

SAWDUST AND SPANGLES.  
THRILLS OF THE CIRCUS.

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Picture.:- The circus is at Olympia again. Tinsel, spangles, bright lights and glitter. The peculiar circusy smell which is--

--unlike any other smell in the world. The every astonishing elephants, with their earth-shaking tread.

Wonderful woman riders, all curves and curvettings, on silky horses, with skin gleaming like shimmering silk with their muscles rippled beneath it. And no--

--less than--

--six-thousand children thrilled beyond description -- as only children can be thrilled. A grand parade,--

--giving a visual--

--foretaste of delights to come. Here, memories which will never fade--

--are being imprinted on receptive minds, whose illusions are as yet undisturbed.

Long may they remain so ! For fifteen years this circus--

--has been the--

--high spot of London's Christmas and New Year entertainment. And Alberti-

--up-the-pole is one high spot of it all. Jones Miner,--

--six-years fears he may fall. Jones Major, with adult knowledge of 12 years, knows he won't.

Jones Minor asks if Jones Major thinks we were all once apes,--

--and is told to stop being--

--a silly monkey, which he does for a few moments, and then--

--asks how horses are trained to do this. Big brother is--

--stumped, but won't--

--admit it. He will find an explanation later on. Meanwhile hands become sore--

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through much enthusiastic clapping, which even the horses  
acknowledge. The wonderful--

--circus makes laughing children of us all.