



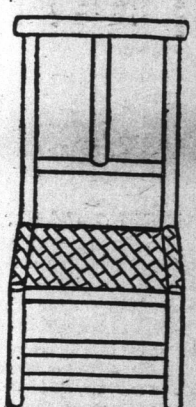
Newspaper Furniture for Play-Houses

"O H. MOTHER, please save our Sunday newspapers hereafter," said Johnny Brown one morning.

"And why?" asked she.

"Because I've just heard of a lot of fun I can have with them. I'll show you all about it, as soon as I am ready."

And what do you suppose he showed his mother a little later? A table and a chair made out of one copy of the Sunday paper!



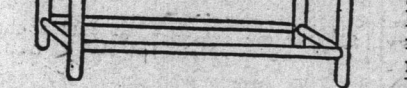
This is the way he made the chair, for instance. He rolled two sheets of newspaper into a cylinder, fastening the edges with paste. While this was drying, he made another, until he had enough cylinders to use for the legs and back of his chair. If they were long, he cut them down to the desired length; if too short, he added a section to them, and fastened the sections with paste.

For the rungs and all but the main place, he made small, dainty cylinders, so as to make the chair as pretty as possible.

The seat he made out of several squares of paper, put together to make proper thickness and strength. Then he made creases in the squares from the corners to the centre, and fastened the seat down to the edges of the chair by means of the paste.

"Well, if it doesn't look like a real chair!" exclaimed his surprised and delighted mother. "Show it to your father, dear."

"Oh, I have it!" cried Johnny. "Don't you say a word, mother. Wait till he comes in and see what he does. With this new chair!"



that Johnny winked wickedly, and his mother smiled the knowing smile of an accomplice.

"Mother! Johnny! Where are you?" came the father's voice from somewhere in the house.

"Here, honey!" called the mother. "Come on, dad!" chimed in Johnny.

Mr. Brown came down the hall and into the room. Putting Johnny by the head, he went over to kiss his wife, who smiled sweetly and suggested that he try the new chair.

"New chair! Hello! when did you get this comfortable, is it?"

And with that, he sat plump down upon it. The next instant dad found himself on the floor with a dozen cylinders rolling in all directions about him, while his wife and Johnny also were rolling on the floor in a perfect fit of laughter.

Arrived in front of the palace, we

OUR BOYS and GIRLS

Conducted by Polly Evans

"OLD WINTER'S AS KIND AS KIND CAN BE
AND BRINGS US SUCH HEAPS OF FUN
SUPPOSE WE CROWN HIM AND MAKE HIM KING
TO DAY WHEN OUR LESSONS ARE DONE."



The Experiments of Tom Tit

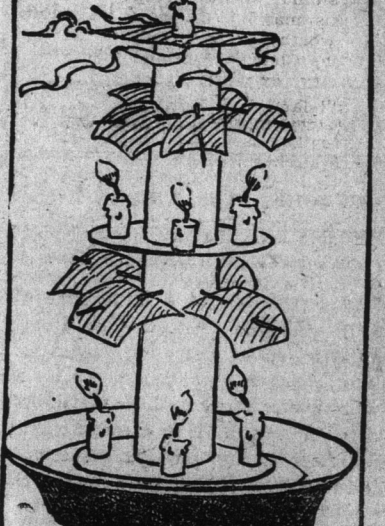
GOOD morning, young ladies and gentlemen. I hope you are in the mood for some more experiments. We have had a long vacation and perhaps you feel somewhat lazy, but do not feel alarmed. The experiments which we will try this morning will be so simple that they will seem fun to you.

Now, get your materials together. They are: first, some pasteboard; second, sheets of writing paper; third, candles; fourth, a tin pan; fifth, a drinking glass; sixth, some tissue paper; seventh, a small mirror or library paste.

First experiment—Four about three-quarters of a glass of water into the tin pan, and set a lighted candle floating on the water. Now, if you quickly lower the drinking glass (inverted) down over the candle-end, what will happen? (See if the water with the candle will not rise at once into the tumbler, as pictured in the illustration.)

