fairies would come again."

And Peter clapped his hands and said: "Oh, I've guessed who the fairies were, little Ellen!"

And Ellen said:

"Oh, Peter, I know they were truly fairies."

And Peter clapped his hands and said: "I guess it was dear Arabella and Araminta, dressed up to look like fairies."

And little Ellen was ready to cry. "I hoped they were truly faries," she said. "I have never seen a fairy."

And just then Arabella and Araminta came riding down through the woods on the little white pony; and, oh, they did look like truly fairies.

Arabella had a wreath of violets on her head, and Araminta had a wreath of violets on her head.

And Peter called: "Come up into the big oak tree and eat lunch with us, Arabella and Araminta."

And grandpa helped Arabella and Araminta up into the big oak tree, and they sat down in the wonderful playhouse with Peter and Ellen.

And little Ellen said:

"My grandpa does plan the most beautiful times and surprises for us, and this is the best of all."

And Peter said:

"Yes, I think this is the very best surprise that grandpa ever gave us."

And they all stayed all day in the beautiful woods, and Arabella and Araminta stayed, too, and played with Peter and Ellen in the oak tree playhouse.

And Peter and Ellen climbed the big oak tree, and sat down in their wonderful playhouse . . .

FINE DEEDS DONE BY BRAVE BOYS

DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT WHEN HE WAS A MIDSHIPMAN

NELSON and Farragut are the two most celebrated sailors the world has ever seen. Both became naval officers when they were little boys, and distinguished themselves while yet in their teens.

David Glasgow Farragut was appointed a midshipman in the United States Navy when he was 9 years old. He entered on active service as officer of the frigate Essex when he was 10.

The Essex was lying in the harbor of Norfolk, Va., when David joined her, and he did not have to wait long for an adventure. He was sent ashore in charge of one of the ship's boats to bring off some officers who were to visit the frigate. The little fellow wore his cocked hat, his grand new uniform resplendent with brass buttons, and had his little sword by his side.

As he was waiting in his boat off the end of the pier for the expected officers, a crowd of rowdies gathered on the dock and began to make fun of the "baby officer," as they called him. David never said a word in reply, but finally one of the gang got a watering-pot, and, leaning over, began to sprinkle the young middy, "to see if it would make him grow," he said.

This was too much, and David and his men, springing ashore, went at the rowdies "hammer and tongs," putting them to flight and chasing them up the street until the police interfered.

Young Farragut weighed only 72 pounds at that time, and Captain Porter, of the Essex, remarked, when he heard the story, that "Young Farragut is two pounds of uniform and 70 pounds of fight."

Upon the outbreak of the second war with England, known as the War of 1812, the Essex was sent on a cruise off the coast, and Farragut, now a seasoned sailor of 11, went out as one of her officers.

While on this cruise he saved the ship from capture. The Essex had taken several British ships and the prisoners on board outnumbered her crew. One night as he lay in his hammock David was awakened by a feeling that some one was standing near him. Peeping out under his eyelids, he saw one of the British prisoners bending over him with a pistol in his hand.

He realized that the prisoners had obtained possession of the weapons and were about to rise and take the ship while most of the crew were asleep. He lay perfectly still until the man, after looking closely at him, and concluding that he was still asleep, had passed on.

Then he sprang from his hammock and rushed into Captain Porter's cabin, where he told his story. The Captain told David to sound the fire alarm, and he himself rushed to the quarter-deck and shouted "Fire!"

This brought the crew on deck at once and confused the prisoners, who were just starting for the deck to begin their work. The crew drove the Britishers below, where they were disarmed and secured.

Captain Porter publicly thanked David for the promptness and intelligence with which he had acted.

The Essex then went on a cruise to the coast of Brazil, and from there around Cape Horn into the Pacific, where she took many prizes.

Of one of these prizes, the ship Barclay, David was made prize officer—that is, he was sent on board of her to take command. With a few men from the Essex David went aboard the Barclay, and thus found himself a commanding officer at the age of 12. He is probably the only boy of that age who ever was placed in full command of a big ship.

