

OUR BOYS and GIRLS

THE CANDY FAMILY AND HOW TO MAKE THEM

BY LINA BEARD



Gym drop Red Riding Hood



Santa Claus' Sleigh

Deer Horns Ready to Cut

Deer Horns Ready for Deer

Little Peanut Santa Claus with His Paper Sleigh and Peanut Reindeer.



Fig. 5

Mary Lemon Candy

with bits of toothpicks stuck in for horns and p ears pasted on; his tail, a twisted paper with fringed end, and his legs wooden toothpicks (Fig. 9).

ALL of these little candy and nut toys are good to eat and make fine Christmas gifts.

Trace Santa Claus' sleigh (Fig. 1) on light-weight cardboard. Cut all heavy lines and bend dotted lines. Make the reindeer of peanuts, with an extra half of peanut fastened on with a pin for head and neck; cut horns and ears according to dotted lines from a folded piece of writing paper (Fig. 2), open out and bend at dotted lines on Fig. 3. Glue the horns on the heads of the deer, fasten a band of black or inked paper around each body, then puncture two holes slanting forward for front legs and two more slanting backward for hind legs, insert wooden toothpick legs, and with slender strips of black paper attach the deer to the sleigh as in illustration. Use a bent piece of cardboard for the sleigh seat, and on it glue a peanut Santa Claus with red tissue paper cap and a coat made of a strip of red tissue paper placed around the body and fastened at the back. Glue the little fellow's wooden toothpick arms and legs, stretched out horizontally as in picture. Glue black paper reins on Santa Claus' hands and extend them to the heads of the two last deer.

In the back of the sleigh place a Christmas tree of green fringed tissue paper, and a yellow paper bag filled with wee toys or bits of gay paper.

A drop of glue on the tip end of the legs of each animal and along the bottom edge of the sleigh runners will fasten Santa Claus, sleigh and deer to a dark-colored box lid, piece of glass or a thin board; then the pretty affair can be carried from place to place without danger of injury.

One stick of candy will make Mary's mother (Fig. 4), and a stick broken in half will make two little girls, Mary (Fig. 5) and her sister. The stiff dress skirts



