

OUR YOUNG FOLKS AGE

The Story of Jose San Miguel.

By ALEXANDER TOWNLEY.

Jose San Miguel was a mighty conqueror. He had more victories to his credit than he could remember, and he was winning new ones every day. Not always had he had so distinguished a name or such fame. Indeed, if the truth were told his origin was extremely humble. He had been born in a stable, and his pedigree was so mixed that not even his best friends pretended to give it. After he became great it was said he did not need a pedigree. Like that great man of France, he was his own ancestor.

He was christened Rover, so commonplace a name that one would think that alone might have forever barred his way to distinction. But what is in a name if the fates have decreed that one shall become famous?

Rover had a puppyhood of mingled joys and woes. Sometimes he pleased his superiors and was petted and fed. Again, in some way he could not understand, he angered them and got himself cuffed and kicked. Sometimes, as he lay in the sun reflecting upon these things, he wondered whether it was worth while to try to be some good dog when one was so likely to be misunderstood. But most of the time he was content to gambol and to enjoy the good things the gods offered and enduring the buffeting as best he might.

He grew up to be a rollicking, good-natured dog, and handsome, too, despite the contemptuous term "mongrel" which was frequently thrown at him. He had no vicious traits, although when he was not fed regularly he sometimes stole and devoured such healthy appetite that it drove him to take whatever means presented themselves to satisfy it.

"Why don't you give that dog away?" demanded the mistress of the house when

down quietly enough to see what would happen.

Before long he found himself in a tent, where he was shut up in a box and left alone. That is, the men went away, but there were a lot of other dogs around, all of them locked up for the night.

They made a few remarks at first, not all of them polite, but soon settled down to sleep, and Rover did likewise. The next morning a man brought them food, and each dog was so busy with his own breakfast that he paid no attention to the newcomer beyond looking at him out of the tail of his eyes between bites.

One of them reached out and nipped him on the leg. Rover shrank back with a whine of surprise; then he darted forth and gave the offender a savage bite. It was the best thing he could have done. The dogs looked at him with new respect, and the man who was feeding them laughed. "Bravo," he cried. "I guess old Rover'll let you alone next time."

"Say, Bill," he called out to a man who looked like the one who had lured Rover from home the night before, "I guess he'll make a bull-fighter all right. He ain't afraid of old Bull."

"Come along, they, youngster and we'll see what you're made of," said the man, leading Rover to another tent, where was the most astonishing horse he had ever seen. It growled at it, showing all of his teeth. The men laughed.

"Get through with your training," said one of them.

"Your name henceforth is Jose San Miguel," explained another, "but we'll call you Jose to save time. You are to be a mighty bull-fighter and you're to begin right now." The speaker whose name was Bill, looked Rover straight in

and he felt very uncomfortable in this new skin, so much so that he simply lay down, instead of fighting the torador and the matador they struck him and beat him and tried to induce him with dainty bits to play his part. He would jump up, but as soon as he felt this queer creature that was not himself holding on to him he lay down again.

"Give it to him by degrees," Bill said, and they took the head off. Of course, he did not like it, but after a time he got so he would fight with the bull's skin on him. Then they tried the head again, leaving off the horns. There were large holes for his eyes, so he could see, and he at last got up the courage to rush at his antagonist. Last of all the horns were put on, but they were very light ones, and Jose did not mind them after he had had them on several times. He also found

The crazy people on the benches roared. The game was the most spirited Jose had ever been in. His blood was up. In his zest he bit one of the picadors in the hand as he grabbed for the meat and he did not care. He had soon obtained the tidbits from the three picadors and he was still hungry. Then he turned his attention to the matador. There was a more satisfying prize to be had there, he knew. He boldly made the attack. The matador threatened him with his sword. Jose San Miguel retreated, renewed the attack and quivered bull, and the crazy folk on the benches again broke into a storm of applause. Jose cared nothing for that, but he got his reward and he was glad of that.

The bullfight went on every night and

"All right; then I think you'll find him a nice dog to play with the children, especially if you never see a circus."

And so he was, letting the children pull him about as they wished and never offering to retaliate for any mistreatment. Apparently Rover had forgotten Jose San Miguel and picadors and matadors and he died as he was born—a good-natured dog.

The Traitor Glass.

Take a drinking-glass and fill it three-quarters full of water. The edge of the glass should be dry. Place upon it as if you wished to protect the water from dust, a playing-card of good, firm paper.



THE LITTLE LEAS IN THE APPLE TREE.

that there was a reward waiting for him when he had fought in the bull's clothing that was better than anything he received at any other time, and as he was a sensible fellow he settled down to his part in the prescribed costume and did it so well that he won much praise.

"Now, Jose San Miguel, we are ready to make our bow to the public," Bill told him one day, "and you must be terribly brave and do us proud."

