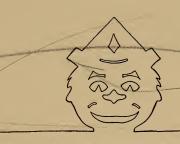


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→ DEDICATION To my little girl Grace ..

Who, in turn, dedicates it to
All other little sirls and boys

Who love to make cut-outs.





One winter evening, some years ago, my little girl, who was busy with a pair of scissors and a sheet of white paper, said, "Come, papa, help me cut out some paper dolls." As I am always ready and willing to amuse her, I was soon deep in the mysteries of the paper-doll business, cutting out the style of doll that one always sees. After a while I thought I would attempt to vary the pattern for novelties' sake and began to experiment. The result. as far as interesting my little girl, was a decided success, and right then and there the paper dolls became "funny men" and I had provided myself with an occupation for many evenings to come. In fact, not only was my little girl delighted, but many of her little friends and some of the grown-ups too. I bought a scrap book in which we pasted the cut-outs and it has become my little girl's most valued possession in the book line, because it is so different from anything else and, to a great extent, her own work.

It has long been in my mind that the "Scissors Folk," as we call them, might be of interest to many other little girls and boys, and their big brothers and sisters too. The idea has culminated in this book, which is sent forth with the hope and the wish, that it will provide amusement, during the long evenings, for many children, both young and old.

The only directions necessary, are, to take a sheet of plain white paper, fold it once lengthwise through the center and then,

with a sharp pair of scissors, cut out the figure. Don't try so much to copy the designs in this book as to make new ones.

As a starter, for those who wish to make a "Scissors Book" of their own, in the back of this book will be found a few half-figures in outline intended to show how the illustrations for this book were made.

To make copies, place a sheet of tracing paper, or any thin white paper through which the printed lines can be seen, on the picture and then trace over the outline. After this is done, turn the paper over and rub it all over the back of the figure with a soft black pencil, then lay the tracing, face up, on the white paper intended for the finished cut-out and carefully go over the outline again with a sharp pencil or small pointed stick; in this way a perfect copy of the original will be made. When this is finished, fold the paper on the long dotted line and proceed to cut out, cutting through both thicknesses. Trim around the outline first, and then cut out all the black portions such as nose, mouth, eyes, etc. When all the black portions are removed unfold the paper and see how a half-man has become a whole one. Copy a few of these half-figures for practice and then start in to make a series of your own.

After the figures are cut out paste them in a scrap book. In this way you will soon have a book full of pictures to show your little friends, and of which you can truly say, "I made them all myself."

WILLIAM LUDLUM.

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

## THE SCISSORS FOLK

My papa takes a pair of shears
And sheet of paper, white,
And, as he snips, and snips, and snips,
There soon appears to sight,
A host of many funny things,
With paws, and claws, and wings, and stings.

He folds the paper only once,

To make a center line,

And then he cuts, and cuts, and cuts,

This darling papa mine,

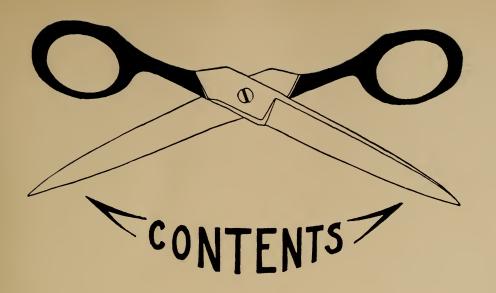
And, as he cuts, there grows apace

Full many a strange and curious face.

His men have arms and legs askew,
With bodies strange to see;
His animals are very fierce,
Tho' funny as can be.
I just delight to watch him clip
As, from his hands, the cut-outs slip.

Now you and I can do the same,
If, patiently, we try;
Just guide the scissors round-about,
Then cut nose, mouth, and eye,
And soon will grow, before our view,
A strange parade of creatures new.

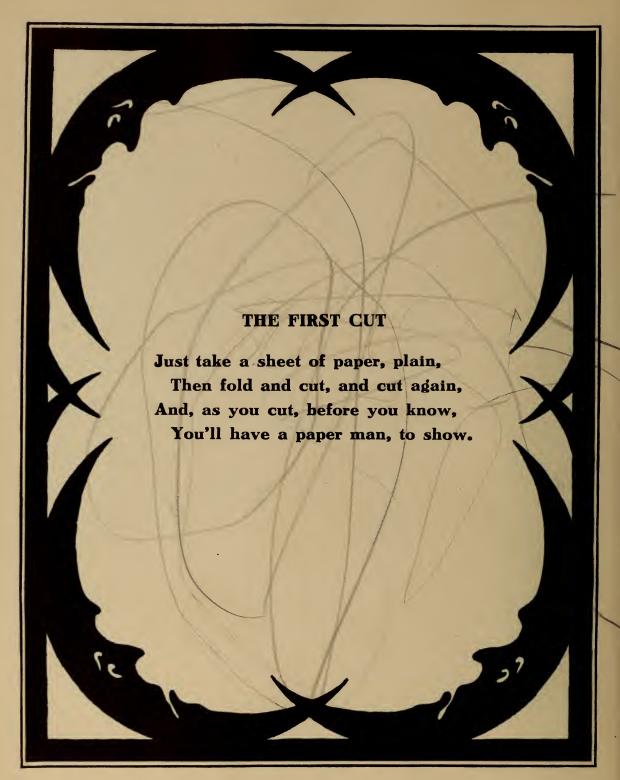




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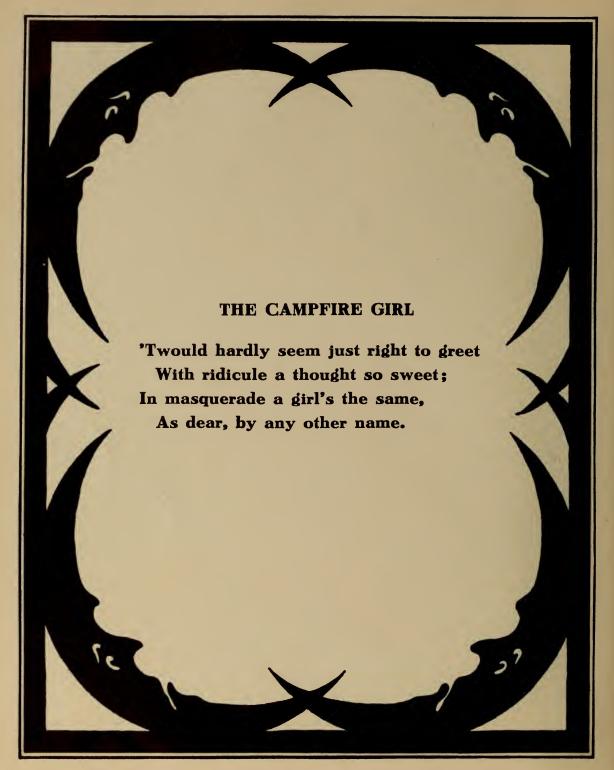






