LITTLE MEN and LITTLE WOMEN

How I Became a Hero.

BY JOHN H. WILSTACH, OF THE DE WITT CLINTON HIGH SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY.

A PRIZE STORY.

"Well, Jack, what do you intend to do this fine morning? Warren and I thought of taking our lunch and going fishing along the Chicaquaina. What do you say to the idea?"

"I don't like it," I replied somewhat ungraciously. "I'm tired of fishing and swimming. Wish I could think of something new to do."

"Oh, always something new. I guess you get that restless feeling from those trashy novels you are continually reading. The next thing you'll be imitating your favorite characters in fiction and trying to become a hero." And my friend Jack stalked off, entirely disgusted at my conduct.

I had cause, however, to speak in this discontented manner. For the last five weeks we had been camping in the Adirondacks and had done nothing but fish and swim all day long, and I would have been other than an ordinary boy if I had not grown weary of the routine.

So it was with some concern that I thought over my friend's parting words. Try to become a hero? Why, that was my greatest ambition, but it was only now that Jack's raillery had made me aware of it. Silly as it may appear, I determined that I would at once find some method of proving my bravery and make my friend ashamed of his sarcastic words.

But how was I to accomplish my design? After a little thought in the realm of fiction Don Quixote's seemed the best example to follow, so, calmly ignoring my fellow campers, I took my rifle and, like the knight errant of old, started forth to win fame and fortune.

I walked for about three miles into the wildest part of the country. Look as I would, I could find no beautiful maiden in distress to whose rescue I might go or wild animals I might destroy. Only the dusty roads and endless lines of trees met my view.

It was getting well toward noon and the sun beat its rays with pitiless vigor on my head. I was beginning to get somewhat discouraged and thought of turning back, but in a moment I was lifted from my gloom and my hopes bounded high. Not ten yards ahead of me I spied a huge snake, fully six feet long, reposing in the roadway. To tell the truth, for this is a true story, my first impulse was to take to my heels as swiftly as possible; but, conquering this cowardly thought, unworthy of a hero, I threw my rifle to my shoulder, aimed at the snake, closed my eyes and pulled the trigger.

Then I opened my eyes to observe the result. There was none!

In my hurry to get away from camp I had forgotten to load my rifle. There was no report, so the snake was as yet uninjured. But I was not without resources. Holding my gun high in the air, I let it fall like a thunderbolt on the head of the unprotesting reptile, crushing it to a pulp.

Thus it was that I became a hero—in my own mind. I reasoned that the reptile I had just killed must be a rattlesnake. If so, I imagined a bright gold medal for bravery coming from the delighted villagers of the nearby town.

At the thought my head began to swell in a dignified manner, and I mentally prepared a speech for the applauding people.

Just then a small farmer boy, who had evidently been picking blackberries in the neighboring thicket, came out on the road and stood looking at me in some perplexity. Here was a good chance to brag about my prowess.

"Here, Johnny," I said loftily, "come here and see the rattlesnake I have just killed."

I stood waiting for an outburst of praise. Instead, the boy burst into shrieks of laughter.

"Why, what is the matter," I asked, outraged at being thus taunted.

"You done killed that yer snake?"

"Of course," I replied.

"Well, if you are not the darndest liar I ever saw," exclaimed my hayseed friend. "Not half an hour ago I killed that reptile with a pitchfork. You have killed a dead snake."

Unable to control himself, the youngster went into hysterics.

And so my pride was humbled, and as I trudged back to camp I gave up all notions of ever becoming a hero.

CHUMS.

Vacation Letter Box.

THE PRIZE LETTER.

Dear Editor: During vacation several of us girls went to Bergen Beach on an outing, and we met with quite an adventure there.

We went in the "shoot the chutes" first, and what fun we had! Then we rode on the merry-go-round, and my friend caught the brass ring which gave her a ride free. After leaving there we came to a long, low building, on the front of which was a sign, "Come in and get lost; the Mystic Maze." The place certainly did look mysterious, and as we were all very curious, my friend bought the tickets and we went inside. At first we went into a narrow passage, and from there into a room about four feet square, with four red doors, all alike, and a skylight in the roof. We went through one of these doors only to come into another room just the same as the first, with four more red doors. We tried to open one of these doors, but it was locked, and across the top was written, "Skiddoo, 23." We then went through one of the other doors, and came into another room similar to the first ones. We kept on going from one room to another for nearly an hour, each time going into a room so like the first one that we could not tell whether it was the same.

