



LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN

A PRIZE FOR THE PRETTIEST VALENTINE.

Here is a new heading for the page that belongs to the Little Men and Women who read The Tribune, and the reason for it is that The Tribune is going to give a prize of one dollar for the best valentine made from the figures drawn in outline above. The whole heading may be colored in crayons or water colors, or any parts of it may be cut out and combined on paper or Bristol board in any style the fancy of little men and women can suggest. Nothing must be added, however, that is not entirely original work, and the finished Valentines must reach this office before February 13. All letters should be addressed to Little Men and Women, The New-York Tribune.

A Last Century Valentine.

"Was there any St. Valentine's Day when you were a little girl, grandmamma?" asked Mildred from the hearthrug, where for the hundredth time she was arranging and rearranging the many pretty remembrances that had reached her from her little friends on the morning of February 14.

"Yes, indeed, there was," answered her grandmamma, "and when my grandmamma was a little girl, too."

"Oh, tell me about it!" begged Mildred. "That was ever so long ago, wasn't it? Did they have the same sort of Valentines then, and do you suppose your grandmamma ever got as many as this?" said the little girl, glancing at her at the doves and darts and flowers and hearts that covered the floor near her.

"Well, I hardly know about that," replied grandmamma. "But I do know that she helped in the speedy bringing of a valentine when she was still a very little girl, and really before she even knew what Valentines were. You want to hear about it? Well, this is the way of it, then. It is a true story, and it happened away back in seventeen hundred and never so few, in the old township of Wilmington, Conn. My grandmamma's name was Rachel, you know, and one cold February day while she was playing in the long hemlock bordered lane she overheard her cousin Susanna and a young neighbor, Thomas Knowlton, talking of their trip together across the ocean the year before. They were laughing about the fun all on board had had playing games, and the young man recalled their busy little brain pondered what she could do to help Cousin Susanna. And after all the grown people thought she must be sound asleep, she slipped over the grave fence which Thomas and Susanna had committed by smiling in church. Mrs. Eldridge invited the little Susanna to the big open house in the kindest tones asked her what was her errand. At this Rachel burst into tears, and told once again the story of Thomas and Susanna's promise to be each other's valentine.

"The two grave old men glanced at each other as they looked at the little girl, and the next morning at the girl had told them until the next morning at the trial.

"When Thomas and Susanna appeared in court they were fined 10 shillings each for their serious misdemeanor." Cousin Susanna cried upon hearing the verdict, because she had no shillings to pay, while Thomas Knowlton refused to pay, for he said the fine was unjust. Thereupon both were sentenced to a month in jail.

"Then up spoke Parson Daniels, saying that as there was only one room in the jail he would just marry the two while they stood there before him, as he understood they wanted to be married."

"Little Rachel was much excited when she heard the parson's words, and cried aloud: 'So she'd get her valentine anyhow, now! Oh, I'm so glad I told him!'

"With the parson on their side, it was easy for the two young people to overcome the objections made by their friends and relatives who were in the courtroom. So the marriage ceremony went on, and then the first month of wedded life in the bare, grim old jail.

"And when, after a while, a little son and daughter came to Susanna and Thomas Knowlton, they named them 'Valentine' and 'Misdemeanor,' as any one may see to-day by looking at the old tombstones in the Willington burying ground."

The Winter Nightmare.



When the snowflakes fall and the wood is white
Beware of the gossamer eye,
You may see him taking his hurried flight
With a bark like a startled dog,
And his four flat feet in full retreat
That were only meant to jog.

For should the eyes in the wood draw near,
The gossamer hog grows pale,
His whiskers quiver with abject fear
When their snowflakes fall like hail,
And the sound would almost split your ear
Of his most discordant wail. —(Ladies' Field.)

Training Wild Animals.

One might think that lions, tigers and leopards which have been born in captivity and have never hunted or killed prey would be less dangerous than those born in the forest. But all trainers unite in considering them more dangerous. On the billboards of shows the big cats are advertised as "forest bred African, Kaffir, Nubian and Barbary lions" because it is more impressive to the public; but in reality the trainers are much more wary of those born in captivity.

The reasons are two: The lion has lost his awe of man, and the men have lost their awe of him. A forest bred lion never faces a man in captivity. He always retreats before him, and he will not allow a man to touch him, unless he is trained to men from his birth. He has been petted and handled from cubhood up and pays no attention to it. Men are thrown off their guard by this good nature, while in reality the beast is just as treacherous and ferocious as his forest bred cousin, and is bound, sooner or later, to try his strength with a man.

