OUR OWN CORNER.

HOW TO WIN A PRIZE.

PRIZE No. 1—A sterling silver badge for the best drawing for a May heading of Our Own Corner.
PRIZE NO. 2—A sterling silver badge for the best drawing of an article found in a grocery store.
PRIZE NO. 3—A sterling silver badge for the neatest arrangement of the cut-out puzzle on this page.
PRIZE NO. 4—A book for the best four-line stanza on May.
No drawings will be returned.
All drawings must be in black ink on white paper.
Age will be considered in the award of prizes.
All competitions should reach the office by Wednesday, April 27.

Brought by the Postman.

PLEASED WITH BADGES.

Dear Editor: I wish to thank you very much for the pretty pin I received this morning. I think it is very neat as well as pretty in design. It happens to represent a favorite flower of mine, of which I always receive quite a few on my birthday. This falls on the Queen's birthday, May 24. Again thanking you for the pretty pin, I remain, respectfully yours, MAY FREESE.

Dear Editor: I must thank you for that beautiful badge you sent me, which was the first I had ever earned. I am glad we have taken The Tribune for two generations. It has always been a standby and a good friend. Yours respectfully, EDWARD C. CALLAHAN.
1,828 Pine-st., Boulder, Cal.

Dear Editor: I received the badge, as a prize for the best story on Louisa Alcott, on Tuesday morning. Thanking you very much for it, I remain, Yours very respectfully, HELEN BIGLEY.
No. 380 Mount Hope Place.

"THANK YOU" NOTES.

Dear Editor: I received the book, "The Rover Boys on Land and Sea," and wish to thank you very much for it. Yours truly, JOSEPHINE BURGESS.
No. 29 Brown-st., New-Haven, Conn.

Dear Editor: Thank you very much for the silver pin that you sent me as a prize for the spider. Yours truly, DOROTHY WHITE RIDGWAY.
No. 245 Lark-st., Albany, N. Y.

Dear Editor: I thank you very much for putting my pig in the paper. CARRIE V. HAUSER.
Lafayette, April 5.

"THE STOLEN PRINCE."

Dear Editor: I like the story of the Stolen Prince very well. I hope Nerissa will find her little brother. The old man is quite nice to her. I hope she will find her way quite easily without much trouble. She bore all her troubles bravely. She gets along pretty well because she is so kind to everybody. I suppose if she finds her brother she will be very happy and I hope every one will help her. I like The New-York Tribune very well itself, but I don't think we would be as interested in any other story as well as "The Stolen Prince." ELIZABETH GILBERT.
Age, nine years.
No. 95 Walnut-st., Binghamton, N. Y.

Dear Editor: I think that "The Stolen Prince" is the best ever written in The New-York Tribune. Nerissa is a little heroine, while Otho is a gallant boy and very courageous to undertake such a dangerous quest. The self-control of Nerissa is apparent in her actions at the Dwarf King's court. The more impetuous Otho would certainly break out and tell the king what he was, but he would not mention Fantastica, for he was too gallant for that.

"The Stolen Prince" is meant for boys and girls, but few boys read it. The boys are greatly mistaken when they throw it down and say that it is no good because it is a fairy story. There is a good deal of adventure in it, and better adventure than that of the dime novel, of which boys are so fond.

I am sure the baby Noel will be recovered and the fairy Golconda punished.
WILLIAM SEGUINE, jr.
Rosebank, N. Y.

Dear Editor: Any one who is as fond of fairy stories as I am cannot help liking the story of "The Stolen Prince." The different scenes are described so nicely that one can easily imagine one is there. Princess Nerissa shows a lovely affection for her brother, while Count Otho shows that manliness and courage which so few boys in this world have. I hope most heartily for the finding of Princess Nerissa's brother, for it would be a nice reward for the perseverance of the insects and others who helped Princess Nerissa and Count Otho so well. Faithfully yours, HELEN FINCKE.
Age, thirteen years.
No. 66 Central-ave., Englewood, N. J.

Dear Editor: I am very much interested in the story of "The Stolen Prince." I suppose that in the end the princess will get Noel back. Maybe Otho will kill Golconda. Let us hope he will. The story is about the best fairy tale that has ever entered South Norwalk. It is so interesting that I believe every one can't help wishing it all on one paper. Your friend, IOLA M'LEAN.
Age, eleven years.
P. S.—It just beats "Billy Whisker's Kids." No. 55 Bouton-st., South Norwalk, Conn.

