

# Our Young Folks

### NOTABLE PETS AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

BY WALDEON FAWCETT.

The advent of the Roosevelt children in the White House brings to Washington the most notable array of pets which have been seen in the national capital since the days of President Cleveland. The young people of the Roosevelt family traveled from their home at Oyster Bay to Washington they were accompanied by Jackie, the black-and-tan dog which is the pet of the entire household. Arrangements were made to have Jessie, the Aberdeen setter, follow at an early date, and it is predicted that ere long a goodly proportion of the Roosevelt "menagerie," which includes cats, dogs, rabbits and guinea-pigs, will be transferred to the White House.

When President Cleveland's children lived at the White House the house was overrun with birds and animals. There were all sorts of dogs, from poodles to a King St. Bernard, several cats, a canary and a monkey, which is reputed to have been on very bad terms with the members of the feathered tribe. Mrs. McKinley, who she lived at the Executive Mansion, had only two pets—a canary and a mocking bird, which she brought from Canton. For several years past the basement of the White House has been inhabited by a large cat of very commonplace appearance. One morning some months since the colored men who have charge of the lower part of the Executive Mansion found five pretty little black and white kittens nestling on a warm, soft bed made from an old coat, while the old tabby guarded them with jealous care. Naturally there was a great rush to secure a White House kitten, and it is stated that the enterprising young negro who had the animals in charge sold several dozen kittens at \$5 each. It is guaranteed that each little feline was surely one of the original quintette.

However, the presidential mansion does not enjoy a monopoly of the distinguished pets. There is scarcely a soldier, statesman or diplomat at Washington who does not boast of some wonderful four-footed friend. Senator Dewey has a wonderful yellow and white cat named Tux, and this feline animal is really of great value to the Senator from New York, since Mr. Dewey delights to tell good stories, and this happy feline furnishes him with many incidents which have caused hearty laughter. Countess Castelli, the daughter of the Russian Ambassador, has three fleecy French poodles, named Chocolate, Cosette and Mousette, which are much admired for their shaggy white coats.

Admiral Dewey has a green parrot which can pour forth a medley of sailor talk which will astonish a landsman. John R. Moran, the Admiral's brother-in-law, has a cow of which he is as fond as a boy would be of his first pet. General Miles has two of the most comical dogs in Washington—a pair of solemn looking pug named Nip and Truck. All the children in the neighborhood know these dogs, and in days gone by, before they attained to such advanced age, they constantly indulged in the most grotesque antics of which any canine was ever guilty.

There are some marvellously intelligent dogs in the distinguished canine assemblage. Senator McMillan has a sleepy-looking bull-dog named Victor, which probably gets into more trouble than any other animal in Washington. It all comes through his fondness for music. Whenever he hears a band or a hand organ playing far down the street he is off at a bound, and he will follow a procession for hours unless apprehended by some watchful attendant. Victor is a great fighter and well deserves his name.

Another confirmed runaway is Jacko, the light and screechy fox terrier owned by Postmaster-General Smith. He has an excellent home, but he seldom remains there longer than two weeks at a time. Occasionally he comes home of his own accord, but more often it is necessary to offer a reward to secure his recovery. Mrs. Perry S. Heath is the proud possessor of one of the best trick dogs in Washington, and Lord Pauncefoot, the British ambas-

ador, has a dog named Briton, of which he is very proud. One of the handsomest cats at the national capital is in the possession of the little black-eyed daughter of Senator Calvo, the minister to this country

from Costa Rica. Perhaps, after all, however, the funniest dog in Washington is Moustapha, owned by the Assistant Secretary of State. The canine is a fine fellow, with big, innocent eyes, but he has driven all the servants in his neighborhood to distraction by ringing electric bells by pushing the buttons with his nose.

### SUNDAY EDITOR—A NEW INDOOR GAME

A bright little girl, who has learned a great deal of the methods by which newspapers are conducted, by closely watching her father, has invented a game which is very interesting indeed, and which can furnish no end of sport if the players are as smart and quick-witted as this little girl and her companions. The gentleman in question was thoroughly astonished one day to find these little people earnestly engaged in a game which they called "Sunday Editor." It was very real to them, and they had introduced a perfect newspaper atmosphere into the play, which heightened his surprise.

One of the little folk had "chosen" to be Sunday editor of an imaginary paper, and, with one or two assistants, held at bay the hungry crowd of little authors, who all wanted to sell wonderful stories, poems, serious articles, suggestions and other things which a newspaper uses in its columns.

The Sunday editor could not, of course, see all of these writers, read their manuscripts or look at all the drawings, and the assistant was kept busy explaining that the editor was a very busy person, and that they would have to leave their work or call again. Of course, they all knew the editor was always busy, so they insisted on either seeing the "boss" or submitting their ideas for a hasty decision.

