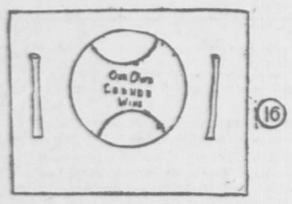
DRAWINGS FOR MAY HEADING OF OUR OWN CORNER.

PRIZE DRAWING, BY GENEVIEVE ETTINGER.

1, Mary Carroll Condict; 2, Robert M. Wildrick; 3, Genevieve Ettinger; 4, Anna M. Newburger; 5, Helen McGarr; 6, Gertrude Price; 7, Margaret King; 8, George M. Baxter; 9, Leander Jacobson; 10, Frank H. Menagh; 11, Estelle G. Bigley; 12, Dorothy White Ridgway; 13, Mabelle Cavanaugh; 14, J. Vomacka; 16, Allan P. Fowler; 17, Gertrude Aldridge; 18, Lucy A. Khasan; 19, E. H. Reynolds.



Brought by the Postman.

LETTERS FROM PRIZE WINNERS.

Dear Editor: As a prize for a story I received a lovely book, "The Spinning Top," and wish to thank you very much for it. Yours truly,
Clayton, Del. E. H. REYNOLDS.

Dear Editor: I want to thank you for the lovely little pin you sent me. I think it is very, very pretty. Sincerely yours, MOLLIE COSSAART.
No. 1,378 Lexington-ave., New-York.

Dear Editor: I write to thank you for the nice book I received this morning. I am very pleased with it, and I know that brother James and I will enjoy reading it. DANIEL J. KEANE.
No. 227 Cedar-st., New-Haven, Conn.

"ST. PIERRE."

These stanzas were written by R. Maxwell Oram, nine years old, of Wharton, N. J., two weeks after the eruption of Mont Pelée. His mother writes that he composed them in ten minutes:

There was terror in the city,
In the city of St. Pierre;
For the great and fierce Mont Pelée
Was perilously near.

The earth, it heaved and trembled,
From the mountains, rising high;
And the people would all tremble,
As they were passing by.

Sparks flew from its crater,
And it rumbled fierce and loud,
And the smoke came black and threatening
In an omipous looking cloud.

The people were all frightened,
Some prepared to move away;
Just before the dreadful rupture
Which was in the month of May.

Upon a beautiful morning,
A black cloud covered the sky,
And a deepening roar, like thunder,
Came from Mount Pelée high.

The people tried to get away
But were covered—lava fell all around,
And Mount Pelée burst forth in fire,
With a terrible, thundering sound.

Then a great high wave rushed forward,
Dashed in from the open sea,
And destroyed the vessels, anchored—
With the exception of two or three.

Mount Pelée had never been active,
Since fifty years ago;
The people thought the mountain dead,
But the people did not know.

FROM A LITTLE WOMAN IN CANADA.

Dear Editor: I think the "Stolen Prince" is the nicest story ever printed in The Tribune for girls and boys. Nerissa is so brave, that at first, when Otho felt a bit discouraged, as the "shining mountain" was so far away, she never gave up, but tried to be cheerful. I am so glad that they found Prince Noel, and that Nerissa did not follow Otho's advice when he wanted to go toward Peacocks. They will surely punish Golconda. Yours truly,
EILEEN A. BUCKLEY,
No. 56 Spring Garden Road, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

HOW TO WIN A PRIZE.

PRIZE NO. 1.—A sterling silver Tribune prize badge or a book for the best story about a May party.
PRIZE NO. 2.—A badge or a book for the best drawing of something seen in the street.
PRIZE NO. 3.—A badge or a book for the most interesting photograph on any subject.
PRIZE NO. 4.—A badge or a book for the most artistic lettering of the missing words in the rhyme picture.
We are giving the choice of a badge or a book, so that if any of the prizes are won by a contributor who is the possessor of a badge already, he or she may get an interesting book instead of another pin.
All competitions must reach the office by Wednesday, May 11th.

HONOR LIST.

CUT OUT PUZZLES.

