

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS



## The Perseverance Club.

BY JAMES ALBERT WALES.

"That was a fine game, fellows! We must play another some day. Why not get up a regular team?"

Reuben Sayles was addressing his remarks to his companions, a group of about a dozen schoolfellows who had just finished a practice game of football. These boys attended the grammar school at Riverview, a suburb of one of our large cities. They were well built, manly fellows, between the ages of 12 and 15 years, with a spirit of comradeship fostered by a wholesome enjoyment of athletic sports. They were accustomed to meet nearly every afternoon at Smith's lot, a vacant field near the school, and indulge in their favorite sports.

"Yes, why not organize a club and play games of all kinds with other teams?"

The boys gathered around "Reub," as they called him, and listened attentively. He was a leader in their games, and his suggestions always carried weight. He continued:

"Now, we have just had a fine game here, but we had to play with picked teams, seven men on a side, and that's not half as much fun as if we were to play a regular team."

"That's right," interposed "Tom" Barry, another of the group. "We ought to organize a club, and I move we meet to-night at my house to talk it over."

"Second the motion!" cried half a dozen. The motion was carried unanimously.

"Well, I hope to see you all at 7 to-night," said Tom. "And in the meanwhile we should all try to think of some good plans. Good-bye!" And they separated.

It was an enthusiastic, happy crowd that gathered around the library table at "Tom's" that evening. "Tom" was appointed temporary chairman, and officers were elected as follows:

President, Reuben Sayles; vice-president, "Tom" Barry; secretary, Walter Gladwin; treasurer, "Charley" Olinstead; executive committee, Wilbur Wheatley (chairman), "Joe" Stein, "Jack" Higgins, Rex Ticknor, Terry O'Brien and Harry Hanford; committee on constitution, Alfred Davidson (chairman), George Graham, Fritz Baumbach and Aleck McGregor.

This gave every member an office, the idea being to keep them all busy at the start, and later on to have only a few officers, chosen from those who had performed their first duties in the most thorough manner. It was voted to play a football game on the following Saturday, if possible; Reuben Sayles was elected captain of the team, and Wilbur Wheatley, manager. "Tom's" mother gave the boys a pleasant surprise by serving them with chocolate and cake.

after which the first meeting of the new club adjourned.

The members met next evening at Reuben Sayles' home, and the constitution committee submitted the result of its labors that afternoon. Alfred Davidson read the document:

"Constitution—Article 1, section 1—The name of this association shall be 'The Perseverance Club,' and its object shall be the promotion of social intercourse and athletic sports among its members." My big brother John, who helped us to model this constitution after the one in his athletic club in New York, said 'Perseverance' would be a fine name, because it means 'Keep Right At It,' and that's a fine principle to follow in athletics."

The name was unanimously adopted, and the members voted on each section of the rest of the constitution in like manner, making alterations wherever improvements were thought of. The dues were fixed at 10 cents a week, the officers were to be elected every two months, and the membership was limited for the present to 20. Two first class fellows—Amos Johnson and Will Stratford—were elected to membership.

Wilbur Wheatley reported that he had arranged a football game for next Saturday afternoon at Smith's lot with the Gridiron Rangers, of Park Cliff, and that it would be necessary to pay each of the visiting team 10 cents for trolley expenses.

There were two days left for the practice. On Thursday Captain Sayles tried all the men in hard practice, and selected 11 men as the regular team; also choosing substitutes. There had been no chance for regular training, but the boys thought they were in good enough physical condition to win anyway. On Friday signals were gone through, and many clever plays were worked up. Manager Wheatley had painted a dozen posters and placed them at the school, the library, the post office, the station and at the main corners. They were worded as follows:

FOOTBALL!!!  
Perseverance Club vs. Gridiron Rangers,  
Saturday Afternoon at 2.30.

ADMISSION FREE. Don't Fail to Come. Cheer the Boys to VICTORY!!!