Captain Randall, who had commanded the ship before she had been captured, and who had been left on board, was a cross old fellow, and he made up his mind he would take no orders from a little boy in uniform.

But David had orders from Captain Porter to command the ship, and he determined to do it. The Essex and her prizes were at anchor off the coast of Chile when David took charge of the Barclay, and soon after he went on board a sailor came into the cabin and told him that the other vessels were in motion, and that the Essex was flying a signal for the Barclay to get under way and follow the fleet.

Going on deck, David said to Captain Randall, who was supposed to do duty as sailing-master, "Order all sail to be made and follow the fleet."

"Listen to the little monkey!" sneered Randall, who was more than 6 feet tall, looking down on the little officer. "Listen to the little monkey!"

"My orders are from Captain Porter," replied David. "We must set sail and follow the fleet to Valparaiso."

"To New Zealand, more likely," answered Randall. "This is my vessel, and she goes where I say."

"I order you to make sail on this vessel!" shouted David, his voice rising into a shrill treble in his excitement.

The men had become to come aft, and were listening to this strange conversation between the giant and the midget. Turning to the men David cried: "Get up the anchor, and be lively!"

There was a moment's hesitation on the part of some of the sailors, but the men whom David had brought with him from the Essex sprang to the capstan, and the others followed.

"I won't be bossed around by a baby who ought to be in long clothes," cried Randall. "I'll shoot the first man who touches a rope! I'll get my pistols, and we'll see who commands this vessel!" and he rushed into the cabin.

Calling to a Quartermaster whom he knew he could trust—a big fellow—David said: "If that man comes on deck, I order you to throw him overboard!"

Then, calling down to Randall, he said: "You are under arrest. If you come on deck you do so at your peril."

He kept Randall a prisoner until he came up with the fleet, when, it falling quite calm, he took him on board the Essex and reported him.

Randall declared to the officer who heard the report that he had only tried to frighten the boy.

"And you saw how well you succeeded," replied David.

While the Essex was lying in the neutral port of Valparaiso, she was attacked and destroyed by two British vessels. Each one of them alone was far more powerful than the American ship, and therefore against both of them the Essex had no change.

This attack was against all the laws of war, for vessels are not supposed to fight in the waters of a neutral nation. The Essex made a good fight of it before she surrendered, and David, as aid to Captain Porter, was in the thick of it, and distinguished himself so greatly as to win the admiration of the British.

The British Captain, in order to show his appreciation of the young hero's bravery, invited him to breakfast the next morning in his cabin.

David was then 13 years old. The war was over before he got a chance at another battle; but it was reserved for him to grow up to be a great Admiral and in another war to make his name immortal in after years.

FAMOUS BOYS—FARRAGUT

ANTS THAT RAISE THEIR OWN CROPS

RECENT study of ants has added another to the many facts that show what strange intelligence these tiny insects possess. This latest discovery is that some species actually plant and raise their own crops.

The big leaf-cutting ant of the tropics is the most proficient species in the agricultural line.

These ants visit plants and cut little fragments out of the leaves. Sometimes they will ruin a whole plantation over night, leaving the plants with ragged fragments of their foliage.

Until recently it had been supposed that the leaf-cutters ate the pieces of leaf. But now it is known that they carry the fragments to their mounds, where they chew them over and over, moistening them at the same time with acid secretions, until they have made a soft, spongy mass. This is kneaded and worked over and over again until it is a big heap full of small holes and pores.

In this spongy mass the ants deposit the spores of a certain fungus which forms the greater part of their food supply. Different species of ants have different species of fungus. The most highly developed of them all is grown by a Brazilian ant. It is known as the Rozites gongilophora. This fungus is very rich and full of albumen, which is particularly loved by the ants.

To produce the most albumen the fungus must not be permitted to flower. Of course this is a simple matter, well known to every florist and agriculturist. But it certainly is wonderful that ants should have learned it. It makes it seem almost certain that they are possessed of powers of reason, for they attend to the pruning of the fungus stems and suckers just as carefully as a human planter would.