Second experiment—Make a small cylinder out of pasteboard, using paste to stick the edges together firmly. A little way up is stick a thrust of tissue paper through the cylinder and fasten to their ends a set of four galls, as shown in the picture of pasteboard, on which set four lighted candles. Above them arrange another set of four pasteboard, to the four corners of it attach small banners cut out of tissue paper and in the centre of it set a lighted candle.

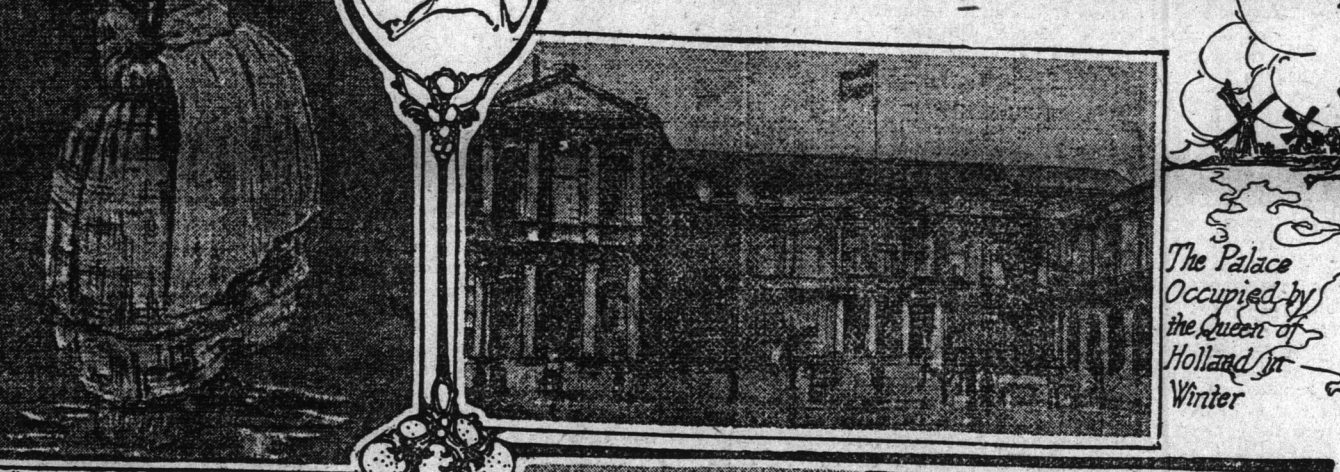
Now set a large circle of pasteboard



floating on a dishful of water. Place four lighted candles along its edge, and set the cylinder in the centre, fastening it down by means of bits of gum or wax.

(See if the whole apparatus will not begin to revolve merrily. If not, arrange the galls at different angles till the desired motion results. What makes the revolving motion? Can you tell Tom Tit, through Polly Evans?)

A VISIT TO S'GRAVENHAGE



"Little Dutch Girl"

IT WAS a beautiful August morning when Polly Evans and her friends drove through the streets of The Hague—the capital city of Holland—to visit the Queen's charming "Palace in the Woods" (Huis ten Bosch).

Not to see this palace would be to miss one of the most interesting sights of The Hague (S'Gravenhage), for, in the beautiful apartments of this palace were held the meetings of the great (and first) International Peace Conference, which was called by the Czar of Russia and attended by delegates from all the great Powers, including, of course, the United States.

Here, too, the second Peace Conference, which has already been called, will very likely hold its meetings.

The palace is not a very large or imposing structure, but it is very charming and homelike (for a palace), and hidden in the heart of the beautiful woods, through which we were being driven by the most delightful, shady road we had seen anywhere in Holland.

Arrived in front of the palace, we

stepped from our carriage and made our way to a door in the right wing (not visible in the picture), where we were received by a very dignified, white-haired custodian, who took our cards and presently returned to invite us up an immaculate polished stairway to a reception room.