Goal posts of the regulation size were put up and the gridiron was marked out in the usual manner by slacking 10 cents' worth of mason's lime in a bucket and using a whitewash brush. The boys contributed 15 cents each for a football. A crowd of nearly 250 was on hand to see the fun. Wilbur met the Rangers and escorted them to the field. Two

former college players were selected for umpire and referee. Perseverance lined up as follows: Left end, Barry; left tackle, Hanford; left guard, Higgins; centre, Baumbach; right guard, Johnson; right tackle, Davidson; right end, O'Brien; quarterback, Ticknor; left half back, Stratford; right half back, Gladwin; and full back, Sayles (captain).

"Will" Johnson kicked off for the Perseverance boys, who were defending the south goal. "Tom" O'Brien got down the field quickly and tackled the Ranger who caught the ball before he had run it back 10 yards. A series of plays followed, in which neither side gained any advantage.

It was noticed that the Rangers, while much lighter than the home team, were tough and wiry and in excellent physical condition. The Perseverance boys had not trained for the game, and their staying powers were poor. Many of them became winded and even their greater weight could not long hold their opponents. The Rangers relentlessly hammered their line, and in a few moments scored a touchdown. The goal was kicked and this made the score: Rangers, 6; Perseverance, 0.

The Perseverance boys were not disheartened, but they could not long endure the strain, and even with the use of fresh substitutes were unable to hold or to gain. The rest of the game is quickly described. The Rangers broke through their opponents and gained a yard, and not once could Perseverance make five yards with the ball. The final score was: Rangers, 48; Perseverance, 0.

After the teams had given cheers for each other, Captain Reub shook hands with the captain of the winning team, and the members of the teams mingled together with the greatest good feeling.

The Perseverance Club met that evening at Reub's home, and a more discouraged lot of boys would have been hard to find. Reub addressed the meeting. He spoke slowly and seriously, and every boy paid close attention:

"Fellows, we were beaten badly, but we were beaten fairly and squarely. Now, what was wrong? I had a talk with their captain and he told me that his players trained regularly. That's why they tore us up, light as they were. We've got to train—do you know what that means? It means that we must give up all injurious and unwholesome food, pie, cake, candy, soda water."

"What?" shrieked Alfred Davidson. "Why, I'd rather die than give up candy or soda water!"

"I'd rather die than lose our next game," retorted Reub. "We've got to get to bed before half-past nine, and—well, if I catch any of you fellows smoking cigarettes or otherwise breaking bright out of doors, they're out of bed, dressed themselves and made ready to capture the cinnamon bears. They climbed and climbed until they grew very cold and tired—but a whole cave full of cinnamon bears! My! how their fat little legs hurried on! By and by

the need of a more serious interest in the club, and said that a club house was needed. Amos Johnson, "Will" Stratford and "Joe" Stein were appointed a committee to arrange for holding a fair to raise funds. It was expected that the mothers and sisters of the boys would help them by providing fancy articles, cake, etc. The members left the meeting feeling much happier and more enthusiastic than ever. The lesson of the afternoon's game, however, was borne in mind, and every boy promised to train faithfully. You shall learn later what success the boys had with their fair, how they drew plans for their club house, and how they started their basketball team.

## CINNAMON BEARS.

BY IZORA CHANDLER.

Two little boys lived in a queer log house which leaned against the foot of a hill. The hill was tall and round, and it was stuck as full of trees as a cushion is of pins. Now, the black mammy who took care of the queer log house loved the two little boys.

She mixed a great lot of sweet dough and cut it into pieces, each one of which she rolled until it looked like an over-grown marble that had been stretched to double its length. Then she pulled and twisted four little legs out on one side, and a queer pointed head on the top; after this, she set it down hard upon the table with the funny little head looking directly up into the roof. When all the pieces of dough had been patted and rolled and coaxed, she tossed them into a kettle of boiling fat, where they bobbed and swelled and grew rich and brown. When they were dipped carefully out and set again in a log row upon the kitchen table, any little boy with eyes in his head could see that they were bears.