As soon as the fungus begins to grow it sends out fine threadlike stems into the air. If these are allowed to grow they will finally bear flowerets. But the ants do not permit them to grow. They keep certain members of their colonies busy biting them off the moment they appear. After pruning them for a short time the fungus begins to develop little swellings, which are particularly rich in albumen. And after being cultivated for a few months, the little swellings are found everywhere around the bottom of the pile.

Some species of ants carry fertilizers to their "gardens." They bear finely chewed wood, mouldering leaves, dead insects and other similar material to the fungus plantations to enrich the soil and increase their yield.

A SIMPLE WAY OF ENGRAVING GLASS

A FAMOUS French chemist, Cailletet, has discovered a very simple and easy way to engrave glass.

The method is to cover a tumbler or bottle or other glass object with a thin, smooth and thoroughly laid on covering of glue. Either very good cabinet-maker's glue, or fish glue will serve perfectly.

The only care that must be taken is to see that there are no air bubbles in the glue after it has been applied, and that the coating is uniform and of even thickness over the entire article.

Ordinary glass tumblers lend themselves beautifully to the experiment. Polished marble and the beautiful Iceland feldspath also make good subjects for the process. The very thin and fragile glasses must not be used, because they will break after the glue begins to contract in the process of drying.

It is this contraction that produces the beautiful result.

Glue thus applied to glass sticks to it very lightly. Then it begins to contract as it dries. Now its tight hold to the glass prevents the layers of glue from contracting without pulling at the glass, and thus little by little the glue slits and splits tiny fragments from the surface of the glass.

If certain salts are added to the glue the effect is still more beautiful, because then the splitting of the tiny fragments is done in such a manner that the result forms a perfect resemblance to a frosted window pane. A glass tumbler or flask so treated becomes a beautiful ornament to the room or the glass closet.

The best salts to add are saltpeter and alum. They should be used in the proportion of about one part of salt to 15 parts of glue.

Sometimes the glue treated with salts produces magnificent fern-leaf effects. Rarely does any one article so treated resemble another. The least difference in the thickness of the glue, the length of time needed in drying, and the hardness of the surface, make a vast difference in the patterns that are obtained.

TALES OF THE UGLY BRASS LAMP

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

HARRY MANN was homesick for Connecticut. To be sure he lived in New Jersey nine months of the year, and only three months were passed in Connecticut; but he always felt that the latter state was his real home, and he was never so happy as when he was allowed to spend Christmas at his grandmothers.

It was the time of the review in arithmetic, and he was getting sick of figures. Oh, for a half hour of Bissell Hill, with its bully coasting! The Jersey boys were satisfied with a hill that was only an eighth of a mile long and with a very moderate tilt to it, while Bissell Hill was a mile and a half from start to finish, and if the snow was well packed there were no stopping places on the way unless you got ditched.

Harry sat at his desk during the morning hours, perspiring over a problem in arithmetic, and wishing that they did not keep the schoolroom so hot, particularly when coal was scarce. Suddenly his thoughts left the schoolroom and traveled to the ugly brass lamp that lay on its shelf in the barn. This was December 1, and he was free to summon the djinn and make a wish.

The boldness of next thought made him chuckle out loud and caused Miss Stoothoff to tell him to stay in 10 minutes after school. Ordinarily this would have made him feel sorry, as he prized his playtime, but now he smiled and nodded his head and plunged once more into the problem and finished it in a few minutes.

At noon he hurried home and rushed through his luncheon in a greater hurry than usual, calling down upon himself reproofs from his mother. But his thoughts were elsewhere, and his demeanor was so unruffled that Mrs. Mann said to herself: "Happy boy! It's a pity ever to scold him, he is so cheerful."

Lunch demolished, he ran out to the barn and got the lamp; then he mounted his wheel and rode back to school.

There has been no snow to speak of in Canfield, but a letter received by Harry the day before from Joe Hollister, who lived next door to his grandmother's, said that the coasting on Bissell Hill was the best ever. If the djinn knew what was good for Harry, the whole school would have the time of their lives.

He went to a grove near the school and rubbed the lamp. The djinn came at his summons, towering black and smoky above the trees, but unnoticed by any one save the boy.

