



LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN



The Stolen Prince.

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BY E. M. JAMESON. ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. SANDY.

CHAPTER XI.

Now, the court dressmaker was notorious for being behindhand with his work, and the ladies in waiting had suffered much disappointment, owing to his want of punctuality, therefore few looks of pity were sent in his direction.

But, hitherto, he had feared Fantastica too greatly to neglect her orders, and now everybody present bent forward eagerly to see the result of his interview with the king.

Nerissa feared lest the poor little man should suffer some injury, for in his abasement his head was almost beneath the pony's hoofs, and Fan-

"What means this tumult, fellow?" he demanded, adjusting his crown more firmly on his head and absent-mindedly handing his sceptre to Nerissa.

Everybody knew that when his majesty called one of his subjects fellow he must be angry indeed. Each head was craned forward in breathless interest. The little man stirred uneasily, and moaned, paralyzed with fear, not of his questioner, but of Fantastica.

"Tell his majesty of your rascally behavior," commanded the Princess Royal, poking him with her gold-tipped lance, whereat he again moaned for mercy and uttered not a word.

The ladies in waiting looked at one another and raised their brows questioning, knowing well that what the Princess Royal stated was an impossibility, even in fairyland.

The little man raised himself to his knees, turning toward the king such a grief-stricken countenance that Nerissa felt the deepest pity for him.

"It happened thus, your majesty," he explained, in trembling tones: "I ran short of a length of silver gossamer for the left sleeve of the Princess Royal's gown. Throughout the country did my messengers search in vain, nowhere could they find a morsel. It is a rare kind, your majesty, silver stars on a barred design, with delicate tracery of—"

"Yes, yes; enough of these details," interrupted the King, irritably; "what care we for women's fallals!"

"Nothing could they find save gold gossamer, your majesty."

"And why not make use of gold gossamer, pray?" interposed the king, pushing his crown back a little from his perturbed brow.

At this question Fantastica shrugged her shoulders with a pitying smile for his majesty's ignorance, and the little man hastened to inform the King that one gold sleeve and one of silver would never do; they would not match.

"And why need they match, pray?" asked the king, indifferently, repressing a yawn; the discussion wearied him; "for our part we are not so set upon having both sides alike. Fantastica, our own precious child, why not start a new fashion in gossamer? The idea commends itself to our royal mind."

And, full of pleasure in this new thought, he pushed his crown away still further from his brow and only just succeeded in catching it ere it rolled down the steps of the throne. He glanced around quickly to see if any one smiled, but not a glimmer of a smile was to be seen, for all his subjects knew their king's self-consciousness and respected it—and their own freedom.

Now, Fantastica was as changeable as the wind. The idea of the variegated sleeves commended itself to her mind also. After all, no gown at the fete would resemble her own. She pondered for a moment, and the little man was quick to seize his opportunity.

He sprang to his feet, and with trembling fingers opened the box. From innumerable wrappings of silver paper he drew forth the Princess Royal's coming-age gown, and shook it out before the eyes of the assembled court.

A murmur of admiration arose from all sides. It was more like a rosy-tipped cloud, mingled with moonshine, than anything in the shape of a gown, and it shimmered softly in the light, while the silver gleam of its one sleeve caught the attention of the court.

It was a marvel of beauty, and the ladies in waiting forgave the court dressmaker many of his errors in consequence of his skill.

The gown was indeed a marvel of loveliness, and the pity was that Fantastica should be so unworthy of it.

The little jester looked from it to Nerissa and back again to Prince Lubin and they both nodded, saying not a word, but meaning that Nerissa, with her golden hair, would have graced the dazzling gown marvelously well.

Fantastica's good humor was completely restored. "Away, cat!" she said, poking the little man playfully with her lance, and preparing to ride off, "and see that the gown be ready in an hour's time, and in the hands of my thing-woman, or—"

She coughed her lance in position and galloped away, scattering the courtiers right and left, and leaving the king to look ruefully at the havoc made by her pony's hoofs in the beautiful inlaid floor.

Everybody breathed a sigh of relief.

The little man replaced the gown in the wrappings and, taking up the box, once more ran off with the speed of a frightened rabbit.

Then the king and queen rose, and the courtiers began to get into position in order of rank.

"They walked out of the audience chamber, backward, bowing all the time like so many mandarins. To Nerissa and Otho this was a very novel sight, but they knew their manners better than to smile."