LULU'S COMPLAINT.

Dear Editor: I saw this poem, and I thought it would be nice to send it to The Tribune. Yours truly, MARY SINGLETON.
Dover, N. J.

I'se a poor 'little sorrowful baby,
For B'idget is way downstairs;
My titten has statched my finder,
And Dolly won't say her prayers.

I ain't seen my bootiful mamma
Since ever so lon' ado;
An' I ain't her tunninest baby
No londer, for B'idget said so.

My ma's dot anoder new baby;
Dod dived it—He did yesterday;
An' it kies, it kies, oh, so defful,
I wis' He would tate it away.

I don't want no sweet 'little sister!
I want my dood mamma, I do;
I want her to tiss me, an' tiss me,
An' tall me her p'ecious Lulu!

I dess my bid papa will' b'in' me
A 'little dood titten some day.
Here's nurse wid mamma's new baby,
I wis' s'e would tate it away.

Oh! oh! what tunnin' yed finders!
It sees me yite out o' its eyes!
I dess we will teep it, and dive it
Some tanny whenever it ties.

I dess I will dive it my dolly
To play wid mos' every day.
And I dess, I dess—Say, Bridget;
As' Dod not to tate it away.
—(Hester A. Benedict.

WHAT TO DO ON A RAINY DAY.

The most interesting story on a way to spend a rainy day was written by E. H. Reynolds, of Clayton, Del. This is the way she solved the problem:

To spend a rainy day in an old farmhouse is very lovely, when you have done everything you can think of to amuse five brothers and sisters. On this day we thought we would go up into the garret, which was nearly filled with relics and cast-off things. In one large trunk were some old fashioned dresses of my grandmother's and some dress suits of grandfather's, in which we thought we would dress up. Before putting them on, we went softly down the back stairs to the kitchen to ask the cook if she would give us something to eat, for we were going to play house in the garret. At last she consented to give us some bread and butter and some cookies. Then we hurried upstairs again. When we were dressed up we played I was mother, while my eldest brother was the father, and the other girls and boys were our children. There was an old table, which had been my grandparents', and we found an old sheet to use as a tablecloth. We could find but one chair, and that had the back broken off, so we had to make use of some boxes to sit on.

We discovered an old cradle, with one rocker broken off, and tried to make my youngest brother stay in it, to play he was the baby, but it was hard work, and at last we had to give it up. We had dinner, as we called it. Then we cleared everything away from one part of the garret and fixed a sort of stage to play charades. Four of us went back of the curtain to prepare for the acting, while two were left to look on. While we were still playing, the tea bell rang, and the gloomy day had passed as though we had been outdoors in the sunshine. E. H. REYNOLDS.
Clayton, Del., Box 17.

PRIZE ANECDOTE OF U. S. GRANT.

When Ulysses S. Grant was a boy he was very fond of horses. When eight years old a neighbor of his named Mr. Ralston owned a colt that the boy wanted very much. The owner's price was $25, but Ulysses's father would not pay over $20.

Finally his father yielded, but still said that the colt was not worth more than $20. So he told Ulysses to go and offer Mr. Ralston $20, and if he would not take that amount to offer him $22 50, and if that would not do to give him the $25.

Ulysses was soon on the way to Mr. Ralston, and when he saw him, said: "Father told me to offer you $20 for your colt, and if you would not take that amount to offer you $22 50, and if that would not do to give you the $25."

It would not take anybody long to tell the price of the colt. It is said that he never heard the last of it in school. CHARLES WILBUR FRITZ.
Age eleven.
No. 429 Morris-ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

Thompson Seton Yarns of the Woods

Ernest Thompson Seton told the children all about the tracks left by the little folk of field and forest the other day at the Brooklyn Institute. Mr. Seton keeps a smooth patch of mud or snow near his country home, and in the morning he goes out there and sees who has been along during the night. Sometimes he does not know the tracks, and then he stays about and watches to see if the same visitor will not return a second time. Mr. Seton showed these little tracks on the screen—all manner of foot tracks of birds and beasts, photographed in the soft mud or loose snow.

"I suppose," said Mr. Seton, "there is scarcely a boy or girl in the United States who is not interested more or less in nature study; in the birds, beasts and flowers that are still left in many parts of our country, although they have grown much scarcer even in the last ten years.