"Hello," said Harry. "Say, I want you to move the schoolhouse just as it stands, with all the teachers and pupils, up to Peachton, in Connecticut, near the top of Bissell Hill—at 3 o'clock."

"Very well," said the djinn.

"Oh, I say," said Harry, remembering that sleds would be necessary. But there was no answer. The djinn had gone.

"Plague take it!" said Harry. He was entitled to two distinct wishes in each month; that is, he could summon the djinn twice, but he might have asked for sleds as a part of the first wish. Now there was nothing to do but to rub the lamp again. This was done, and once more the djinn stood before him.

"What is it? Remember, that I cannot come again until January."

"You mean January. Well, I want sleds for the whole crowd, and be sure to put in a double ripper."

"It shall be as you wish," said the djinn, and again he vanished, and Harry went back to school so happy that it was all he could do to keep from telling the fellows what was up.

From 1 to 3 was the longest time he had ever known. At 2 he recollected that he was to be kept in 10 minutes. He raised his hand.

"What is it?" said Miss Stoothoff.

"May I speak to you?"

He received permission and went up to her desk.

"I'm sorry I spoke out loud. I was thinking of something good and I forgot I was speaking."

He said this so frankly that Miss Stoothoff smiled and said:

"All right; I won't punish you this time. Looks like snow, doesn't it?"

"Yes. Say, I wish you could coast down Bissell Hill up at our home in Connecticut."

Miss Stoothoff was a very sympathetic woman, and was much liked by the school. "I wish I might," said she heartily. "I love coasting. Now go back to your seat and be a good boy."

Harry felt that he had in a way received sanction from Miss Stoothoff for whatever was to follow. She would like to coast on Bissell Hill. She should have that pleasure.

At 3 the clouds became black and a mighty wind sprang up that shook the little schoolhouse in every board.

"Why, that felt like an earthquake," said Miss Stoothoff, ringing the bell for dismissal.

Stella Mason loked out of the window as she rose to get her sack.

"Why, there's snow on the ground. O-o-oh! What's that church doing there?"

Harry followed her look, nearly bursting with delight as he did so. He could explain the church.

Stella's exclamation had made every one run to the windows, and the chorus of amazement that went up did Harry good. He knew what had happened, and not a soul else knew; not even Miss Stoothoff, who knew a good deal, especially about geography.

"It's all right," said he. "It's the church I go to every Summer."

Miss Stoothoff hurried to the window, and on the way there she remembered the djinn and Harry's exploits with the lamp, and it all became clear.

"Did you do this?" said she to Harry.

"Yes, ma'am, I did. We're up at my home, and we're going to have the dandiest coast you ever took. Come on."

He led the way to the door and the others followed. They had all heard of the lamp; they knew how he had rid the town of the plague of dogs and they were in for a good time. Not one in the crowd, except Miss Stoothoff, ever gave a thought to getting back, and she, knowing that Harry could ask two things of the djinn, was sure that they would be whisked back as they had come. But it must be in time for dinner or parents would wonder.

Outside of the school-house stood 10 or 15 sleds, including two bob-sleds, or "double rippers," as they call them in Peachtown.

None of the local children was in sight. Their schoolhouse was more than a mile away, and they would not arrive on the scene for a half an hour at least. The hill belonged to Harry's friends for the nonce.

"You ride with me, Miss Stoothoff," said Harry, hauling out the big bob.

So Miss Stoothoff and the smallest, with Harry and one or two of the biggest boys, made up the load, and when they were started the rest came along on whatever was handy. The djinn had provided more than enough to go around, as Miss Stoothoff's school was a private one, and consisted of 19 or 20 pupils, and there were 25 sleds.

"Land sakes!" said old Mrs. Pulsifer, looking out of her window. She had been bedridden for five years, but her bed lay in such a position that she could see all that was going on in the outside world, and she enjoyed every minute of her life in spite of her pain. "Land sakes! Where did them children come from? I declare, I believe I saw Harry Munn. Look at all them sleds. Makes me wish I was young ag'in."

It would have made any one wish to be young again to see the joy of those coasters. One solid mile straight ahead they flew, and then there was a slight curve and another rush downward, and then a hill so steep that it brought all the sleds to a stop.