Here, in a few minutes, we were approached by a dignified dame, not quite so elderly as the man, but quite as stately and impressive. Indeed, we had to summon up all of our Americanism in order to hold our heads up high and not feel that we were but dust of the earth, in the presence of this awe-inspiring servant of the reigning Dutch house.

We found her, however, to be a very entertaining conductor, as we

followed her through the various bedchambers, private sitting rooms and elegant state apartments of the palace.

She had been in the service of the royal family ever since her childhood, we learned, and, therefore, she was perfectly familiar with the palace, and could tell us the story of every picture and every article that was of any interest.

"This Sèvres vase," she said, pointing to a magnificent piece on a marble table, "was presented to the Queen's grandmother by Napoleon the Great."

"That portrait," calling our attention to a certain painting of a beautiful woman, "is of the Queen's great-aunt, the Duchess somebody or other, who was the mother of twelve children, some of whose portraits are on these walls," and she pointed out each one to us.

In the finest of the state apartments we learned that the entire ceiling and walls to be covered with magnificent mural paintings, representing scenes in Dutch history. There were many figures of men and women in them, and one obliging attendant pointed out at least a dozen of them as portraits of this and that ancestor of the Queen, all of which added immensely to our enjoyment of what we saw.

"Great gatherings of kings and queens and princes and princesses have taken place in this palace," she informed us, "and many a notable

garden party has been given in these woods. And every royal personage has left a beautiful gift of some sort, as a memento of his or her visit. And it is these gifts you now have the privilege of viewing."

In this way we were delightfully entertained through almost the entire morning, and when, finally, we took our leave of her, with many thanks for her services, we felt that we knew this palace much better than most palaces that we had visited, and would remember it best.

During a slow, delightful drive through the woods by another route, leading past deer preserves and beautiful streams and dells, back to the city, we passed, but had not the privilege of visiting, the Queen's winter palace (Het Koninklijk paleis). This is said to contain an enormous treasure of gifts and mementoes of every description, including priceless works of art.

However, we had seen enough of ancient things for one day, and were quite content to feast our eyes on the sights of modern Holland—the dear Dutch babies, the quaint little girls and picturesque little boys, the pretty Delft dishes and pictures and odds and ends in the shops, the canal boats and the innumerable other things that make Holland a delight to visitors.

So that was the way we finished this delightful day in Queen Wilhelmina's capital.

POLLY EVANS.

Largest Enlisted Man.
Sergeant Fred Calhoun Fagan, of the Thirty-ninth Company of coast artillery, now stationed at Fort McHenry, is the largest man in either the army or navy. He weighs 230 pounds.

Another Diamond.
Can you tell what the longest word each way is in this diamond?

Behadings.
Behad a grain and leave warmth. Behad an annual plant raised in warm climates and leave an annual crop out in cold climates. Behad a gift and leave to take affront at.

A Tongue-Twister.
Here is another stunt for your nimble tongues, boys and girls. Say it aloud rapidly:
A. Thatcher of Thatchwood went to Die Thatcher of Thatchwood go to Thatchett a-thatching!
If a Thatcher of Thatchwood went to the Thatchett a-thatching the Thatcher of Thatchwood has thatched?

Pied Rivers.
Can you straighten out the following pied words and find five rivers?
1. Zamna. 2. Rabutsea. 3. Beal. 4. Hamset. 5. Grine.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

It is out \$5 in cash and the \$5 pair of shoes.
Toe, bun, laurel, bat, flea.—Battle of Bull Run.
"Honor and Fame from no condition free."

Rice, salt, sauce, jam, pear, potato, beans.
Get her, her, whole-together.
Little Susan had \$5 when she began shopping.

Polly Evans' Puzzle Story

AT CHRISTMAS dinner this year the Haywards had a delightful family reunion.