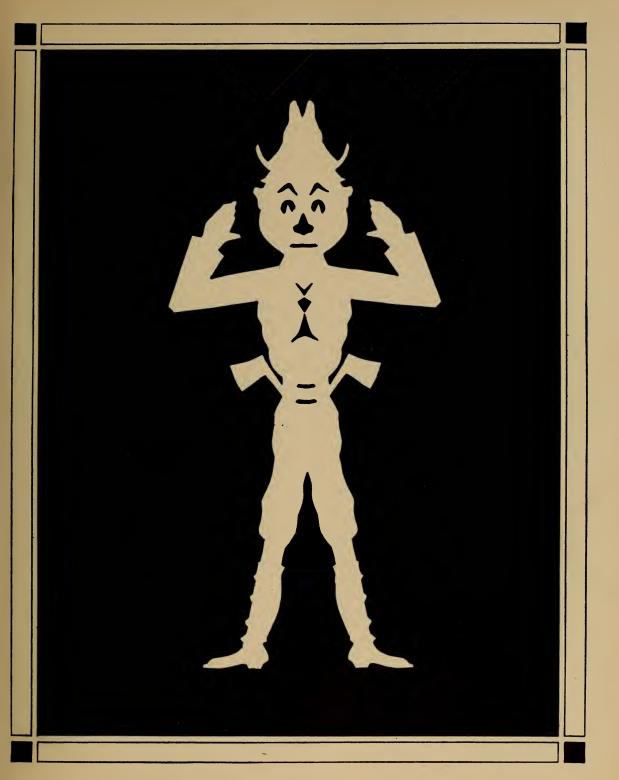










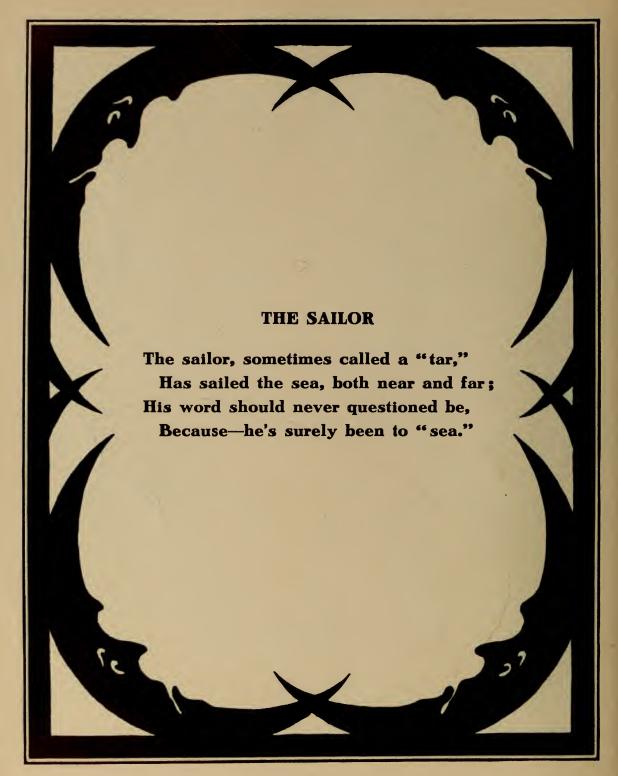


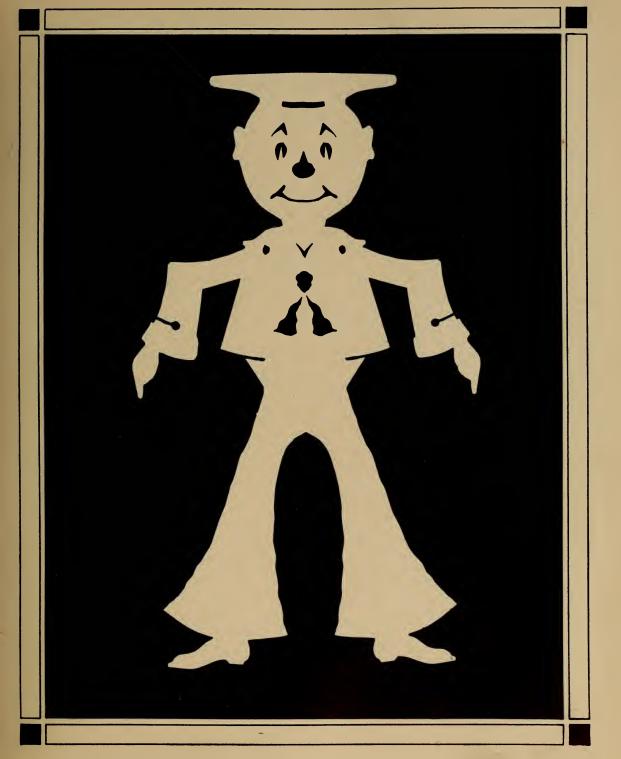


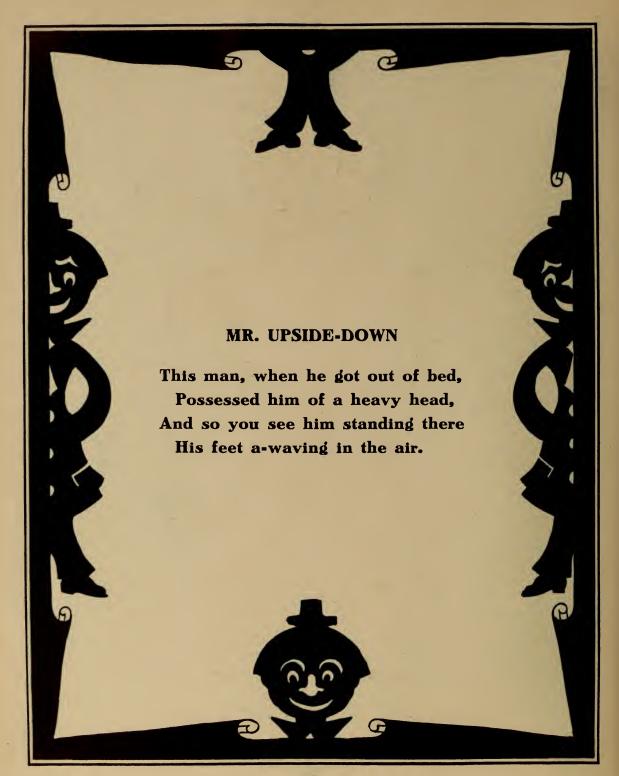


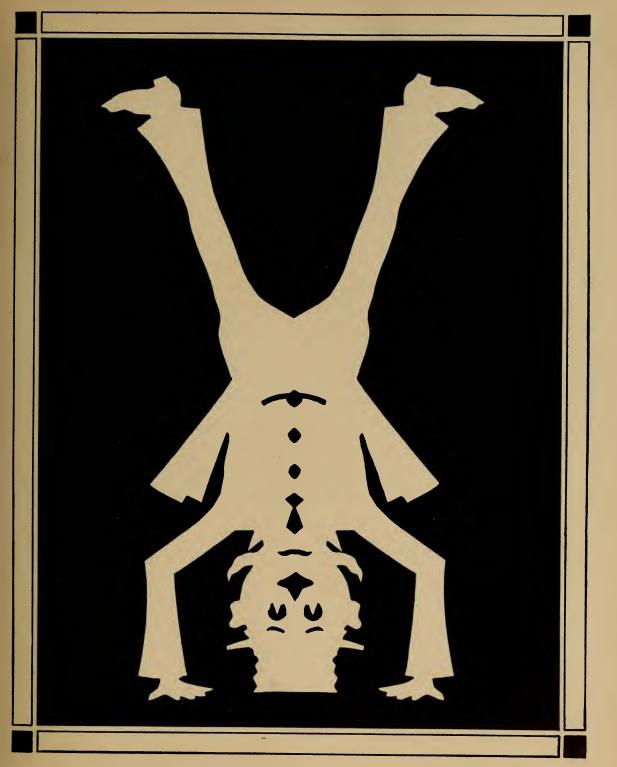






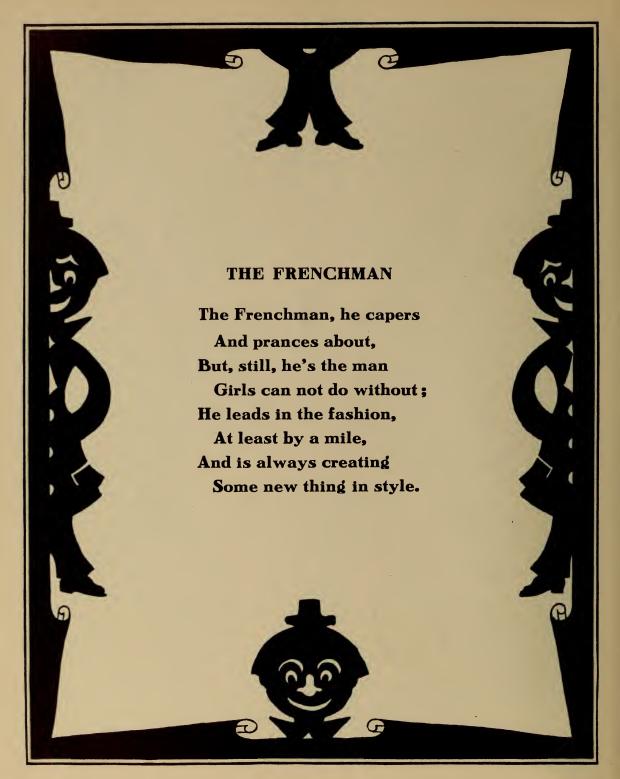








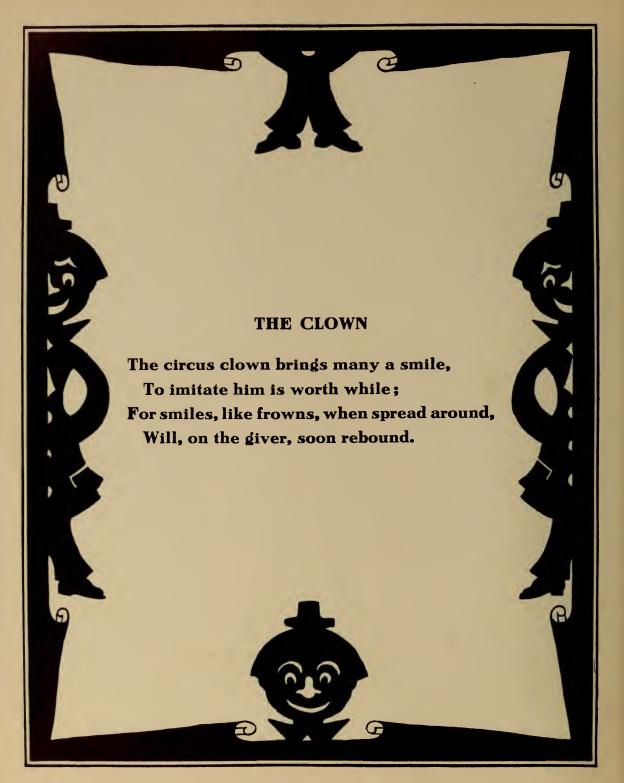




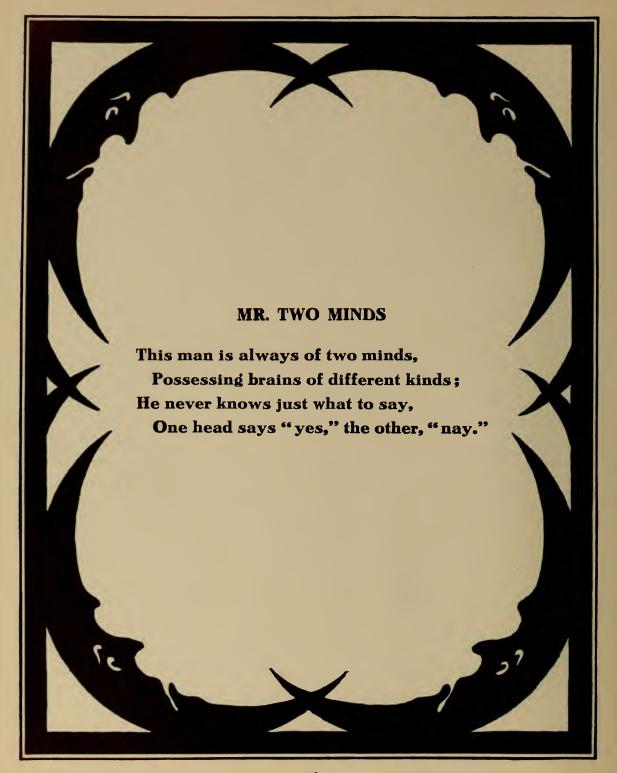


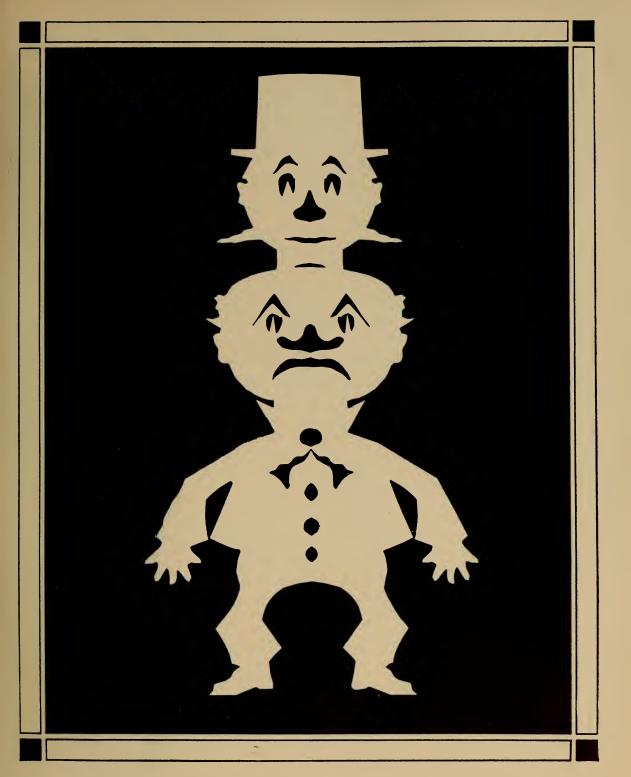


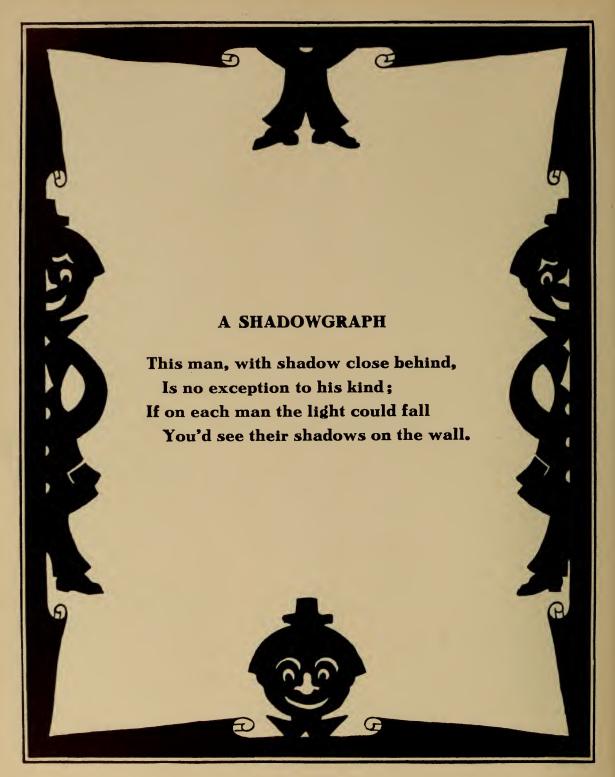




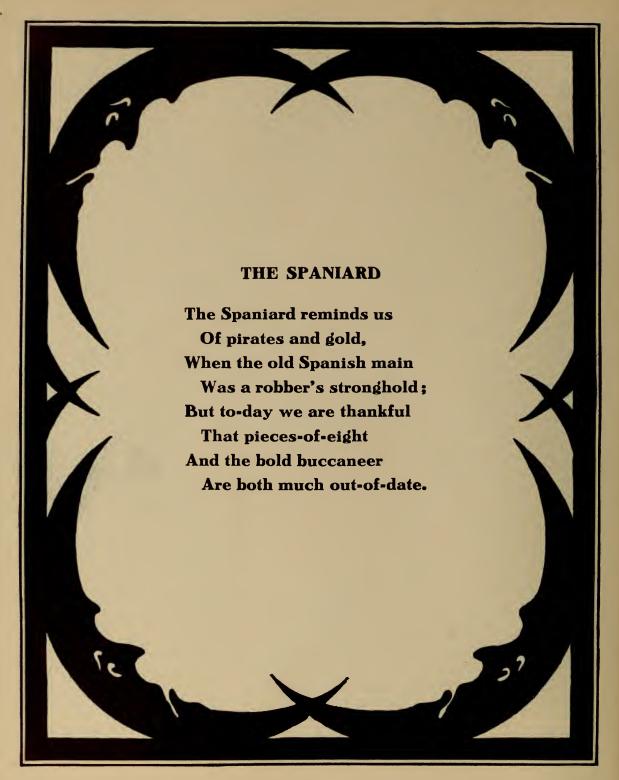




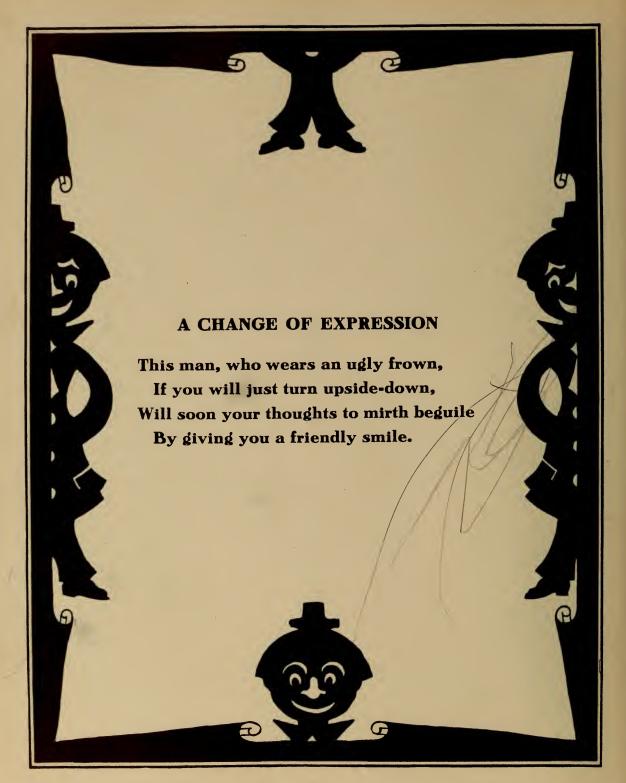


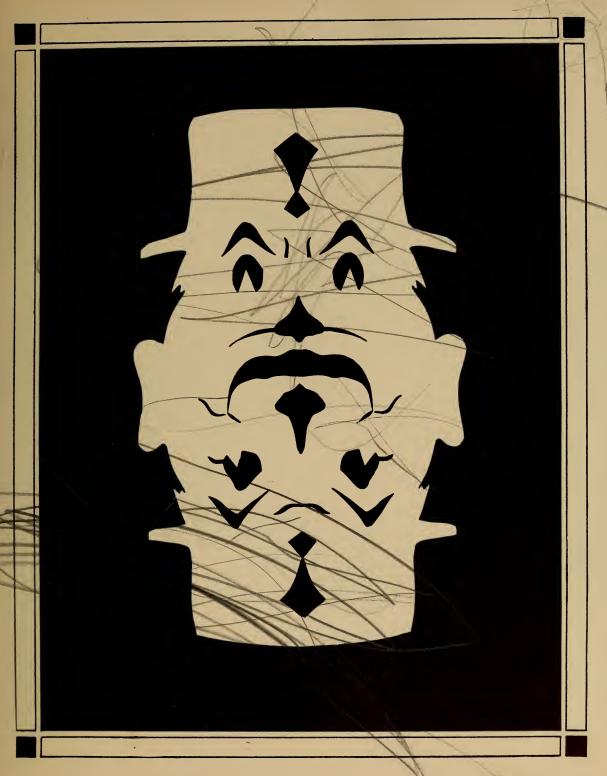




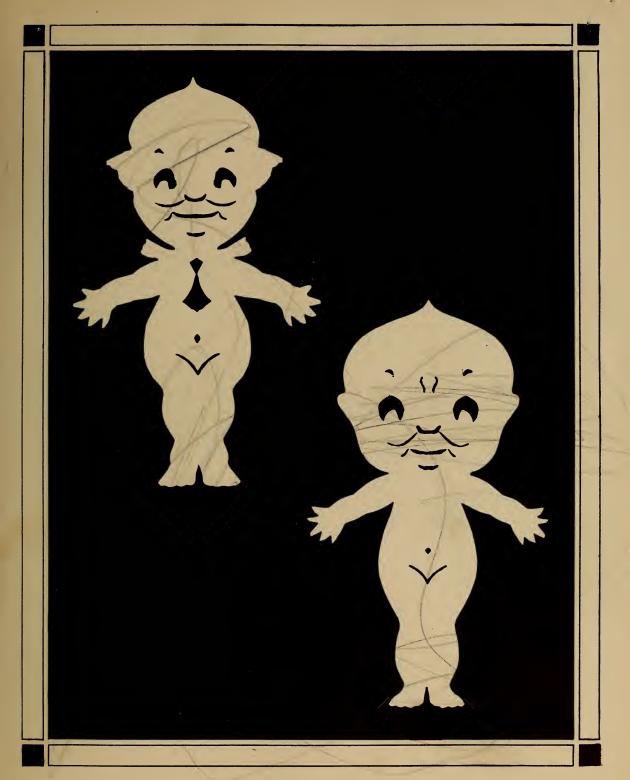






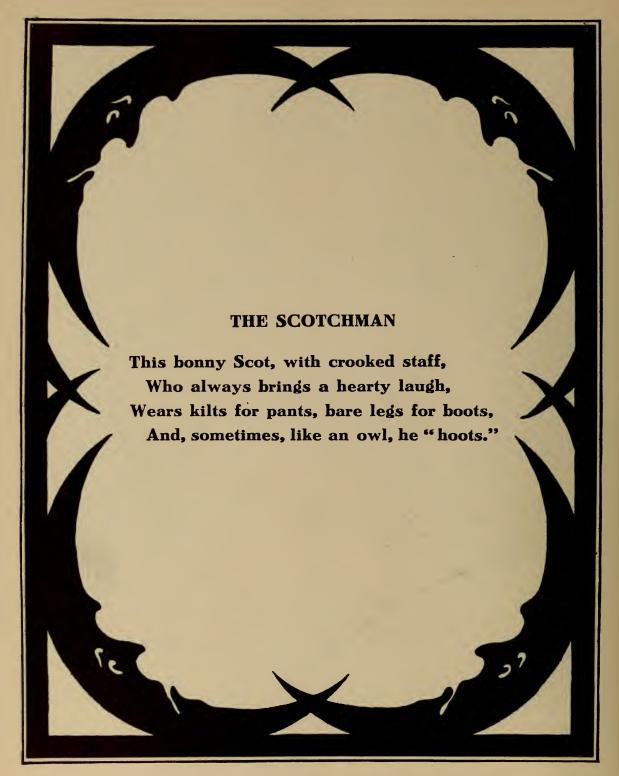




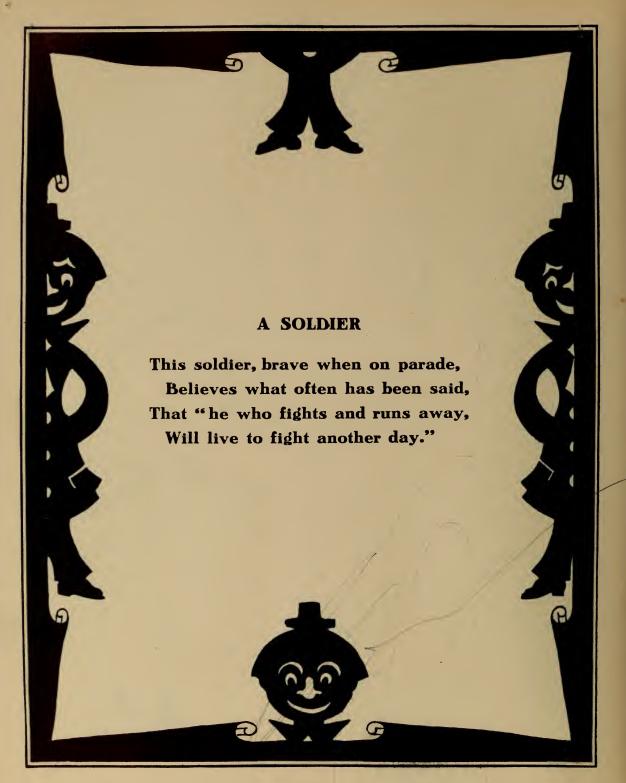


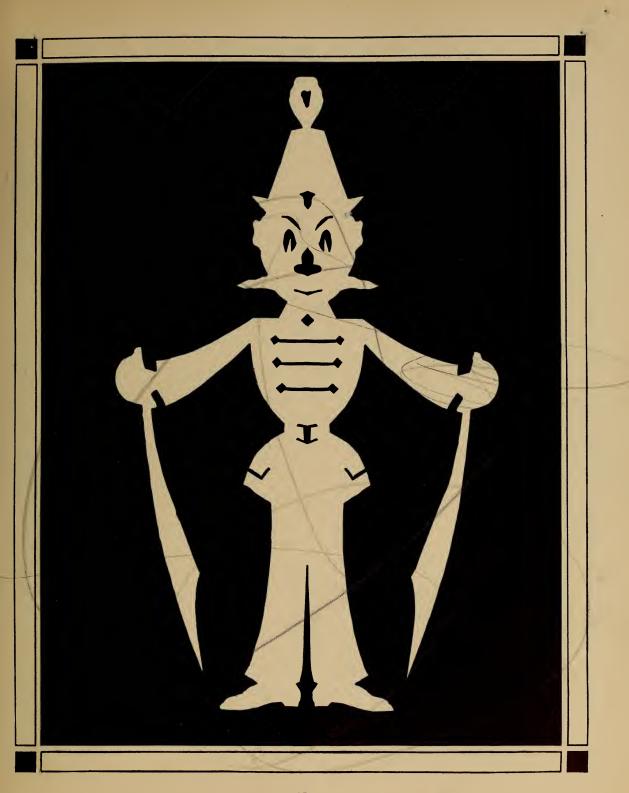


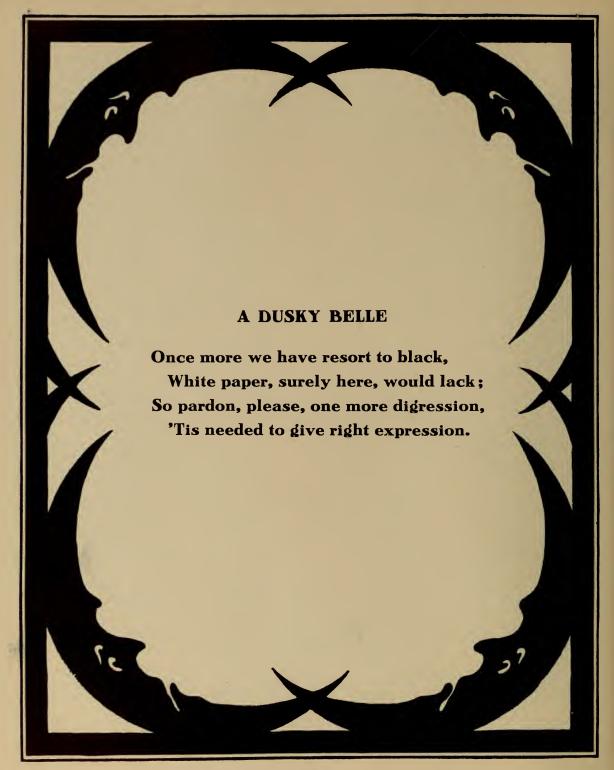








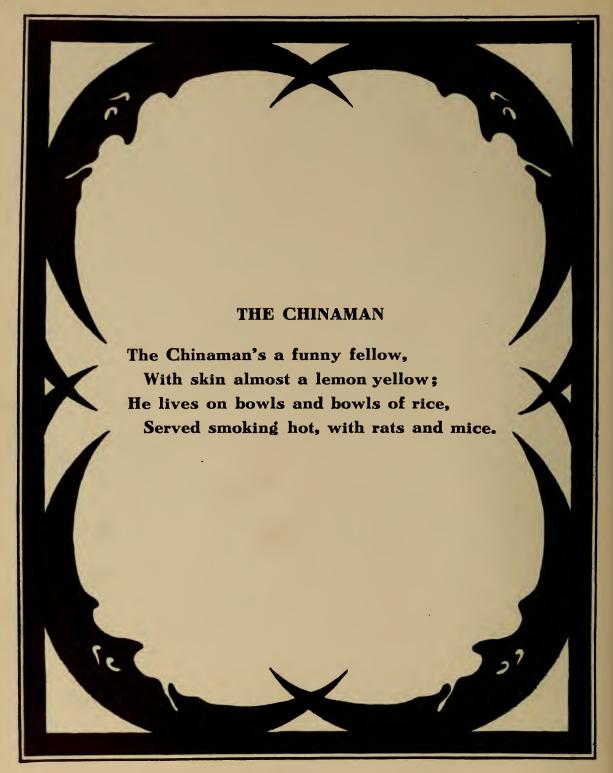




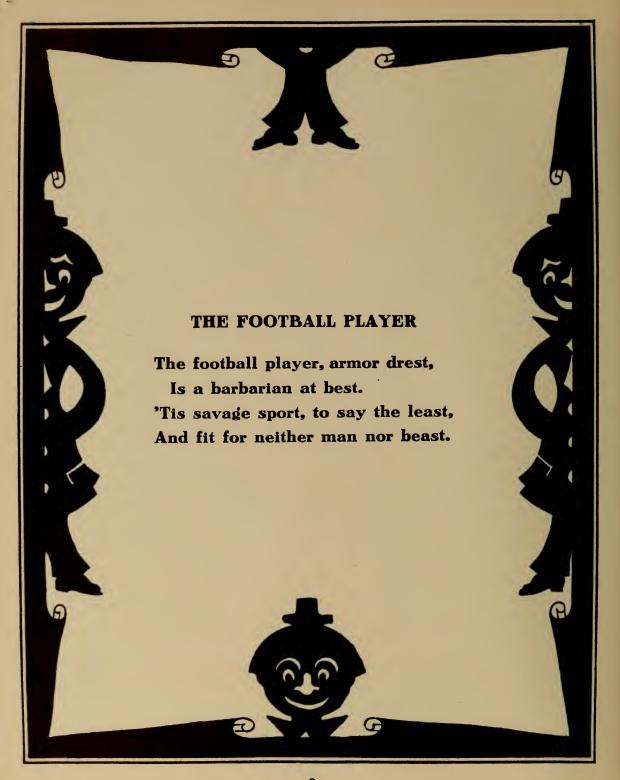


