

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Centreville Circle.

CHAPTER IV.

The next two meetings of the Circle were not recorded. Frank, the faithful secretary, was sick with the mumps, and May, the janitress, stayed in the house out of sympathy.

But Harold, Jennie and Will were not idle. They had to devise a series of examinations for the future honorary members, and what they did their work, as we shall see.

At the following meeting—that is, the third after the president's eventual hunt for the peaches—the fun began. The five members were all present, as were Uncle Ralph, Mrs. Johnson and Polly, the honorary members who had been admitted without any examination. Of applicants there were six,

the sentence correctly.

"Why, Mr. President," he said, "this is ridiculous—perfect rubbish!"

Mr. Secretary, take down those remarks, Judge Burton, you must beware of contempt of the Circle!"

"I suppose that means a fine of a box of candles," said Uncle Ralph.

"Yes," rejoined Jennie. "Chocolate cream."

"But, Mr. President," expostulated the head of the Circle, "you must not expect me to—"

"Certainly we do," answered Harold.

"Then I must give it up. I should like to hear my daughter's answer."

less it was prepared specially for me? Why, take Jennie and me. We have the same grandfather and the same father, so the figures would be the same except our own ages. But the answer couldn't possibly be the same in both cases, could it?"

"Madam," replied Harold, "you mustn't argue in the Circle. We promise you that it will come out right if you put down the right figures."

"Then, Mr. President, it's too easy."

"Very well," broke in Uncle Ralph, who was enjoying things immensely. "Let's see you do it!"

Miss Burton paused; then her face got red.

"What's the matter?" queried Polly.

"I guess she doesn't want to tell her age," roared Judge Burton, as he held his scaling sides.

"The Circle is waiting!" remarked the president.

"Well, it will have to wait," replied Miss

Against Odds.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE WHITLOCK.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

Feeling was strong at the Norwood Military Academy against Henry Haswell and his roommate, Doty Kemana. The two boys were new cadets, but they had both earned the third class instead of the lowest, which grade, this however, was not the cause of their unpopularity. Henry had "told on" one of the most popular second-classmen, a cadet sergeant, who had attempted to play a trick on Doty, whereby the latter, it was intended, should be made to suffer for the midnight disturbance of which he was innocent. Fortunately, despite the scandalousness of the deed, Henry had recanted the delinquency as he thrust the letter and sticks into Doty's hand, and on the strength of the testimony the elder boy had been convicted and reduced to the ranks.

Consequently, when it was learned that Henry had organized a tug-of-war team to compete for the state championship at the county fair, which was to be held in Lansing two weeks later, his enemies banded together for his discomfiture. Practice, it was learned, was indulged in daily in the afternoon, after the drill hour, behind the gymnasium and drill hall. No intimation was given to Henry and the three other members of his team that their plans had been discovered, and on the afternoon in question they were allowed to get well settled to the hopeless task of pulling down a stout walnut tree before the sun was apparent upon the scene, and about half past four the cadets were surrounded by the whole corps of cadets save the few who were on duty and some of the faculty, who were assembled at the school house to look part in a manifestation of this nature.

The members of Henry and his team were in a state of high excitement. The school of military, whose big, heavy boys and cadets were accustomed to straight, steady, but not to the kind of a tug-of-war which was now being attempted by any one under the name of Haswell, would not be deterred by the fact that the tree was to be pulled down by a team of boys who had been suspected of being one to pull a perfect tower of nervous, wavy strength. Henry had removed and bound his gray coat around his waist as protection against the constriction of the rope, and, having given the word "Go," the four boys had thrown themselves on their sides and begun to tug away in most unscientific fashion against their inevitable opponent, digging their feet into the earth to prevent slipping. At the height of the unequal struggle the other cadets came upon them.

"Why, hello! What's this?" a big fourth-classman who had been left over from the previous year cried in assumed surprise.

while his infrequent praise made the recipient thrill with pride. Consequently, when Lieutenant Deegan now stepped forward a frightened hush fell on the crowd, and the two principals let their hands fall to their sides and stood gazing at him helplessly.

"So, you're fighting again, Andrews, are you?" said the officer, fixing his piercing eyes on the larger boy. "Go to your quarters and remain there under arrest until I relieve you."

"Lieutenant, I didn't start it!" began Andrews.

"Silence! I saw you push that boy into Haswell. You're a bully. Now, march!"

Without another word Andrews took his coat from the frightened bearer, turned and started toward quarters.

"Well, what are you waiting for—to be reported?" suddenly thundered Lieutenant Deegan, turning on the silent crowd. "Go to your quarters!"

No one ventured to reply, and silently the boys turned and obeyed. In the meantime Henry had untied the rope from around the tree, and having drawn on his coat, he started to leave the spot with the other members of the team.

