



# LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN



HOW ONE LITTLE WOMAN DIVIDES HER HOUSEKEEPING DUTIES FOR THE WEEK.



ON MONDAY I WASH MY DOLLIE'S CLOTHES.



ON TUESDAY SMOOTHLY PRESS 'EM.



ON WEDNESDAY I MEND THEIR LITTLE HOSES.



ON THURSDAY NEATLY DRESS 'EM.



ON FRIDAY I PLAY THEY ARE TAKEN ILL. (Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.)

## The Stolen Prince.

BY E. M. JAMESON.

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### CHAPTER IV.

In a little inner room she made up her own bed for Count Otho, and in five minutes he was fast asleep, his curly head full of dreams of wicked fairies and deeds of daring.

For the princess the old woman spread a little couch of soft, dry leaves, and over that a fleecy sheepskin as white as snow, and another little sheepskin for a coverlet.

She tucked Nerissa in and made her snug. "But where are you going to sleep?" asked the princess, who was always thoughtful for others.

"I have my work to do," replied the old woman with a smile, "and it will not weary me to help you to gain your quest."

As she spoke she drew a bundle after bundle of green rushes from a distant corner and placed them on the table, while Nerissa watched her, leaning upon her elbow to look closer.

"What can you be going to do with those?" she asked.

The old woman's fingers were busily selecting the finest rushes from the bundles. "Wait and you shall see," was all she said in reply.

And for a time the little princess watched her as she wove and twisted and plaited the rushes in and out with steady, monotonous movement, crooning a little plaintive song to herself as she did so.

Presently the little princess grew drowsy and more drowsy; her blue eyes closed against her will, and though she opened them a moment later everything looked misty and far away, and she thought she saw the white dove fluttering its wings on the old woman's shoulder and whispering in her ear.

And after that she fell asleep and dreamed that the great white hawk with the ruby heart was flapping its wings threateningly over her head, and as she uttered a cry of fear she awoke.

The sun was shining in at the little window, flooding the cottage with golden light, and outside a snowy flight of doves flew about in a state of excitement and unrest. They looked like little specks of silver in the sunlight against the green of the trees.

The table was set for breakfast, the kettle singing away merrily, but what attracted Nerissa's notice first of all was a beautiful little green hammock slung from two hooks in the ceiling, swaying softly to and fro in the light breeze that blew in. It was the daintiest, most fairylike thing, with long green streamers of ribbon depending from it, white overhead was a canopy of leaves, threaded in and out in a marvelous manner, as if stitched by the needle of a magician. The color of the canopy was a very peculiar blue, and they appeared to her like the eyes of a very young person, and yet it seemed a ridiculous idea when the wrinkles and white hair were taken into consideration. The doves flew in at the window, and she saw that they were carrying a bundle of white material in their beaks, and she saw that they were carrying a bundle of white material in their beaks, and she saw that they were carrying a bundle of white material in their beaks.

Count Otho came in a moment later, and as they all sat down to breakfast, the princess felt suddenly very sorrowful and homesick. She seemed to see her four little sisters sitting round the table at home, each with a silver bowl of bread and milk before her. But the Princess Nerissa's place stood empty.

And presently, she knew, as was her custom, the king would enter and kiss them all, and grieve at the absence of his little daughter Nerissa.

The princess closed her eyes for a moment, and when she opened them she found her hostess and Count Otho looking at her in surprise.

"I was thinking of home," she said, simply, and Otho, who was fond of his own home, felt a lump in his throat, which he bravely tried to swallow. The old woman looked at her steadily, and Nerissa overcame her doubts, and a voice seemed to say, "Go forward, little princess; be firm of purpose and never lose heart."

And whether the old woman had spoken or not, Nerissa never knew, but from that moment she tried to look forward instead of backward, and lost no time in regretting what could not be remedied.

Breakfast ended, the old woman began to make preparations for their departure.

She packed two little wicker trunks full of cakes, and in each she placed a tiny heart-shaped box of clearest amber. Before doing so, however, she opened one of the boxes, and the princess and Count Otho saw that it contained many tiny black seeds, no bigger than a pin's point.