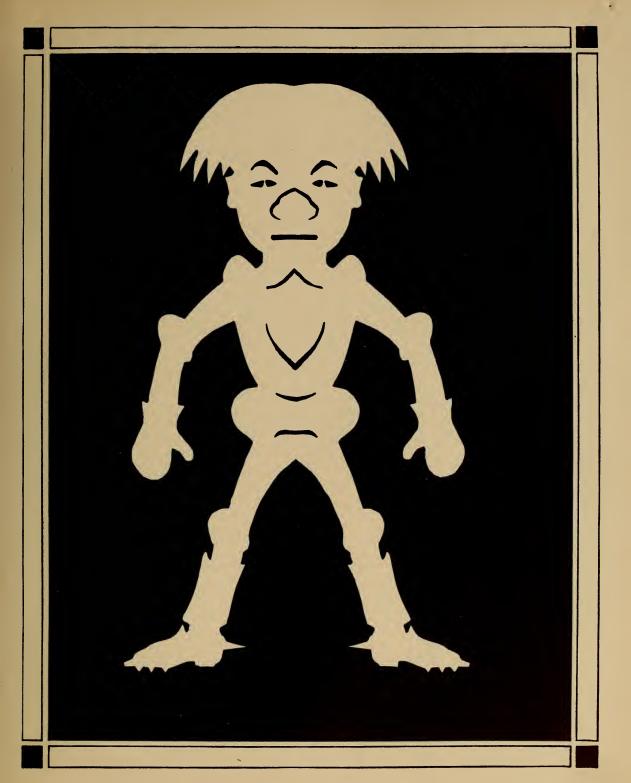


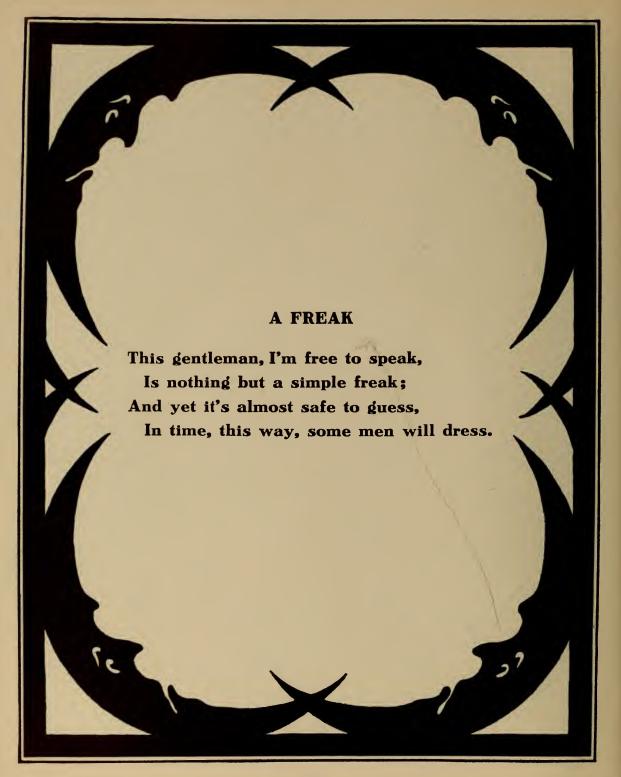


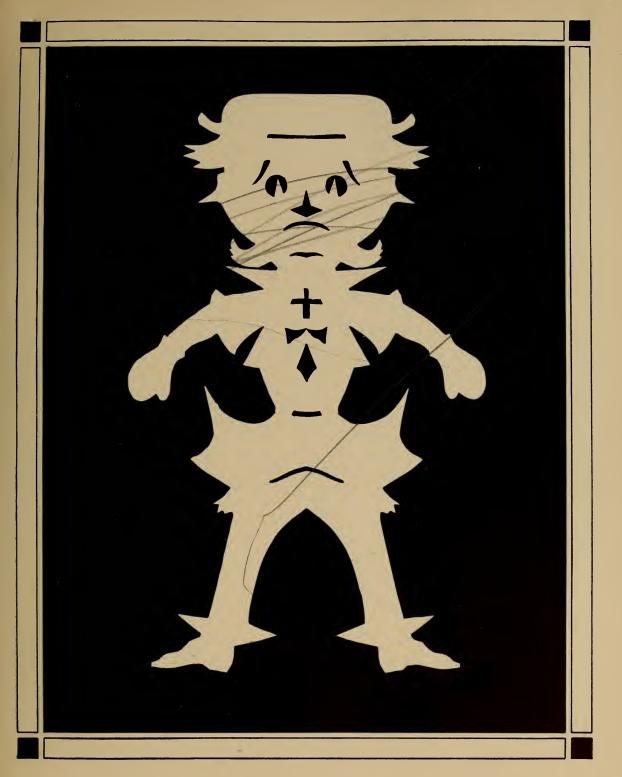


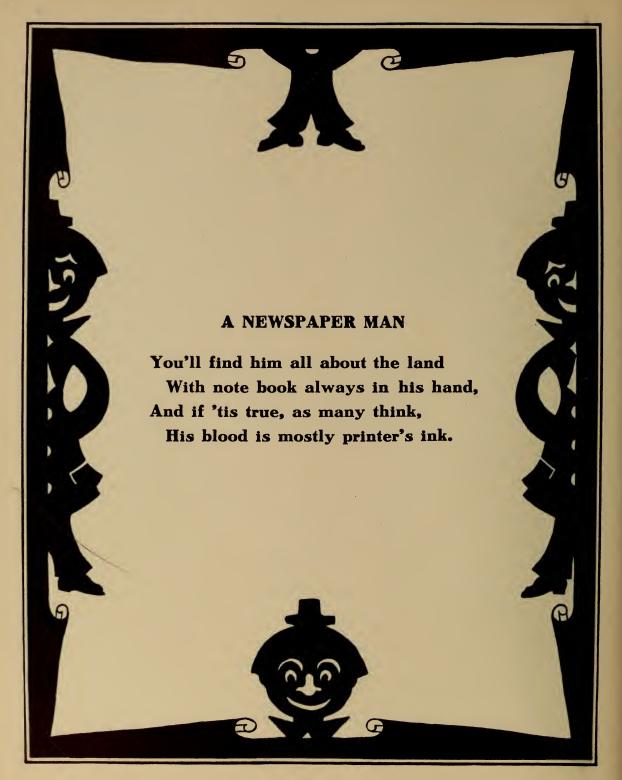




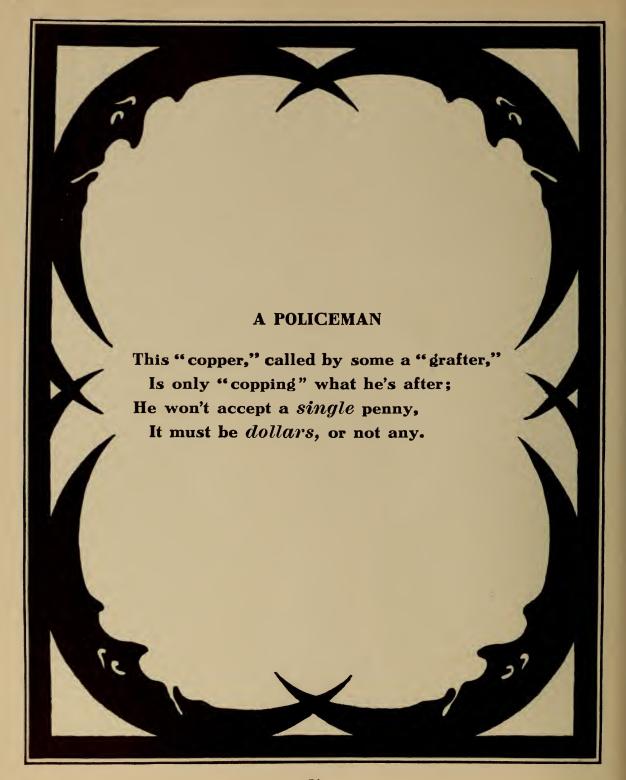




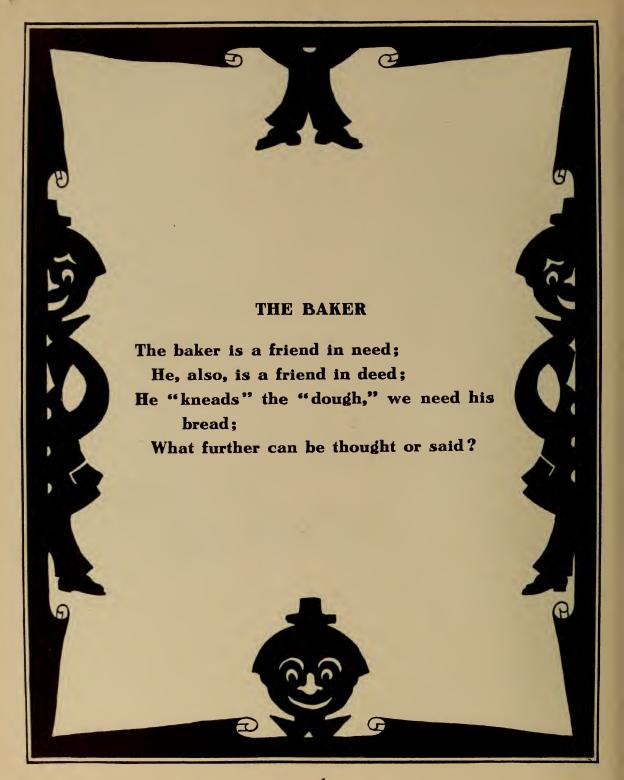




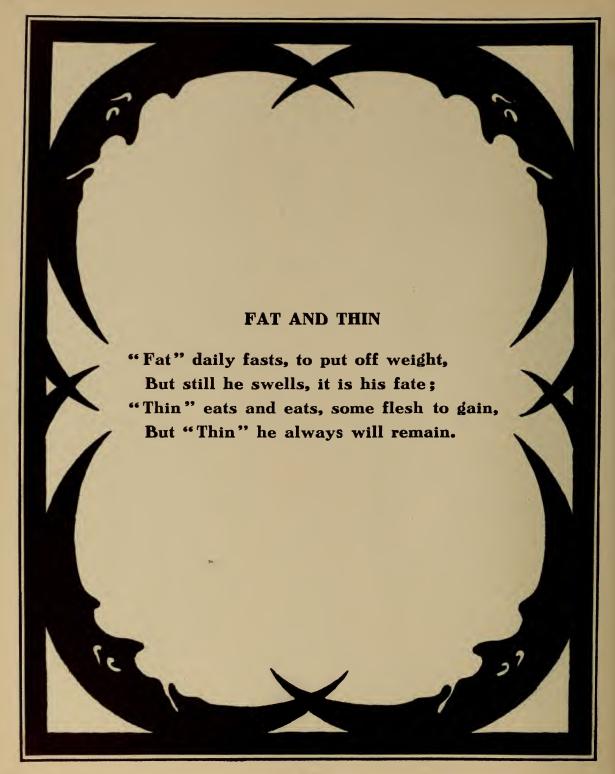
of years and rain and you sunshine actice their leged to try; wind, but if I ca it for you, and H en her father cone uite mad, my I m being thoroughly town with my his knee when thinking of my si ore fas construc plan to et mor But I daresay they o madder than Lwish you a Haj ned theory has had fifty He signed among his ro efinit final to her ey tiful and Another man, ed over meetk just after his unhappir when Stone's see him again. er, and in his emogreat modern Daniel, she saw only what he p ring spirit of the new age arrassed him with enthusiasti are proof the most people a