"One of the most fascinating and necessary ways of studying animals is to know their tracks. This is not so necessary for birds, because birds fly, and, therefore, they are not afraid to show themselves to us by day. But the quadrupeds have learned so well that men have guns that they never let themselves be seen by day. So that in many cases the only way we can study them is by examining the tracks they leave by night.

"One day I was walking on Goat Island, above Niagara Falls, with my brother. And he said: 'I never see any of these things you are talking about seeing in the woods. I don't know where you find them.'

"'Don't you?' said I. 'Look at your feet.'

"He looked down, and this is what he saw."

Mr. Seton threw upon the screen a picture of tracks; the two front ones little round dots, the hind ones broader, like little paddles: the tracks of a cottontail rabbit. Mr. Cottontail's footprints ran across the screen until they joined other tracks, showing the print of a little tail trailing along between the hind feet. These were the tracks of a sly little mink, following the cottontail. The mink tracks followed the rabbit tracks, and Mr. Seton and his brother followed both, until they finally traced them to a great pile of logs and rubbish. They searched round and round this heap of rubbish, but not a single footprint led away from it.

"Now," said Mr. Seton to his brother, "do you know what that means? It means a forest tragedy. If you will remove this brush heap you will find two things under it. In one part you will find the remains of a cottontail rabbit, partly devoured. In another you will find a mink, sleeping off the effects of a very hearty dinner."

The boy or girl who studies this little account can see how Mr. Seton gets the material to make his stories of animal life.

A new set of tracks was thrown on the screen, very different from the others; large and broad.

"It is very hard," said Mr. Seton, "to tell dog tracks from wolf tracks."

"Part of these are dog tracks and part are wolf tracks. Can you tell which are which?"

All the children looked, but none could see any difference.

"If you examine these tracks very closely," continued Mr. Seton, "you will see that a very experienced man could detect a difference between them. Here is a spot where the dogs and the wolves have both been, and tracked up the dust. This is an old buffalo skeleton. Every dog and every wolf that came by was bound to go up and smell of that. But now, see the difference. One line of tracks walks straight up to the bone heap. The other circles round and round, stopping two or three times before it goes up to the bones. Now, which are which, do you think?"

The children thought very hard over this.

"Don't you see," said Mr. Seton, "the dog has been friends with man so long that he has lost all suspicion and fear. When he wants to smell of a thing he walks straight up to it, without hesitation. But the wild animal walks up cautiously and suspiciously, stopping to inspect the thing for danger before he finally goes up to it.

"The straightforward tracks are the dog tracks. The hesitating tracks are the wolf tracks.

"And there is still another thing," continued the interpreter of animal life, "and it comes from exactly the same reason. Don't you see how clean and distinct these wolf tracks are? And how the print of the dog's foot slops over? The wolf walks with all the caution and secrecy of the hunted animal. The dog did once. But now he has lost all fear, and he shuffles as he walks, like a careless boy. He walks in a careless, shuffling, slovenly way. But the wolf's hind foot goes exactly in the print of his forefoot. Every animal that goes silently does the same way. But the dog puts his foot down any old way.

"There is almost as much difference in human tracks," said Mr. Seton, throwing some footsteps of men upon the screen. "Here is one with sharp toes. That shows the feet have always been covered with boots. And the toes turn out a little. That shows the city man, used to walking on sidewalks. Once I came up to these tracks in the woods, and they told me a very interesting story. This track here is a deer track. Along came Mr. Sharp Toes and followed on the deer's trail. I knew he was a tenderfoot, for he followed the deer straight. No hunter does that. When the deer goes over a hill the hunter keeps in the hollows, where the deer won't see him, for at the top of the hill the deer stops and looks back and all around him. The deer and Mr. Sharp Toes went along this way for a while, and then here, you see, came in another track. This is a broad track, and I knew the man was either an Indian or a man who had lived with the Indians, because that foot had either gone bare or worn a moccasin. It was a long stride. By that I knew the man was used to the woods. Moccasin Foot followed Sharp Toes a little way, and then contemptuously struck off to one side. Sharp Toes was ahead, but I followed to the end, and it was Moccasin Foot that caught the deer."

Next a mass of confused little tracks, all running over one another, were thrown on the screen.

"This is what I used to see in front of my cabin door when I got up in the morning," said the lecturer. "They are the tracks of the coyotes. No one has ever seen the West until he has heard the coyote's cry. That sounds Irish, but it is true. Why, you would think a whole pack of wolves was after you, and it's just one little coyote out there in the sagebrush, saying goodnight to the sun.

