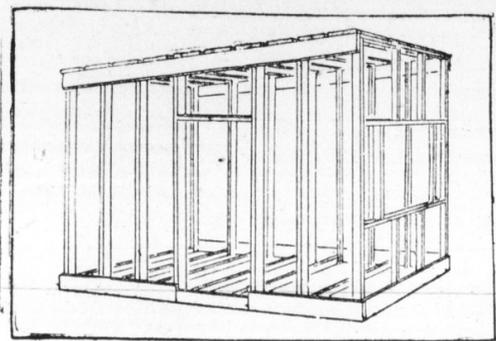


# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE

## BOYS' CLUB HOUSE



SOME of the boys in Peytonville, a suburb of one of our large cities, got up a mighty nice-looking club house a summer or two ago, which will be a good model for any of you boys who want to make yourselves one. The best part of this one is that it cost almost no money—only time. Of course, during vacation, boys who do not pretend to earn their living cannot justly call their time worth money. One of the boys, writing a description of the club house, says: "We drew the plan on a sheet of paper first, and figured out roughly about how much wood we would need. Then we got our wood in hand. Father had a number of packing boxes, including a piano box and one of the fellows got his father to give him some old chicken house. The other boys contributed boards of various lengths and

as the roof was wide, and commenced tacking the strips on the roof at the lower edge, lapping the next strip two inches over the last, and so on to the top. This made a good, water-proof roof. Then we laid the floor; but first we placed three or four joists on the ground so as to raise the floor a few inches above the ground and keep it dry. Jack Hurst got a window sash from his father, and another boy got a door from his dad. And that just fixed us up prime. Next thing, we took thin strips of wood and nailed them on the outside of every board around the square, and then we tacked brown wrapping paper all over the inside walls and ceiling. Then over it we pasted wall paper that our mothers gave us. We didn't have enough of any one pattern to do the business, so we combined several patterns as ar-

number of boxes and nails. Then we set to work and used the studying for our framework. In two places we had to nail two short pieces of studding together to make the correct length. I forgot to say we put the club house in the corner of our back yard, so it was about thirty feet from the house. Each corner of the framework was built in a foundation which we made by sinking a great stone or a few bricks in the ground. We were particular to make the framework perfectly solid and strong before we tried to nail the siding boards on. After we had boarded up the sides and fitted them around the window and door openings as nicely as we could, then we cut at the roof. First we covered it with boards at about one inch distance from each other. Then we cut strips of tar paper as long

as the roof was wide, and really, the result was bully! Last of all, we banked up enough earth all around the foot of the house to keep the rain and rats out, covered it with nice sod that we cut from a vacant lot around the square, and then we tacked trumpet-vine and morning glory and honeysuckle, which soon grew up and covered the entire house, making it almost as pretty as you can possibly imagine. The girls were awfully nice about furnishing the house; they have it all themselves Saturdays, and we boys stay out doors and play ball. It's great fun and we wouldn't be without our club house for anything, except on rainy days. We got it good and play all sorts of inside games and read Scott's and Stevenson's and Henry's works aloud. Oh, it's great.

## Bounce Battle

DO YOU want a jolly game that you can play outdoors or indoors, as Bounce Battle. Here is the game of Bounce Battle. Each of the players (who play in pairs, by the way) must bend over until his elbows are below his knees, and clasp his hands about his shins. Then each should thrust a stick—a smooth, round one—through the aperture between his knees and elbows. Now, trussed in this fashion, two players should attack each other, each trying to push the other off his balance so that he will roll on his back, where he will be quite helpless to rise. He should clutch his hands and remove the stick. But while trying to push his opponent, each one must be very careful to preserve his own balance. A gentle shove with your shoulder, a nudge with your elbow or a strike with your hip will do the trick. If you strike your opponent at a moment when his balance is uncertain, he will fall. Be careful not to hop against him if he is on the lookout and braced for the attack, for in that case your effort will be fatal to your own balance. But it is

old game. It was played by the knights of old. And it is played by the soldiers of the British army to this day, also by the schoolboys of Eton and other schools in England.



Simple as A, B, C. JOHNIE was his mother's joy and the pride of his fond father's heart. He had just been sent to school, and his parents expected great things of him. "He's simply wonderful," said his mother proudly to some friends who turned up one night when Johnie was on exhibition. "Listen to the child. Now, Johnie darling, let every one see what good grammar you know. Come, now, what's the feminine for h-e-l-r?" "Fah-ee!" answered Johnie promptly. "Anybody knows that?"