Nerissa walked between the king and queen, holding a hand of each, and after them came all the princesses, accompanied by Otho, with the little jester running hither and thither, turning somersaults and making merry, checked by nobody, for was he not the king's favorite?

At the foot of the great curved staircase the king and queen paused.

"She must rest until the fete begins," said the king, thoughtfully; and the queen nodded very gravely.

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PRINCESS FANTASTICA IN HER COMING OUT GOWN.

tastica made no movement to restrain her speed. However, the jester, who did not fear Fantastica in the least degree, sprang to his feet with a jingle of bells, turned a somersault which brought him beside the little man, and dragged him out of immediate danger, giving him an encouraging pat on the head.

But so great was the little dressmaker's fear of Fantastica that the little man only grovelled lower still and lay flat upon the ground, with the box half hiding him from view.

Now, the King hated scenes and disputes, and he had only just recovered his good humor, to lose it again.

"Take him away to the dungeons," said Fantastica to two serving men; "put him into the lowest, dampest, silliest of them all; into that one where no ray of light ever penetrates, and where the rats!"

"I will confess all, your most noble and imperial highness," cried the little man, quivering at the word rats; "it shall never, never happen again."

"It is not likely to happen again," said the princess, meaningly, reining her pony back a pace or two from the throne; "we will appoint another court dressmaker, one who will execute our orders to the hour."

The Wonderful Electric Elephant.

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

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CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

As they approached the capital Harold went faster to escape the mob that attempted to follow them, and, obeying Cherry Blossom's directions, he presently found himself at the entrance of a beautiful park, in the centre of which he entered a lane home stood. Turning on both sides by cherry or driveway, bordered on both sides by trees in full bloom. Here and there through the trees they caught glimpses of little lakes and ponds glistening in the moonlight. There were many trimmed hedges and flowers everywhere, which grew so thickly that not a glimpse of the house could be seen. All of a sudden they entered a clear space, and there stood a typical Japanese house on a beautiful, high terrace, with marble steps leading up to it, on which were immense bronze vases, filled with blooming plants. On the steps and terraces could be seen peacocks sweeping their long tails on the grass as they strutted about.

Cherry Blossom's pet dog ran out to find what caused so much noise, and on seeing the elephant he scampered back, howling with fright. This brought Cherry Blossom's father out of the house, and servants came from all directions to see what made the pet dog howl so. Just at this second, when they all stood looking in the direction of the drive, the elephant came into view, walking slowly along. The earth trembled slightly as it came. The servants fled in all directions and did not wonder that the dog howled, while her father stood as if petrified with amazement, too surprised to move.

The elephant stopped before the house, and Harold opened the little trap door, and out stepped Cherry Blossom. This surprise was one too many for the old man, and he dropped into a chair,

trembling with fright. She went to her father, and, putting her arms around his neck, poured into his bewildered ear all the queer things that had happened. In the mean time Harold helped Pink Cheeks and Ione to descend, and by this time Cherry Blossom's father was over his surprise and fright, and went to meet Harold and Ione with open arms and bade them welcome to his house.

It is needless to dwell on the good time they had and how they extended their visit from day to day until they had been there a week, and how each day they saw something new and interesting, as Cherry Blossom's father devoted his whole time to them. Through his influence they were presented at court, and the Emperor, Empress and their retinue were so interested in what they heard that they did Cherry Blossom's father the honor of calling at his house to inspect the electric elephant.

Harold gave them all a ride in it and showed them how easily it was run. Then the Emperor, in return, presented him with a medal of the Black Dragon, and gave a large duck catching party for him, which pleased Harold greatly, for he had heard what sport it was to try to catch the ducks in nets, instead of shooting them, as we do in America. The party was a great success, as well as the supper, served in true Japanese style, that was given afterward for them in the palace.

The Empress presented Ione with a complete Japanese costume of silk, handsomely embroidered in gold and silver, and the Emperor gave Harold a peculiar, ancient looking sword, with jewels set in the handle. Harold returned the favor by giving the Emperor an emerald signet ring and the Empress a magnificent string of pearls which he had selected from those which he and Ione had gathered in the ocean. This string, when finished, was worth a small kingdom.

When presented at court Ione had worn her wedding dress for the second time and a tiara of pearls, diamonds and emeralds. She looked like a queen, and she certainly was a royal beauty that night; her lilylike complexion never showed to better advantage than it did there among the dark skinned daughters of Japan.

