

ART WORK OF OUR LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN.



ANECDOTES OF LONGFELLOW.

The most interesting and the best written story we received on the life of Longfellow came from Lizzie Armbruster, twelve years old, of Irvington, N. J. Lizzie thus wins \$1. Her story follows:

HIS BOYHOOD DAYS.
It is said that Longfellow was very bright when he was a little boy. He was a very comely child. He had clear blue eyes and chestnut brown hair. All his life he was very fond of anything that God made. This is why he wrote such beautiful thoughts about his country life.

His boyhood days were spent in a fine old house that stood near some grand old oaks. The oaks were much older than the house in which he lived. He wanted to grow to be as strong as the oaks. When the warm summer days came he played like other boys in the fields with ball and bat. He was a good swimmer and a fine rower. This is why he grew to be very strong, and not sickly. When winter came he was on the hill with his sled or on the ice with his playmates. He would not kill the birds that sang for him in the woods. The birds, the trees, the wind and the flowers gave him many beautiful thoughts.

When he was a young lad he was sent to school, where he grew very fond of his books. He wrote his first poem when a schoolboy.
LIZZIE ARMBRUSTER, (aged twelve),
No. 84 Berkshire Place, Irvington, N. J.

"HIS LOVED CHESTNUT TREE."
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who was born in Portland, Me., in February, 1807, was a great lover of children. He was a poet who had many beautiful thoughts. The children would come and sit upon his knee in his study, while he told them stories.

Near his home in Cambridge was a blacksmith shop, which was shaded by a large chestnut tree. Mr. Longfellow loved to sit and watch the blacksmith work and he wrote a poem about him. In it he spoke of the spreading chestnut tree, which all the people in Cambridge loved. One day the school children of the town brought money to their teachers, who gave it to some of Longfellow's friends. With this money his friends decided to have a beautiful chair made from the wood of the tree, which had been cut down. On the morning of his birthday, when he went into the study after breakfast, he was surprised to see what was there. It made him happy to think that the children had remembered him, and he wrote a poem to thank them.

He died in 1862. The people all were very sad to have him go, because he had made their lives better and happier.
JENNIE EGGLESTON,
Waterbury, Conn.

HIS KIND HEART.
Henry W. Longfellow was a very noble boy. He was very soft-hearted, and never liked to see any animal in pain. One day Henry took a gun and went hunting. He shot and killed a robin. He was very sorry. Then he sat down, and after looking at it for some minutes he took his gun and went home with tears in his eyes. He told his



mother what had happened, and then he said: "I will never go shooting again."
WILLIAM J. WILSON,
Jersey City, N. J.

A SCHOOLBOY POEM.
When our great poet was nine years old his master wanted him to write a "composition." Little Henry, like all children, shrank from the undertaking. His master said:

"You can write words, can you not?"
"Yes," was the reply.
"Then you can put words together?"
"Yes, sir."
"Then," said the master, "you can take your slate and go out behind the schoolhouse, and there you can find something to write about, and then you can tell what it is, what it is for, and what it is to be done with it, and that will be a composition."
Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which chanced to be near by, and seeing a fine turnip growing up, he thought he knew what that was, what it was for and what would be done with it.

A half hour had been allotted to Henry for his first undertaking in writing compositions. In a half hour he carried in his work and accomplished, and the master is said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what little Henry had done in that short time. This is what he had written:

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP.
Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew, and it grew,
And it grew behind the barn,
And the turnip did no harm.
And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller;
Then Mr. Finney took it up,
And put it in the cellar.
There it lay, there it lay,
Till he began to rot.
When his daughter Susie washed it,
And she put it in the pot.
Then she boiled and boiled it,
As long as she was able;
Then his daughter Lizzie took it,
And she put it on the table.
Mr. Finney and his wife
Both sat down to sup,
And they ate and they ate,
Till they ate the turnip up!
RUBY L. THOMAS (aged six years),
Second- and Seventy-fifth-st., Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AN APPRECIATED COMPLIMENT.
While Longfellow was in London he received an invitation of the Queen to visit her. Longfellow accepted the invitation. On returning from the palace, the coach was stopped by the crowd of



OUR OWN CORNER.

vehicles in the street. They stepped before the door of the carriage an English workman.
"Are you Mr. Longfellow?" he asked.
"I am," replied Longfellow.
"Did you write the 'Psalm of Life'?" questioned the workman.
"I did," replied Longfellow.
"Pardon me, but would you be willing to take the hand of a workman?"
Longfellow was later heard to remark that "it was the best compliment he had ever received in his life."
ELSA TRAUDT,
No. 194 Hunterdon-st., Newark, N. J.