Some fortunate ones were led into the editorial office, and there they met this awesome person. But they were not a bit awe-struck! No sir! They told the editor how very good their stories were, and how very many great people wanted to buy their work. They were not a bit anxious to tell it, of course, but they really felt sorry for the paper and wanted it to have something good in its columns for once, anyway.

But all the work was judged fairly. Every decision on contributions was surprisingly accurate. When a story was rejected because it was "no good" the little author did not protest against fate, for all knew what kept young wits had passed judgment on it, and how well and carefully it had been examined before being refused.

This part was, of course, much more funny for the "Sunday Editor" and assistant than for any of the rest, although no doubt the best fun of all was in writing the various things that were offered for sale. Still, the little folk were in great demand, and the little folk took turns in occupying that exalted position with the most amusing results. We print below a story by a little girl who thinks the game is really one of the very nicest she ever played.

their tents, and some went on guard and some slept. They went on doing this about 10 days, taking turns being on guard. At last they got to the place where the war was to be, and the captain said: "We must be careful to-night." Many of the soldiers did not sleep, but the ones that did were aroused at the shooting of guns. They got

### PRINCESS BRIGHTEYES

Long ago there was a forest which was as black as night. A beautiful young Princess lived not far away, who owned many pets. Princess Brighteyes, as she was called, was very fond of animals of all sorts.



"I WANT TO SEE THE SUNDAY EDITOR."



"I WILL REMAIN," SAID BRIGHTEYES.

At last she stood in front of a beautiful palace. Two maids advanced to meet Brighteyes. Both were dressed in deepest black. They took her by the hands and led her into the palace. As the dreamy music continued Brighteyes lost all will power. The maids led her into a beautiful apartment which they said belonged to her, and then they left her. The music had ceased, and gradually Brighteyes regained her senses. She became alarmed, as it was growing dark, and she was in this strange room.

As she sat there wondering the door was noiselessly opened and the maids again entered. They fell on their knees before her and wept bitterly. Princess Brighteyes asked one what the trouble was. The maid answered that their master was made captive in the palace by a witch, but if Brighteyes would consent to become his wife, he would be freed from the spell.

Brighteyes considered for a moment and remembered that her father wished her to marry a Prince who was very wealthy but very cruel. She thought she would rather marry this strange Prince than the one her father had chosen, so she told the maids that she consented to become their master's bride. They arose, kissed her hand and departed. About an hour after the Prince himself came. He was a handsome youth. He approached Brighteyes and said: "Dear Princess, there is no use of saying I love you, for you already know it; but if you wed me you will have to remain here always."

Brighteyes told him she would remain with him, Prince Goldenheart and Princess Brighteyes were married and lived very happy afterward.

The dove was restored to the Princess, and she loved it twice as much as she had, for through it she had met her handsome Prince Goldenheart.

### A PARTY TRICK.

Here is a trick which is always very effective at a party or any gathering of young people, and sometimes with older persons, too:

Take a tin cup, or a cup of some other metal, and fill it almost full of spirits of wine. Into this put a teaspoonful of common table salt and stir it thoroughly until the salt is dissolved. Place this upon a wire frame and fix the frame over a spirit lamp or a dark lantern, so that none of the light from the lantern can shine into any part of the room. This should be done in one end of the room and the company seated in a line as near the centre of the room as possible.

As soon as the cup gets so hot that you cannot rest the tip of your finger against it, hold a lighted match near the mixture of spirits of wine and salt. A very small yellow flame will arise from the surface and gradually increase in size. Now put out the other light in the room and in a moment you will observe a most peculiar effect. Everything in the room, whatever its previous color, will now be a most positive yellow. If the yellow light from the cup is not quite strong enough, throw some more salt in the mixture and the yellow flames will be still stronger in color. Reds, blues, blacks, whites, greens, everything will lose all its previous tint and become a ghastly solid yellow.

You will hardly be able to recognize your little friends and they will scarcely know you. Their hair, faces, clothes, the chairs they sit on and all the rest of the furniture, the carpet—in fact, everything in the room—will look as if it had suddenly received a thick coat of yellow paint. This is a very quick way of changing brunettes to blondes, and there will not be a single ladle or tinsie with raven tresses in the room.

Now place an ordinary light at the extreme other end of the room and the effect will be two lights, one white and the other yellow. You must be careful not to have the white light stronger than the yellow one, and then while one-half of each will appear in its proper colors, the other half will still be a vivid yellow, and the dividing lines will be sharply defined.

To get the best effect of this you and your friends should be seated in two lines facing each other, with a light on each end of the lines.

A little girl with black hair and a gray dress, for instance, will present a most peculiar appearance—looking perfectly natural on one side, while on the other side she will be yellow from head to toe.