Mary Lemon Candy's Mother

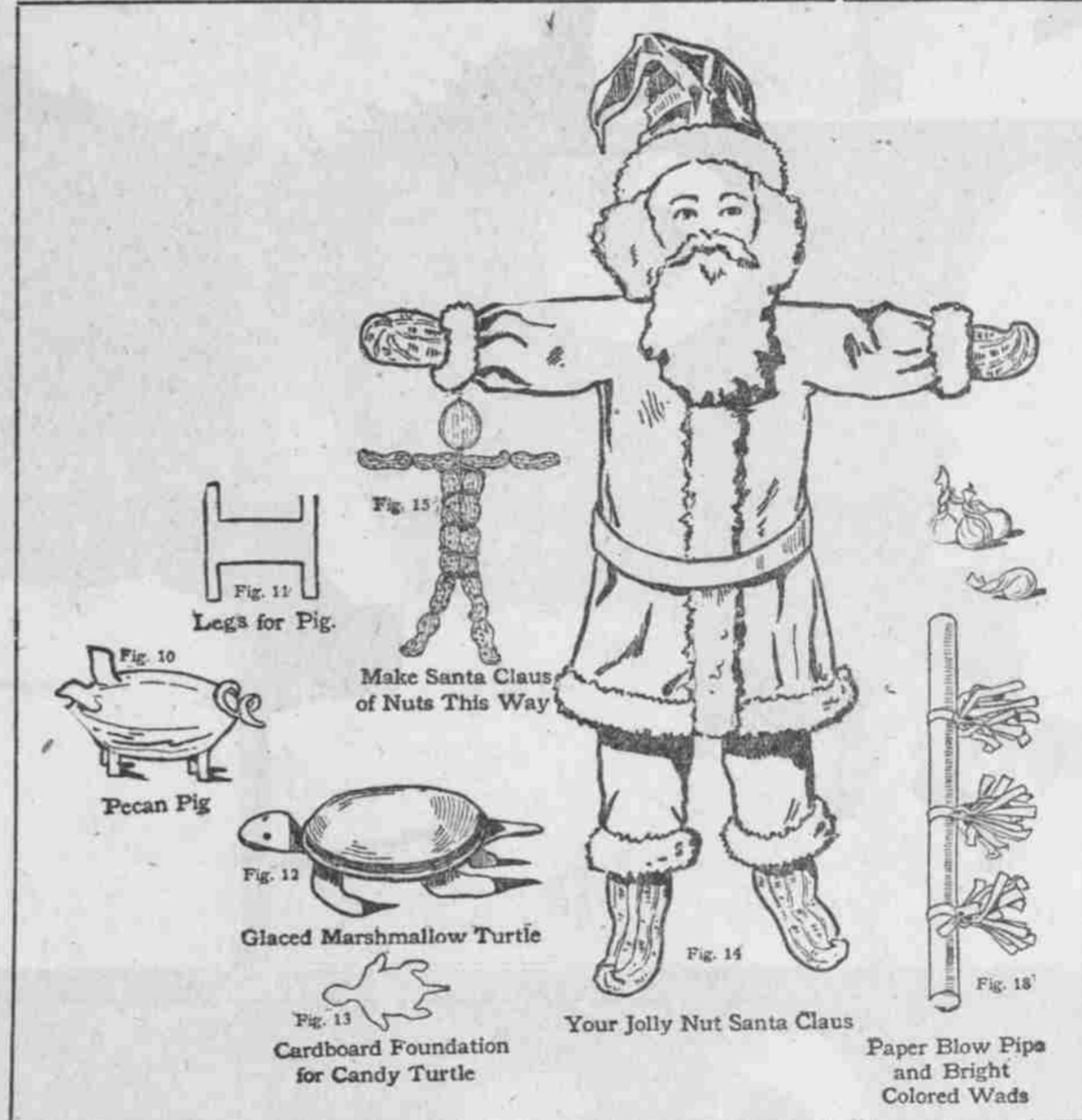
Cut waist at dotted lines

Nut Giraffe

mother's waist along dotted lines, and make a smaller waist for Mary.

Cover both the whole stick and the half sticks of candy with oiled paper for protection. Slip the mother's waist on over her head, bring the side pieces of the back forward and lay the front sides over them, then fit the dress skirt on over the waist, pinning it at the back, top and center. Twist the ends of the sleeves into hands and pull the oiled paper out at the top of the back of the mother's head as hair for her hat to rest upon. Let the mother have a white tissue paper sash, and around her shoulders a red tissue paper scarf, pinning it at front waist line. Ink the mother's features and glue a large hat on top of her head. Make the hat of a round piece of white writing paper, rolled up on one side and trimmed with crumpled bits of red tissue paper pasted on top of center of hat.

Pin the short skirt on Mary and put her waist on over the skirt as an apron. Place a strip of buff tissue paper over her head, allowing the ends to hang down



Your Jolly Nut Santa Claus



Pecan Pig



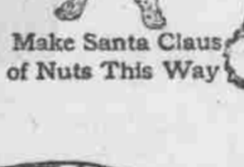
Glaced Marshmallow Turtle



Cardboard Foundation for Candy Turtle



Legs for Fig.



Make Santa Claus of Nuts This Way



Paper Blow Pipe and Bright Colored Wads

behind; tie a string over the buff paper around Mary's neck and pinch the paper at the back of the head and the strip will then be a sunbonnet (Fig. 5). Make Mary's little lamb (Fig. 3) out of a cocoanut covered marshmallow, using wooden toothpicks for legs and paper for ears.

Mr. Giraffe's body is a soft shelled almond, his neck a peanut cut to fit, then glued to the body; the head is one-half a peanut cut to fit neck, with bits of toothpicks stuck in for horns and paper ears pasted on; his tail, a twisted paper with fringed end, and his legs wooden toothpicks (Fig. 9).