"Certainly, my friend. It would give me great pleasure," replied Longfellow. Thereupon the workman put his hand through the open carriage window, and Longfellow heartily took the man's hand and shook it.
Longfellow was later heard to remark that "it was the best compliment he had ever received in his life."
ELSA TRAUDT,
No. 194 Hunterdon-st., Newark, N. J.

Brought by the Postman.

LETTER OF THANKS.
Dear Editor: I thank you very much for the book received yesterday. Very truly,
HELEN F. STRAIT,
Montclair, N. J.

INTEREST IN "CORNER."
Dear Editor: I am very much interested in the Little Men and Little Women's Corner, and just enjoy sketching as well as I can for the art competition. I am going to a dedication of a flag on Sunday evening at the "Labor Lyceum," and hope to have a pleasant time. I will close this letter now. Yours respectfully,
ANGELIA PRUMM,
No. 322 Reid-ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

OPINIONS OF "THE STOLEN PRINCE."
Dear Editor: The story of "The Stolen Prince," written by E. M. Jameson and published in your paper, is a very interesting one, and I think it has

a very good moral. It shows how great the love of a sister for her brother can be and is.
Little Nerissa gives up all her pleasures and endures many hardships, but does not complain. She is sure she thinks that in the end virtue will have victory over vice. Very truly yours,
OLGA MARIA KOLFF (aged thirteen),
Livingston, Long Island.

Dear Editor: I like the story of "The Stolen Prince" very much. I think Count Otho is a brave count, but I think Nerissa is even braver, on account of her being a girl. I think that Nerissa's father, the king, must be very gray and worried since Princess Nerissa and little Prince Noal have both gone. I think the Princess Royal of the Gnomes was very rude to treat poor Princess Nerissa in that way. I would be very happy if Princess Nerissa finds her dear little brother.
MABEL LOVE,
West New-Brighton, Staten Island.

HOW TO WIN A PRIZE.
Prize No. 1.—One dollar for the best original pen and ink drawing of a pig.
Prize No. 2.—One dollar for the best and most appropriate original drawing to be used as a heading for "Our Own Corner" during April.
Prize No. 3.—An interesting book for the best joke received. Send in the funniest joke you have ever heard. The best of all received will win the book.
All competitions must reach the office by Wednesday, March 16.

HONOR LIST.

STORIES OF LONGFELLOW.
Helen D. Bigley, The Bronx, New-York City; Edna Van Cook, The Bronx, New-York City; Bertha Goldsmith, New-York City; Fred Koeln, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Florence H. Lutz, Jersey City, N. J.; Florence B. T. Smith, Newton, N. J.; Lillian M. Donahoe, Albany, N. Y.; Ruth Boyer, Norwalk, Conn.; Katharyn Howell, Newark, N. J.; Elizabeth Roehsner, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Etta A. Schörke, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John C. Becker, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rosalind C. Hammer, Branford, Conn.; Clarence K. Green, Peekskill, N. Y.; Grace

Livingston, of Cassel, Germany; Stephen Walyk, Raymond Frid, George Dolacki, Emil Rulley and Kenneth Moffat, of Yonkers, N. Y.; Angela Prumm, of Brooklyn; Charles Bohuke and Jacob Greene, of New-York City; Dora Sanger, of Mount Vernon, N. Y.; Helen Strat, of Montclair, N. J.; Helen E. Wankmaker, of Suffern, N. Y.; Winifred Ogden, of Summit, N. J.; Irene M. Wingfield and Clarence Wingfield, of Brooklyn; Alfred H. Sarles, of New-Haven, Conn.; Alfred T. Mowbray, of Newark, N. J.; Howland Shippen Davis, of Pomfret Centre, Conn.; and Edwin Pierce, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

PUZZLES.
Helen R. Moore, New-York City; Josephine Burgess, New-Haven, Conn.; Bessie Wallace, Fair Oaks, N. Y.; Marjorie Martin Blatchford, Pitts-



field, Mass.; Isabel Benedict, New-York City; M. S. Prescott, Laconia, N. Y.; Bertha Goldstein, New-York City.