the flattery e from a mid weetness, the poetry in him In the height of her softened house, and the presently user that the paration presently unw more proof tha paration was en the flattery nobbed with ilers of the w said, was dea it lie in its vas talking abou n't finish h d always i to know quest and compli-One thing was su riend abo ing and intimate ap by any one else. The ut it, for Monsieur er that co aving very any sentiments and n Stone cr be other a ppeals, louder calls, htleman squirm with quite that have made hat was his alone. n't turn on him when Later in the day she a hur Stone, knowing vell-what can I sa thing of each other, the reconstruction him I don't believe half two men had recently s ing so decent to me, Coppy could have meant ings he thinks I d urt his feelings. Besides his career. But Stone did s extraordinary sweetness. s, I like him." Mr Stond es, I like him." Mr Stond ushed a little. "I think qualities like a won wkward laugh an not quite well wouldn't y at Grey's Inn J N THE eve of their la Ostone at mid-afternoon My ferocity seems to have a fly. I find myself in love out for a tr come to be a habit with the one wore battl determination, had a kind of hing more in the same strain ust have seen that and realiz hat and didn't let him go on ut off no longer, still she wer stness—you're right—more lse I ever knew. Have and without hesitation. In have gone the more real orough. He treats her as she had been rubbed the people!—and felt in a ra kissing her hand and ness of heart. Grey waylaid he to his Pacific lounging room who stood Monsieur He sair ne clscmanage y ard luck must say naven't you deas. He'l But it has was before. ourse you d g and tender him. "You'r e deuce to He looked read of re thur Stone, as once mo ignation. It was