"Here, Haswell," said Lieutenant Deegan, "you men wait a moment. I want to see you."

"Yes, sir," said Henry, coming to a stand still and facing about to receive the expected reprimand.

against that team you've got to go about it differently. They'd pull you off the earth at present. What do you say to my taking you in hand and training you?"

For a moment Henry could not find his tongue.

"Oh, would you, sir?" he stammered at last. "That would be fine!"

"Well, now, you come to my room this evening during the study hour and we'll talk the matter over. We'll have to get a saddle for you and have regular exercises and get a good strong rope. But those are the best terms for supper, we haven't any time for the matter now. You come to-night."

"Yes, sir," said Henry, saluting and then he and his companions turned and walked toward quarters, feeling so abashed that they hardly dared trust themselves to speak.

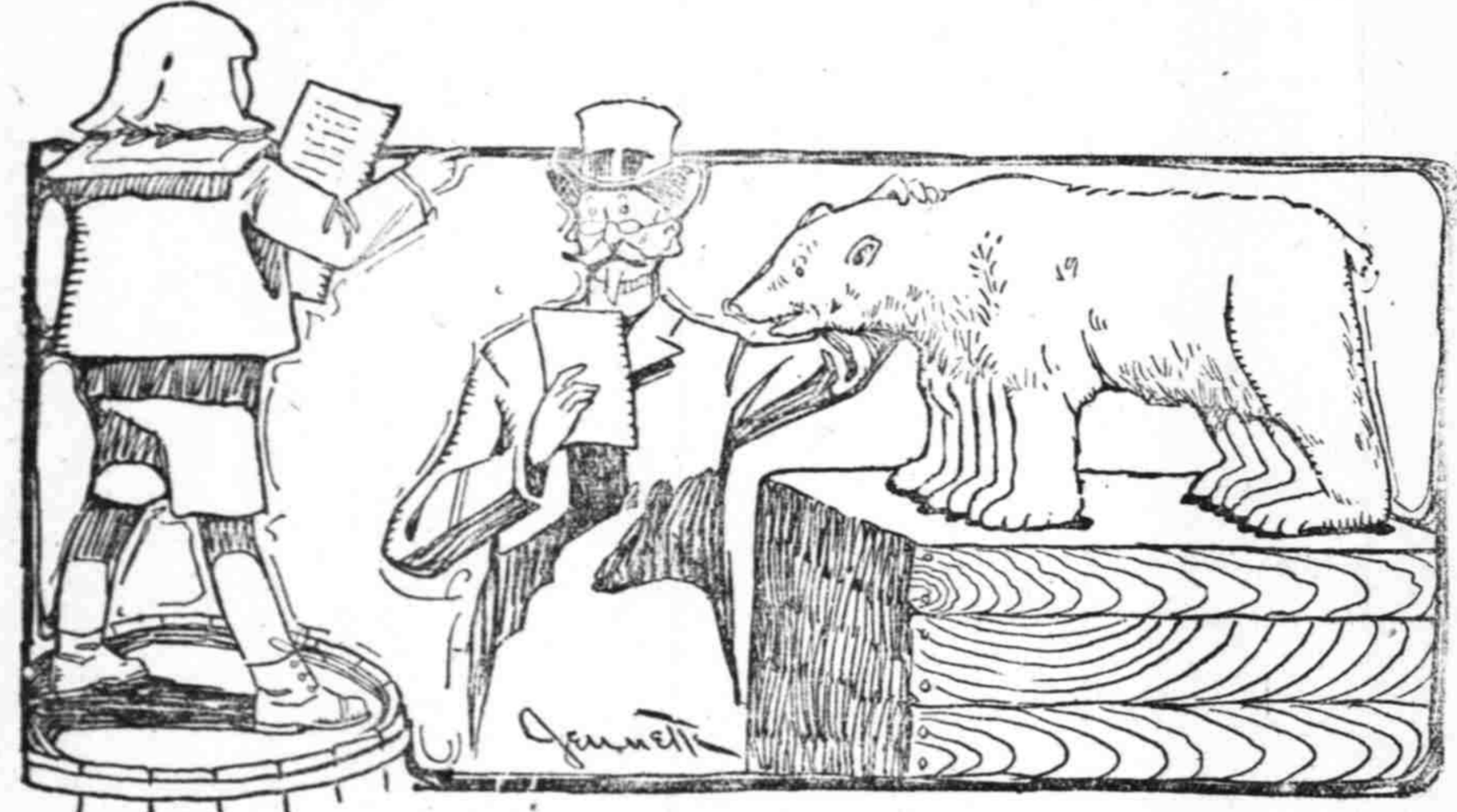
(To be Continued.)

