

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

JAMES HENRY'S GRANDFATHER TELLS HIM OF THE AMERICAN IDEA.

"Grandfather, will you please tell me something about the Monroe Doctrine? What is it all about?"

"The Monroe Doctrine, my boy, is, in American politics, a notice to foreign powers to keep their fingers out of our pie. When James Monroe was President he said in one of his messages to Congress—that was in December, 1823—that foreign powers had no right to interfere in matters relating to the American Continent. That was at a time when there was supposed to be a compact on the part of the European powers in the interest of Spain in Spanish America. President Monroe said at that time: 'We could not view an interposition for oppressing the Spanish Americans or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.' He declared also that 'the American continents should no longer be subjects for any new European colonial settlements.'"

"What did all that mean?"

"It meant then, and it means still, that no European power shall have the right to alter the constitutions of American communities. In other words, we will not allow our neighbors in Europe to come over here and establish kingdoms or empires on the American Continent."

"But, grandfather, what about Mexico? I've heard you tell about Maximilian, who was made Emperor of that country. Was the Monroe Doctrine overlooked at that time?"

"When Maximilian was made Emperor he was the tool of Louis Napoleon, who took advantage of the fact that we were in the midst of a civil war. We had all we could do to take care of ourselves. But as soon as the war was over William H. Seward, who was Secretary of State and anxious to uphold the Monroe Doctrine, sent word to Napoleon III that he had better clear out of Mexico, if he didn't want his French jacket full of broken bones. The hint was taken promptly, the French troops were hustled off to France and poor Maximilian, left unprotected, too proud to run away like a criminal, was taken by the Mexicans and shot."

"Have there been any other cases of foreign meddling with affairs in our continent since then?"

"There have been efforts in that direction, but they always flashed in the pan, because the American people, no matter how much they may differ in other things, are pretty well united on the subject of the Monroe Doctrine, which one foreign diplomat once referred to as the eleventh commandment of the Americans."

"How about the sinking of the gunboat in Hayti the other day by a German man-of-war? Wasn't that on our continent, and wasn't that a violation of the Monroe Doctrine, for which we will hold the Germans responsible?"

"By no means. Let me tell you. Hayti nearly always has a revolution on hand, and there is one there at this time. A gunboat belonging to the revolutionist party—her name was Crête-à-Pierrot—captured a ship belonging to the Hamburg-American Packet Company, which was bound for Cape Haytien with arms for the government. The German consul protested against this act to no avail. So when the German gunboat Panther came upon the craft in the harbor of Gonaïves she promptly opened fire upon her and sunk her. That was all right, because the commander of the Crête-à-Pierrot was nothing more than a pirate."

"But what will Hayti do about it?"

"That's another story. But the Monroe Doctrine, the injunction on the part of the United

States to its neighbors to 'keep off the grass,' has not been disregarded by Germany, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, it never will be."

A PRIZE OF \$10 IN GOLD.

TWO OTHER PRIZES OF BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS OF THE TRIBUNE.

The Tribune will award:

- As a First Prize\$10 in gold
- As a Second PrizeA book
- As a Third Prize.....A book

To such of its little readers not over fifteen years old as send in the first, second or third best letter about any topic which James Henry will talk upon with his grandfather in the month of September in the Department for Little Men and Little Women in the Illustrated Supplement of The Sunday Tribune. These are the conditions of the contest: No letter can exceed two hundred words.

All letters must be addressed to Prize Competition, Little Men and Little Women, The Tribune, New-York.

All letters must reach this office before October 4, 1902.

The writers must not be more than fifteen years old.

Each letter must be signed with the full name and address of the writer.

In awarding the prizes clear writing will count for a great deal with the judge, and preference will be given to original ideas over a repetition of ideas which have been expressed by James Henry or his grandfather.

In each contest the editor's decision will be final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

WINNER OF THE SECOND PRIZE.

The winner of the second prize in the August competition was Irad Morton Hidden, of Newark, whose letter is given herewith:

To the Editor of Little Men and Little Women. Sir: Among the great animals of America the bison or buffalo is one of the most interesting. The bison is supposed to have had its origin in Western Europe and Asia and to have come to this continent some time during the glacial period. They always travel in herds. In times of danger they have a systematic mode of defence. They place all the calves in the centre, then the heifers and cows, while the bulls form the outer ring and thus defend the herd. A leader is chosen from among the bulls. He acts as scout and takes care of the herd at all times.