Shrieking, laughing and whooping, they all reached the end of the slide without accident, and Harry, with pardonable pride, said:

"Ever see anything quite as fine as that?"

"Ain't much longer than Voorhees Hill," said Dick Sturges, but at that a chorus of protestations went up from every one, including Miss Stoothoff. Of course, Dick could not possibly admire anything that Harry was responsible for, and while in his inner heart he knew he was having the time of his life, he would not have let Harry know it for worlds.

They had been having the wildest kind of fun for an' hour, with here and there an upset, but no bones broken, when Miss Stoothoff, who was the only one of the party with a sense of time, said:

"Harry, it is time to wish us back again. Parents will be worrying if we're not home before dark. Call your djinn. I'm anxious to see him."

Harry's lower jaw dropped.

"Fury!" said he; "I never thought of that. I've 'called him twice already. Then a beautiful thought struck him. "We can't go back until January! Whoopfa!"

Visions of no school and unlimited coasting made glad the hearts of most of the boys and girls, but here and there a small child burst into tears at the thought of so long an absence from home.

But Miss Stoothoff shook her head.

"Nonsense!" said she. "I never would have come if I'd known this," (although just how she could have helped it under the circumstances it would be hard to tell). "We must go home by train, and at once. How far is it?"

"One hundred and thirty-six miles," said Harry, "and we've hardly time to get to the station for the last train."

They were at the top of the hill when this conversation took place, and they all seized their sleds and flew down the hill with a melancholy zest. When the sleds came to a standhill, Harry said: "If we pull them over the next hill we can coast to within a quarter of a mile of the station. Bu how are we going to get home without tickets? It costs a lot to go 139 miles."

He evidently hoped that he had prevented home-going for that day at least, but Miss Stoothoff had a good deal of executive ability, and when they finally abandoned their sleds she said, as they struck into a brisk walk: "You take me to the bank. You probably know every one in town, and you can borrow enough to get us home."

"Of course I can. I can do better than that," said Harry. "The $100 that I got for ridding the town of dogs I deposited in this bank, and they'll let me have all I want."

It was after banking hours, but Harry had seen other people give a peculiar knock on the door, and he imitated it and was admitted. More than that, he got enough money to buy tickets for the whole crowd, and he insisted on calling it his treat.

"I got you into this scrape, and I'll get you out," said he.

They had a jolly ride home and across New York, but there was more than one youngster who regretted that Harry had been able to buy tickets. The Canfield people had received a telegram that told them what had happened, and there was a great crowd at the station when they pulled in at 10 o'clock at night.

Some scolded, some kissed, some laughed. Harry—let us tell the truth about it—Harry was spanked when he had arrived at home. Spanked by his father. His mother had kissed him.

It only remains to add that the schoolhouse stayed up at Peachton until it was wished back in January. And did the children escape school all that time? Dear, no. They went to school in the firehouse.

THEY HAD BEEN HAVING THE WILDEST KIND OF FUN FOR AN HOUR.

HOW TO DO CIRCUS TRICKS

FUNNY HUMAN ELEPHANT, by J. Carter Beard.

OF THE various paraphernalia used by circus men, none provides more fun than the "fake" animal which the public is expected to recognize as a "fake." There is no animal form which lends itself more readily to this bit of fun than the elephant.

When two men have made themselves look as much like this solemn beast as is within the limits of their power, they parade about the ring with a clown as an attendant and perform wonderful tricks and go through exercises of which no real elephant would be capable.

The elephant's trunk, which in this case is the arm of one of the men, is ever on the lookout for something to eat or drink and seize everything it wishes without the least hesitation. The elephant's hind legs, which really are the legs of a man, have the mule-like habit of kicking everything which comes within reach.

From this it may be imagined that the clown suffers severely while endeavoring to control his unruly pet. Yet the clown must appear very proud of his elephant and extol its wondrous cleverness upon every occasion.

Two boys are necessary to make up the elephant. One boy is needed for the hind legs and one boy for the fore legs.

The boy in front manipulates the trunk; the boy in the rear manipulates the tail.