There was hardly any one in the maze besides ourselves, and at last as it was getting dark we became frightened, for we could not find our way out. To add to our alarm four big boys came yelling through the rooms at the top of their voices. They saw how scared we were, and so screamed, "Mamma, come and take us out; we are lost!" At this my small sister began to cry, and altogether we were a very forlorn looking party. We called loudly for the guard to take us out. At first he did not hear us; but at last, after we had all screamed together, he came, and angrily asked us what we wanted. We told him fast enough, and were hustled out in short order. We had really only been through four rooms, all the time we were in the maze. You see we had gone around in a circle the whole time.

I tell you we were glad to get out, and got home as fast as we could. One thing I am sure of, and that is that I shall never forget my visit to the "Mystic Maze." Your interested reader,

ALICE REMINGTON (aged 14).

No. 148 Tinton avenue, The Bronx, N. Y.

HER LONDON VISIT CONTINUED.

Dear Editor: I was so pleased to find my letter in print several Sundays ago, I shall continue to relate more of my experiences abroad as I promised. I could say much regarding wonderful places like Westminster Abbey, the Tower and Windsor Castle, but I think my readers will enjoy the fun I had more.

While yet in London we found board with a family consisting of four middle-aged spinster sisters. Everything in the house was as queer and rickety as the owners. While there we decided to go to Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday, when all the cockneys and lower classes meet there for a rare old time. Many of the men wore tight fitting velveteen trousers, bell shaped at the bottom, and buttoned from top to toe. They made a ludicrous sight wearing their sweethearts' hats. Such a din and noise, half the girls hugging the wrong people in their ecstasy. Shrimp sandwiches, bath buns and periwinkles played a big role. Periwinkle is a little fish in a shell, and the girls picked the contents out with their hairpins. Ugh! although a "beanfeast" at "'Amstead 'Eath," with "'Arry and 'Arriet" in the foreground, is a very vulgar spectacle, it is a sight worth seeing. In no place is there such a peculiar class of people as those.

In going home mother suggested taking a 'bus. We rode on top, and there were signs on all sides. London certainly is the place for advertisements. I got so much of them that I would not have been surprised to find one on my own back. One good thing regarding a 'bus is that you need not be crushed and packed like herrings. Only enough passengers are taken to fill the seats. It would be well for us Yankees if the railroad companies here would follow suit.

Such fun in the 'bus! There was one woman with a lot of children and a baby in a red plush coat and cap. Fancy it in summer! It did look so funny. Every time the baby started to roar she would jam a bath bun into its little hand. By the time we reached our destination that youngster had devoured enough for a whole family of children. We offered the others some chocolate, but "Thangkew, no, hi doesn't let 'em 'ave hit." On alighting from the 'bus it looked rather hazy, and before we had gone far our fears were confirmed, and we were suddenly enveloped in a thick fog, which grew darker and darker. We had to fairly grope our way along, all the time bumping into passersby. Mother, helpless as every one else, finally lost her footing and went headlong into what seemed thick mud. I tumbled over her; my foot landing through her new lingerie parasol. We remained as we had fallen for some time, not knowing our whereabouts. 'Twas "stick in the mud" for us this time! How we ever got home I don't know. Dirty and uncomfortable as we were, we had to laugh when we saw ourselves in the mirror. Hoping you will enjoy reading this, I am, your sincere reader,

GLADYS M. DERING (aged 12).

No. 602 South Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.

HER FIRST HIGH HEELS.

On rainy days my sister and I always take our lunch to school. Before going into school we always go next door to a little store to order coffee. We also take turns in going for it. Just before you enter the lunch room in the school is an iron mat to scrape the mud off your shoes.

It happened the day I went for the coffee I had a new pair of the first high heel shoes on I had ever worn, and just as I came to the stairs of the lunch room my heel caught in the mat and I was thrown headlong down the stairs, with the coffee in my hand. The jar that held the coffee was smashed into a thousand pieces and the coffee was splashed all over.

The principal came rushing down, very angry, and wanted to know who did it. After the girls told who did it and how it happened he asked if I was not well and if I hadn't better go home. When I told him that I was not ill but that it was the high heel shoes that did the damage, he laughed very heartily and told all the teachers in the building about it. MABEL LOVE (aged 13).