Jennie Lockhart, William H. Coram, Thomas Martin, jr., Louis Berkmayer, Elizabeth Gilbert, Willard Saulnier, Manon Lull, Marion Hall, Edward Fuchs, Stella Gellis, Willie Miller, Norton Bronson, Marion Decker, Adele Lawson, Lillian Knapp, Helen Augur, Hallett Clark, Janet Canedy, Bertha Sutphen, Blanche New, John Palmer, Helen L. Barnes, Franklin Atlee, Loreign Kitching, Ralph Kirlin, Allen Conger, Ida Pasquali, Alice Harvey, Georgiana Muller, Silas Wilson, jr., Helen Knapp, Christine Keane, Curtis Ould, Horace Ayling, Frederick Foltz, Lizzie Goetz, Gertrude Dill, Quintus Tobeck, Marion Lawton, Victor Loader, Harry Skirm, 3d, Carl Kohlmeier, Helen Wanamaker, Annie Miller, Sallie Chamberlain, Alfred Ripley, Anna Whiting, Marjorie Allen, Lillian Tybolt, Leander Jacobson, Paul Quirin, Stefan Anders, Carlton Clarke, Grace Lawrence, Mary Volkert, Helen A. Foster, Fayette Taylor, Esther A. Jones, Adolph Tannenbaum, Elizabeth Sinn, Elsie Hough, Arthur Seabrey, Carl Blackburd, E. Mundy, Marie Engstrom, Ralph Prime, 3d, Edythe Kelly, Emile Stammerer, Arthur Baker, Ethel Priest.

ARTICLE FOUND IN GROCERY STORE.

Bertram Wood, John Gallaghar, Raymond Friel, Charles King, Helen Rhodes, L. Celeste Thieriot, W. E. Hoffman, George Dolacky, Margaret Chaplin, Marie Gassmann, Herbert Bell, H. Carl Buckman, Godfrey Blackburn, Ralph Ogden, Margaret Nichols, Gladys Schanweker, Jay Rose, Charlie Strydia, Bennie Walyko, John Vomacka, Frank Menagh, Edward Cobb, Gertrude Aldridge, H. Ernest Bell, George Lammond, Reginald Martine, Florence Garvey, C. R. Farnsworth, John Mathews, Aaron G. Alexander, Rowland Fowler, Dorothy Reynolds, R. Felstedt, Mathilde Thieriot, Grace Holland, Ruth Genung, Emil Heichelbeck, Delbert Wade, Joseph Heichelbeck, Eric Ferguson, George Cooper, Adolph Lester, Sara Allen, Carl Ebeling, Hazel Porter, Carrie Hauser, Gladys Ookey and Charles Simonson.

MAY VERSES.

Annie Kellner, Edna Lessing, Nelson Hill, Amelia Kretzschmar, R. Creange, John A. Steffen, America Callsher, Sidney Half, Catherine Montgomery, Beatrice Beddoe, Mabel Parsons and Ethel Bassett.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.

Lillian Hutchinson, Marie Henry, L. Snirkovsky, Emily Knowles, Collier Baird, William Chaplin, Helen Wanamaker, Richard Adams, Daniel Keane, Benjamin Miller and Marion G. Childs.

MAY HEADINGS.

May Musgrave, Carl Schlalt, Carl Buckman, Ruth Genung, Eugenia Baker, Mary Dingman, Margaret Chaplin, B. H. Milch, Elizabeth Norcott, Elizabeth Patzwahl, Dorothea Denys, Gertrude Paulding, Elizabeth Clark, Bessie Jeffery, May Wertheimer, Russell Herrick and Mildred Wetmore.

Things to Think About.

Howard Simons, eleven years old, of No. 52 Leicester-st., Port Chester, N. Y., is the prizewinner in last week's puzzle competition. An interesting book will be given to the successful competitor in this week's contest. All answers to puzzles must reach the office by Thursday, May 5.

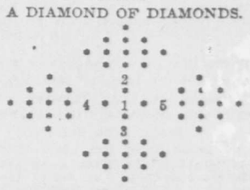
DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

1. A quadruped found in Australia; one who admires; a variety of peach; crying; Latin word "to love"; grave. The initial and final letters spell two Western States.

2. An iron block to hammer metals on; three together; a large wading bird; a precious stone; a Roman emperor; a planet. The initial letters spell the name of an ancient city in Europe, and the final letters the name of an English city.

3. A loud noise; beyond the ordinary; a bright color; an inclosed piazza; an island of Japan; a lake near Rome in Italy. Initial letters spell the name of an island and British colony near India and the final letters spell the name of a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean.

A DIAMOND OF DIAMONDS.



Upper diamond—A letter in trail, sagacity, a river in Europe, twice five, a letter in trail.
Left hand diamond—A letter in drown, an adversary, a river in Europe, before, a letter in drown.
Right hand diamond—A letter in green, kindred, a river in Africa, used to catch fish, a letter in green.
Lower diamond—A letter in grate, a feminine pronoun, a river in Europe, the extremity, a letter in grate.
From 2 to 1, to free or clear of. From 3 to 1, a color. From 4 to 1, not new. From 5 to 1, the diminutive of Edward. From 2 to 3, one who rides. From 4 to 5, ancient or bygone.
From ANNA MARGUERITE NEUBURGER.
No. 1,147 West Sixth-st., Erie, Penn.

