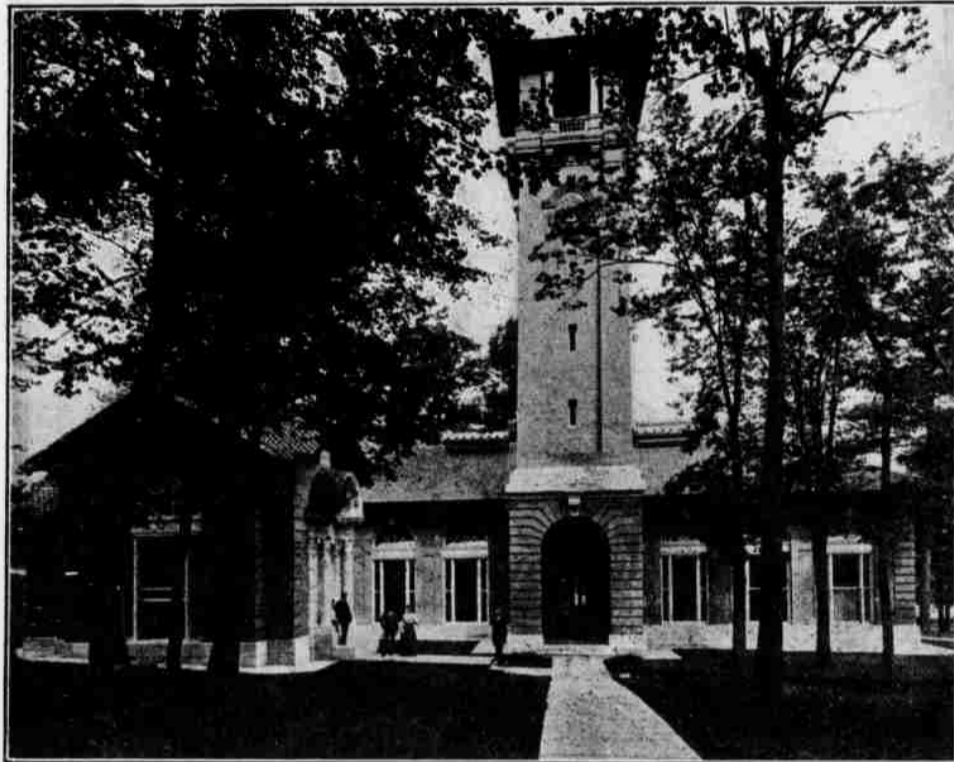


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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

MANY kind things have been said about the stories by youthful contributors which appeared in last week's **OUTLOOK**, and in accordance with the promise, further contributions are printed this week. Additional interest has been awakened by the continuance of the story competition, and the announcement of a photographic competition is meeting with general favor. In this connection **THE OUTLOOK** wishes to state that all queries will be promptly answered, for we make it a point never to be too busy to pay special attention to our youthful readers—**EDITOR.**

Mr. Cold and Mr. Warm.

Well, I will tell you a story about Mr. Cold. He said that cold was nice and warm was bad.

the letter, and Mr. Warm called Mr. Cold up—his number was 7151 ring one—and said: "How long are you going to live?"

"Well, as you said for me to keep quiet, I will say for you to keep quiet."

"Well," said Mr. Warm, "as you said for me to keep quiet"—and when he was saying "as you said for me to keep quiet", Mr. Cold interrupted him and said that he was going to be printed in the newspapers.

"Ha! ha! ha! I feel so glad of that, do you?"

"I am glad for your sake, but not for my sake."

"Oh, why?"

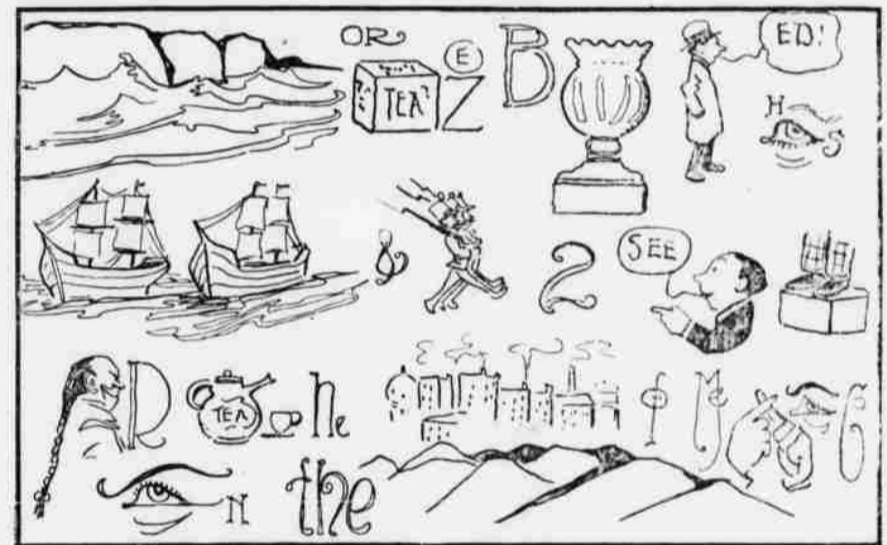
"Oh, I shan't tell."

"Oh, keep quiet."

"You keep quiet yourself," and he hung up the telephone.

—HENRY S. C. CUMMINGS.

(9 years old.)



BIOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

Can you tell what event in the life of a great soldier is shown above? Prize for the first solution received in writing.

"Well," said Mr. Warm, "you are wrong; warm you get warm and cold you get cold."

"Oh, what do you mean?"

"Well, I mean just what I do," said Mr. Warm.

"Well," said Mr. Cold, "you are wrong. If I were you I would not be afraid that cold would hurt you."

"Well, you just keep quiet."

"I won't. Did you hear me?"

"I don't care what you say. Now I will go away because you are so saucy and cold."

"Well, Mr. Cold, you must not feel so proud of yourself, just because you are so cold and I am so warm and nice."

"Well, you just wait when winter comes and you will feel sorry that you ain't me."

"Well," said Mr. Cold, "you know why I say this."

"Well, I think it is for you to keep quiet, is it?"

"No."

"Well, goodbye. I will telephone you," and he went on and on till he got home and found a letter to come and have cold weather.

You know, it was Mr. Cold who had

A Thrilling Experience.

As I sat on my porch enjoying the sun, I heard a moaning and groaning which I thought came from under the porch. I jumped to my feet, half fell off the porch and dropped on my hands and knees and looked under. I could not see anything. After convincing myself that there was nothing there I went down cellar, but nothing was there.

As I went past the empty furnace I stopped. There it was again; a half smothered moan. I ran to the furnace door and swung it open. There was nothing in there, except empty air, but right above my head I could hear it as plain as day.

Guessing that it was up stairs in the living room, I went up, but could not see anything except that the register was turned up. I turned it back and went on hunting. After doing some crazy things in the way of hunting I stopped to listen. I happened to be standing right over the register. I looked down the register and there in the dark saw a white thing going up and down at about the rate you breathe.

I pulled up the register and put my hand down, but yanked it up again in a