For instance, Mrs. Gertrude Planka had a cage born lion, Rex, which she had fed and tended all its life. It slept in her room at night and went out on the street with her. She could handle it with perfect confidence, and in her act in the show it was Rex's mouth that she put her head. And yet he turned upon her one day and nearly killed her. Lions will "go bad," to use a trainer's expression. From a decently quiet, good tempered beast, one will suddenly become bloodthirsty and possessed with a desire to kill. Elephants "go bad" in the same way. Although so intelligent and helpful to man, an elephant that has turned "rogue" can never be used again. The fury that possesses wild animals at such times seems almost like that of natives of some of the South Sea Islands when they "run amuck" and try to kill every one they meet.

Jumbo II, one of Mr. Bostock's elephants which died at Cleveland a short time ago, was a very great "rogue." He had killed two men and badly injured another within the last six years. It was always necessary to keep him anchored down by about 200 pounds of iron. It is said that he was 120 years old, and that in his native country, India, he used to be used for tramping condemned criminals to death. At the time of his death he was being trained for a bullfight in the city of Mexico.

One would hardly think that the awkward, shapeless seals and sea lions that one sometimes sees floundering about on the stage could be at all dangerous, but their bite is both poisonous and extremely painful. Charles Jones, of the Haggenbeck trainers, is badly scarred with seal bites. The seal, though it moves on land with painful slowness and awkwardness, has a very quick motion of the head and neck. The creature grasps a hand or finger, sets his teeth in the flesh, gives his head a quick twist around and pulls out a jagged lump of flesh bodily. The seal is a very intelligent animal, and can be taught to do many things. They come from the seal orca, fan themselves, and, in fact, will perform almost any trick that can be taught.

One great element of danger in entering an arena with animals of one kind or the other is the fact that they understand each other's language. They can converse together. If one feels ugly his voice will stir up the rest. Their cries when caged have different sounds at times. Two have been caged together and are separated their loneliness sounds in their roar. If a new lion is brought in every lion in the place knows it. He roars, they all recognize a new voice, and every cage echoes back defiance, a wonderful concert to be heard in the midst of civilization. When that sound is heard in the tropical forest the woods suddenly become silent. Everything else hushes cover.

People sometimes think that the presence of such vast crowds must excite the animals very much. In reality they pay no attention at all to people, because they are so accustomed to them. But let a horse, a cow, or any other object which they are not familiar with, pass the cages and every animal would instantly be alive with curiosity and excitement. (To be continued.)

PEEP O' DAY RHYMES NO. 3

KITES.

ALFCK'S KITE IS RED AND YELLOW,
MINE IS PINK AND BLUE.
THEY GO A-DARTING THROUGH THE SKY
AS SOARING SWALLOWS DO.
THEY PULL SO HARD UPON THE STRINGS
THEY SEEM TO ME LIKE LIVING THINGS.



A RAINY DAY STORY.

A man left his umbrella in the stand in a hotel recently with a card bearing the following inscription attached to it:

"This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of 250 pounds weight. I shall be back in ten minutes."

On returning to seek his property he found in its place a card thus inscribed:

"This card was left here by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. I shall not be back!"—(The Ledger Monthly.)

The Glory That Slumbered in the Granite Rock.

I.
A granite rock on the mountain side
Gazed on the world and was satisfied;
It welcomed the sunlight, and loved the snow,
It grieved when the forest was forced to fall,
It smiled when the granite, white and tall,
In the valley below it, and thrilled to hear
The voice of the great town roaring near.

II.
When the mountain stream from its idle play
Was called to labor, the gray rock said:
"Tree and verdure and stream are used
By man, the center of my life and joy,
Friend of the Mountain, and Star, and Plain;
Unhindered forever, by God's decree,
While passing centuries bow to me!"

III.
Then, all unawared, with a mighty shock,
Down from the mountain was wrenched the rock,
Bruised and battered and broken in heart,
It was carried away to a common mart,
Wrecked and ruined in peace and pride,
"Oh, God is crueler than I," cried the rock,
"Comrade of Mountain, of Star the friend—
By all deserted—how sad my end!"

IV.
A dreaming sculptor, in passing by,
Gazed on the granite with thoughtful eye;
Then, stirred with a purpose supreme and grand,
He bade his dream in the rock expand—
And lo! from the broken and senseless mass,
That grieved and doubted, it came to pass
That a glorious statue, of infinite worth—
A statue of Liberty—adorned the earth.
—(Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Success.)

A WISE LITTLE THISTLE.