A STRANGE TREE.

Three children went to the woods one day To find a doughnut tree; They found a big one, full of nuts, As ripe as ripe could be.

They shook the tree with all their might; The doughnuts tumbled down; The children quickly filled their bags With nuts so sweet and brown.

CAROLYN WELLS



PROVE THAT EVERY POLAR BEAR HAS ELEVEN LEGS

as follows:

Judge Burton, Jennie's father.

Mrs. Burton, Jennie's mother.

Miss Burton, Jennie's sister.

Mr. King, Harold's father.

Miss King, Harold's sister.

James Wilson, Will's brother.

"Mr. Secretary, let us have the minutes of the last meeting," began Harold.

"Please, I've been away two meetings, Mr. President."

"That's so, I forgot."

"But I can read the minutes of the last meeting I was at," said the secretary, who wished to be as accommodating as possible.

"No; I think that would be out of order," said the president, hastily, and the visitors wondered why he flushed.

"What's the matter, what's the matter?" asked the honorary doorkeeper.

"Hush up!" snapped Harold, getting red. Polly looked grieved, but wisely did as she was bid.

"And now," said the president, standing upright on the official barrel and looking

"Go on, Jennie," said Harold.

"Well, papa, no polar bear has seven legs—has he?"

"Certainly not."

"And one polar bear has four legs, hasn't he?"

"But one polar bear has no legs more than two bears!"

"Um-er-yeses."

"Well, you just said that no bear had seven legs. Four plus seven equals eleven."

"But why did you specify a polar bear? Wouldn't any other kind of bear do just as well?" asked the Judge.

"Applicant No. 1 is dismissed," called the President, amid a general titter. "He may, however, try again at our next meeting."

"Advance and extract a slip from the examination box."

"Here, Mr. President."

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Mrs. Burton obeyed. Nervously she unfolded the paper and read:

MRS. BURTON'S SLIP.

What bridge in Venice most resembles the Brooklyn Bridge?

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton. "I couldn't guess that. What do you young folks know about Venice?"

"Madam," returned the president, "do you want to be fined?"

"What do you take me for?" screamed Polly, evidently trying to help poor Mrs. Burton out.

"Now let me see," the latter began.

"There's the Bridge of Sighs, of course, and—"

"Correct!" said Harold, adding proudly. "That conundrum is mine!"

"But, my dear boy," Mrs. Burton replied, "I don't see any sense in that answer!"

"Perhaps our readers don't, either, but if they look closely for a pun the sense—or nonsense—of it will soon appear."

"Mrs. Burton is herewith and hereby accepted as a member of the Centreville Circle," the president announced, "and may bring in as a good will offering either a box of tea or a case of cream soda."

"Not on your life!" remarked Polly, and again the guests gave way to roars of laughter.

"Miss Burton," called the president.

"Yes, Mr. President," that lady replied, and, without waiting, she drew out a slip.

"Read it, Bessie," called out Miss King, after a pause.

"Why, it—it's—too—too—" stammered Miss Burton.

"Read it!" shouted the honorary members and the applicants in chorus.

"You may read the silly thing yourselves," said Miss Burton, and she passed it around.

MRS. BURTON'S SLIP.

Put your grandfather's age here..... And you own age here..... And you have your father's age here.....

"The very ideal," continued Miss Burton.

"Way, there's no puzzle in that."

"No," said the president, who was evidently prepared for the discussion. "It's very easy. You're sure to pass."

"But that isn't true. How could it be un-

less it was prepared specially for me? Why, take Jennie and me. We have the same grandfather and the same father, so the figures would be the same except our own ages. But the answer couldn't possibly be the same in both cases, could it?"

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with wholesome fear, which the entire corps entertained for Lieutenant Deegan was unquestioned. Once, however, perhaps, he might be regarded as targets for their shafts, but to do so one did it ever occur even to suggest making sport of the military instructor. Repent his gaze even the boldest trembled.

"What are you trying to learn there, tug-of-war?"

"Yes, sir. We want to enter the state fair competition next Saturday week. The great Midland team is going to be there, you know."

"I see. Well, now, if you want to pull

DOLL'S CHEMISE PATTERN

PLACE STRAP HERE.

SEAM.

INNER SIDE OF PLAIT.

OUTER SIDE OF PLAIT.

INNER SIDE OF PLAIT.

OUTER SIDE OF PLAIT.

LAY EDGE ON FOLD OF CLOTH.

THIS PIECE IS HALF OF THE FRONT.

GATHER BETWEEN.

LAY EDGE ON FOLD OF CLOTH.

PIECE TO COVER TOP OF PLAITS.



"HUSH UP!" SAID THE HAROLD, GETTING RED.

down upon the six waiting applicants with great dignity, "who have we here?"

