



OUR YOUNG FOLKS



The Centreville Circle.

BY G. M. L. BROWN.

THE CIRCLE HOLDS AN IMPORTANT MEETING.

The president rapped on the rustic table, interrupting the ordinary doorkeeper in the middle of a South American solo.

"Let us have the minutes of the last meeting," said he.

"Please, Mr. President, I've lost the rhyning dictionary," said the secretary, "but I've done the best I could."

"Indeed, he has," asserted the janitress. Then the secretary began:

THE MINUTES.

Last Wednesday our Circle met

"Any what?" asked Uncle Ralph.

"Any good-dill offering to the Circle?" said Jennie.

"Oh, I forgot!" said Harold. In some confusion, his mouth and hands smeared with the fruit juice. "Let us conclude the initiation."

"Uncle Ralph, I now, herewith and hereby extend to you the right hand of fellow-ship!"

"Hurrah, Uncle Ralph!" shouted the Circle.

"And I furthermore and herewith invite our new and honorary member to give us a riddle, or—something to puzzle over."

"While the fruit lasts, he means," added Jennie, maliciously.

"And what will Mrs. Johnson do?" asked Uncle Ralph.

"Oh, sit down, Mrs. Johnson; excuse me," said the president, as he ripped open the stockings in case.

"Well," began Uncle Ralph, "I don't know that I can give you anything very new—I suppose a fruit riddle is most suited to the occasion. Have you all heard of the farmer who had a very crooked apple tree?"

"No," cried the Circle.

UNCLE RALPH'S RIDDLE.

Well, once there was a farmer who had a very crooked apple tree which he attempted to straighten. At last he succeeded, when he found to his surprise, that he had another kind of fruit tree altogether. What kind of tree had it become?

This riddle required some close attention, and so, for that matter, did the watermelon, but both were despatched, after which Mrs. Johnson was duly initiated.

"Hath the new and honored member brought any offering of good will?" repeated the president.

"I have, Mr. President; please, I have here some tart."

"What kind—er—I mean—enter them in the minutes?" responded Harold.

"Enter it in the minutes. Were you going to say something, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Yes, please, I was just going to say that I didn't quite catch the answer to that there riddle."

"Why," interposed Jennie, "the tree when it was straight was plumb, you know."

"And now," continued the president, "I unanimously and spontaneously invite our new and honored member to give us a riddle."

"Oh, I couldn't," protested Mrs. Johnson.

"Nonsense!" screamed Polly.

"Do try," said Frank, encouragingly.

"Yes, do," chimed in May.

"Good!" cried the Circle.

MRS. JOHNSON'S STORY.

A boy once came into my store and asked for a five-cent soap. I gave it to him, and then he said he guessed he'd take some peaches instead. I took back the top and gave him the peaches, and then he said he'd take an orange instead. So, when I'd given him the orange he started on without paying me nothing. "Hold on!" says I. "Where's the money?" "I give you the peaches for the orange," says he. "But you didn't pay for the peaches," says I. "No, I didn't pay for 'em," says he. "But you didn't buy the top," says he. "And out he walks as cool as a cucumber. Somehow I never could get the hang of that deal on I tried 'em."

"Enter it in the minutes," screamed Polly.

"It's awful good," said the secretary, but I'm afraid it wouldn't rhyme well. We'll just have to remember it instead."

"Let us have the concluding command now," said the president, helping himself to a chocolate. "Jennie, I think it's your turn."



CAN YOU FIND UNCLE RALPH AND MRS. JOHNSON?

And had a lively time, you bet; We talked of members honorary, And though it may seem arbitrary, Decreed that every candidate Successfully participate

In some examination or Some test set by ourselves before Allowing him the high degree, Which may be styled H. M. O. C. But Uncle Ralph is now admitted, Because as Tangent he is fitted To join the Circle. M. S. Johnson's name likewise appears upon Our list because she treats us square, And we, the Circle, thanks declare. But Polly's name appears because she entered under special clause (claws). The C. C. set by Will was prime; The answer is "The mock of time."

"What's H. M. O. C.?" asked Will.

"Why, honorary member of circle," replied the secretary scornfully.

"I protest against the slang," said Jennie.

"What slang?" demanded Frank.

"You bet."

"That's not slang," said Frank rather warmly.

"It is," asserted Jennie.