One whole day was devoted to shopping and purchasing some of Japan's priceless pottery and embroideries, and the last day of their visit they spent in inspecting several of the Buddhist temples and some of the Emperor's palaces. The latter are situated in the heart of the city, in the midst of pretty parks, with tiny lakes dotted here and there, the whole being surrounded by wide moats, where numerous wild ducks can be seen swimming among the beautiful lotus blossoms which float on the water.

spray of delicate branches, so much admired for its winter beauty, and the white birch, which poets celebrate as the "lady of the forest," has a new charm when her "silver bark"—one of the loveliest things in nature—calls her drooping branches, as Sir Walter Scott calls "long dishevelled hair," are unhidden by her summer veil of leaves. The strength and sturdiness of the oak are best realized when her gnarled old arms and iron form are bare, and the elm shows her remarkable combination of strength and stateliness, with graceful delicacy, to best advantage when she is bereft of leaves.

The elm may easily be recognized in winter by her vase-like form, and the oak is usually marked by her peculiar habit of clinging to her dead foliage. Hickories may be known by the lanky blackness of their branches, as they are outlined against the sky, and the buttonwood may be recognized as far as she can be seen by her curious speckled appearance, caused by the habit of casting her bark in large, irregular patches.

The bark is the warmest clothing of the tree which she casts off when it gets too small, and it differs from other old clothes in being more beautiful when it is old than it has ever been before. For this the tree lover may be devoutly thankful to Mother Nature, for the bark is one of the greatest beauties of the trees, particularly in the fall, when the eye is not distracted from its lovely colors by the brighter tints of the foliage.

Winter is the sleeping time of the trees, and all the sympathy which poets have lavished on their leafless and birdless state is quite misplaced. The trees in winter are perfectly comfortable and happy. They have put on their slumber coats, wrapped all their buds in waterproof coats and blankets, filled their storehouses with food, ready to feed the baby leaves and flowers when the first breath of spring is felt, and since the first frost in the fall they have been having a nice, quiet snooze. The roots, partly wrapped in the slumber robes, are asleep, like the rest of the tree, and, though the wood is full of little life, which can be seen sparkling like diamonds on a broken twig or branch, the living part of the tree, a jellylike substance called protoplasm, is injured by the cold. Nature in some mysterious way which cannot be fully understood protects it.

The slumber coat is the same dress worn by the tree during the summer, but for the winter sleep it is made perfectly air tight and water tight. During the summer it is pierced with tiny openings through which the tree breathes, but in the fall these openings are all carefully sealed up.

The cradles of the baby leaves and flowers are wonderful things, and any little man or woman would like to examine them can easily do so. The horse chestnut is the best tree to begin with, because it makes bigger cradles for its children than most of the other trees. These will be found at the ends of the twigs and are from an inch to an inch and a half in length. The outside covering is waterproof and beneath it is an armor of scales. Inside the scales a mass of soft, downy wool is packed around a complete branch of little leaves, while in the centre of all is a complete stalk of flowers. A German naturalist counted sixty-eight flowers on one of these undeveloped scales, and with a microscope he was able to see the pollen on the stamens.

All trees do not take so much trouble as this, and some take more. The buds of the Norway maple have five sets of scales. Beneath the outer one is a pair covered with soft brown hair as thick as seal-skin and of the same color. Within these is a third pair with fur a little thicker and darker than that of the second pair, and within these are the baby leaves, or flowers, so small they can scarcely be seen, but perfect.

The mosswood maple, on the contrary, protects its buds with only a single pair of scales; yet the leaves and flowers come out in the spring just as vigorous as those of the Norway maple. Why there should be such a difference in the nursery methods of the two trees no one knows, but as Mother Nature generally knows what she is about, there is probably a good reason for it. Perhaps some of the little men and women will find out when they grow up.

The tree makes its leaves and flowers for the succeeding season early each summer, and when the flowers are intended to come out before the leaves they are always wrapped up separately.

PRIZE PICTURE.



Drawn by Adele Niess (aged nine years), No. 64 Wales-ave., The Bronx.

TREES IN WINTER.

How Many Boys and Girls Know Them Without Their Leaves?

Even winter bleak has charms for me. —Barna.