And after the mammy had tucked a tiny stick of cinnamon under the right arm of each, in such a way that it leaned against the right shoulder, why, the whole low row became cinnamon bears, of course; and nobody who hasn't eaten one can imagine how very good to eat they are.

One night, when the two little boys were in bed, they overheard their father and some men who lived in other queer log houses at the foot of the hill planning to go, in the early morning, away up on the hillside to capture a cave full of cinnamon bears! The two little boys thought it very selfish of the men to leave them out of the plan—for nobody could care as much for cinnamon bears as they. So, when the house was still and the full moon made everything bright out of doors, they crept out of bed, dressed themselves and made ready to capture the cinnamon bears. They climbed and climbed until they grew very cold and tired—but a whole cave full of cinnamon bears! My! how their fat little legs hurried on! By and by

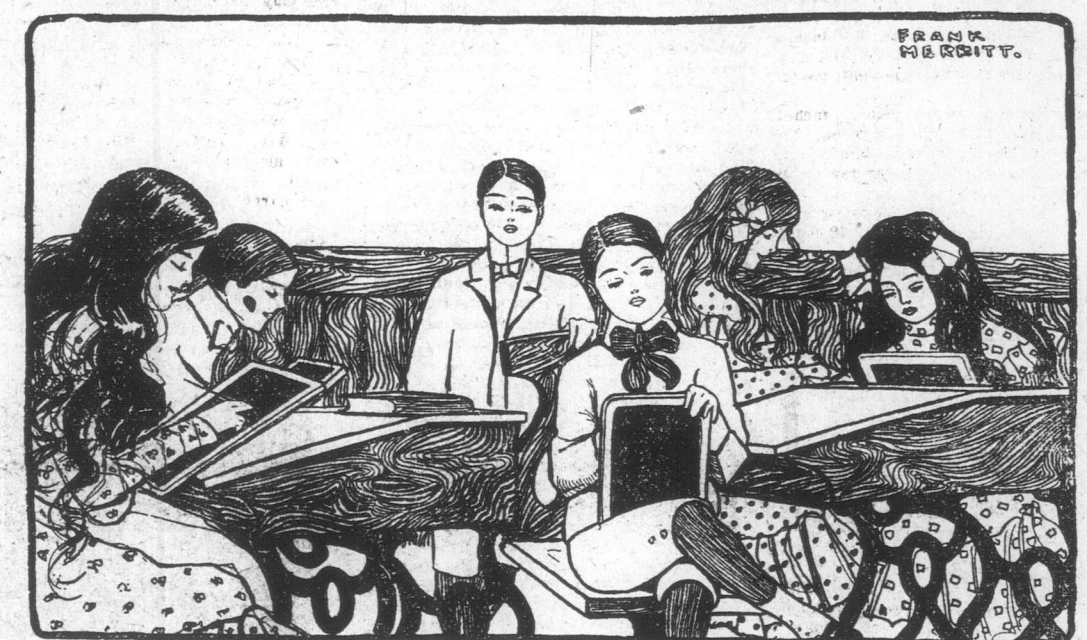
the little legs would go no farther. The two little boys cuddled down together and went to sleep just outside of a big hole in the hill.

Pretty soon it was morning and the little boys awakened. Here was the cave, and they were hungry. They would go in and eat a dozen two of the cinnamon bears; and they were going to be very generous and save a few for their father and the selfish men. But there were shining spots moving about in the cave. They heard padding footsteps and

panting breaths. And two brown monsters came out after them. The little boys screamed like Indians and tried to run away, but they were caught by the great shaggy paws with sharp claws in them, and held so tightly that they could hardly breathe. Bang! Bang! came a great noise. Something seemed to hit the great creatures in the head, for they rolled over upon the ground just as the father of the little boys and one of the selfish men came running up. The father and the selfish men were

very white and big-eyed, and though the little boys could walk very well, they carried them every step of the way home. And if you'll believe it, the black mammy spent all the rest of that day mixing and rolling and twisting and frying the sweet dough. And as she worked she kept saying, over and over: "Dah! dah! Mammy's little honey boys. Doan yoh go no mo' a-huntin', 'cause yo'ra mammy's baby buntins; an' she'll make you caves an' caves of bufolo, crumphy, dumpy cinnamon bears."