Jose San Miguel had had nothing to eat all day and he was extremely hungry, for his appetite was of the best.

When he was let into the great auditorium at night he was startled for a minute by the crowd of people on the benches and a terrible confusion. However, there were the gaily attired picadors spreading the familiar red rags before him and each one with a piece of nice, juicy meat in his hand. Jose San Miguel dashed upon them hungrily. They eluded him and he pursued them.

Jose San Miguel became such a terrible fighter that there was no restraining him. His whole character changed also. All of his playfulness vanished.

"That's a dangerous dog," he often heard people say of him. No one but Bill could manage him, and one night, when his savagery broke bounds, he lacerated Bill's hands so badly that the next day he was doomed to exile.

At first it was urged that he be put to death.

"No," objected Bill; "he was a peaceably inclined dog and he'll become one again if he don't have to be a bull. Let him go off to the country somewhere and cool off. So Jose San Miguel was given to a farmer. His name is Rover, said Bill, who took him to his new home.

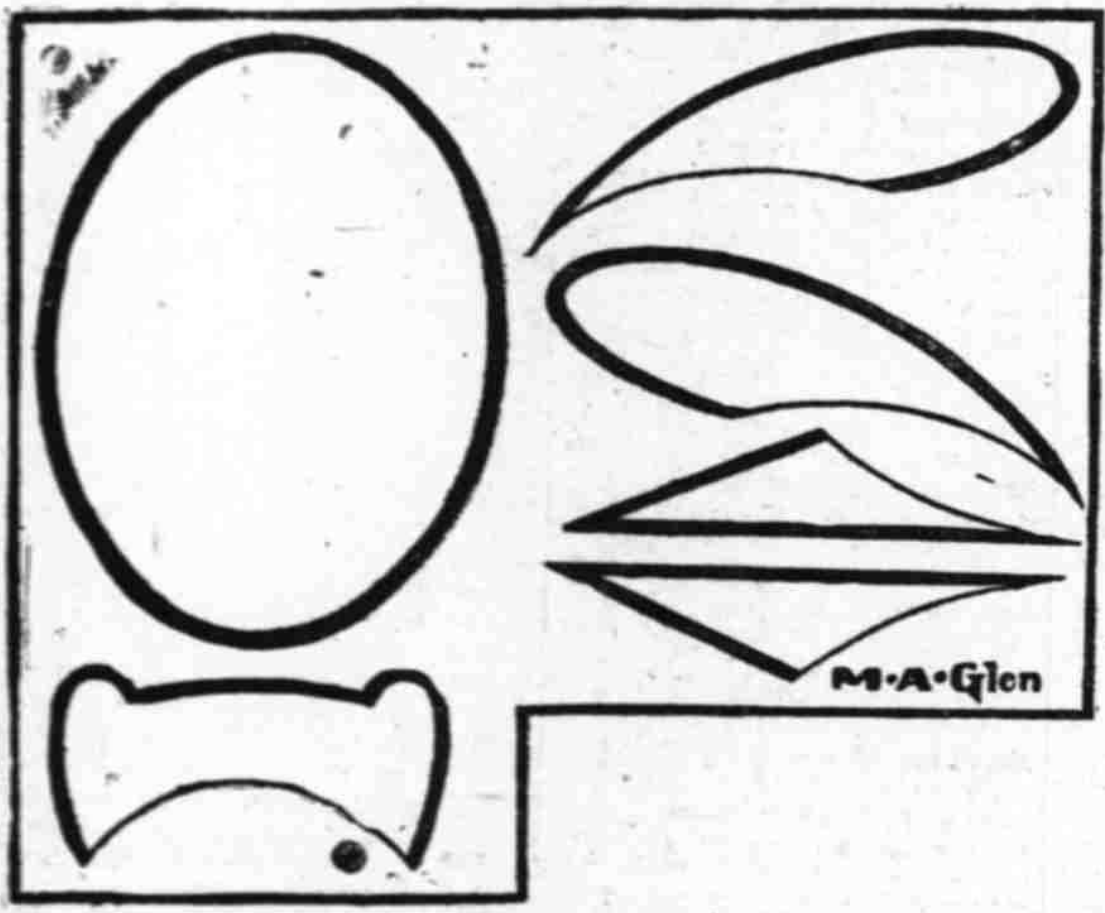
"That's a nice common name and he'll soon get used to it," he added.

"By the way, have you any bulls on the farm?" he asked.

"No; not even cows. I just raise vegetables and hens."

The card must be large enough to extend over the edges of the glass. Let your card stand thus for half an hour. At the end of this time you will perceive that, in consequence of the moisture of the water, the card has swollen or arched a little above, and, consequently, hollowed a little below, while the edges of the card have raised themselves from the edge of the glass. At this moment carefully take your card by one end and place it reversed. Now, place very gently on this card, exactly in the center, a small cork having on its upper part a slit, in which place a small paper man or woman. In putting your cork on the card you must work with a light hand, so you do not destroy the convexity of the card. Your mannikin sits proudly on the cork, when after a few minutes a little clap is heard, and your card having again reversed the convexity, quite forcibly throws cork and mannikin into the air.