It seems a strange coincidence that the buffalo and his human compatriot, the wild Indian, should both suffer a similar fate. Like the Indian the buffalo belongs to a fast disappearing race. Like the Indian he was once lord of the plains and held undisputed sway over that vast Western country; but now, "cribbed, cabined and confined," each lives his uneventful life, and where once the swift buffalo herds were pursued by yelling savages peaceful cities and towns arise and the mad rush of the steam engine has driven away all but memory of the ancient inhabitants of the plains.

IRAD MORTON HIDDEN. (Aged eleven years.) Newark, N. J., Aug. 14, 1902.

THE ROBBER ARTIST.

Old Jack Frost is a robber bold, He frightens the Sun and steals his gold, He scatters it over the autumn trees, The Sunbeams try, but they cannot seize The gold again for their Father Sun, So well is Jack Frost's painting done, He steals from the glowing sunset sky Radiant colors to mix in his dye, He paints the world with such wondrous skill, We do not arrest him. He's stealing still.

BRAIN PUZZLERS.

HIDDEN MOUNTAINS.

1. She wore a scarlet sweater with a green skirt.
2. Did you ever hear of a choral psalm.
3. Our national colors are red, white and blue.
4. They found that the river bottom was very rocky.
5. I dropped a pen nine successive times this afternoon.
6. Did you ever see a horsecar melt?
7. I hate to see cats kill birds.

OMITTED BATTLEFIELDS.

1. Is ----- too long to have a turning?
2. Is that iceber-----?
3. I never have any-----.
4. You should have seen the mad-----.
5. One term in golf is-----.

especially high ones, are not suitable for golf links.

6. You should not ----- with his view unless you agree with it in your own heart.

WORD SQUARES.

- (a) 1. Zeal. 2. To lift up. 3. A finger's breadth.
4. A willow twig. 5. Prefix meaning backward.
- (b) 1. A bill of exchange. 2. One who rides. 3. A French farewell. 4. Is sensible of. 5. Reliance.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell a good time for my finals to indulge in manly sports.
1. A city. 2. To enumerate. 3. Fact. 4. A kind of window. 5. A fascinating young woman. 6. To dispossess. 7. To stimulate.

DROP LETTER PUZZLE POEM.

The completed lines form a verse from one of Jean Ingelow's poems

T-e -s -o -e -l-f -o -t-e -a -s-e -a-d -l -v-r,
T-e -e -s -o -a -n -e-t -n -e -v -n.
-v -s -l -m -s -v -n -i -m -s -v -r -n -o -e -e,
S -v -n -l -e -o -e -s -e -e.

CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

- My first is in icy, but never in sleet;
- My second 's in shoe, but is never in feet;
- My third is in ready, but never in slow;
- My fourth is in arrow, but never in bow;
- My fifth is in hillock, but never in hump;
- My sixth is in elbow, but never in bump;
- My seventh 's in hammer, but never in tongs;
- My eighth is in hatchet, but never in prongs;

My ninth is in gravy, but never in soup;
My tenth is in bending, but never in stoop;
My eleventh 's in emerald, never in ring;
My whole, long ago, was a very great king.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 14.