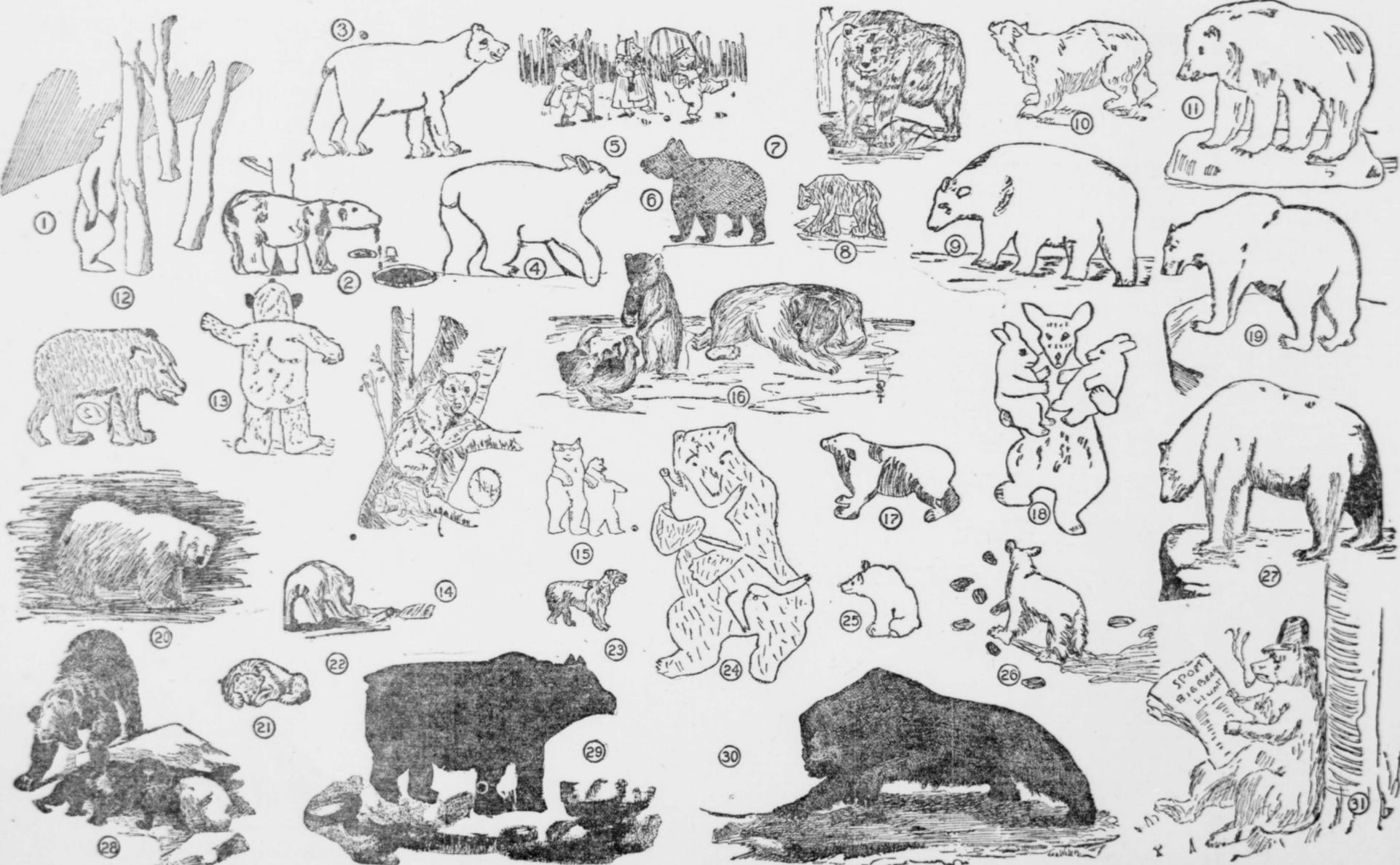
How many of the little men and women can recognize the trees in winter? Perhaps they think like the majority of grown up people, that they are all alike when they have lost their summer dress, but the leaves do not make the tree any more than clothes make the man, and the leafless trees are even less like one another than when they are covered with foliage, flowers or fruit. They show their real character in winter, and if we really want to know them we must study them at that time. A few of them will be found, like a good many men and women, to have only their clothes to recommend them; but most of them have peculiar beauties which can only be seen or are best observed in winter.

The beech, with its lovely white bark and fine

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5. Grace E. Cadman.
6. William Lacey Kenly.
7. Clarence Edward Pink.
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9. Julia S. Howell.
10. Morris Greenberg.
11. Grace J. Holland.
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