"I give you an antidote against the wicked fairy," the old woman said. "Whenever danger threatens you swallow one of these seeds and you will be instantly into a flower, and she cannot harm you. When the danger is past you will return to your own forms. And now, princess, you must not wear that scarlet cloak; it is too vivid, and will attract notice."

She unlocked a small, silver clamped chest, and from it drew two cloaks of bright green, the color of a wedding branch as it unfolds in the spring-time of the year.

She put one round each child; they would protect them, she said, from robbers who might lurk in the forests through which they must pass.

"And, indeed, they are just the color of the greenwood," she said, and as she spoke she drew the little box from Nerissa's hand and stroked the golden locks away tenderly. "The little princess put up her face and kissed her benefactress; she felt very grateful for the kindness and care they had received. She and Otho looked like two woodland elves as they stood ready for departure, with their little wicker trunks round their waists, the cloak concealing Otho's gay doublet and jeweled dagger.

But the greatest surprise of all awaited them. At that moment the white dove flew in at the window and fluttered its wings impatiently. "My doves have asked to help you on your way," said the old woman; "they know the wicked practices of the Fairy Golconda, and have again and again suffered from her cruel treatment themselves."

"Now you will understand why I wove the green rushes into a hammock. The doves will fly with you—the strongest and fleetest in the dove-cove only will go—as far as they dare, and this will save many a weary mile on foot.

"They can go no further than a certain point,

and, as it is, they run into great danger from Golconda, for she will instantly transform herself into hawk and parrot, and hawks fly more swiftly than doves, sometimes. Still, the right must succeed in the end, and my little doves wish to help you. Come."

She took the hammock from its place, and the doves flew on ahead.

The greenward round the cottage was snowy with birds. They fluttered hither and thither impatiently, and it was evident that a council of war was being held. The young doves perched on the dove-cove and kept a respectful silence, wishing they were old enough to go out into the world in search of adventure.

As the hammock was placed upon the ground the princess and Count Otho stepped into it. They were not obliged to lie down; there were two little seats, with just enough room for them to sit comfortably side by side.

Then, one by one, in regular order, each dove flew down and took an end of green ribbon in its beak. There were dozens and dozens and dozens of green ends, and, in consequence, the doves were very numerous. One by one they flew down, until the dove-cove looked nearly empty, and the eyes of the young birds grew round with astonishment.

When the last ribbon end was attached their kind friend kissed the children. Count Otho took off his little plumed velvet cap in farewell, the princess kissed her hand.

"Good-by," they cried. "Good-by, good-by," cooed the little doves from the dove-cove, and whirr! with a flutter and swirl of wings the doves flew upward, far above the trees, until the cottage and the dove-cove were left far away in the distance. And as they soared up with their burden, one silvery feather fluttered down into the watcher's hand.

(To be continued.)

### THREE PRIZE OFFERS.

In order to encourage careful reading and original expressions of opinion we offer three prizes for letters written by our little men and women about the story of "The Stolen Prince." They are to read carefully each week the adventures of the little people who go in search of the prince, and are to tell the reasons why they like the story. From time to time the most interesting letters received will be published, and when the story is finished the prizes will be awarded.

The best letter in thought and construction will receive the first prize of \$3. To the next letter in point of excellence will be awarded a prize of \$2, and to the third a prize of \$1.

The letters must not contain more than five hundred words, must be written on one side of the paper only and must be addressed to Little Men and Little Women, New-York Tribune.

### CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes! Who is it in yon manger lies? Who is this child so young and fair? The blessed Christ-child lieth there.

For velvet soft and silken stuff Thou hast but hay and straw so rough. Whither thou, King, so rich and great, Art t'wixt thy heaven, art t'wixt in state.

Thus has it pleased thee to make plain The truth to us poor fools and vain. That this world's honor, wealth and might Are naught and worthless in thy sight.

Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child, Make thee a bed soft, undecorated. Within my heart, that it may be A quiet chamber kept for thee!

My heart for very joy doth leap. My lips no more can silence keep. I too must sing with joyful tongue: "That sweetest ancient cradle-song—

Glory to God in highest heaven, Who unto man his Son hath given! While angels sing in praise mirth, A glad New Year to all the earth.

(By Martin Luther. Written for his little son Hans, 1590.)