"Well, I had a garbage pail at my cabin door, and the coyotes used to come at night and help themselves to a free lunch, which I was very glad they should have, and in the morning I would see their tracks all around my door, like this. But one morning I saw some other tracks among the coyote tracks. Here they are. You see it is a broad human track. The toes turn in. By that I knew it was an Indian. It is a slender track. By that I knew it was a woman.

"Now, what were these slim little moccasin feet doing around my door? Nothing very bad. You see, they lead right up to my window. There they stood for a while and peeped in. Then they went away. So they were just there for curiosity.

"Now here are some funny tracks that I found one morning. Here are two sets of tracks all mixed up, you see. These are the tracks of a bobcat, and these are the tracks of a skunk. I traced out those tracks with a great deal of interest and amusement. I wasn't there to hear what they said, but I know pretty well after I had got through with the tracks.

"A little skunk was employed in eating his evening meal. He was minding his own business, and troubling no one, when along came a bobcat, and began to bother him.

"'Let me alone,' said the skunk, 'or it'll be the worse for you.' And he moved off a little, and went on eating.

"The bobcat followed him up again. He was a young bobcat, and foolish. He thought he had an easy job."

The bobcat appeared on the screen at this moment, a dudish young animal, wearing a most fatuous smile.

"'You let me alone, I tell you,' said the skunk, 'or you'll be a sorry bobcat.'

"The bobcat kept right on, and this is what happened."

The bobcat came onto the screen again, turning somersaults clear across it, emitting a "yow" at each whirl, and finally slinking off with his tail between his legs, and a mournful and deeply disgusted expression upon his gentle countenance.

"And the little skunk went on with his supper," said Mr. Seton, while the children laughed heartily.

"Once on a time there was a man came out to where I was staying in the woods, in the hunting season. He wanted a pair of fine antlers, and he let deer after deer go by without a shot because it wasn't the kind he wanted. But one day he saw a head that just suited him, and took a shot at it. He wounded the deer, but it got away from him, and he came into camp very much cast down.

"'I never did such a stupid thing,' said he. 'Now that poor thing will go off and hide in some corner, and be days in dying, and suffer all the time.' He was thoroughly ashamed of himself, and very sorry, until I comforted him.

"'It can't get away,' said I. 'I'll go out in the morning and find it for you.'

"In the morning I went to the spot where he stood when he shot the deer. There were three Indians with me, but they went and sat down on a rock, and left me to do all the work. They acted as though they were very much amused over something, but I had to stand that, for an Indian won't tell you what he's laughing at unless he wants to.

"Well, I found tracks of a dozen bucks around that spot, and which one was the wounded animal I could not tell. I followed one trail after another till finally I came to one tiny drop of blood. The blood would not show on the earth, but this little drop was on a stone. Then I knew I was on the right trail. I followed that trail till it got mixed up with two other trails. I followed each of the three, separately, for quite a piece, but not a drop of blood could I find. I was puzzled.

"Now, there was a little dog along with me who had been whipped for chasing deer, so that he knew better. He tagged along at my heels. But when he saw that I was puzzled he chose one of the trails and went along it to a certain spot and stopped, and looked back at me with the most peculiar expression on his face, as if to say, 'Well, don't you know enough to know a deer trail when you see it?'

"I went up to where he stopped, and there, sure enough, I found a tiny drop of blood. Then I started in to follow that trail.

"Now, the three Indians, that had been sitting back on the rock, when they saw me turn in this direction finally, all jumped up and jumped on their ponies and rode away. And a few minutes after I heard them shouting down by the river; and by the time I got to them they had got the deer. They knew that a wounded deer will not run uphill—that it will make downhill, to a river. But they sat still and laughed and let me find it out for myself. And if it hadn't been for that little dog I guess I wouldn't have found it out."

But the most interesting of all Mr. Seton's yarns of the woods was his story of the dance of the grouse. The grouse is the prairie chicken of the West. There have long been traditions of his dance, but it is very difficult to catch him at it, and the older naturalists reported it only by hearsay. They never saw it.

Up in Northwestern Canada the people told Mr. Seton that the grouse had a war dance like the Indians, and that they came to a certain knoll every morning to perform it. So Mr. Seton slept by that knoll one night.