"Not on your life!" chimed in the honorary doorkeeper from the top of the gate post, and the argument ended in laughter.

"Oh, here they come," cried Harold.

"Who?" demanded the others.



"PLEASE, I HAVE HERE SOME TARTS."

"Uncle Ralph and Mrs. Johnson. Let's get ready to 'middle 'em."

Here all our readers are invited to join the Circle in looking for the newcomers. They may be seen through the trees if you look carefully enough.

"Did you touch Polly what to say?" asked the treasurer excitedly when he spied them at last.

"Yes, yes," answered the president.

"Now, Polly, visitors."

"Welcome, H. M. O. C. Welcome, H. M. O. C. H. M. O. C. Welcome, O. C. Wel. H. M. Wel. O. C. H. M. O. C."—began the doorkeeper.

"That will do," roared the Circle in chorus. "Don't you see the visitors are here?" And poor Polly's part of the reception was over.

"Name this guest," said the president, as he scrambled on top of the official barrel.

"Uncle Ralph," responded the secretary.

"Why come he to the private precincts of the Centreville Circle?" thundered the president, thinking that Uncle Ralph did not appear to be sufficiently impressed.

"Because he has been duly elected an honorary member of the club."

"Well, if he doesn't beat all!" ejaculated Uncle Ralph.

"What's the matter?" inquired Polly.

"Nothing—I mean silence," said the president, swallowing a grin.

"Hath the new and honored member brought any offering of good will?" he concluded.

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"NOW POLLY VISITORS"

Whereupon Jennie propounded the following:

CONCLUDING CONUNDRUM.

What's the difference between Rover when he's out and a tree in October?

"The tree loses its leaves, began Will.

"Yes, it sheds them," said Frank.

"And Rover, what does Rover do when he's out?" mused Harold.

"Oh, I know—he leaves the shed!"

"That's not too bad at all," said Uncle Ralph, looking for his hat.

"Enter it in the minutes," screamed Polly.

And the secretary did so forthwith.

(To Be Continued.)

The Princess Adeline's Crown.

The Princess Adeline was not like other princesses, and all the courtiers and her royal father and mother lamented the fact more and more every day as she grew older. She did not like the court festivities and her royal gowns. She wept bitterly when she was obliged to ride in the royal carriage on procession days. She did not enjoy having her small royal hand kissed by the courtiers, and the obsequious retainers, whose duty it was to wait upon Her Highness, complained that she refused to be waited upon and gave them nothing to do.

All these traits of character troubled her parents, the King and Queen, and all the royal household very much. But she had one habit that was still more alarming to them than her distaste for the ceremonies of the court. This was her fancy for slipping away by herself into the wood, which was part of the palace grounds.

But despite all these precautions the Princess succeeded again and again in eluding her guards, and would slip away and be deep in the wood by the time the alarm caused by her disappearance had reached the outer guards. Her father and mother, engaged as they were with the duties of the court, sometimes knew nothing of these disappearances, but they came to their ears often enough to cause them constant distress.

One day, when the Princess had been unusually naughty and had slipped away no less than three times in the course of the morning, the King came home from his morning hunting trip and found the palace in an uproar.

"What is the matter?" he demanded indignantly, for it was always understood that everything should be quiet and peaceful for his return.

"Oh, Your Majesty," cried the Chief Chamberlain, "it is nothing but one of the disappearances of the Princess Adeline. This is the third time it has happened this morning, and the Queen and her ladies are much distressed."

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very mournful.

"Remember my commands," said the King, and he took himself to his council chamber, so that he might mount his throne before Adeline came in, for he well knew that unless he received her as a King instead of as a father his heart would melt before he had published her as she deserved.

Hardly had he settled his crown firmly on his head before Adeline appeared in the midst of her joyful friends. Never before had she been brought before the King as a King, although she knew him well as a father. But she was not afraid, although some of the oldest courtiers trembled, for they saw that His Majesty looked sterner than usual.

"Princess Adeline," pronounced the King, majestically, "you have caused great disturbance and upset in this, our realm. You have set this court, by the ears not once, but several times a day, and you have been the occasion of great anxiety to your King and Queen, not for any natural reason, Princess, but because of your disobedient desire to be a vagabond instead of a royal princess. What have you to say for yourself?"