A word-book which appeared in 1721, gotten up by Nathaniel Bailey, a schoolmaster, describes a cat as "a creature well known" and a horse as "a beast well known." His aim was simply to collect all the words in the English language, and he made no attempt to settle the value of standard English, which was Johnson's aspiration.



SHE THOUGHT SHE SAW THE WHITE DOVE FLUTTERING ITS WINGS ON THE OLD WOMAN'S SHOULDER AND WHISPERING IN HER EAR.

### OUR OWN CORNER.

Now that our little people have had an opportunity to name their own department, it seems only fair that they should be invited to suggest the kind of prize contests they wish to have carried on in it. Therefore this week we offer two prizes for suggestions on contents of a popular and entertaining character.

Prize No. 1 (including first and second prize)—\$2 for the best suggestion on prize contents and \$1 for the next best suggestion.

Prize No. 2—\$1 for the best photograph of "A Winter's Day."

Prize No. 3—An interesting book for the longest list of names of famous persons (men and women) born in January. It may include generals, statesmen, inventors, authors, artists, sculptors, musicians, etc. All letters should be addressed to Little Men and Little Women, New-York Tribune, and should reach this office by January 14. The result of the contests will be published January 17.

### ENCOURAGEMENT FOR GUILDERS.

Andrew Carnegie, in addressing lately an audience in Scotland struggling to advance a good cause, said:

"Let me commend a great truth to you, which has been one of my supports in life: 'The gods send thread for a web begun.' Thread will be sent for that you are about to weave, I am well assured."

### AFRICAN BABY NAMES.

A roll-call of South African natives shows a curious predilection for North American literature of a wild and woolly type, according to a Southern paper. Chick and Chow and Okla and Homa are the names of twins, then there is a fourth of July infant called Solly Brate Smith, beside Pleas Jonathan Keith, Sweet Magnolia Brown, Ugly Bogie, Excellent Love, Nervous Jackson and Always Billy.

## The Wonderful Electric Elephant.

BY FRANCES TRIGO MONTGOMERY. ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. COOLIDGE.

(Copyright, 1903, by the Seaside Publishing Company, New-York and Chicago.)

CHAPTER VII. THE ELEPHANT VISITS THE ISLAND OF SANTA CATALINA.

"Oh, Harold! Do come here quick and look through this peephole. See what perfectly beautiful sea feathers and moss are growing here on the bed of the ocean, and do look at those lovely shells! How I wish we could get some without filling the elephant with water. And do please look just once again at that red coral against those tall, swaying, dark green sea plants, and those make them all look more lovely than ever in the soft, delicate sapphire blue of the water."

"And see how the blue turns to a green in the distance where the water is deeper," answered Harold.

"Stop, Harold! Do stop a minute until I see that queer looking fish with a big mouth and red fins. See! He is coming right toward us. There! He hit his nose against the glass in the bull's eye. I was looking through."

Our young travellers were well out in the Pacific Ocean by this time and Harold stopped the elephant and took his position at one of the peepholes on one side while Ione took hers on the other, but everything she saw she wanted Harold to see and vice versa, so they spent a good deal of time jumping from one side to the other.

"Isn't it too lovely for anything, Harold, that this elephant belongs to us? I do not believe there are two more such lucky children in the world, do you?"

"Yes, Harold, I believe I can. I will run the elephant up close to it and then hook it into the trunk like we did the peanuts and apples they gave us at the circus."

He tried it, and sure enough he could easily pick up anything that was small enough to pass through the trunk. When getting the shell he noticed an oyster open its mouth to take in something to eat.

"Quick, Harold, see what is coming toward us on my side!" But before Harold could get there he heard a bang on the outside of the elephant. A big swordfish had run into them with such force that it had broken the sword off its nose instead of injuring the elephant as it had intended.

"Harold, I see the most beautiful shell you can imagine, and I must have it. Don't you think you could get for me in some way?"

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and as it did so he spied the most beautiful pink pearl sticking to the inside of the shell.

"Ione! Ione! I have found a fortune!" he exclaimed.

But imagine his surprise when Ione exclaimed: "Look on my side of the elephant! There is a whole bed of these queer-looking, ugly shells, and they are filled with all colors, shapes and kinds of pearls!"