With the first light of dawn he was roused by the twittering and chirping of the grouse. He looked over the edge of the knoll, and saw about twenty of the birds on a flat, dusty surface. They were walking about and picking peaceably. Suddenly one put his head down to the ground and ran across the knoll, making a peculiar, loud noise. Immediately every one began to do the same. They ran to and fro, all with their heads down, jumping over each other, all mixed up in a heap, apparently fighting, but not really doing so. At the end of four or five minutes they suddenly stopped, and everything was instantly quiet. Some lay down in the dust, as if tired out. Others walked calmly about, picking up their breakfast.

Suddenly one began again, and then they were all at it furiously once more. It was just like the rounds in a prize fight. It was a wonderful sight for a man to see.

But still more wonderful was the lecturer's story of the little prairie chickens that he raised at his country home. He put a lot of grouse eggs under a motherly old hen, who hatched out a promising family of eighteen or twenty. One day, in their early infancy, they all got very wet in a storm. So Mr. Seton brought them all in and put them on the zinc under the kitchen stove, in which there was a gentle fire. After a while the sun came out and shone in on the zinc, so that the little grouse got hot sun heat and stove heat. Suddenly one of the tiny creatures, only a few days old, started up, put his head down to the floor, and pranced across the zinc in a wild little war dance of his own. Instantly all the rest followed him, and there on the zinc, under his kitchen stove, the naturalist saw a repetition, the miniature of the dance he had seen at sunrise, thousands of miles away, on the plains of the Northwest.

"It was the funniest thing I ever saw in bird life," said Mr. Seton, and the children who saw the picture of it thrown on the screen thought so too.

PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.

The only daughter of the German Emperor and Empress. The photograph was taken by the Empress.

THE LITTLE GERMAN PRINCESS.

This picture of Princess Victoria, the daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, was taken by her royal mother, who is very fond of photography. The little Princess is a great favorite with her father, who is her willing slave. It is said that he allows the child to speak to him in a manner that would get any other person into serious trouble. The Princess Victoria is the only daughter of the Emperor; she is particularly interesting, as she has been brought up very much with her six brothers, and is full of life and spirits. The boys cannot play the tyrant to the Emperor, as does their sister, but are required by him to be under regular stern military discipline.

AN ODD "BEAU BRUMMEL."

In their natural state, "at home" in the wild woods, pigs live as cleanly as do horses, foxes or any animal. It is only when shut up in a small place that they consent to be dirty. They love water and spend a great deal of their time, when wild, bathing in the pools and brooks. But when denied this luxury it must be admitted that they take with little protest to their "wallowing in the mud." Those who use the expression "as dirty as a pig" prove, however, that they know very little about natural pigs.

There is a domesticated member of this humble family near Chicago who has been dubbed Beau Brummel because of his fastidious habits. He refuses to touch his morning meal until he has had his bath, and squeals lustily if there is any delay about it, and until he sees some one coming with a sponge to give him his much enjoyed rubdown. When Beau Brummel was only a day or two old his owner took him away from his mother and let him grow up with a Gordon setter family. The mother dog did not at first quite like her odd looking foster child, but after a while she became reconciled to it and taught it many things, along with her own small puppies. Beau Brummel can now drive cows or sheep as well as any trained dog. He knows his master's cows from any others that may be pasturing with them. He never thinks of wallowing or eating with his forefeet in his trough or dish, but takes his food as daintily as any well bred dog. The one sorrow of his life is, however, that he cannot bark as do his foster brothers. He used to make painful efforts to imitate them and seemed much humiliated when his repeated attempts resulted in nothing but broken squeals.

WHAT KITTY DID.

"The Holiday Magazine" tells of a woman who took a great fancy to a baby lion. While on a visit to a wild animal market she bought the lion, had it sent home, and gave it the pet name of Kitty. A few weeks later the man from whom she had bought Kitty received the following telegram from her:

