

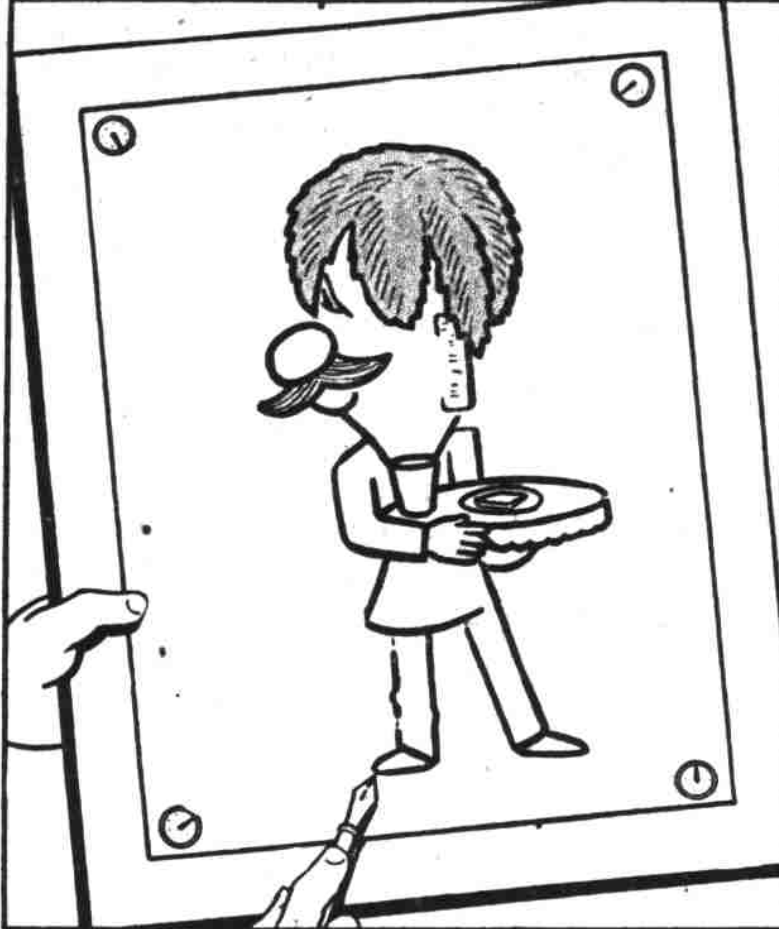
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CARTOONAGRAMS

By CHARLES A. OGDEN

A Watchful Waiter

① This waiter is eager to serve. No wonder! Would you see whom he is serving?



② Then add a few pen strokes to the picture this way, and some shading—



③ —and we see a lady about to partake of refreshments beneath a sheltering palm. Why couldn't we have been born a waiter?



On Again, Off Again

① Here we see Jimmy riding horseback. The horse seems as pleased as Jimmy.



② But Jimmy doesn't always ride when he ventures out. If we add a few lines to the picture in this manner—



③ —and a little shading we see Jimmy and his mother taking a stroll in the sunshine.



The Story of the Noses

The Story of the Noses

By GEORGENE FAULKNER.

LONG ago there lived near the City of Prague a very rich and whimsical farmer. He had a beautiful daughter, and the students at the university often called upon her and paid court to her, but she was indifferent to each one.

Then some of her suitors felt that it would be wise for each in turn to work upon her father's farm during their vacation time, so that he could see the fair daughter, Theresa, daily, and in the end one could win her hand and fortune.

The farmer was very shrewd and he soon discovered the plot, so he said to each one: "I will make a bargain with you that you must stay a whole year, until the cuckoo sings in the spring, and if in that time you say that you are not satisfied with anything then I shall cut off the tip of your nose, and I will give you the same right over me."

And in spite of this threat so many stu-

dents loved the fair Theresa that one another came to try his luck, and then the farmer imposed upon them such unpleasant tasks that he forced them to be discontented and then he would disfigure them by cutting off the tips of their noses.

At last one day a young man named Coranda decided to try his luck, although all of his friends warned him not to go near the cruel farmer. The farmer received him with a laugh and made the same bargain with him, and then sent him out to the field to work, but when dinner time came he did not call Coranda to the table, and when Coranda saw that he was not to have any food he went into the house, and when the farmer's wife was not

looking he unhooked a ham from the rafters and took a large loaf of bread from the cupboard, and went back to the fields to dine and rest.