## Impossible Problems--A Recess Game.



THE PLAYERS OF EACH SIDE WORK TOGETHER.

Here is another recess game for the cold, dismal days, when it is not pleasant out of doors. It is, too, like the others we have published, designed to help you in your school work, and at the same time furnish a lot of real fun for yourself and your little classmates. It will sharpen your perceptions wonderfully, and it will teach you a number of "short cuts" that will be of great assistance to you during examination time in helping you to decide just what rule a problem comes under. It will make your work quicker and more accurate, too, and easier in many ways, besides increasing your interest in arithmetic.

This game is played on two "sides." There are two captains, who "choose up," and when an equal number of players have been selected by them the game begins. Each side invents a new problem, and then the captains write them on the blackboard. Then your side tries to work out the problem invented by the other side, and they try to do yours.

The idea of the game is to invent a problem that is nearly impossible to work, so that the other side cannot do it. You may put on the blackboard a problem that cannot possibly be solved,

but the other side may do the same thing, and then, of course, neither side has any advantage. For instance, your side might invent a problem something like this: "A walks 10 miles and B walks three-quarters as far in half the time; how fast did each walk?" That cannot be solved, because it does not give enough data, but if it had said that A walks 10 miles in three hours, then it could have been solved quite easily. The object of the game is for each side to give a problem that looks as if it could not be worked, but which really can be done. Each side works the other side's problem, and then the answers are turned in to the captain of the opposing class.

If Class A solve the opponent's problem they gain five points. If they fail the problem can be worked, then Class B scores 10 points; but if the problem is an impossible one, and cannot be worked, then the class that invented it scores only two points. Of course, if a class try a problem without solving it, it does not count them any points. For instance, if Class A should solve Class B's problem, they would score five points, and if Class A's problem can be worked, but Class B are not

able to get the right answer to it, then Class A would score 10 points more, or 15 points altogether. But if Class A's problem should be an impossible one, then they would score only two points, or seven altogether.

You see that by this system of scoring it is often better to put an impossible problem on the board, and if you are careful about putting it together the other side will hardly know whether or not it can be worked. That is where the fun comes in, for each one will get a different answer, and they will have some trouble in finding out that they are working for nothing. But it is far better, as a rule, to give them a nice hard problem that looks as if it could not be solved at all, for if they think it cannot be done or cannot get the right answers, your side scores 10 points, and then you have a fine start, for the game is 20 points. You will find this game just as full of fun as any game can be, and you will become surprisingly expert both in inventing and solving problems in a very short time. It is especially interesting when one class plays against another class, for there is no limit to the number of players on either side as long as they are equal.

## THE SQUIRREL AND THOMAS RIORDAN.

BY MATTIE SHERIDAN.

The south side of Ninety-third street and the north side of Ninety-second street, of the block ranging from Central Park to Columbus avenue, in New York city, are lined with handsome private residences. Between these rows, for the entire length, lies a beautiful, unkempt sweep of yards and gardens. Great rivalry exists among the residents to outdo each other in their "landscape gardenings" tiny as the yards are, and many of them are as pretty and picturesque as the beautiful rose garden in Mr. Soberness's place.