The little pig (Fig. 10) is a pet of Mary's mother. He is a pecan nut, with curled paper tail and paper ears glued in place. The legs of cardboard (Fig. 11) are glued to the under side of the nut. Make your little turtle (Fig. 12) of a glazed marshmallow. Dampen the flat side and stick the candy on a piece of writing paper cut to fit; then paste the other side of the paper to a cardboard foundation cut from Fig. 13. Bend down the legs and bend up the head and tail.

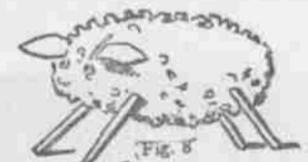
The nine and a half-inch Santa Claus (Fig. 14) is made of peanuts with an English walnut for a head

(Fig. 15). To make the body fasten the ends of two peanuts together by running a wooden toothpick half way in each nut, point two more, then sew the four together with fine string. Make each leg of two nuts jointed together, and attach each to the body with toothpicks. Four peanuts, run together with wooden toothpicks, form the arms. Heat the end of a knitting needle or wire hairpin red hot and burn a hole in one end of an English walnut. Push one end of a toothpick into this nut head, the other end into the peanut body, and fasten more securely by also sewing head and arms on to the body.

Crumple red tissue paper and glue it to the body for a pouch, to make Santa Claus fat; then dress him in cotton cloth or tissue paper, red coat, red trousers and red cap, all trimmed with glued on bands of white raw cotton. Ink Santa Claus' features and glue on hair and flowing beard of white raw cotton; fasten a gilt paper belt around his waist.

Gumdrop Red Riding Hood (Fig. 16) is a piece of candy covered with oiled paper, then a round piece of tissue paper twisted into a neck under the candy head and brought down into a full white skirt. Over this is a short red tissue paper skirt, and another round red paper brought partly over the head and tied around the neck with a string first, then a strip of white tissue paper. Cut the edge of skirts and hood into points before dressing Red Riding Hood.

Make the blowpipe (Fig. 18) of a large sheet of pad writing paper. Roll the paper over and over into a thick hollow stick. Paste down the lengthwise overlapping edge; then paste a band and tassel of blue tissue paper near one end, of yellow at the center and of red near the other end. Roll wads of raw cotton into small balls and cover them with squares of brilliantly colored papers, each of a different hue.



Mary's Lamb, cocoanut candy

Bring the ends of the squares together in a twist like the old-fashioned little Fourth of July torpedos. Place one of these gay wads well into the pipe and see how far you can make it go when you blow it from the pipe; then incise all the wads in a white square tissue paper bag and seal the opening.

The dog (Fig. 19) is made of chocolate-coated cream candy and wooden toothpicks, but you must keep them in a cool place or he will melt.

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THE CHILDREN OF HAMELIN WHO FOLLOWED THE PIPER

HAVE you ever wondered what became of the children of Hamelin after the Pied Piper had lured them into the mountains? And isn't it about time that the rest of the story was told?

Everybody remembers how it all happened, even though it was 500 years ago. How the town of Hamelin on the River Weser, in Prussia, suffered from a terrible plague of rats, and how nothing availed to exterminate the troublesome creatures. How, finally, an odd, unearthly-looking man in many colored clothing of a curious pattern came before the Town Council and offered to charm away the rats from the town if they would pay him 1000 guilders for the service. How, the bargain being struck, he lifted a pipe that he wore hung about his neck and played upon it in a soft, strange magical way that sent every single rat scurrying out of the closets and cupboards of Hamelin and into the Weser. How, when the dishonest Mayor declined to pay the 1000 guilders, the Pied Piper, as he has since been called, played upon his pipe strains so mysterious and irresistible that this time all the children of Hamelin followed him—and followed him until they reached Koppenberg Hill, when the side of the mountain opened and forever inclosed them.