That night when they came in from their work the farmer said: "Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly," answered the young man, "for I dined better than you did."

Then the farmer's wife came up and said: "That rogue stole my ham and a loaf of bread."

Coranda laughed, but the farmer looked very angry.

"Are you not satisfied?" asked Coranda.

"A ham is only a ham," answered the master. "It is a very trifling matter to me." But after that they always took pains to invite Coranda to his meals on time.

On Sunday morning the farmer and his family seated themselves in the wagon to drive to church, and Coranda was left at home to look after things.

"Now," said the farmer, "it is your business to cook the dinner, so cut up the piece of meat that you see yonder, with onions and carrots, leeks and parsley, and

boil them all together in the big pot over the fire."

"Very well, master," said Coranda very humbly. After the family had driven away Coranda looked about to see what mischief he could do, and he saw the little pet house dog that for some silly reason had been named Parsley. So Coranda took the little dog and killed him and skinned him and cut him up with the meat and vegetables and put all in the pot to boil.

When the farmer's wife returned she called for her pet, and when she saw the skin of her favorite she began to cry. "What have you done, you monster?"

"Just what you ordered: I have boiled the meat, onions, carrots, leeks and Parsley in the big pot."

"Wicked wretch!" cried the farmer. "How could you take the life of our poor little dog?"

"Are you not satisfied?" said Coranda, taking his knife from his pocket.

"Oh," said the farmer, "I am not complaining; a dead dog is but a dead dog, after all."

But although the farmer tried to speak lightly of the affair he was very angry, and that night he said to his wife: "How shall we get rid of this demon of a servant? If we do not send him away soon he will kill us all, and at any rate he is determined to cut off my nose."

Now, Theresa, the daughter, heard her father and mother discussing this and she

said: "I am the one to blame for his coming here at all, so I must be the one to get rid of him. Did you not tell him that he must stay for a year, until the cuckoo called in the spring? Well, although it is the late autumn we never can keep him through the long winter, so let us try to trick him, and I will go and hide in a tree in the orchard early in the morning and then I will call like the cuckoo. Then you can tell Coranda that you hear the cuckoo singing and that his year is up, and you can pay him and send him away."

So early next morning a plaintive cry was heard from the orchard. "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

"What was that?" asked Coranda.

"Why, my boy," said the farmer, "are you so stupid that you do not know the note of the cuckoo? Why, the spring has come and your year is up, so I will pay you and we will part good friends."

"Humph!" said Coranda. "this cannot be the spring, when the leaves have all fallen from the trees and the grass is brown. That must be a queer kind of a cuckoo to visit us at this time. I have long wanted to come near that bird, but it always hides from me, so now I think I will follow it." And Coranda rushed to the orchard and ran to the tree and shook it with all his might, when a young girl fell from the branches right into his arms. She was more frightened than hurt, and she was very angry that her plan had failed.

"Villain!" shrieked the farmer.

"Why," said Coranda, "are you not satisfied?"

"Satisfied, you rogue! You try to kill my daughter and you ask me if I am satisfied."

"Oh, but she is a lovely cuckoo!" said Coranda, and he kept his arm about her waist.

"Set my daughter free and begone at once, you brute!" stormed the farmer.

"Well, I will go, but first I will cut off the tip of your nose," said Coranda.

"Stop!" screamed the farmer. "I will give you ten sheep instead."

"No," said Coranda. "I do not wish your sheep. A bargain is a bargain, and I want the tip of your nose."

"Father," said Theresa, "as the fault is mine I will settle this matter. Coranda, will you take my hand instead of my father's nose?"

"Yes," replied Coranda, "for that is why I came here."

"Well, it is settled then," said Theresa, "and we will make the same bargain—the first one who is not satisfied after we are married shall have his nose cut off by the other."

"Agreed!" laughed Coranda.

Coranda and the fair Theresa were a model pair, for they were always satisfied with each other, and so they kept their love and their noses and lived happily ever after.

(Old Bohemian tale retold from Laboulaye's "Fairy Book.")

"Well, I will go, but first I will cut off the tip of your nose!" said Coranda, as he opened his knife.