"I do not like kid gloves," replied the Princess. "I prefer bare hands. I do not like being a princess; I prefer to be a vagabond."

And with this she removed her dainty gloves from her hands and threw them down upon the floor disdainfully.

The courtiers gazed distractedly at this, but the King remained perfectly calm.

"Very well, then," said he. "Our judgment is that the Princess Adeline be banished from the palace, and that henceforth she be not permitted within the gates. I command that the High Constable conduct her to the borders of the wood, where she may roam at her own sweet will."

Then the High Constable came forward and taking the Princess Adeline by the hand he led her out of the palace door and over the lawn and garden and to the edge of the wood.

It was a very neat wood, where all the paths were as smooth as a lawn and the underbrush had been neatly chopped away. All of the trees were trimmed in the spring by the head gardener, and when there was time he often sent his assistants in to cut

the grass. There were no wild beasts more dangerous than the squirrels, who all knew and loved the Princess Adeline. There was just enough snow on everything to make the wood pretty without making it hard to walk, and for a long time the Princess wandered through the wood very contentedly.

But after she had visited all the parts which she particularly liked and had explored many new corners she began to have a peculiar feeling, that she could not account for until she suddenly thought herself that she was hungry. Oh, how she wished herself back in the palace, where all the other princesses were now having a good time over their bread and jam.

"What that I was a princess again," she said aloud. "Am I tired of being a vagabond?"

"You a princess?" said a small, cold voice near her. "Why, you have no crown."

The Princess Adeline turned and beheld a tiny, round creature in an elaborate gown and wearing a golden crown. The creature had such a familiar look that she continued to gaze at it, and then she said suddenly:

"Why, that is my crown. I wore it last Christmas day."

The little creature nodded at her wistfully, and the Princess Adeline noticed that her lips trembled.

"I am a fairy princess of the wood," she said solemnly, "but I have never had a crown until yesterday, when I heard that there was one vacant, and I secured it at great cost and trouble."

"But," said the Princess Adeline, "I did not bid you, I was only banished. How could you get my crown?"

Then a chorus of little cold voices suddenly began to chirp all around her, and the Princess heard them sing: "Be a witness against her; be a witness against her." And as the voices grew louder there came a fluttering of blue wings, and she was lifted off her feet and carried up in the air to a snowy palace, which seemed to rest on the tops of the tallest cedars.

The audience chirped, where she was taken was filled with the little, cold, butter-

Some Amusing Games.

THE MOCK NEWSPAPER.

This game, when there is a large family party assembled in one house for the Christmas holidays, affords a rich fund of amusement. An editor is appointed, who receives and prints, or copies, all sorts of contributions. His publication, which is read aloud to a laughing audience, is entitled "The Saturday's Delight," or any other appropriate name, and contains most advertisements, daily news, verses, leading articles, sporting intelligence, &c., all of which may



"YOU A PRINCESS! WHY, YOU HAVE NO CROWN"

relate to the home doings of the contributors and be sprinkled by the printer, whims, disguised. The paper may also contain good-natured jests upon the contributors, &c., and lively accounts of different headings, of the particular events, meetings, occasions, events, &c., which really distinguished the house party. The editor should consider pleasant to write contributions to remain unknown, if possible, and place a box in some convenient part of the house, where all may deposit their contributions, but the articles must not be taken from it except by the editor.

THE GAME OF BIOGRAPHY.

This game may be played by the number of persons. One, by arrangement, has to leave the room. The others are to select on some celebrated character. The person is then admitted, and he is asked the following questions to each of the biographers at the right:

"What was his country? was he a native?"

"For what was he chiefly remembered?"

"Suppose Robert Fulton be fixed upon, the answers may be: "An American; an inventor and navigator." "For his invention of perfection in propelling boats." "Edmund Burke the replied may be: "An Irishman." "A statesman." "He was known on the Sublime and Beautiful." "He was borne in mind that the best orators who require some special and not general knowledge, which must refer to some particular event or thing.

If, from the answers to the questions, the questioner is enabled to guess the character referred to, he or she takes the part of the one questioned, who must then leave the room.

Answer to last week's Puzzle: "A watched pot never boils."

Answer to last week's Hidden Puzzle: "Criminal, secretary, king, eagle, enany, quinea, crane, king, fisher."

HOW TO MAKE A COAT FOR A CHRISTMAS DOLLIE.