"What's the Use?" "What's the Use?" one striding through the land. "The peace on every hand. Where is the boy who would not try to hinder him from passing by?"

If "What's the Use" set out to make "The nations all his own. How many boys would undertake to place him on his throne. I think they'd rise on every hand. A revolutionary band.

A world of busy builders keeps the way of purpose fair. No sentinel on duty sleeps. There is no time to spare; And yet there are those who make a trace To add the giant "What's the Use."—Frank Walcott Hutt, in the Morning Star.

Thoughtfulness is always doing little kindnesses. Thoughtfulness has an instinct for seeing the little things that need to be done, and then for doing them.—Ruskin.

## THE GOOGLELELOS



See those dreadful Googelelos, A-creeeping down the hill To swoop upon and gobble up Unsuspecting Jack and Jill.

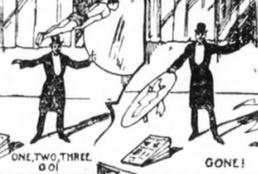
Who've come for a pail of water To the old, old, mossy well, And have not seen the little lambs Lying dead in the deep, deep dell.



But when they turn into the path That leads to the Goblin Glade, Then they see; then they shriek; And, oh! they are afraid!

He tells the children not to fear, But stand up and be bold. "Spell Popocatapell, dears," They hear the wise bird say, "For, when they see you know so much, The Googelelos will sink away."

## The Experiments of Tom Tit



Here is a tip-top stage illusion, which you boys and girls can adopt and use for your own entertainment. Try it. "Professor" Somebody or other—in evening dress—holds a paper-covered hoop, just below a suspended flag, for the performer to jump through. From a springboard he does jump; the orchestra

gives a crash, there is a bang on the big drum, and when the Professor swings aside the paper hoop, the performer has disappeared. The third-back view-picture shows how it is done. The moment the hoop is in position below the flag, a padded sling—dotted lines—is lowered down behind the hoop, and it is into this sling that the performer, passing through the hoop, really disappears. The instant the jumper comes into the sling, his weight releases powerful springs, and sling, puppet and all, are pulled upward behind the flag. So the performer is caused to disappear; dim light at the rear of the stage aiding the "illusion."

Then try to withdraw the sucker by pulling the string. You will be surprised to see that the heavy brick wants to come with it. How do you account for your tiny sucker being able to lift a heavy brick? Is it air heavy? Do you think the atmosphere puts enough pressure on the upper surface of the sucker to counter-balance the weight of the brick?

**Black Art.** Ask one of the guests to step out into the hall while the rest of the company choose some article in the room. As the absent guest appears, point to first this and that and ask, "Is it this we have chosen? Is it that?" and always just before you point to the correct article be sure to point to something black. Of course, you have previously explained to the one you asked to step into the hall that you would point to something black just before you pointed to what they had guessed, and at no other time. Thus the company will be greatly puzzled and guess all sorts of reasons how he could know. Try it again, but explain finally.

**Faithful Ben.** NOT FAR from Mantua, in New Jersey, on the farm of A. C. Wilson, lives a faithful vulture, named Ben. For nearly seven years Ben has pumped all the water used on the farm. Without any direction from his owner he goes direct to the task every morning, operating the pump by means of a treadmill built for his use. The most remarkable thing about his performance is that he seems to be able to tell time to a certain extent. Next, bore a tiny hole through the center, put a stout, thin string through it and knot one end good and tight, large enough to keep the string from slipping through the hole. Soak the leather in water to make it soft and pliable. Now take a brick, and placing the sucker on top of it, press it down tight with your foot.

## Coasting at Guy's Hill

What Happened to the "Red-Hot Scooters"

BEN DAVIS and his cronies, Harry Jones and Ernest Barton, had caught the summer-coaster craze. Time and again they had constructed and then taken apart and reconstructed their "Red-Hot Scooters" on small, strong wheels, till at last they produced coasters which were the envy of all the boys in town. Ben's was labeled "Red-Hot Scooter-Davis." Harry's "Red-Hot Scooter—Jones" and Ernest's "Red-Hot Scooter—Barton." The three proud owners had put their coasters through a trial trip on an obscure hill half a mile from town, and were satisfied that in a public exhibition on Guy's Hill—the favorite coasting hill of Bethesda—they would prove by far the swiftest and fairest-going coasters in town. The appointed morning came around, and right away after breakfast the boys began to gather at Guy's Hill with their coasters.