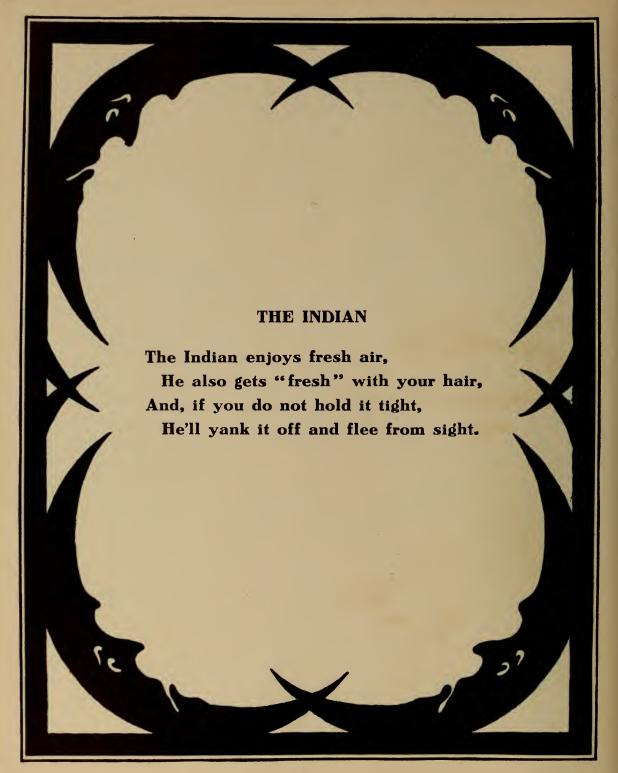


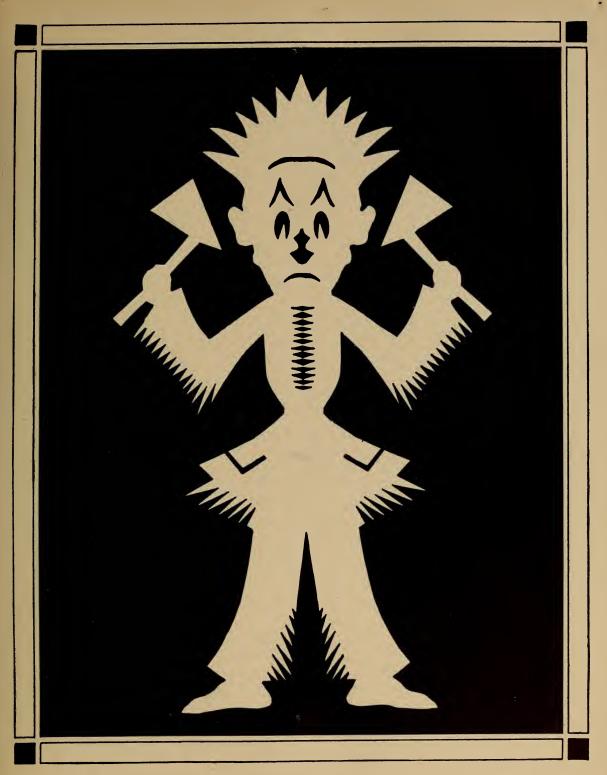


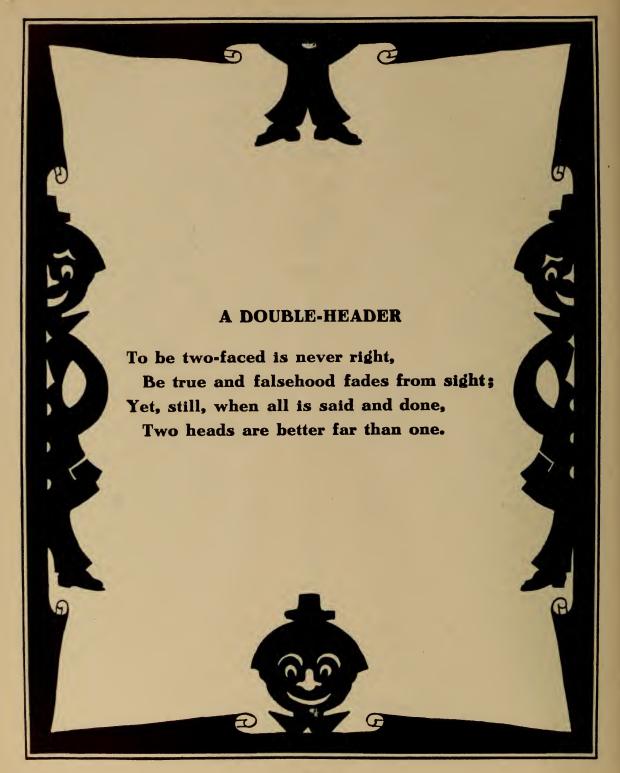




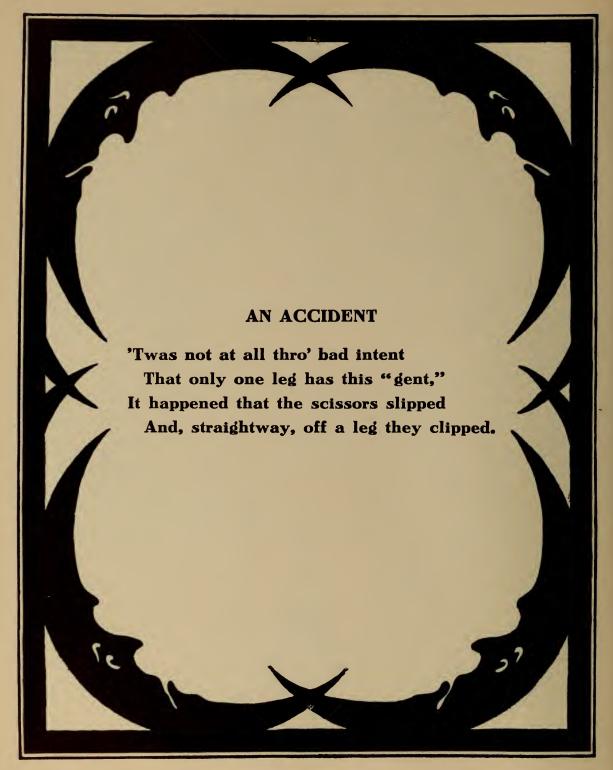




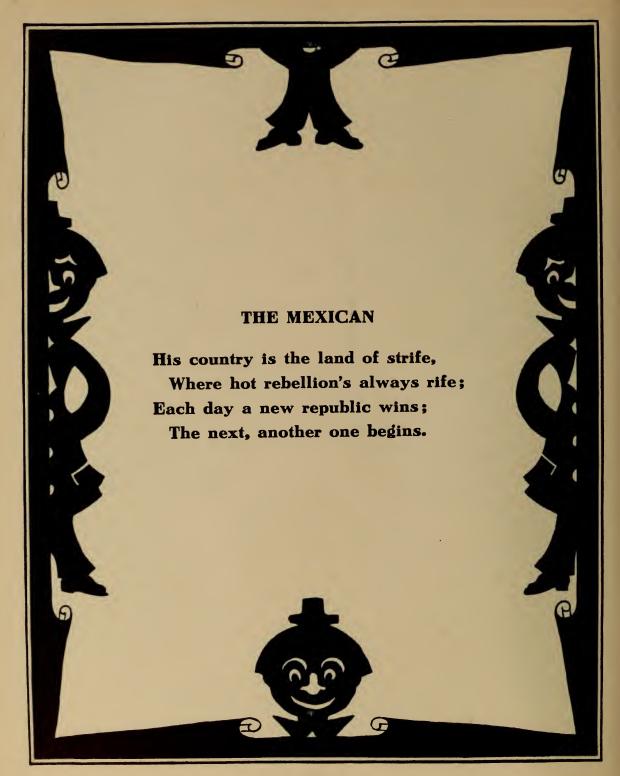




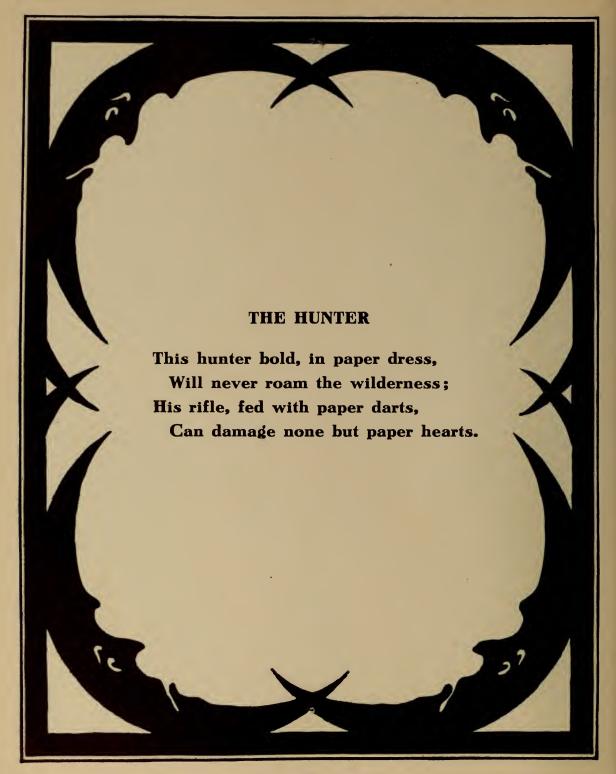