A VETERAN'S STORY.—George Lewis, of Shamokin, Pa., writes: "I am eighty years of age. I have been troubled with Catarrh for fifty years, and in my time have used a great many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder. One box cured me completely." 50 cents. Sold by Jackson & Co. and Hall & Co.—25.

### AGGRAVATING.

Tramp—"Can you spare the price of a glass of beer, mister?"  
Party Accused—"Yes, easily, and what's more, I'm just going down the street to get it. O'day!"

A LONG RECORD OF SUCCESS in curing cuts, burns and bruises, as well as all bowel complaints, is held by Pain-Killer—over 60 years. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

and his barn swept away and lost two horses, and 6 tons of crops were destroyed. A log-jam standing for years was swept away, and the current of the river diverted to a new channel.

Dawitt Becker, who resides at 601 1/2th avenue, Mount Pleasant, reported to the police that he was held up on front street, just across the Westminster avenue bridge, about 6 o'clock on Monday evening. A man, tall, dark and thin, and masked to conceal recognition, who, according to the report, wore a light overcoat, intercepted Mr. Becker at that point, and ordered him to hold his hands up. Mr. Becker was robbed of five dollars. Another masked man tried to hold up H. M. Thomson with revolver, and a fight ensued. Thomson was bruised considerably by the foot-kicks. The footpad ran away after being severely beaten and knocked down a cane in the hands of Thomson.

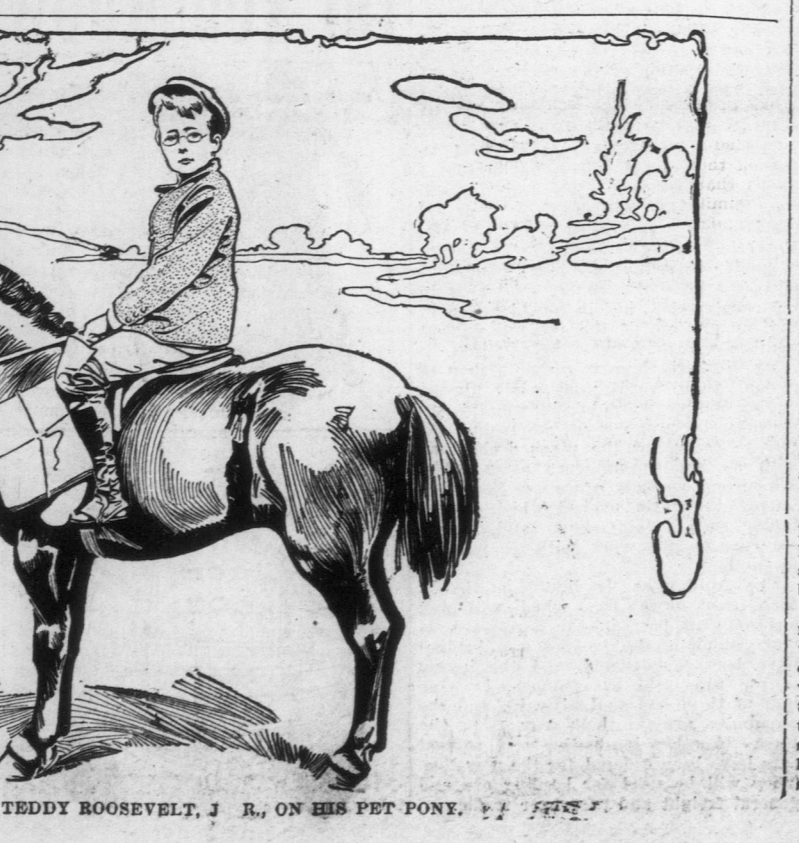
Vancouver was visited by a stiff blow Tuesday night, which made many hidings in the West End. Tremendous accidents happened on land, and that were of minor importance. The accidents on the water, if any, are yet to be recorded.

The graduated nurses resident in Vancouver have decided to form an association for their mutual benefit and for the purpose of placing their profession upon a thoroughly accredited and efficient basis in this city. At a preliminary meeting held in the city hospital on Tuesday, Miss Clendenning was elected president, Miss Newman secretary-treasurer, and the Misses McTavish, Newman, Boddington and Wickham were named an executive committee to thoroughly organize the association and arrange for its future meetings.

At a meeting held on Monday evening representatives from each part of the city, an organization was formed to confer names of suitable persons for the various civic offices during 1902. Several names had previously been held, and a national committee appointed for the year. The name adopted was the Vancouver Electoral Union. At Monday's meeting F. F. Burns, president of the board of trade, was unanimously elected chairman; J. A. McNair, president of the Hastings Shingle Manufacturing Company, vice-chairman, and G. Gordon, honorary secretary. It was held that at an early date meetings should be held in each ward to select the suitable candidate. The object sought to secure a representative council and progressive administration.