DIAMONDS.

(Sent by Ella Truesdell, Hornellsville, N. Y.)
1.—A third of sad; an animal; a kind of nail; a religious sect; a fragrant oil; a language; a wager; part of a circle; a third of sad.
2.—A fourth of wear; definite article; the backbone; a sharp, shrill sound; to purvey; the whole; a fourth of wear.
3.—A vowel; a Bible character; secret agents; an allowance; part of a wheel; an insect; a vowel.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES PUBLISHED ON APRIL 24.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

Answer to the prize puzzle by Anna Marguerite Neuburger and published last Sunday:

G A B L E
E G Y P T
P U R S E
C R O W N
P A N E L

DIAMONDS.

1
E
A N T
A L I A S
E N I G M A S
T A M E D
S A D
S

WORD SQUARE.

G L A S S
L E V E E
A V E R T
S E R V E
S E T E E

CHARADES.

1. Syncopate. 2. Piano. 3. Catalogue.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Russia.
2. Germany.
3. Denmark.
4. Mexico.
5. Portugal.
6. Sweden.
7. Brazil.
8. Turkey.
9. Morocco.

A STATE PARTY.

1. Bismarck, North Dakota.
2. Lincoln, Nebraska.
3. Washington, D. C. (capital of the United States).
4. Raleigh, North Carolina.
5. Columbus, Ohio.
6. Jackson, Mississippi.
7. Madison, Wisconsin.
8. St. Paul, Minnesota.

PRIZE MAY STANZA.

The book which was offered for the best four-line stanza on May has been awarded to Benjamin Natkin, twelve years old, of No. 226 Henry-st., New-York City. This is his stanza:

MAY.

When April steps aside for May,
Like diamonds all the raindrops glisten;
Fresh violets open every day;
To some new bird each hour we listen.

PRIZE DRAWING.

Articles found in a grocery store. By John A. Steffens, aged twelve, Seventy-third-st. and Fifth-ave., Brooklyn, New-York.

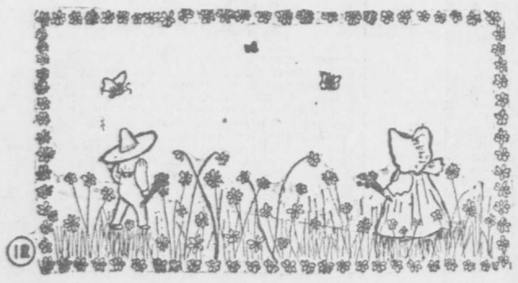
CUT-OUT PUZZLE.

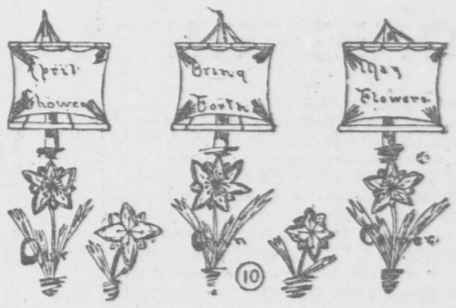
Margaret D. Benawitz is the successful competitor in the contest of the cut-out puzzle of animals which was published on the Children's Page on April 17. Margaret is only nine years old. She lives at No. 243 Penn-st., Brooklyn, N. Y. A sterling silver badge will be sent to her.

WHY IS THIS SO?

A father of four boys has discovered that different sounds travel with different velocity.

A call to dinner (he says) will carry over a ten-acre field in a moment and a half, while a summons to return to work takes from five to eight minutes.—(Chums.





Now It Is the Soldiers' Turn.

What will the Japs and Russians do next? No one knows, except that the Russians cannot sink all the war vessels of the Japanese. Russia has had a hard time of it on the water. The Czar has lost warships which cost many millions of dollars, to say nothing of many sailors. Last Sunday something was said about the loss of Admiral Makaroff when the battleship with the long name, the Petropavlovsk, upset, "turned turtle"—as some boys would say—and went to the bottom within five minutes after striking a bomb, or mine, as sailors call it, which the little little Japs had hidden in the water where the Russian ships used to go in and come out of the harbor of Port Arthur. That vessel was one of the best the Russians had.