"A bully course!" exclaimed Tom Gates, "where did you get the idea of rolling it down and then hitting it, boys?" "Why, I got it from Jim Handstand," said Ben. Jim's a Leland Stanford College man, you know, and he told me

to do next." "Grouched 'Hulky Jake.'" "Give it to him, 'Hulky Jake' urged one of the gang. "Hit him!" cried another. "Hit him!" cried another. "Hulky Jake's net shot out and struck Ben a blow on the jaw. "Ho, ho, what're you going to do about it?" leered the gang. "Fight!" returned Ben between gritted teeth. "You mean by hitting him you was a fairly equal match for 'Hulky Jake,'" but he hardly expected to win him, because of the gang, who were notorious for never fighting or letting fight fair.

Quite undaunted, nevertheless, Ben doubled up his right fist and poked his knuckles vigorously into "Hulky Jake's" teeth. "Did you do that?" roared Jake, nursing his bruised lips wretchedly. "You hit first," replied Ben. Then Jake lowered his head and charged like a bull. At the same time some of the gang, who were not so easily frightened, stepped in and poked only Ben's knees and gave the oncoming head a good bump for its pains. Then "Hulky Jake," his head plunged into Ben's stomach, grabbed him tight around the waist and tried to bend him backward.

Ben, of course, doubled forward and strained to break his opponent's hold. Thus, almost equally matched, they were a deadlock. "By this time Harry arrived and hurried into the circle. "Hulky boy!" he shouted. "Do him up, Ben!"

Just then one of the gang stooped down and jerked Ben's ankles from under him. In a minute he was down, and "Hulky Jake" was on top of him, pounding his face. "Shame! Shame! Mean, mean, mean!" cried indignant boys and girls from all sides. Ernest and four of the other fellows of the other side, however, arriving at this juncture, Harry yelled fiercely to them. "These scoundrels aren't fighting fair. Let's lick them, boys!"

"Crowing!" shouted Ernest. "The gang roared. "Cheese it, fellows!" warned one of the boys. "You're too many of us—let's to our right! Won't do. Come off, Hulky, we've got to skidoo!" "Hulky Jake" shook himself loose from Ben's grip and darted after the fleeing gang just in time to escape Harry and Ernest and the others. Ben scrambled to his feet, a good deal winded and sore in the jaw, but "Shucks! Not hurt a particle!" protested Ben, "and they've done the running. So we've come off victorious, boys. Now let's coast again and forget the Rippers!"

**Voices in the Country.** I adore the silence of the country because it enables me to listen to the voice of nature and the voice of conscience.—Charles Wagner.

## Dolls' Parasols

VERY pretty and dainty are the dolls' parasols made nowadays, which can be purchased in various sizes and in a very great variety of styles. There are simple little parasols in solid colors, and others made of striped silks. Then there are handsome and ornamental little parasols made of white and pale-colored brocaded silks, which may be trimmed with lace and be completed by ruffles. These little parasols are mounted with handles of great variety, both of design and the materials used. There are handles of wood, of bone, of horn, of ivory and of Dresden china. While the doll is now so well and handsomely provided for in the way of parasols, she is at the same time by no means neglected in the matter of umbrellas, for there are dolls' umbrellas, too, the trimmest little things, made of black silk, and in various sizes.

**Performing Pony.** MIE JOB of Dorranceton, Pa., has a Shetland pony who is very original in his ways. He will perform beautifully, but he always wants his pay in advance. Usually horses or dogs will perform best if fed delicacies after each act, but the reverse is true of the Dorranceton pony. This pony's name is Shadeland Vargo. He dearly likes sugar, apples and peanuts, and when given any of these will repay his owner by standing on a barrel and going through the motions of making stumps speak. He will stand on his hind feet or he will jump through a wire hoop three feet in diameter. He will also stand on his hind feet and take down a flag from some high point. This pony weighs but 250 pounds. Shetlands are usually very susceptible to training, and when brought up with children become almost like one of them. When allowed to do so they will come into the house, go from room to room, play hide and seek and eat pie and cake.