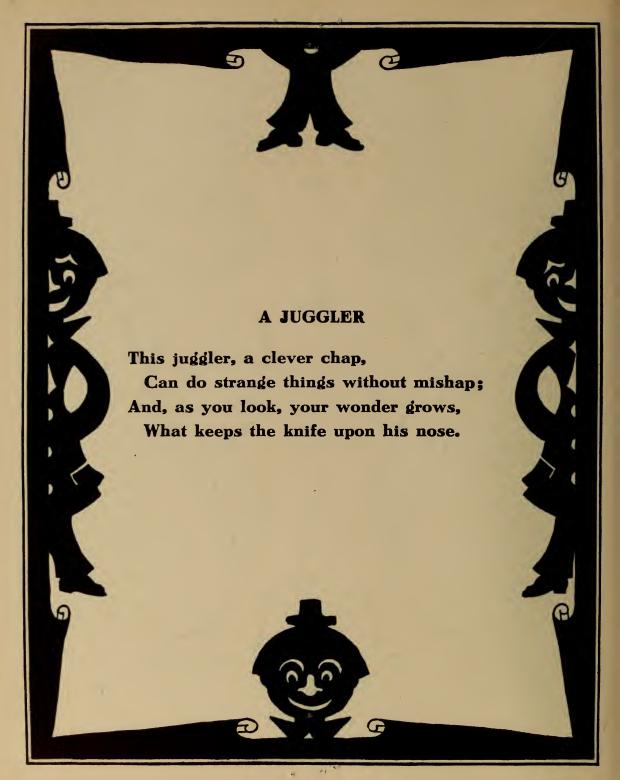


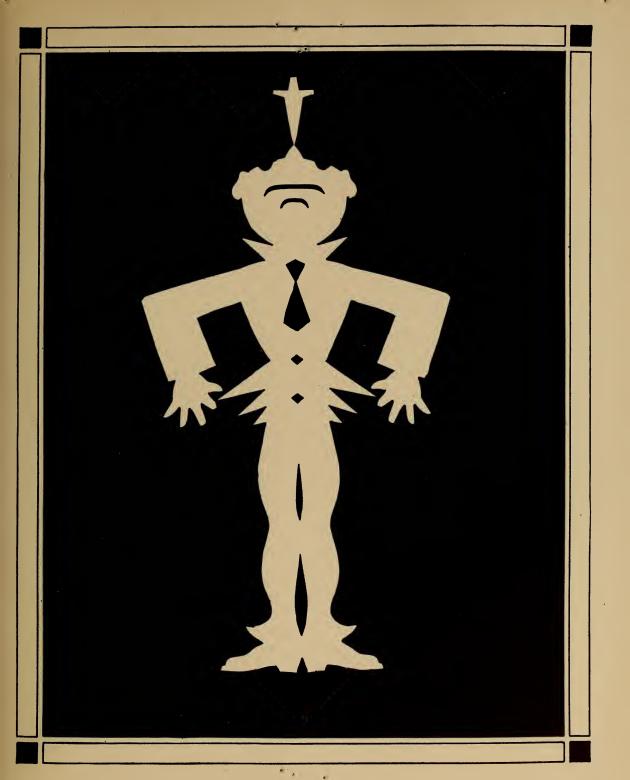


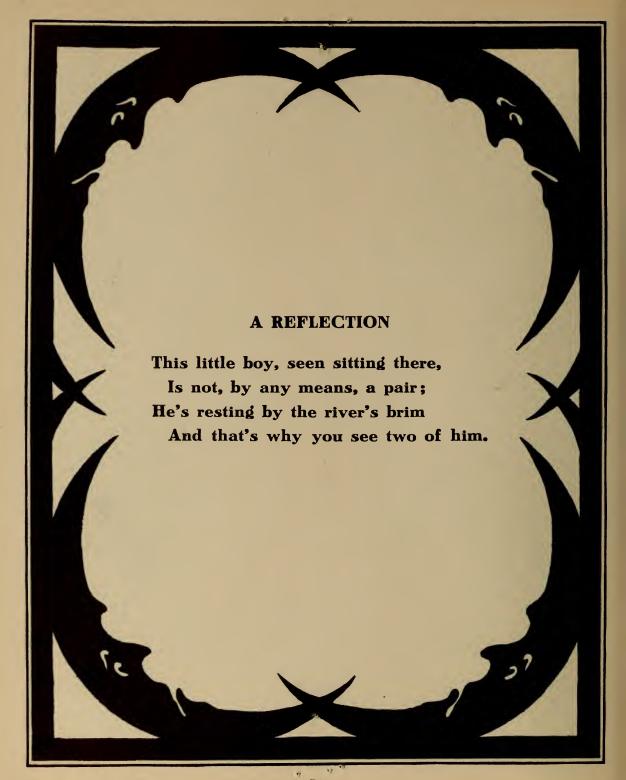


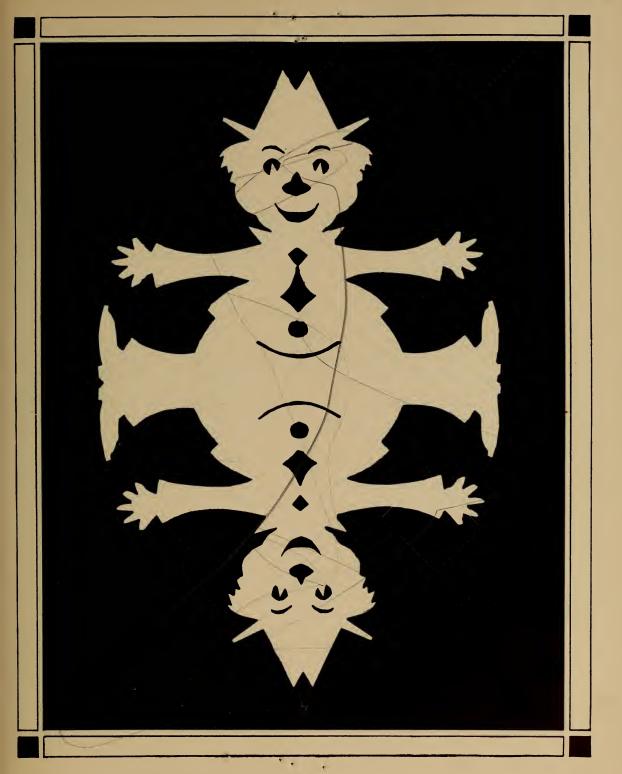


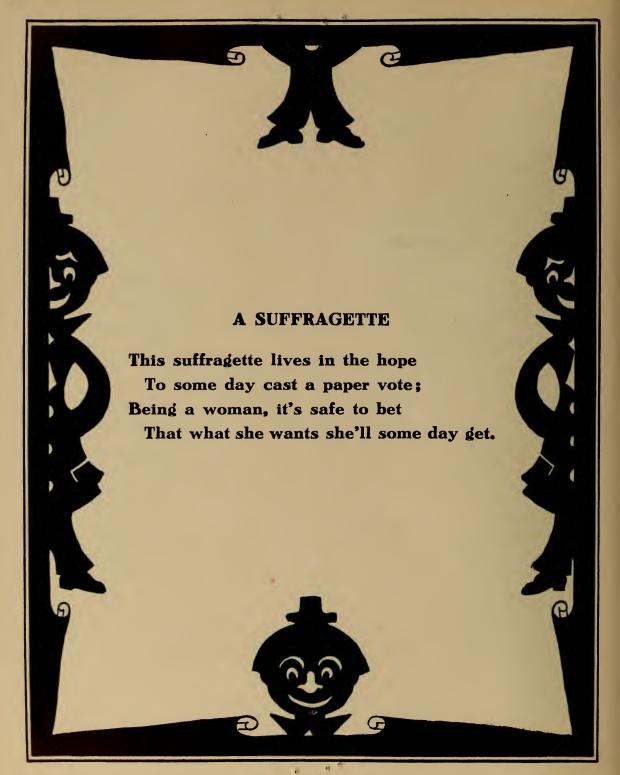




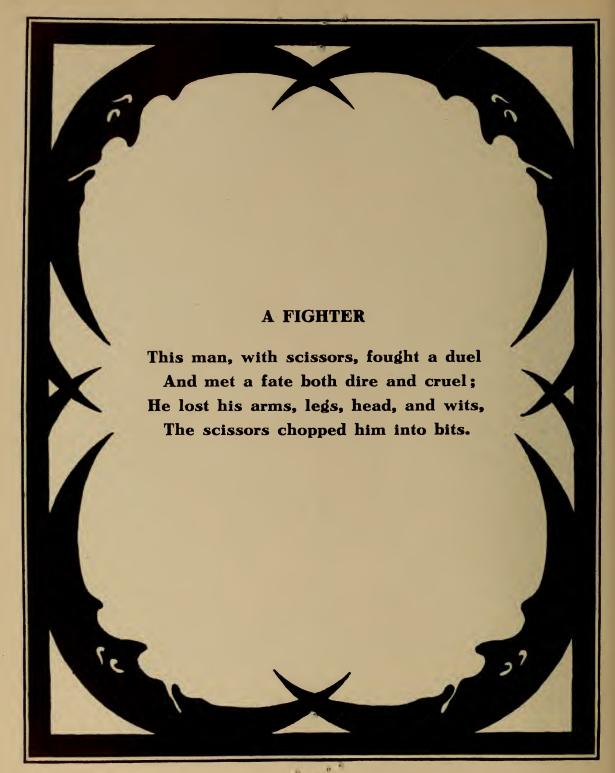




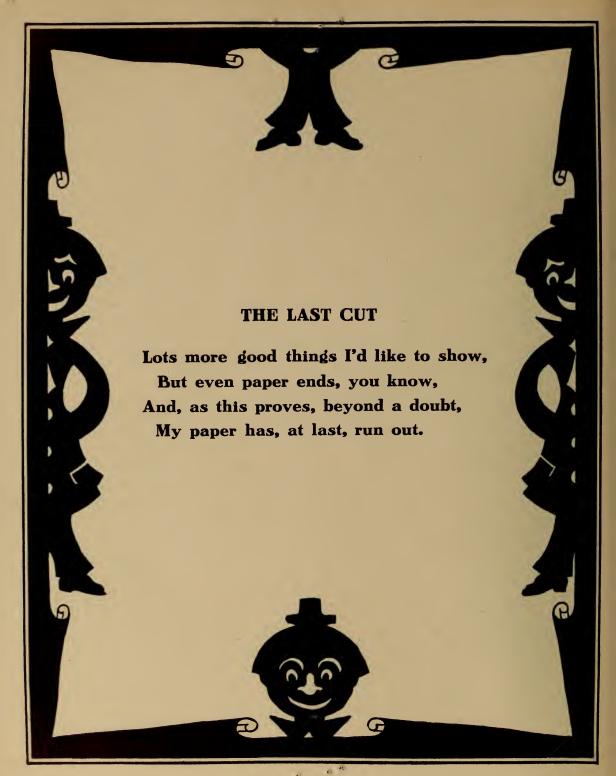