"Whom, you mean, Jennie corrected.

"Will the Entertainment Committee please mind its own business," Harold retorted.

The secretary thereupon called off the names.

"Judge Burton," began the president.

"Yes, sir," meekly answered the Judge.

"Advance and extract a slip from the examination box."

The Judge did as he was requested and tilted out the following remarkable problem:

THE JUDGE'S SLIP.

Prove that every polar bear has eleven legs. Just what I wanted papa to get," chuckled Jennie.

"Wait! I'll put on my spectacles," gasped the Judge, quite sure that he had not read

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TWELVE LITTLE REELS STANDING AT THE DOOR, KEY AND END THE OTHER EIGHT—OF COURSE YOU SEE THE FOUR

"I expect we've had conundrums enough today," it was May who spoke.

"I think you have," said Uncle Ralph, still chucking with merriment.

"Say, Jennie," queried Frank, after the older people had left, "would that problem have really worked out right?"

"Yes," said Jennie. "Grandpa is 51 and papa is 53, so that—"

"But, Jennie, you weren't to tell!"

"That's so. Well, neither I have."

"How did you get her to pick out the right slip?"

"That was easy. I wrote on blue paper—that's Bessie's color, you know—and I laid it on top of the others to make sure."

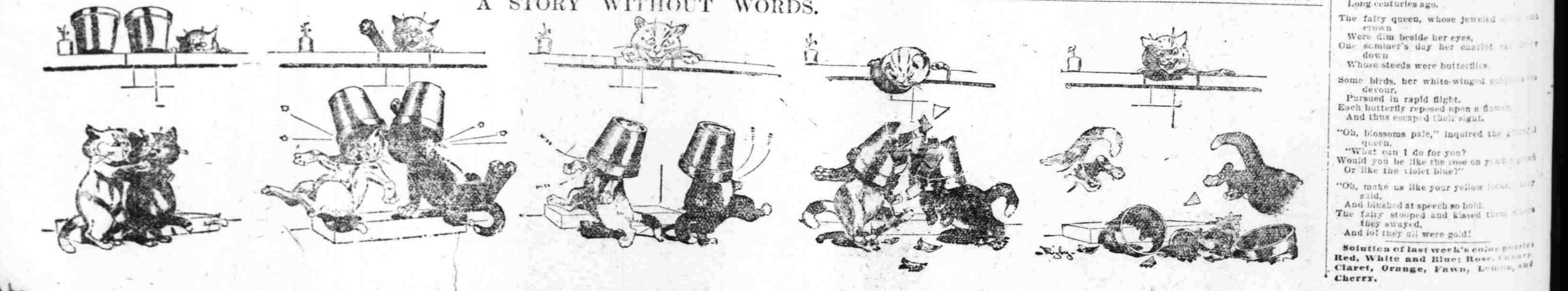
"Ha, ha, ha!" came the voice of Polly from the other side of the hedge.

Aud Frank (who hearily) in the laugh.

(To be Continued.)

This chemise is pretty when made of fine white lawn or nailbook. The pattern shows one-half of the front and one-half of the back. To cut these pieces lay the middle of each on a lengthwise fold of the material, cut around edges and mark notches. The sides of the front and back should be sewed together in a narrow seam. At the centre of the back, from neck to waist, is a seam, and below this the full skirt part is laid in two box plaits, which should be folded as indicated by dotted lines.

The very small separate strip in the pattern is a piece used to cover the top of the plaits in the back and should be turned under all around and then sewed down across the top and bottom at the top of the plaits, leaving the ends open, so that a ribbon may be run through and fastened in front. Hem the chemise around the bottom and finish with a narrow Valenciennes edging. Gather the front at the neck between the notches, draw up to fit the doll and cover with baby ribbon, fastening the ends in bows at the shoulders. Finish the entire neck with a frill of lace.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

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The Fairy's Gift.

The butterflies in cloth of gold arrayed
Were once as white as snow;
By magic was the transformation made
Long centuries ago.

The fairy queen, whose jeweled crown
Were dim beside her eyes,
One summer's day her chariot came
Down.

Whose steeds were butterflies
Some birds, her white-winged subjects
Pursued in rapid flight,
Each butterfly reposed upon a flower,
And thus escaped their sight.

"Oh, blossoms pale," inquired the queen,
"What can I do for you?
Would you be like the rose on yonder bush
Or like the violet blue?"

"Oh, make us like your yellow ones," they said,
And blushed at speech so bold.
The fairy stopped and kissed them
Long centuries ago.

And lo! they all were gold!

Solution of last week's color puzzle:
Red, White and Blue; Rose, Cherry,
Claret, Orange, Fawn, Lemon, and
Cherry.