Once upon a time a thistle blossomed in a lane. She had downy, beautiful, purple blossoms, but no sharp spines, and the rabbits and the goats came down the lane and nibbled the fat, juicy leaves. The poor thistle felt that she should look so ragged, when the sunshine was so bright, and the wind so sweet and soft. Her leaves were so sweet and juicy, and the rabbits like to eat them, and they never thought about her. If they kept on they would eat her all up. So she thought and thought about it all night, and in the morning she raised her head and looked happy. She had a plan.

One day a pretty gray bunny came hopping down the lane, and the thistle looked at her lower leaf to see how her plan worked. On came bunny and did just what the thistle wanted him to. He put out his little pink nose to take a bite from the end of the nice, big, fat leaf. But, ouch! he didn't bite it, because something pricked him on his pretty little pink nose. He looked at the thistle very reproachfully and hopped away. The thistle nodded her purple blossoms with delight. Yes, her plan worked. She would tell the other thistles. So she sent a soft thistle-down messenger to tell her next-door neighbor about it, and to advise her to grow a little spine at the end of the juiciest leaf.

But one day a fox came down the lane, and the thistle looked at her with a beautiful sharp spine. The goat came up and opened his mouth to take a bite, but he didn't take the bite, for the spine pricked his tongue. He looked very much surprised; he had never heard of such a thing as a thistle with a prickler.

The thistle was delighted; she need never fear the rabbits or goats again. But she smiled too soon, for when the goat had got over his surprise, he walked around and took a bite out of the side of the leaf where there was no spine. Then it was the thistle's turn to be surprised, and after the goat had gone on to eat grass, she fell to thinking again. The spine protected the end of her leaf, but not the side. Evidently she would have to grow some more spines.

So she sent some more thistle-down messengers to her neighbors to tell them that one spine was not enough—they must protect the edges as well as the ends. And so the thistles learned to cover their leaves with spines to keep them from being bitten off.

PERFORMED BY PIGS.

From Chums.

Stupidity, obstinacy and selfishness are held to be summed up in the phrases "pig" and "pightheaded." It is very unjust to the pigs themselves, because there are some very clever porkers in the world. A certain animal trainer, for example, has ten of the most intelligent pigs in the world. And they are not highly bred pigs either. They have no pedigree, but comprise wild pigs from American backwoods and neglected porkers picked up in city slums, and other wastrels.

They perform a variety of tricks. Formed into two companies, dressed as soldiers, they give a sham fight. One side occupies a fort which is attacked by the other. A cannon is fired, the besiegers charge, capture the fort, haul down the enemy's flag and run up their own.

And not only this; every pig has a special performance. One sits in a rocking chair and another dances on a tightrope, a third walks on a rolling barrel, while a fourth kneels down at the word of command.

Two of the pigs run in harness, drawing a cart in which their master sits. He even drives this strange team through the streets.

A curious fact about these intellectual pigs is that they never forget their tricks. On one occasion they gave a performance in first rate style, although during the previous month they had had no practice.

THIRD OF THE PRIZE PUZZLE PICTURE SERIES.

Now, here is a row of prominent statesmen. You would hardly think so at first glance, but, on second thought, see if you cannot find the dignified man of affairs in the picture, however funny. The first one, for instance, is Secretary Hay, and now, the next? When you have guessed them all write a sketch, not more than fifty words in length, of any one of them. All answers must be addressed to "Little Men and Little Women, The New-York Tribune," must be written on one side of the paper only, and must reach this office before February 19. For the best sketch, with correct answers to all, The Tribune will give as first prize, \$2; second prize, a book; third prize, a book.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES PUBLISHED FEB. 1.

ENIGMA.
Rainbow.
CHARADE.
1. Baltimore.
2. Christopher Columbus.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
Hans Christian Andersen.

SQUARE WORDS.
IRIS STAR
RUBY SALE
LION ALE
IOTA ALLA
STAR REAR

DIAMONDS.
ANY CLE
RANE LEAVY
INENSE CLEVELAND
INTERESTS HEALD
UNLESS STALE
SSES STALE
ITS ANT

IN DARKEST AFRICA.
From Chums.
One would think the roads of Central Africa are hardly suited for cycling purposes, but numbers of old bicycles are now bought up, painted in gaudy colors and taken into the interior, where there is a ready sale for them among African chiefs and kings.
Whether these dusky potentates believe that the spectacle of a monarch careering through his dominions on a bicycle is calculated to strike a fitting amount of awe into the minds of refractory subjects, or whether they purchase the machines for the satisfaction of hearing the bell ring, it is difficult to discover.
No matter how dilapidated and useless for riding a machine may be, the natives are always raptured if there is a bell.