The loveliness, quiet and exclusiveness of some pretty gardens up town appeal particularly to a fine squirrel whose proper house is in Central Park. Every day this sunning little animal makes a round of visits, regularly skipping some houses and just as regularly calling at others. He is a splendid fellow, with a big, bushy tail flowing in the air, a tail any squirrel or any furrier might envy. He has the cunningest, knowiestest of faces and a pair of shrewd, twinkling eyes. Everybody along "his route" knows him and everybody calls him by name—some name, for he has as many aliases as a professional criminal.

His favorite stopping place is midway of the block, where beautiful plants, high stone vases, flowering trees and comfortable green benches under blossoming shrubs make an ideal garden. But it is

not these that attract Master Squirrel. He comes to make a daily visit to Mr. Riordan, the Riordan, Mr. Riordan is a solemn, pompous, purr-proud creature, very much puffed up by the sense of his own importance, because of the praises he constantly hears. He sits majestically on his little veranda outside his dining-room window and receives unwillingly the frivolous and frantic, and, as he thinks, foolish, attentions of Master Squirrel, who cannot quite make out what manner of beast Thomas Riordan is. By the way, have I said that Mr. Riordan is a great big, tawny Titian blonde cat?

Well, Master Squirrel rather thinks Mr. Riordan is a peculiar brand of squirrel, but he cannot reconcile himself to the fact that the Riordan tail is not long and bushy like his own. He will snatch at this tawny tail of Tom's and pull and jerk, much to the cat's grief and indignation, but the latter is so impressed with the sense of hospitality that he feels he must not resent these familiarities in his own house, and so he bears them patiently. The squirrel is in disgrace just now because he ate up, unwittingly, most of a big Thanksgiving pumpkin, but, in spite of that, he has had countless invitations to spend the winter in many of the houses he visits, and all the friendly neighbors are waiting to see whom he will honor with his choice.

SOLUTION OF CHRISTMAS RHYMING REBUS.

Dear Santa Claus, I've tried to be a nice boy all the year. And so when Christmas rolls around, Why, don't forget us here. For baby bring a rattle box, For Harry leave a hat, Mamma would like a warm fur cape And Belle a brand-new hat. I wonder what papa would like— Well, send him an auto. I think I'll take some caramels. P. S.—I want a lot, too. Yours, WILLIE.

ONE OR THE OTHER.

White—"Bangs is a most interesting talker. He never is at a loss for a subject."

Gray—"H'm! Does he keep a dog, or is he possessed of a chronic ailment?"

CONSIDERATE.

She—"Dear me, this is so sudden. Give me time to think."

He—"Well, perhaps I have been a little impetuous, but I knew you were getting impatient."

## TURNING OF THE WORM.

During the rush hour Friday afternoon a dignified man entered a well filled Broadway car, and tried to work his way in to secure a strap to hang from, but the conductor, who was collecting fares, blocked his progress.

"Step lively, there!" said the passenger. "Were you speaking to me?" asked the conductor, elevating his eyebrows.

"Certainly," replied the passenger. "Step forward, you can get inside. Plenty of room up front!"

"If you will attend to your business, I will attend to mine," snapped the conductor.

"If you can't take your own medicine better than that you had better try taking the car ahead," answered the passenger. The conductor's reply was lost in the laughter of the passengers.

A curious fact has been noted by Arctic travellers. Snow, when at a very low temperature, absorbs moisture and dries garments.

## The Diamond Dye Mat and Rug

Patterns Are Popular With

All Ladies

The Manufacturers Send Full Range of Designs to Any Address

Mrs. Morton F. Paling, Winnipeg, Man., writes as follows: "The three mat and rug patterns ordered from you are received. They are lovely and far ahead of other designs I have seen. I shall show them to my friends, many of whom are desirous of making up rugs for their homes. Many thanks for your prompt attention to my order. I use your celebrated Diamond Dyes, and find them the best."

Ladies who have not yet received sheets of new designs of the Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns, will do well to send Postal Card with address to The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q. All designs mailed free to any part of Canada and Newfoundland.



THEY PLUNGED THROUGH PERSEVERANCE'S LINE.