There were the grandfather and grandmother, all of their six children and their husbands and wives and eighteen grandchildren—thirty-two in all. Wasn't that jolly, though!

You should have seen the table, long and richly laden with all the Christmas foods you can think of. Everybody felt good and hungry and sociable, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

Conundrums flew back and forth, funny stories put every one into convulsions of laughter, and finally, when all the substantial had been disposed of and all were ready for

the unknown "next thing," old "Beuh," the butler, came staggering in from the pantry under the weight of a tremendous plum-pudding, all on fire!

"Myl but it was huge!"

"Now, everybody," said grandmother, "this pudding is covered all over the top with currants, and I have a problem for you to solve. What is the LEAST NUMBER OF PIECES into which I can cut it, so that all of the pieces shall contain AN EQUAL NUMBER OF CURRANTS?"

"H'm!" grunted grandfather, with a jocular smile, "that means we must first count the currants, doesn't it?"

"Yes," put in James, the eldest son, "but when mother asked me, and most learned of the grandchildren, 'and after we have found the number of currants, we must find what two numbers, multiplied together, give that number, and take the lesser number for the number of pieces.'"

"Ah, I see," said each one, and then they all fell to and worked out the problem, and the first one to announce the answer got a kiss from grandmother.

What's your answer to the problem, boys and girls?

A Same of Definitions

EVERYBODY enjoys this game. Try it. Get each player a pad and pencil. Tell each to write a question, asking for a definition; for instance:

"What is luck?"

Then all the papers must be folded and dropped into a basket. The basket is out, and then each one draws out a folded paper; opens it; studies the question that he finds written there, and can think of signing with an assumed name, instead of his own.

The papers are then collected, and each question, with its answer, is read aloud to the whole company. The definition that all agree is the cleverest will entitle its writer to a prize, if he is



Charlotte's Audience with the Pope

EAR GRANDMOTHER. Now we have got to Rome, and I must tell you a story I have seen the Pope. You know, mother had a letter from Mr. Alexander gave her. Mr. Alexander gave her a letter from the Pope. Mother said she had supposed all English people were Protestants, but she replied: "There are a great many English Catholics now." She was immensely pleased that we were to meet the Pope, and lent mother her black lace coat. She said she hoped we would not fail to kneel, as some rude Americans did last year.

I got a lot of roses, as some rude Americans did last year. Aunt Mary had two crosses and three medals, and mother a picture of the Pope, some medals and a picture of the Bambino.

The Bambino is a queer little doll we saw in a church, dressed in silk, covered with jewels and wearing a jeweled crown. They say it cures people, and they used to drive it through the streets in a carriage drawn by four horses. Now they keep it in a glass case, for a woman once stole it and dressed up another doll to take its place. In the night, so the story says, and when the priest opened it, he found the real doll; it was naked and cold, and begged to come home.

Mother and Aunt Mary, as well as other ladies, wore black dresses and black veils draped over their heads, but not their faces, and I wore white shoes and stockings, my best white dress and a lovely white lace veil.

A man all dressed in red showed us into a big room, and we sat down around the wall. Nearly all looked very solemn and never spoke above a whisper except mother and Aunt Mary, who talked in an undertone until some people began scowling at them. I had to sit very still for fear of making my veil and letting the roses drop off my lap.

The only other sound besides mother and Aunt Mary's talking was when an Italian lady brought in a big bundle and unwrapped it, rattling the papers. She took out the greatest quantity of medals, crosses and roses you ever saw.

Do you remember when we went to see Lohengrin in New York? Well, the Pope looked something like him, all in white. When he came in we all dropped around very quickly, allowing every one to kiss his ring. He was very pale and looked tired.

When he came to me, he stopped and smiled and patted my cheek; I suppose because I had on such a beautiful veil. When he got to the door, he put up two fingers and his thumb, making a cross, just as the statue of St. Peter does, and blessed us.

I liked him very much, and when I came home I will give you one of my roses. Your loving granddaughter, CHARLOTTE.