COOKS AND CAKES.
When Barbara bakes her famous cakes
It is a pleasing sight,
You ought to see the things it takes,
And all the measuring she makes,
And what a pile of eggs she breaks,
But listen, be that as it may,
When Barbara bakes her famous cakes
And treats us to a bite.

When baking day comes Betty's way
I fear I can't recite
Just what her patty-pans display—
A strange and soggy mess, they say.
But listen, be that as it may,
The dolls are so polite
When baking day comes Betty's way
They call her cake just right.
—(Rose Mills Powers, in Youth's Companion.)

A STREETCAR INCIDENT.
She was thirty and shabbily clad, that pathetic sort of shabbiness that strives so obviously to screen itself behind the virtue that is next to godliness, and the redeeming "stitch in time." She handed the conductor a quarter, and the passenger next her noticed idly that its absence left the worn purse quite empty. Two dimes and a nickel were given her in change, and she was about to slip them into their place when, with a start, she drew back her hand. Then she gave a furtive glance about the car and another in the direction of the conductor. No one seemed aware of her existence or of the moral problem that confronted her. Into the purse went the three coins, to be withdrawn, however, two minutes later, and held on a slightly tremulous palm toward the mystified conductor.

"I think you must have given me too much change," she said, timidly. The conductor reflected, then looked her over with a softening eye. "Thank you," he said, simply. But he continued to look in her direction after he went back to his post on the platform, with an expression of having seen a vision.

A THRIFTY LAD.
Merchant—Did you post my letter, as I told you, John?
John—Yes, sir; but I had it weighed first, and as it was double weight I put another stamp on it.
Merchant—That's right! Only I hope you didn't put the extra stamp on so that it would obliterate the address?
John—Indeed, I didn't, sir; I just stuck it on top of the other stamp, so as to save room.—Chuma.

FAITHFUL TO HIS MASTER.
A diminutive specimen of the genus small boy, very ragged and far from clean, was meandering along a crowded West Side street the other evening, whistling through his fingers from time to time to a dingy little mongrel that nosed furtively about doorways for some chance overflow from the morning garbage can. The boy carried a huge parcel of old clothing, and looked as if the picking of a bone or two on his own account would not go amiss. Now and again the dog would trot back to his small master long enough to sniff his bare legs reassuringly in acknowledgment of the periodical whistling.

Presently a great mastiff, wild with the thought of an hour's freedom, bounded down the steps of an apartment house and into disastrous collision with small boy and bundle, knocking one flat and rolling the other into the gutter. Quick as a flash the lank cur was at the great dog's throat. Hardly had the size of the mastiff's head, for some ten seconds he did battle not unworthily with his big enemy, putting all the love and loyalty of his home-bred little heart into this attack upon the giant that had apparently assailed his master. Instantly, however, the boy was on his feet, calling him off, and the mastiff, after a sniff or two, walked soberly on. Evidently he had understood the matter previously, apprehended the cause of the heat, contrived and let it pass after the manner of his magnanimous kind.

"Good doggie!" said the boy, releasing one hand from the bundle long enough to pat the head of the breathless little mongrel, which greeted this acknowledgment of his services with ecstatic wagging of his sandy stump. But there was a sequel. It chanced that this particular pugnacious cur had some time since been benefitted of one eye, and now, endeavoring to cross the avenue, the oncoming car was at his blind side and the "L" overhead whizzed out all surface sounds. Boy and bundle were half the street's width in his rear when a swerve of the motorist's hand gave the car a headlong plunge. The fender was hardly a foot from the unconscious dog when his master, like a flash, dropped his load, scooped up his four-footed chum with one bare arm about his lank body and bounded on the fender, clinging like a crab to the sagging steel ribs. Then, as the car slowed up, with a screech and a growl from the brakes, master and dog descended and raced back for the bundle again.

The most valuable result of education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you ought to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like to do it or not.—Huxley.