Now, so far as the wretched mothers and fathers and the remorseful Mayor were concerned, this was the end of the 139 little children who were charmed away to pay the town's debt of 1000 guilders. Because they had been dishonest and faithless with the magician (for, of course, the Pied Piper was a magician), he exacted from them this fearful penalty. No sight or sound or rumor of the children ever reached Hamelin afterward. So that it was a long time before anything but grown-up voices was heard in the still little town, and nobody ran and danced on the street, and all the dogs got dusty and all the little cakes and tarts got dry and stale and had to be thrown away. And worst of all, the mothers wept constantly for loneliness; it was so terrible to have nobody to pot or prepare supper for or tell stories to or put lovingly to bed. And mothers ever since then have remembered the story and have had a special fear of magicians and have kept fast hold of their children's hands when a strange man playing music came down the street. Indeed, there are still mothers who are nervous about these things, and it is always best to humor them.

But if the desolate mothers had known what really became of their children, would they have cared so much, or would they have cared more? Read the story and see if you can tell.

There was, of course, something in the music the Pied Piper played which was different from any music you have ever heard and which made the children think of nothing but their desire to follow him. Without an instant's delay they sprang from

their games or their dinners or their mothers' laps and joined the enchanted band. They would have gone to the ends of the earth, but, as you have seen, that wasn't necessary, for the earth opened and took them in. And when the walls of the Koppenberg closed behind them they shut out not only the sight of the children's own country but the memory of it. Or, rather, this is what the Pied Piper intended. But it happened that as the mountains walls closed together the face of one child was not turned toward the Piper, who strode ahead. Instead it was turned back, toward Hamelin, and his last look was upon the little town itself, where he knew his mother stood waiting for him to return to her. And the result of this you shall see.

For the other children, looking about them when they were once inside the mountain, experienced no great surprise, for they were altogether under the magician's spell. And they asked no questions when hundreds of other children, who were lightly dressed in rainbow colored clothes with no buttons on them, and who wore no shoes or stockings, and whose hair was long and tangled, came trooping toward them. For they had already forgotten Hamelin and their own homes. But the Boy that Remembered thought the new country very strange, and, coming up close to the Piper, he pulled the magician's red and yellow scarf and whispered gently:

"Piper, where are we?"

And the Piper smiled strangely and piped an answer on his pipe. And so strange was the influence of that country that the Boy felt as though he had received a real answer, and thanked the Piper and fell behind again, blushing and ashamed because he had not understood. But how should he have expected to understand the language of the pipe?

And where they really were (which of course the Piper would never have told) was in the Land of Lost Children. Many of them were children who had run away from their homes and never been found again. And some of them had been enticed by wicked elves and fairies. And a great number the Piper himself had brought. And none of them knew any older or any wiser, but played together with shouts and laughter from morning till night. And when night came no one came to lead them away and wash their faces and give them warm supper and put them to bed, but they fell asleep wherever exhaustion overtook them, like little savage things.

Of course the Lost Children were very eager to play with the large band of new recruits that the Piper had brought, but the Piper would not allow this at first, for the Hamelin children were too neatly and soberly dressed to live in his country. So, taking them with him into a little wood, he made them all take off their

heavy little shoes and their thick garments and sober caps and bade them clothe themselves in gay strips of red and green and blue and yellow that he gave them, so that soon they were all as piped as he. And to all of them this seemed pleasant except to the Boy that Remembered, for night was coming on, and night



"Piper, why do we stay?"

is no time for children to be out playing alone in the woods.

And what these woods were like I cannot describe, for it seemed as if they shifted constantly, as things do in a dream. That is to say, if one of the children cried, "Let's play snowballs!" immediately a few yards away the ground would be heavily covered with snow, and the trees thick and soft and white, as in mid-Winter. While if another said, "Oh, no! I think it would be nicer to hunt birds' nests!" you could easily turn away and run to a place where it was all green and pink and warm and Springlike.