Here are some of the other ships the Czar has lost, or which have been hurt so that they cannot be used. They have such unpronounceable names as Czarevitch, Retvizan, Pobieda and Poltava, all great battleships; Bayan, Variag, Pallada, Askold, Novik, Diana, Boyarin and Korietz. Japan has lost no war vessels larger than a torpedo boat, so it is easy to see why Russia has not much chance on the water. Japan has all that is left of the big Russian fleet which was in the harbor of Port Arthur when the first shot was fired in February "bottled up" there still.

In the course of the last few days stories have been printed in the newspapers about Russian ships sinking a Japanese steamer carrying soldiers near a place in Corea called Wonsan. On the Tribune map the name is printed in black type on a part of the blue of the Gulf of Corea. On some maps this place is called Gensan. Keep Wonsan in mind. It will be heard from again. These Russian ships were the small fleet which was frozen up in the harbor at Vladivostok. This place is in Siberia, just beyond Corea, on the north side of the Japan Sea. The fleet has just got out of the ice.

What has been the advantage to Japan in doing so much injury to Russia's fleet and "bottling" it up? The wise Mikado wanted to send large numbers of soldiers to Manchuria to attack the Russian soldiers. They must sail across the Japan Sea and the Corea Strait, which separates Japan from Corea. (Look at the bottom of the Tribune map.) If the Russian warships were free to sail wherever they liked, these soldiers and their vessels would be in constant danger, and many of them might not reach the mainland. But by their being shut up tight, the Japanese soldiers—it is believed a hundred thousand of them, at least—have been able to get across from Japan.

Now, follow up the west, or left hand, side of Corea until you come to a place called Chemulpo. A great many of the Japanese soldiers were landed here, because there was a railroad which would take them up to Seoul, the capital. Here they would find a road over which they could march to the top of Corea. There you will find the Yalu River. This river, as you will see, separates Corea from Manchuria. Near where it empties into Corea Bay, on the Corean side, is a place called Wiju. On the other side is Antung. The Japanese soldiers, after marching from Seoul, reached Wiju, and some of them crossed the Yalu River the other day and had a fight with the Russians who were camping on the other side.

Not all the soldiers are going to the Yalu River through Chemulpo. Some are climbing over the mountains from Wonsan, which was mentioned a moment ago.

Let us see now what is going to happen. Russia has been sending thousands of soldiers to Manchuria by her long railroad, and many of them are camped on the Manchurian side of the Yalu River, opposite the Japs, so there is likely to be some fighting on land soon. All this time the Czar and the Mikado have been getting their soldiers near each other. Now they are nearly ready to fight. Japan must now look out that the Russians do not send soldiers on horseback—cavalry, as they are called—down into Corea from a point further up the Yalu River, and surprise the soldiers and capture the food being carried for them across from Wonsan. Also, Japan must stop those ships at Vladivostok from sinking any more of her ships with soldiers on board, as they are about to land at Wonsan. From now on there will be fighting near Wiju, and some of the Japanese war vessels will take a hand in it, too, because they can go up the Yalu River to Wiju. This is one of the reasons why the Japs picked Wiju as a place to cross into Manchuria. It is said that the Czar now has 300,000 soldiers in Manchuria to fight the Japs, but no one knows for certain.

Death of Babe, the Seal.

All the little men and women who visit the Aquarium must have been sorry to hear of the death of Babe, the "systematic seal," which was announced last week. Seals are always favorites in menageries and aquariums, and Babe was so intelligent that, although she had been only seven months in the Aquarium, she had a host of friends.

Babe got her nickname of the "systematic seal" because of the regularity of her habits. She never swam about in the water, like other seals, but preferred to lie on her platform, and never left it except to be fed. She always knew when this time had come, and would keep her eyes fixed on the door through which the man with the feed pail came, until it opened. Then she would jump into the pool, treading the water with her flippers and watching the arrival of her dinner with eager eyes.

It was at feeding time that Babe used to do her tricks, and all the little folk in the Aquarium came to see the fun.

"Turn 'round, Babe," the attendant would say, and Babe would instantly turn around in the water. When it came to the last handful of food the attendant would make her turn around three times before he gave it to her, and then she would not sign any more, because she knew there was nothing to be got by it.

Babe also used to bow to the attendants if they set the example by bowing first, but she never learned to shake hands, as her predecessor, Nellie, used to do. Nellie was the greatest pet the Aquarium ever had, and was even more intelligent than Babe. Her friends used to greet her in the morning with "Well, Nellie, how are you?" And Nellie would wave one of her flippers joyously, to indicate that she was all right, and then extend it to be shaken. Nellie lived nine years in captivity, which is a long time for an animal that has exchanged the free air of the ocean for the confinement of a building. This change is so hard for seals that they nearly always die, in captivity, of consumption. The reason Nellie stood it so much longer than Babe was because she was caught when she was very young, and by the time she had grown up had got used to living in a little pool and breathing, sometimes, very bad air—for bad air always sinks, and when animals are kept in pools on a level with the floor it is very hard to keep them supplied with fresh air.