1. A grammar charade: An-at-o-my, anatomy.
2. Double acrostic:

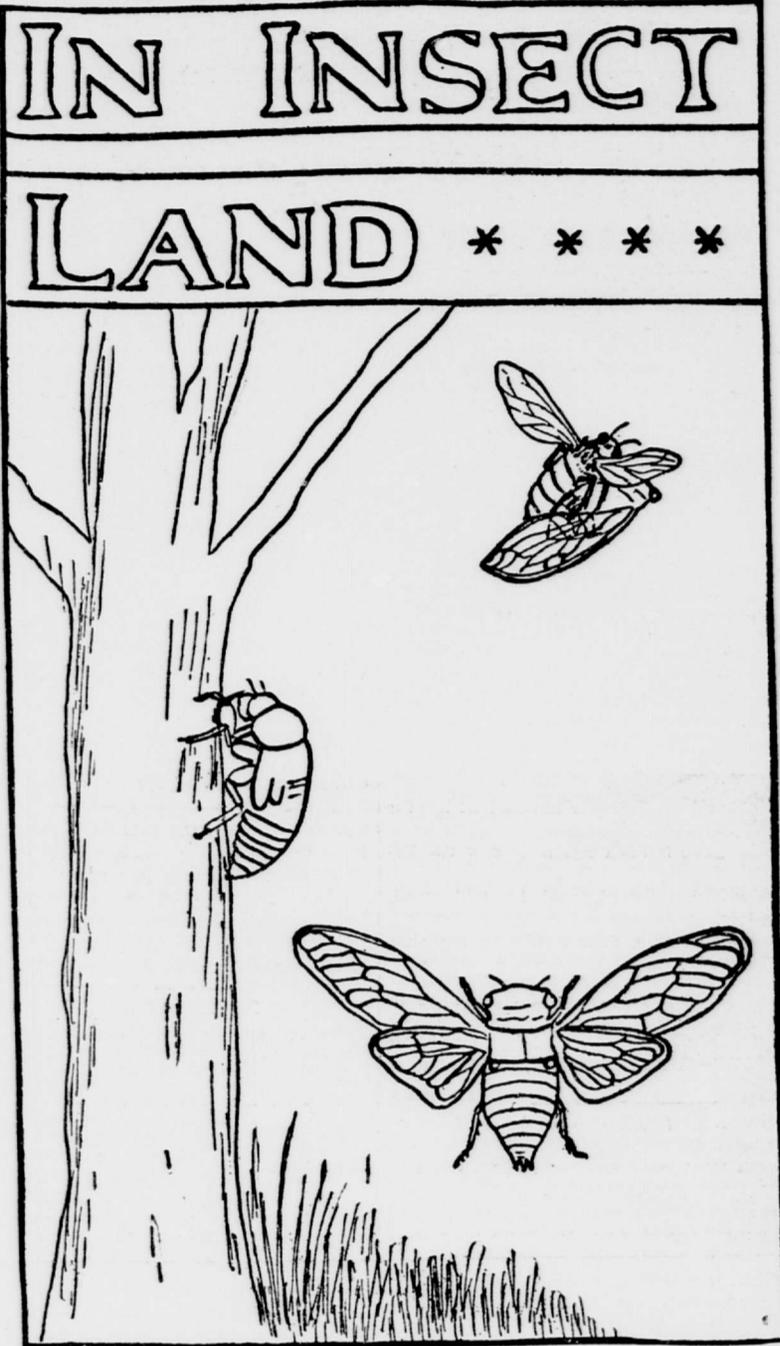
Cran E
Ange L
Nobl E
Dori C
Limi T
Ember
Lipp I
Ioni C
Genl I
Hear T
Trul Y

CANDLE LIGHT. ELECTRICITY.

3. Word squares:

(a)	(b)
GRAPE	EAGER
REBEL	ALONE
ABHAL	GOYAS
PEACE	ENACT
ELLEN	RESTS

4. Numerical enigma: SANTIAGO DE CUBA.
5. Riddle: BAY.
6. Omitted word: BILL.



THE HARVEST FLY.

Directions for coloring. Body black, with a dark green band just back of the head, and two round white spots on the first ring or segment of the abdomen. The eyes, legs and antennae are green. The veins of the wings are green near the body, gradually shading into black at the tips. The wings are transparent. The wasp, which is carrying off a dead harvest fly, is brown—the color of bronze. The pupa or young harvest fly in the tree is brown also. The tree trunk is dark brown; the grass green.

The harvest fly, or cicada, often incorrectly called locust, is usually the herald of hot weather. He comes out in August, and the hotter the day the more energetically he sings. He is own cousin to the seventeen-year cicada, and it takes him two years to reach his growth. He begins life as a tiny egg, hidden away by his mother under the bark of some tree. When he hatches out a tiny grub, he begins eating into his surroundings and often does much damage. Soon he changes to a pupa and falls to the ground, in which he immediately buries himself. Here he remains for two

years. At the end of that time he crawls forth and climbs part way up a tree. His brown coat now splits open down the back and he slowly works his way out. His wings at first are very small and crumpled, but soon expand and carry him up to the treetop to sing his monotonous song.

The cicada has one deadly enemy—the wasp. One day last summer I heard a big cicada singing near at hand, just over my head. Suddenly the song stopped abruptly. A faint buzz at my feet attracted my attention. There on the ground lay the poor cicada. Over him crawled a huge sand wasp, energetically stinging him again and again. When she had completely stunned her victim she grasped her prey firmly with all six legs and flew away to her home in the sand bank. Here it should serve as food for the baby wasps in the spring. For the wonderful part of this is that the wasp does not kill the cicada, but only stupefies it, no one knows exactly how. Then she puts it in a little cell in which an egg is laid. In the spring the egg hatches out and the little grub feeds upon the cicada so mysteriously embalmed.



CAUGHT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.