The best thing about it all, of course, was that everybody could do exactly what he wanted; but no-

body wanted to do anything long, so that everything shifted constantly and there wasn't any comfort or coziness, as the children would have discovered if they had ever stopped to think. Of course, not only were there no mothers to talk wisely to them and kiss them and no nurses to see that they were cleanly dressed—which they decidedly were not—but there weren't any schools or teachers, so that they knew no more one week than they had known the week before. They seemed happy, or at least they were very gay and hilarious all the time, but they were really more like puppies and kittens, or colts and heifers, than like boys and girls; and, after all, it is more desirable to be a boy than a puppy.

And the pitiful thing was that they all missed their mothers and fathers and the people they had loved, but without knowing that they did. For the magician had in some way blinded their little hearts, so that they did not know why they beat or what they yearned for. Or, rather, this was the case with all of them except one—the Boy that Remembered.

And at first the Boy that Remembered used to go to the Piper and say: "Piper, why do we stay? Won't you lead us home again?"

And always the Piper would smile and play strangely on his pipe and the boy would go away mystified with an ache in his heart. So finally he did not go to the Piper any more, but every now and then he would take aside one of his own companions and put his arm about the other's neck and ask him:

"Don't you remember the dear schoolmaster and what a saint the pastor was, and the beautiful woman who sold cakes, and don't you want to see your own dear mother, and how, how can we get to them all?"

But the other boy would shake himself free and look very troubled and answer:

"You make me unhappy, but I do not remember. Come and play. It is easier to play than to remember."

So the years went on. And in the town of Hamelin the mothers walked slowly and wore black dresses and looked constantly toward the Koppenberg while in the Land of Lost Children those that had come from Hamelin grew no older and no wiser, but played always and laughed and sang.

But the Pied Piper was not easy in his mind. For he remembered the laws of this magic country, and one of them stipulated that if at the end of ten years one of the children of Hamelin remembered whence he had come all the children were to be forfeited. And at last the ten years were spent, and on the last day the Boy that Remembered looked at the Piper and said once more:

"Piper, why do we stay?"

Which meant, of course, according to the law, that

all the children of Hamelin must be freed. So, assembling them, the Piper turned to the Boy that Remembered and said:

"The time has come for you to go. In which direction shall I send you?"

And if the boy could have known the direction in which Hamelin lay they might all have gone back to comfort their mothers' hearts, but in his ignorance he pointed instead to the wrong side of the mountain, which opened and the children passed through. And they found themselves in a strange country, where there were men and women and grandmothers and grandfathers and where people worked and took thought. And a certain soberness came to them, and after a little they learned to till the land and to reap harvests. And they married and children were born to them, and they learned to build cottages to shelter the women and the children. But they never came to be like the other people of the earth. And to this day they wear strange pied garments and there is a look of wildness in their eyes, and whenever, of evenings, a group of them are gathered together, the laughter that rings out is not the laughter of us simple human folk.

Old Stories of Christmas

THERE are some so-called "old stories" that are really not old, for they have an interest, a freshness and a beauty that keep them always new. Of such are the story of Christmas and all the legends and tales that belong to the great festival.

There is a legend in Germany that when Eve plucked the fatal apple the leaves of the tree immediately shriveled into needle points, and its bright green turned dark. The nature of the tree changed and it became an evergreen. In all seasons preaching the story of man's fall through that first act of disobedience. Only on Christmas does it bloom brightly with lights and become beautiful with love gifts. The curse is turned into a blessing by the coming of the Christ child, and thus we have our Christmas tree.

The visits of St. Nicholas to the homes of the people on Christmas eve as an annual custom grew out of a festival in honor of Herta, a Norse goddess. At this festival the house was decorated with evergreens and an altar of stone was set up at the end of the hall where the family assembled. From Herta's stone we get our word "earthstone;" on the stones so set up were heaped fir branches, which were set afire, and through the smoke and flame Herta was supposed to descend and influence the direction of the flames, from which were predicted the fortunes of those present.