The Wonder Frog.



Cut out and fit together to make a comical frog. Paste the frog on a stiff background and paint it.

Rover had one day eaten a porterhouse steak although he would have been just as well satisfied with discarded bones and scraps if they had remembered to give them to him.

"I might as well," admitted the master of the house, "he isn't good for anything. He wouldn't even make a good watch dog. Anyone could win him over with a soft word and a bite of meat."

And so it proved.

One night when Rover should have been on guard a man leaped over the garden fence. Rover growled and gave a short, sharp bark.

"Good fellow," said a soothing voice. "Come, nice dog," it added, coaxingly. Rover hesitated. Then he sniffed. It seemed to him that he scented meat. Again the coaxing voice, and he went a little nearer.

"Nice dog," said the insinuating voice, and a hand was held out for him to smell. It seemed to be that of a friend, so Rover made no objection when it was laid upon his head caressingly. When the stranger pulled from his pocket a small, juicy bit of meat Rover accepted it in all friendliness, ate it and licked the hand that had fed him in pledge of amity.

"Come," said the man, and Rover leaped over the wall with him. They had walked only a little way when they met another man. "I have seen," said Rover's companion.

"Any trouble?" asked the other.

"No, it was too easy; I'm afraid the dog's a fool."

Rover showed no resentment, although he was lifted into a wagon and driven away. He growled and barked a little, but on being told to "shut up," he settled

the eyes and Rover knew some important change had come into his life, and for a moment he wished he had not leaped over the garden fence the night before.

Bill and his assistant had some bright red clothes and Rover soon learned that when they were waved or spread out before him he must rush at them madly. It was some kind of game, he guessed, and it wasn't bad sport, except when he failed to understand his part and then the men punished him severely.

"He ain't so bad," said one of the men at the end of the first lesson, and he patted him and gave him a bit of meat biscuit.

There were lessons every day, and as soon as Jose had mastered the art of pursuing the picador, as the man was called who rushed about with the red cloth, he was made to understand that he must attack the strange looking horse even more vigorously. One of the men got inside of the horse, and ran about with it, shaking its head and its tail. The upper part of his body appeared above the middle of the horse, so that it gave him the appearance of riding on horseback. In one hand he brandished a sword and in the other he had a stick from which dangled red ribbons. When he waved this stick Jose San Miguel plunged at him furiously, and then the matador, as the man was called, would pretend that he was going to kill him with the sword.

Jose always got the better of him, however, and knocked over the horse and rider. He found that by doing this he got for himself a reward every time, so he enjoyed the fight immensely.

After he had become an accomplished fighter, however, there was still another lesson to be learned. A hairy covering, with a frightful head and a dangling tail, was put upon him. The head had horns

Hickory, dickory, dock.



Who can play this tune or sing it? The little mice you see have eaten the notes up and have taken their places on the musical staff. Aren't they funny as they scamper over the lines and spaces?

The Interesting Game of Pushball.

Do you know how to play pushball? It is a great game, and those who have tried it once are keen for more of the sport. In some ways it resembles football, but the ball is much larger ball. The weight of the ball is more than 20 pounds and it measures almost 6 feet in diameter. It is inflated by means of a rubber bladder. Eight players make a team and there are two goals. Each team tries to push its opponents towards the goal. Instead of using the feet the hands are brought into active play. It is a hard thing to get the

ball started in the right direction, but it is harder to get it stopped when it once has started.

The game is played in four periods of 10 minutes each, with intervals of three minutes. Pushing the ball over the goal-line counts two points, and pushing it over the goal-line and between goal-posts counts three points.

The captain of the team winning the toss before the game begins decides whether his team shall push off or defend. The ball is placed in the center of the field for the pusher, the defending team lining up against it. The team that

pushes off may start the scrimmage at once or make a sort of flying wedge. When both sides touch it the ball is in play. If a team advances the ball in three additional pushes, and does not give up possession of the ball unless the opposing team confines the total advance to three change ends.

The positions are outside left, outside right, front rushline, inside left, inside right, outside left, outside right, rear rushline, inside left, inside right.

The Wreck of the Apple Tree Play House.

By ELEANOR MCCARTHY.

The three little Leas were passionately fond of an old apple tree that grew in their yard. I doubt if there is a finer apple tree in the world. Not that its fruit is so superior, for, to tell the truth, the apples are not numerous and they nearly always are what Mr. Lea calls runs—small and faulty in shape and flavor. But the tree was of generous size and had far-reaching branches that turned and broadened in just the right way to make excellent seats and nooks that were almost like rooms. Polly could climb that friendly tree without help, and Rosemary had to be helped up and then had to sit in one of the lowest seats in the tree. It was a very comfortable one, however, and absolutely safe.