Theodor De Land; 2 Eugenia Baker; 3 Ernest Koch; 4 Percival H. Chance; 5 E. Taelman; 6 Maud Shethar Gorham; 7 Charles S. Knapp; 8 Amy Boye; 9 Grace Schocke; 10 Clarence K. Green; 11 Gladys Oakley; 12 Grace T. Hallow; 13 Jay Anderson; 14 Henry Belkin; 15 Bert Buckley; 16 Joseph Hormats; 17 Donald King Van Riper; 18 Edna Butz; 19 Walter Stryker; 20 Charles A. Quinn; 21 Bessie Koehler; 22 Helen McGarr; 23 Margaret A. Jernyn; 24 Joseph Hechelnick; 25 Raymond Friel; 26 Eugenia Baker; 27 Richard Brooks; 28 Naomi Brooks; 29 Edward H. Eccles; 30 Wilson Chambers; 31 Edna Shauger; 32 Edna Nelson; 33 Frank S. Thomas, Jr.; 34 Sara Allen; 35 Frank S. Thomas, Jr.; 36 Raymond Friel; 37 Marjorie Watkins; 38 Nathan Sellman; 39 Arthur Towle; 40 Caroline Bach; 41 Nora Nelson; 42 Anna Taft; 43 Etta Schocke; 44 Edward Corcoran; 45 Louisa Hollakovsky; 46 Mary Edmiston; 47 W. H. Shea; 48 John Dolack; 49 John Edmiston; 50 Robert Scammell; 51 Ernest Adams, Jr.; 52 Howard Simons; 53 Harold S. Platt; 54 Grace Margaret Metzger; 55 Eileen A. Buckley; 56 Seth Harrison Gurnee.



WHAT SAVED THE PRINCESS'S LIFE.

Little Princess Blue Eyes had been ill for two whole months. Her cheeks, which once had been like the flushed petals of a rose, were white, and her eyes, which used to be as beautiful as sapphire stones, were weary. The Queen, her mother, would watch her anxiously as she sat propped up by satin pillows near the window looking out over the royal gardens.

"Alas! alas!" she would sigh to herself. "If only something could happen to make my darling laugh and take the weariness from her eyes!"
Now, it chanced that out in the garden the King was having a new summer house builded. There he himself would stand sometimes, directing his workmen, while his crown glittered in the sunlight. But, usually, it was the Court Chamberlain. The little Princess could hear the sound of workmen's hammers, and she rather liked to see the summer house growing there before her eyes. But even this entertainment could not divert her long. She would turn her head indifferently away, her cheeks white against the satin pillows.

One day, however, the funniest thing happened, and she did not turn her head away!
Princess Blue Eyes saw a workman lay his stick of charcoal down beside him while he saved the piece of lumber he had just marked. (In those days even the King's workmen did not have lead pencils.) When he turned around to get his charcoal, it was not there. So he borrowed a piece from another man, and when he had marked his board, he began sawing it, laying the charcoal down as before. But when he reached back his hand for it—behold! it also had vanished.

He looked a bit perplexed and scratched his forehead, but just then the Court Chamberlain came up, so he began to nail the boards he had measured in place. Taking a lot of nails from the pocket of his working apron, he put them down within easy reach.
Pretty soon he looked around to get more nails, but— He jumped straight up and scratched his head again. Not a sign of a single nail!
At the sight of the workman's perplexity little Princess Blue Eyes, who had been watching the whole performance, laughed aloud. Actually, she laughed aloud! The Queen, who sat doing her fine embroidery work in the next room, sat delightedly in to see what had happened.

"Oh, mamma, dear!" cried the little Princess, with the merry tears streaming down her cheeks, "do come here and see the fun! Now watch that man's cap." (She pointed to the cap the workman had thrown down when he had jumped up and begun to scratch his head.)
Of course, the Queen wondered what on earth the Princess was talking about, but she did as the Princess had asked, and kept her eyes steadily on the cap. After the man had questioned the other carpenter and scratched his head some more, he went to work again. Then, when finally he had turned his back on his cap, down from his home in a big oak a few yards off, scampered a lively gray squirrel. Leaping upon his booty he made a bold homeward dash, and in another second, unperceived by the workman, was chattering with delight upon the high limb of the tree.

"What do you say, Blue Eyes; shall we arrest Miss Squirrel? Or shall we notify the Court Chamberlain who the thief is, and have him warn his men?"
The little Princess was so much better the next morning that the Queen said she was sure that the