The regular quarterly meeting of the board of trade was held on Tuesday evening. The secretary reported what had been taken respecting the complaint of Messrs. Evans, Coleman & Co. against the charges made by the harbor master for the inspection of vessels carrying small quantities of grain, was the opinion of the board that the rate for inspection was only intended to be made when grain was carried in bulk, the inspection being necessary in cases to ensure the cars being taken towing the cargo so as to prevent it being when at sea. After discussion the board decided that the harbor master requested to meet the council of the city, when the views of the meeting should be laid before him. On motion the board decided to seek affiliation with Dominion board of trade, which body was holding a convention of representatives of affiliated boards in 1902. In the question of a policy of preferential trade between Great Britain and Colonies will be discussed. Acting on the suggestion of the McClary Manufacturing Company, the secretary of the council had instructed him to communicate with the leading business-houses of the city to see what arrangements could be made to effect an expeditious delivery of freight between Vancouver and Ladysmith, V. I., that obtainable by the present route via the Joint to Nanaimo. The board company had agreed to run a mixed car once a week per the way ferry provided a minimum rate of \$20 per round trip was secured. The replies received it appeared little freight was shipped from here Ladysmith, but upon E. P. Gilman's moving the meeting that a smelter should be erected at Osborne close to Ladysmith, it was decided for the matter to the council. A communication was received from G. R. Hill, M. P., intimating that he would forward to Ottawa the board's petition respecting a government to the Northern steamship service.

PLESS AS A BABY.—South Americanistic Cure strikes the root of the ailment and strikes it quick. R. W. Wright, 24th street, Brockville, Ont., for years a great sufferer from rheumatism, couldn't wash himself, feed himself, or himself. After using six bottles he is able to go to work, and says: "I thank you for me forever." Sold by Jackson & Co. and Hall & Co.—25.



TEDDY ROOSEVELT, J. R., ON HIS PET PONY.

"THE D. & L.'S' EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL, taken in cases of general debility and loss of appetite, is sure to give the best results. It restores health and renews vitality. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

To the Sunday Editor:—There was once a little child named Helen who was always up to some kind of mischief. One day, as her mother was going away, she said to her: "Helen, do not touch the jam, as I want it for supper." "Now, remember," Helen watched her mother out of sight. Then she went out doors to play with Don, the dog, but he was asleep. Then the thought came to her how nice the jam would taste on some bread. Helen remembered what her mother said: "That taste and mamma won't care," she thought. Helen got a chair, climbed up to the shelf and looked at it. How good it did look! She took down the jam and said: "I wonder if I can pull the cover off so I can stick my fingers down in it, and get some?" She pulled the cover off. Splash! splash! went the jam all over her dress. What would she do? What should she do? What would mamma say? She had disobeyed her mother and besides spilled the jam, also getting her frock all jammed.

This teaches little girls to leave what is well alone.

To the Sunday Editor:—One time in London, on one of the poorest streets, there was a young man. He was very poor, and was not rich enough to get a position. When he was about 18 he had spent every cent he had for his sick father and mother, and they had died. How sad he felt when he thought of it. He got along for a year very well, but when a year was up he said: "I can't stand it a day longer." So he took his clothes, the few he had, and went out into the world alone.

He came to a village, where he saw men drilling up and down. He also heard a man holding a paper and saying: "You man needed! He can come in the army for nothing." He said: "Here is my chance. I will join the army." So he told him he would join, but he did not have a cent. The man said: "Tell me about your life." After he told him that many of the fellows were like him he smiled. He took him to a room and put on a uniform and said: "We will be off to-morrow."

All day long he was thinking about the next day, but at night he slept well, for he was very tired, and woke up at the dawn of day. He ate his breakfast early, for they were to start early. He rested until it was time for the march, so he would not be so tired. After a while he got up, fixed himself, and got in his place in line, and he heard, "Left, right, forward." They had started, and he was very happy. They marched all day and at night pitched

up and took their guns and went in line. They were fighting and many a man fell, and when night came the enemy fled. Not a man slept that night, and at the dawn they began fighting again. Many shots came around him. The men were getting low. At last both armies fled. The days went on and many brave men fell. There was a furious battle, and it ended the fight for the last time.

LILLIAN.



YOU WILL HARDLY BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

Fierce beasts were gentle in her hands. One day a white dove owned by Brighteyes flew into the Black Forest. It was her favorite bird, and, instead of sending for a servant, she went for it herself. As soon as she entered the forest she heard beautiful, dreamy music a great way off. She was entranced with the sounds. They seemed to draw her on. All the time she was becoming drowsy.



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