Dan, who was good to them, promised them when spring came he would build them a fine playhouse in the old apple tree, and one nice thing about Dan was that he always kept his word. "Isn't spring here now?" Polly asked him one day.

"Well, I don't know," replied Dan, taking off his hat and rubbing his head. "It hasn't felt much like it yet."

"I found some violets in bloom," said Betty.

"And I got a new straw hat," put in Rosemary.

"Well then, I reckon it must be about springtime," admitted Dan.

"You promised a playhouse in the apple tree," Betty reminded him.

"I oughtn't to make promises if I don't reckon I'll have to make that playhouse if nothing else gets done about this place."

"Goody, goody, goody," cried the three little Leas.

Two days later they came to Dan again and asked how soon he was going to begin the playhouse.

"I don't suppose you've happened to look up in that apple tree lately," he suggested.

"Is it there?" asked Betty. But Polly did not wait to let him answer. She was off to the apple tree as fast as she could run, and Betty and Rosemary after her.

"What did you bring, Betty?" asked Polly, and unwrapped a spoon that was very much like one that was made from the nursery that day.

"I brought something good to eat, and ain't I sucked it much," explained Betty, handing out a sticky lemon-drop.

"I brought a pearl necklace," said Polly.

"What have the Sickersells brought?" inquired Betty.

"Oh, they've brought silver dishes and gold rings and silk dresses and things," answered Polly.

"And here they are," said a merry voice. "Watch out! I've got a new hat can't hold them, and I'm going to push them down the chimney the way my cousin, St. Nick, does presents at Christmas."

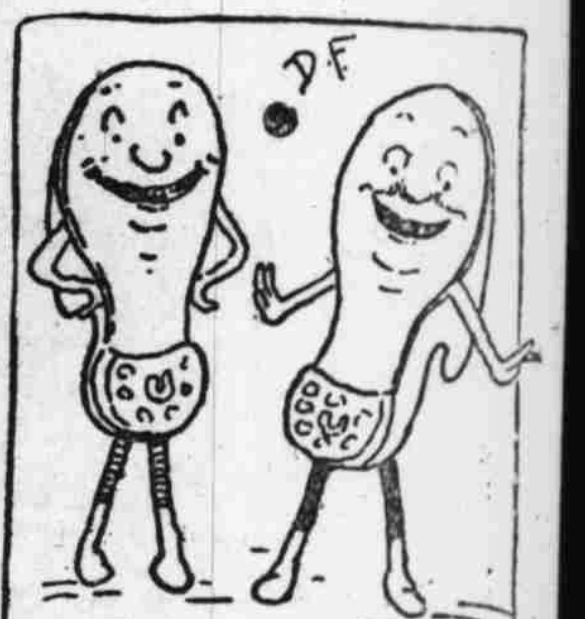
There was Mr. Timbobby emptying silver dishes and gold rings and silk dresses and a thousand other things out of the top of the playhouse, out of the walls began to crack open.

"Stop," cried Betty.

"Stop," said Polly.

But Mr. Timbobby kept on putting things in, and at last the walls of the playhouse and silk dresses and hats and burst open, and out came the playthings and Serafina and Topsy and the three little Leas started to slip down, and they fell, but they hit the grass and were not hurt.

Dan came running up. "I thought that playhouse stronger than that," he said, looking at the ruins with a gasp. "I guess you've got to give up the silver dishes and gold rings and silk dresses he only said: 'I guess you've got scared out of your senses. You'd better run in to your ma.' And they did."



Pray take your Gums. The Philadelphia Mother said: "The clouds are darkly lowering overhead!" O-Take your Rubbers child. The New York Mother cried: "You mean Goloshes ma'am." The English child replied!

Mabel—Do you know, Jack is a regular magnet.

Agnes—Indeed? Mabel—Yes, he always draws me to him.—Detroit Free Press.

"I think of a poet eating—beef," she claimed.

"Think of a poet having the beef," she retorted.

Ted—What makes you think of beef? Rosey doesn't intend to let you marry his daughter?

Ned—The tip he gave me on the stock market was a loser.—Town Topics.

"Pa, is retribution the worst that a person can have?"

"No; it isn't half as bad as the feeling one has after he has confessed and discovered that he wouldn't have got found out if he had kept quiet."—Chicago Record-Herald.



"What kind of soup in your bowl, Mr. Leo?"

"No Puppy dog soup to-day, honest and true. But soup made of nice little Cats and Mice."

"Then give me some quickly, I know it's nice."

C. Hucksel.

M-A-G-I-C-I-A-N

Answer to Wonder Fish Cut-out Puzzles