Poor Babe was caught when she was full grown, and since the morning when she chased some fish into a weir at Nahant, Mass., her days have been few and evil. She never quite got used to being a prisoner, and probably that is why she preferred sitting still on her platform to swimming about in the water and having a good time. She was not well when she was brought to the Aquarium, and she died at last of consumption.

A PRIZE OFFER.

This week we are not going to ask our Little Men and Little Women to color this picture, but just to complete the stanza below, from which three words are missing. Two of the words are plainly illustrated in the picture, and, while the third is not really seen, it can be easily guessed by our bright little people. The contributor who guesses these words and fills in the vacant spaces with the most artistic lettering will receive a sterling silver badge or a book, whichever is preferred. All papers must reach the office by Wednesday, May 11.

The Wonderful Electric Elephant.

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

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

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SACRED PINK ELEPHANT OF SIAM.

By this time Harold and Ione were within the territory of the kingdom of Siam. They decided it would be a fine thing to paint the elephant, so they each took a whitewash brush and began to work for dear life, and in a couple of hours there stood before them their beloved elephant, transformed from a plain, ordinary, mouse colored elephant into a beautiful rose pink one.

When their work was done they fairly howled with delight, but their mirth was cut short by hearing the crushing of bushes behind them and the footsteps of some huge animal coming toward them. Before they could pick up their buckets and brushes an immense rhinoceros crashed through the bushes and advanced straight toward them as if he had come for that express purpose. They dropped everything, and flew over the ground in their mad haste to escape before the rhinoceros pinioned them on the single horn in his nose. Luckily for them the trapdoor was open, and the little stairs hung out. They just reached it in time, and Harold's legs had just disappeared inside when the rhinoceros's nose went bang against the stairs and nearly upset the elephant. Harold slammed the door in his face and then turned on the electricity, and, wheeling his elephant around, went for the rhinoceros in fine shape. Thick skinned as he was, he was not proof against the tremendous volts of electricity sent through him; they hit his heart, and that was the last of him.

The next morning advanced, and Harold noticed an elephant with a rider on his back come out of the jungle and advance toward them.

"Ho! Ho!" thought he. "Here is the head hunter of the Prince of Siam on a tame elephant, and his object is to have his elephant make friends with ours, entice it into an elephant trap and then capture it for a present to the prince. I'll just save him that trouble by following him and sticking to him like a brother until we enter the prince's garden."

Never before was so valuable an elephant caught with so little trouble.

The morning of the seventh day, just at sunrise, dozens of high pointed towers and minarets were seen piercing the clear blue sky like so many needles, and as the sun's rays hit them they seemed to turn to flames of yellow gold. These towers and minarets belonged to the palace of the richest prince in Siam.

Presently our travellers entered a beautiful, inclosed yard, in which was a magnificent elephant's house. This was built of white marble, in the shape of a large pagoda, with towers and minarets, and with huge doors of solid bronze. Into this the elephant was led. They noticed in passing a marvellous white marble bathtub sunk in the ground, over one hundred feet in length, and filled with pure, clear water to the depth of twenty feet.

They had been here only a short time, when the large bronze doors were thrown open, and a small army of servants marched in, some carrying sponges, others towels, and still others scrubbing brushes. When Harold saw they wanted the elephant to walk out of the pagoda into the bathtub, he made it move slowly along into the water with cautious tread, just as an elephant would walk that was trying a new tub. When once in, he made it dive under the water and come up trumpeting and sending the water out of its trunk as if delighted with its plunge. When it started to come out, it was stopped in shallow water, and the servants that were standing on each side of the tub began to scrub the elephant with long handled brushes.

"It is a good thing that the paint on the elephant is indelible and can only be washed off with a chemical, or I am afraid our wonderful pink elephant would disappear suddenly with all this scrubbing," said Harold.

When they finished the elephant was led back to the house and a feeding trough of ebony inlaid with gold was set before it, while at one side were

Concluded on fourteenth page.

THE PACE THAT KILLS.
Mounted on a tortoise's back,
Pussy Feathertail
Cries, "Next time I take a ride
I will try a snail." —(Girls' Realm.

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.

A smile is the same as sunshine; it banishes winter from the human countenance.—(Victor Hugo.