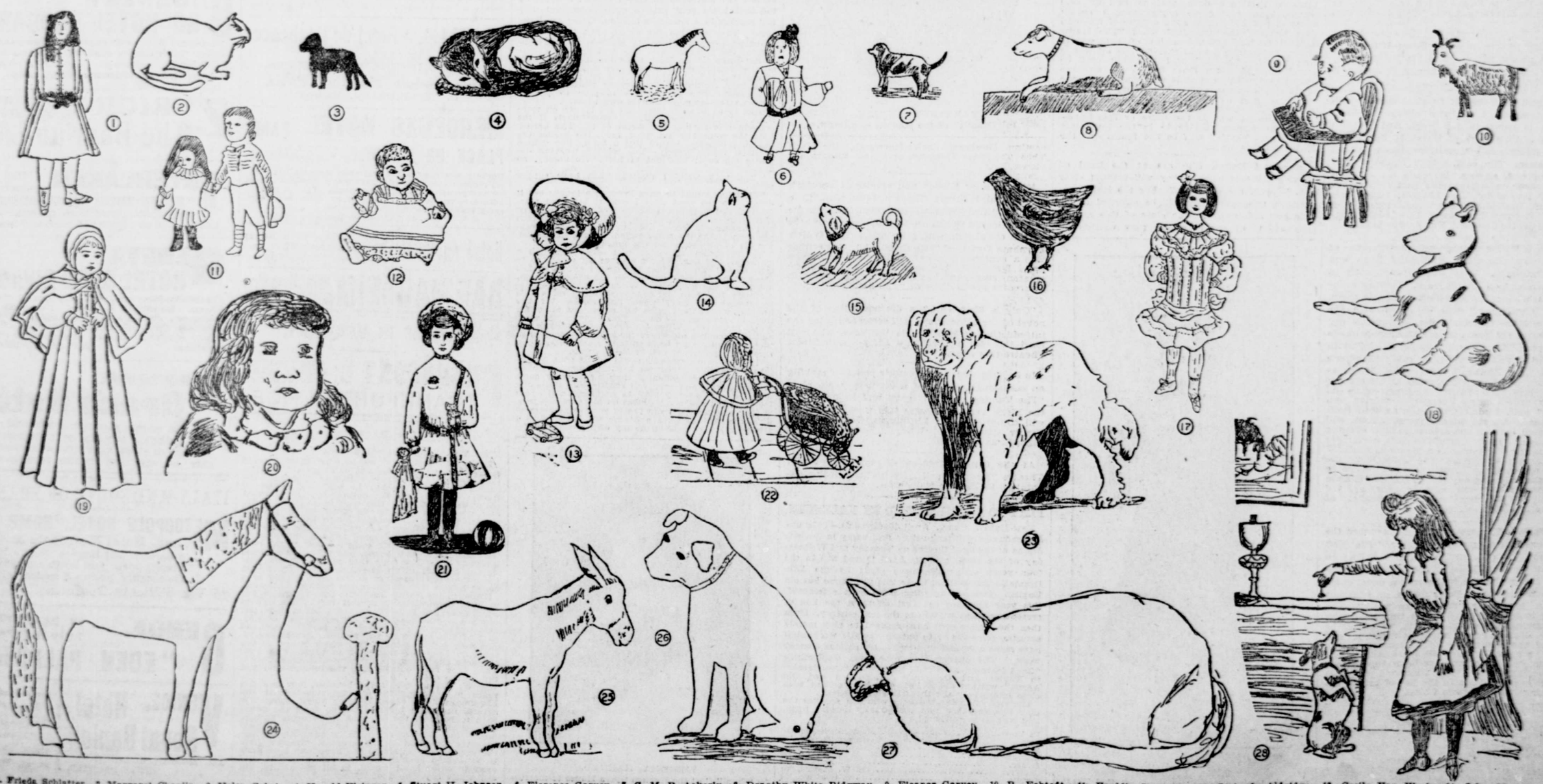
"Come and take Kitty away. She has eaten our Newfoundland dog."

PRIZE DRAWING.

"THE PET OF THE HOUSEHOLD."

By Mae E. Bossert (aged fourteen years), No. 1,002 Bushwick-ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ART WORK OF OUR LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN IN CONTEST, "THE PET OF THE HOUSEHOLD."



1. Frieda Schlatter. 2. Margaret Chaplin. 3. Helen Gehris. 4. Harold Elsinger. 5. Stuart H. Johnson. 6. Florence Garvey. 7. G. M. B. Ackerly. 8. Dorothy White Ridgway. 9. Eleanor Garvey. 10. R. Fehtedt. 11. Freddie Simmons. 12. Gertrude Aldridge. 13. Cecile Van Vleck. 14. John Mathews. 15. Ruth Lawson. 16. Carrie Hauser. 17. Elsie Cane 18. Wilbur Freriche. 19. Marion Parker. 20. Walter T. Brown. 21. Alberta Fritz. 22. Lucretia F. Halsted. 23. William Miller. 24. Irene Lynch. 25. Alice Young. 26. Edna Roe. 27. Winifred Ogden. 28. Malcolm Decker.