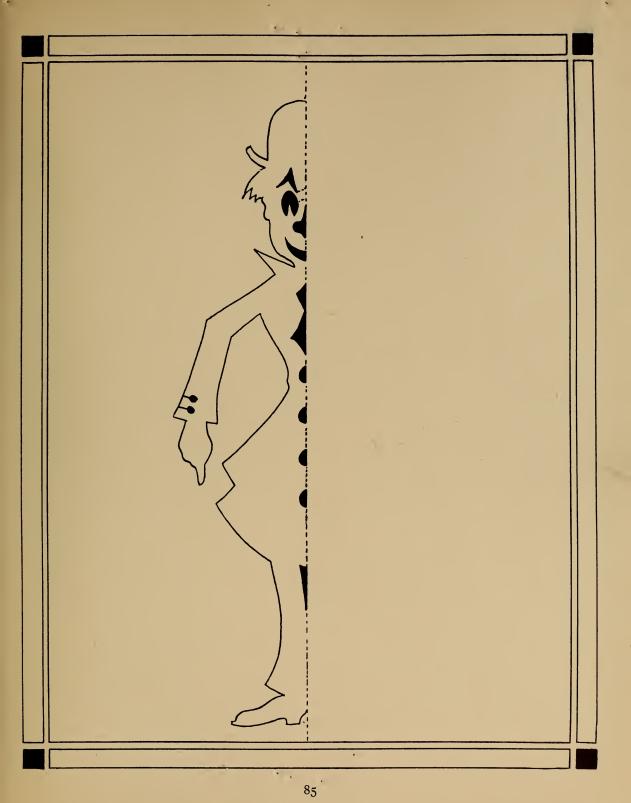




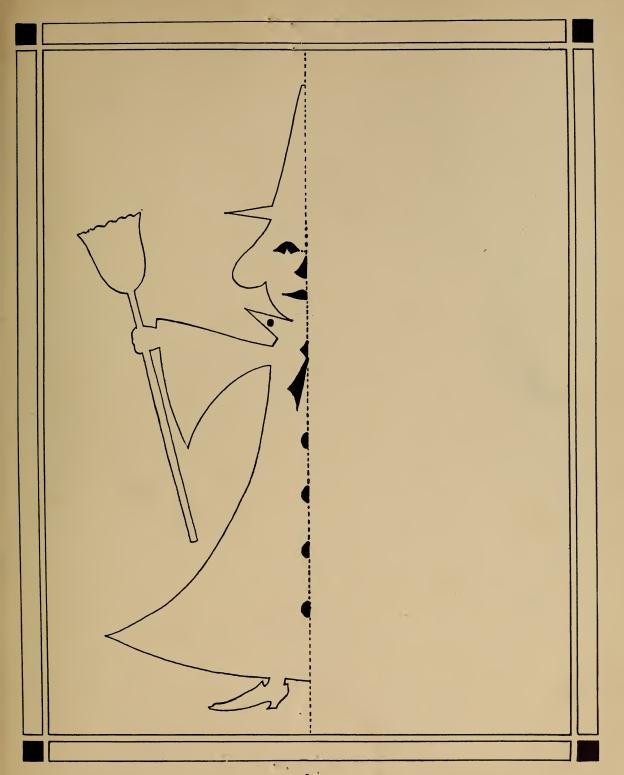




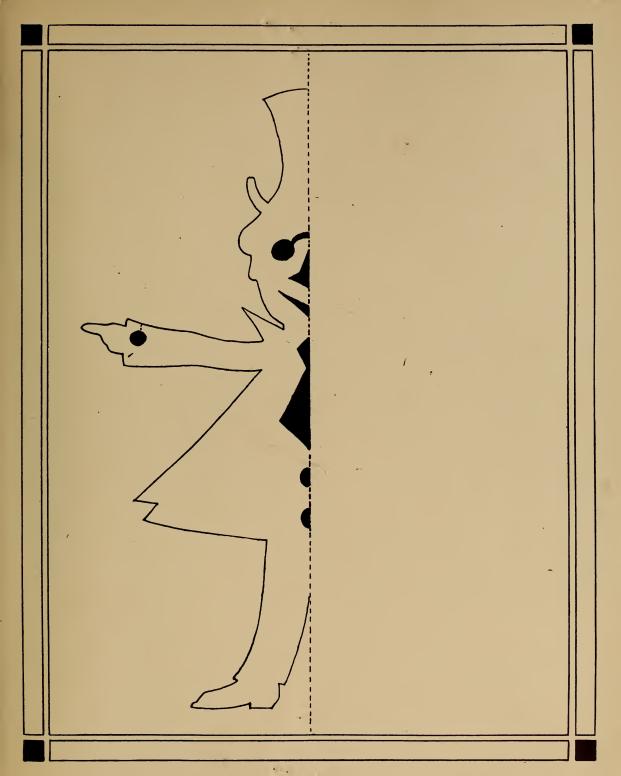




















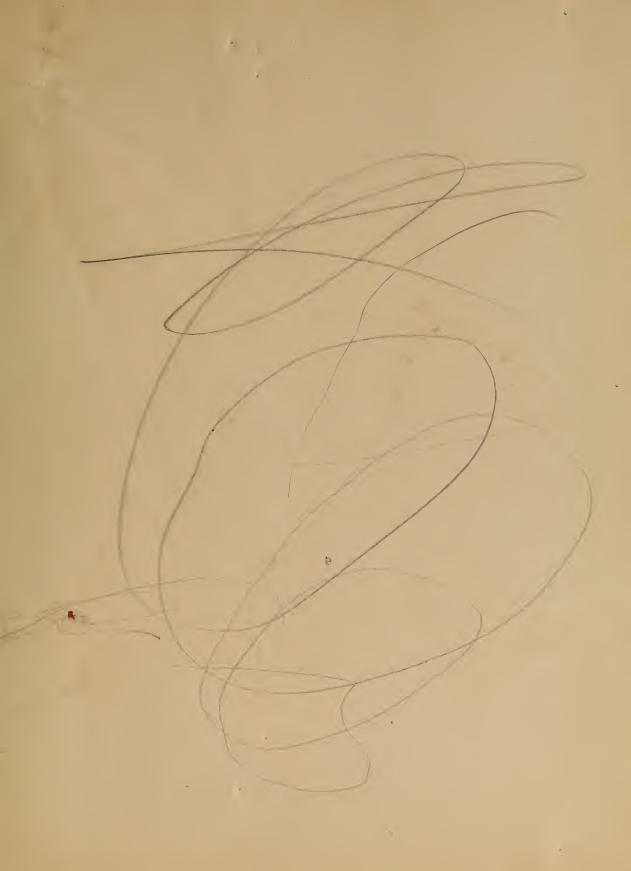
















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