Both boys must bend slightly forward in walking. The boy in the rear rests his one hand which is not engaged in holding the tail on the shoulder of his companion.

Turn in one corner of an old pillow-case and place it over the head of the first boy. Cut small holes in it so that the boy may see where he is going.

Paint two large eyes on a sheet of paper. Cut them out and pin them on the pillow-case.

The elephant's trunk is the arm of the first boy covered by a gray stocking.

Two pairs of pajamas caught together under the feet and filled out with cotton, excelsior or crumpled paper make the feet and legs. Figure 3 shows this.

The tail, shown in Figure 4, is a short section of a broom handle with the straws from an old broom tied around the end.

The tusks, one of which is shown in figure 4, are long, narrow cloth bags tighly stuffed with sawdust, excelsior or bits of paper.

Figure 5 shows the elephant's ear. It can be made from either brown or gray cardboard. The ears can be sewed to the head by using a large needle with twine or heavy thread.

Throw a sheet over the two boys to hide them. This will form the body of the beast.

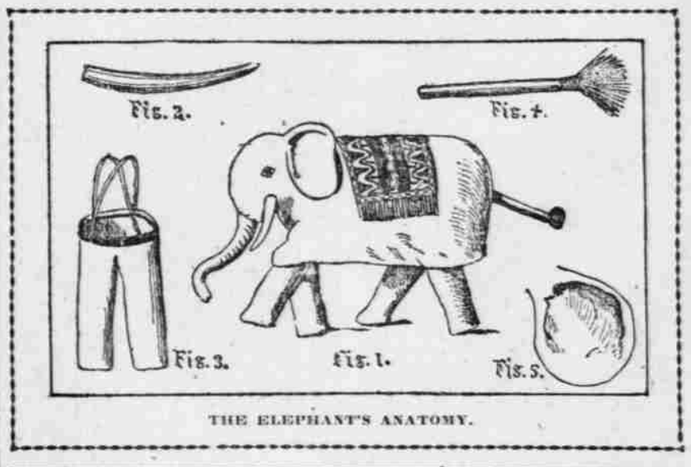
A rug hung over the sheet, especially if it is brightly colored, will give the effect of the tinsel splendor of a circus.

This "fake" elephant does not need months of careful training before he can perform; and he is likely to amuse the spectators better than the real creature.

The table scene, so popular at every circus, during which the clown decides to treat his pet to a dinner, can be acted to perfection by the human elephant. He can order all the most expensive dishes on the bill, just as the real elephant is always supposed to do, and he can keep constantly ringing a huge dinner bell for the waiter to bring more food.

The human elephant can also introduce a new element into this scene. The boy in the rear can decide that the front boy is getting more than his share and proceed to demand a part of the good things. He can kick the front man; he can reach out his hand instead of the elephant's tail and in a dozen other ways prove to the audience that he is not at all satisfied with the way things are going.

The human elephant, in spite of its simplicity and the ease with which it may be trained, forms one of the most catching acts which any circus has to offer.



THE ELEPHANT'S ANATOMY.

Fairy Story From Chicago.

Chicago Tribune.

A dignified matron called at a newspaper office the other morning and asked:

"Is the editor in?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered a man sitting at a table.

"You had an account in your society column this morning," she said, "of a reception last evening at Mrs. Perrycord's."

"I believe we had."

"I know you had. I am Mrs. Perrycord. I have called to thank you for the excellent manner in which it was written up. There was not a single misstatement in it, from first to last. You had the name of every person who was present. Every name was spelled correctly, except one or two, and it was our mistake that you had those wrong. I wish you to know that we appreciate all this, and that I have no fault whatever to find——"

Here she stopped. The editor had fallen in a fit.

Yes; It Is True.

In a recent issue of the Call they stated that the Willamette Iron Works of Portland agreed to pay their men ten hours' wages for a nine-hour day's work. Will you kindly inform me through your paper if there is any truth in this report?

San Francisco, Cal. B. B.

How These Women Love Each Other.

Pearl—Did you hear about the awful fright George got on his wedding day?

Maude—Yes; I was there; I saw her.