"Those best of all the pearl fisheries I ever heard of, for the pearls are larger, more perfect and of more beautiful shades than those of India. I shall stop right here until I have gathered enough to make you the most costly and perfect string of pearls the world has ever seen. It will outline Queen Margherita's of Italy. See that beautiful, pear-shaped one in that ugly shell sticking to that rock. Who would ever think that the shell with such an ugly outside held within it such a treasure?"

"It is like some people who have homely faces but beautiful souls," said Ione. "Break me off a piece of that lovely pink coral, Harold. Practically as sure as I live, away in the distance I see several mountains, and one has its peak sticking out of the bed of the ocean like a mountain range and plains, just as the surface of the earth has above the water."

"No, I did not, and it seems too queer for anything. How are we going to get over that range of mountains seen before us?"

"Just as we got over the Sierra Madre Mountains. I have a guide that shows me the best place to cross it. When we get to that mountain, with its head sticking out of the water, we will climb it, and when we get to the top we will find that we have come out on the island of Santa Catalina. Does it not seem funny that what people call an island is nothing more or less than the top of a submarine mountain?"

"Do you know that I always imagined islands had no bottoms to them, and that they just floated on top of the water like a boat? It makes me laugh now to think what a little stupid goose I was! I might have known that if they did not have a bottom to them they would float around and never be twice in the same place. Won't it be fun when we come out on the water for the first time like a big sea monster and frighten the people."

"Harold!" the latter Ione exclaimed. "Mercy! how dark it is getting; how can it be? It must be a big cloud passing over the sun."

Harold looked out through the peephole in the top of the elephant and saw a large ocean steamer passing over them.

"Ione!" he was surprised if they knew two children were down on the bed of the ocean under them!" said Harold.

(To be continued.)

## Things to Think About.

The prize offer this week for the neatest and most complete set of answers to the puzzles is a book which deals with one of the most picturesque figures in the Civil War. All boys and girls, whether they are fond of history or not, will find it a story of intense interest. Answers should reach this office by January 7, and should be addressed Puzzle Department, Little Men and Little Women, New-York Tribune.

CHARADES.

1. My first is a proposition of two letters. My second is a river in Great Britain. My third has been said to be mightier than the sword.

My fourth is a mark made by a blow. My whole means self-reliant.

2. My first is a kind of song. My second is applied to a tedious, uninteresting person. My third is a personal pronoun. My fourth is another form of the same pronoun.

My whole is attended with toil.

3. My first is small, round and green. At table it is served with its brothers.

My second may hold No. 1 along with some hundreds of others.

My whole is a kind of tree that gives nuts to you and me.

DIAMONDS.

1. A letter in or A humble cottage. Part of the verb burn. Movements in military order. The children's game of hide-and-seek. Part of the verb sugar. A preparation of sugar.

A letter of or. A third of far. A boy's name. A blouse. Covering of birds.

A girl's name out through the United States. An ocean that touches the United States. A kind of candy that has to be pulled. To strike. A third of cap.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What pronoun belongs to the musical scale? 2. What pronoun belongs to the potato? 3. Of what material should a hunter's suit be made?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES PUBLISHED DEC. 27.

CHARADES.

1. Porcupine. 2. Impunctate. 3. Hero. 4. Ghandicifer.

WORD SQUARES.

S A F E  
A C T I  
F I L E  
E D E N

DIAMONDS.

J A N N E Y  
B O N N Y  
C A R A Z K  
O C E A N  
O H I O  
S H O R T  
S E B O R I A

PRIZE FOR LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

This time it is a little woman who wins the prize in the puzzle contest, published last Sunday. She is Maude S. Jewett, of Englewood, N. J. Every puzzle was correct, and, boys and girls, you should have seen her paper; it was the neatest and most attractive that has ever been received by us.

HONOR LIST.

The honor list of little men and women who solved "the things to think about" of December 27 includes: Nelson P. W. Hill, Mollie M. Cozzant, Richard Cozzant, Eunice Kirland, Elizabeth Underhill, Richard W. Bennet and Frank Thresher.

OR A SMOKE IN THE DARK.

"An ounce of tobacco, please."

"Which sort?"

"Doesn't matter; it's for a blind gentleman."

Sketch.



ON WEDNESDAY COOK FOR MOTHER.



ON FRIDAY I PLAY THEY ARE TAKEN ILL. (Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.)