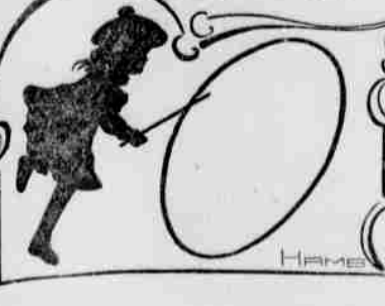


OUR YOUNG FOLKS



THE PERSEVERANCE CLUB.

By James Albert Wales.

Manager Higgins announced a team with the Rangers, to be played on the ice in front of the clubhouse on Friday. This added zest and interest to the team named a "Perseverance Club." The boys who had not made the first team, but were not discouraged, were very anxious to be on the team. A special meeting of the team and "Perseverance Club" was held on Wednesday evening. The boys had brought skates, harnesses, shoes, hockey sticks, etc., from home, and the more skillful ones were intrusted with the difficult parts of the work.



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A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

By James Albert Wales.

Francis Morris was seated one day in the nursery, holding his little sister, Mabel, about the circus. She had been that afternoon to see the performance, but Mabel, who was suffering from a severe cold, was forced to remain at home.



Francis was just telling her of the funny clown when their other brother rushed into the room. "Oh, Francis," he cried, "a bear has escaped from the circus and they cannot find him anywhere. Well, he cannot get in the house, we know," said Francis, trying to reassure Mabel, who began to cry from fright. When Mabel had fallen asleep, Francis crept noiselessly from the room.

ADVENTURES OF A RED APPLE.

By James Albert Wales.

"The first I can remember of my early days was that I was a tiny pink and white bud, but as the sweet spring days advanced my petals opened and became a beautiful apple blossom. Summer drew near, and I, by then, became an apple.

"One September morning a farmer and three other men came into the orchard and began to take the apples from the trees. 'What will become of us?' wailed some of the apples. 'Where shall we be taken to?' "A man picked me off the tree. 'Oh, Mr. Brown, see this beauty!' 'Yes,' said the old farmer, 'it is a beauty, but now work, don't stop at every beauty.' 'I soon found myself being packed into a barrel among many other apples. 'Where are we going now?' asked a large but not beautiful apple. 'Oh, I heard that man over there say we were to be shipped,' answered a very homely apple.

SIR WALTER: A TRUE STORY.

By Irma Chandler.

Sir Walter lived at Kingston-on-the-Hudson, and though he is a Scotch collier and is often called Walter for short, he is such a favorite that whenever he goes out for a little stroll he is greeted by so many people, old and young, so to make it a great mercy that Walter is not expected to wear his hat. If he did Sir Walter would be taking his off at nearly every step of the way.



One day Sir Walter was walking in the park when he saw a man who looked very queer. The man was dressed in a long coat and a tall hat, and he was walking very slowly. Sir Walter followed him for some time, and he saw that the man was carrying a large bundle under his arm. Sir Walter followed him to a house, and he saw that the man was carrying a large bundle under his arm.

DROP LETTER.

By James Albert Wales.

This is one of the best and most instructive games we know of. It teaches the players not only how to form words, but also how to fit them to their definitions. It may be played at recess, in school or by a company of boys and girls who wish evening amusement, and it has the advantage of requiring no special preparation, except the writing of several lists of definitions, one list for each of the players. These lists, of course, must be written in advance, and the writer of them should act as the leader in the game.

WHY CANNIBALS EAT MEN.

By James Albert Wales.

All children who are now going to school have read about how Mr. Stanley went into the jungle of Africa to hunt for diamonds, of whom most all treated him very kindly. Now that

COMFORTABLE WITH THE NEW PEOPLE WERE COME.

By James Albert Wales.

Mr. Stanley was a man who had been in the jungle of Africa for many years, and he had become very friendly with the people who lived there. He had learned their language and their customs, and he had become very popular with them.



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NONSENSE VERSE.

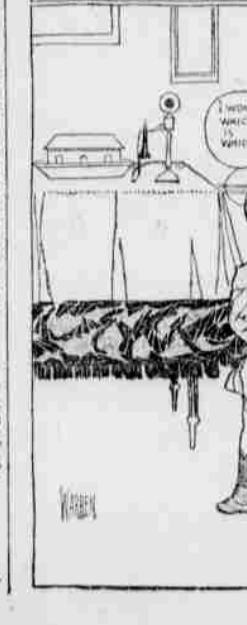
By James Albert Wales.

SUPPOSE AS YOU WENT OUT TO PLAY,
THE KITCHEN DOOR SHOULD WALK AWAY,
AND STEP ALONG BESIDE YOU, QUITE
AS IF IT WERE A COMMON SIGHT!
I THINK YOU WOULD BE MUCH
AMUSED—
AND YET DOOR STEPS ARE
ALWAYS USED.



An Illustrated Riddle.

What impossible action is this boy trying to perform?



I wonder which is which?

Not Rubber.

Elia—What a short neck Bels has, Bells—don't say that, Elia—What shall I say? Bells—Say that she has a close-fitting head.

Taking No Chances. "Are you a detective?" asked Mr. Meskin. "I am," answered the man with the turned collar and the white necktie. "Well, I want to employ you. I want you to get out your false whiskers and closely follow me, and don't let me out of your sight. Henrietta is gone out of town to visit her relatives, and I don't want her to be obliged to take my word for anything."—Washington Star.