No. 38 Bodine street, Wes tNew Brighton, S. I.

AUTOMOBILE RIDES.

Dear Editor: Although I did not go away from home, I have had a very pleasant summer. We have taken an automobile and gone to places about twelve miles or so out of the city. The last ride we took was to Tonawanda and home by the river road. It was a moonlight night and it was beautiful to see the river and canal on one side of us and the country, with a little house here and there, on the other side.

But the ride we took the week before was funny. We were quite a way in Tonawanda, going fast, when daddy's hat blew off and he had to get out and chase it. After that we got on another road, which ended in a field, and we had to go out in it and turn around. Going home, we got lost and had to ask our way of an old farmer; but finally we got home all right. Daddy has promised me one more ride before fall comes on, so altogether, I have had a very happy summer. Of course, we have done other things, but the automobile rides were the best. Yours truly,

GLADYS MAY BOWEN (aged 11).

No. 150 Anderson Place, Buffalo, N. Y.

GIRLS' CAMPING PARTY.

Dear Editor: I have had a most delightful vacation this summer, and I am going to tell you how I spent part of it.

Before school closed seven of my friends and I planned to go camping for the first two weeks in July. We rented a recently vacated farmhouse which was about four miles from our homes, in which we were going to camp. It was a typical farm, with large barns, in which to play hide and go seek, etc., and an adjoining orchard, where we put up hammocks. People wondered what fun a set of girls could have all by themselves in the country, but nevertheless we had a lot of fun. Each of us had a bicycle, and, as the roads are very fine in that section, we enjoyed ourselves a good deal by riding.

Nearly every day we packed our luncheon and, with our chaperon, carried it into the woods, where we could eat it beside a pretty brook. Often, on pleasant evenings, we serenaded our neighbors and brought all the watchdogs out after us.

Altogether, we had a most delightful time, and we were only too sorry when our two weeks came to an end. Your faithful reader,

BESSIE DE BEER.

No. 200 Wells street, Johnstown, N. Y.

How to Win a Prize.

Contest No. 1 (Motto Puzzle).—Choice of a Tribune fountain pen, a box of water color paints, an interesting book, a leather cardcase or an embroidery set containing eight stamped doilies, colored threads, a thimble, needles and two hoops, for the neatest and best two answers.

Contest No. 2 (Things to Think About).—Choice of an interesting book, a "Tabby" thimbleholder, a Tribune fountain pen, an embroidery set or a leather coin purse for the neatest and best two solutions.

Contest No. 3 (Drawing: "Little girl building a house with blocks").—Choice of a pretty glovebox, an imitation ivory paper cutter, an embroidery set, a Tribune fountain pen or a sterling silver Tribune badge for the neatest and best two original drawings. These drawings must be in black ink on white paper.

Contest No. 4 (Favorite Fad).—Two dollars for the best letter to the editor describing your favorite fad. These letters must contain not less than fifty nor more than six hundred words, and must be written on one side of the paper only. The prize letter, together with those deserving honorable mention, will be published.

Be sure to state your age.
Be sure to state your choice of prizes.
Be sure to give your name and address. Some of our Little Men and Little Women neglect to do this, and therefore lose all chance of winning a prize.
Be sure to write on one side of the paper only when writing letters and stories.
All drawings must be in black ink on white paper.
Contests close on October 25. Age is considered in awarding prizes. Address your answers and letters to Little Men and Little Women, New-York Tribune, New York City.

HIS REASON.

I'd like to be a pirate,
And here's the reason why;
My Uncle Billy told me
That pirates live on PIE!

C. F. L., in St. Nicholas.

Halloween Games.

THE PRIZE LETTER.

Dear Editor: I spent last fall in the country and had a large party on Halloween evening. For this party I planned the game about which I am going to tell you.

We began the evening in the usual way—that is, bobbing for apples and all the old games. Then mother called us into the library. On entering we found the room dimly lighted by two large jack-o'-lanterns. Then from the open fireplace the hideous features of two smaller pumpkins shone forth, and on looking further we saw that a large kettle hung between them. Near the hearth sat a person got up as a witch; she had on a long black dress and a "stovepipe" hat. Her face was powdered a ghastly white and her hair hung in strings below her waist.

As we came toward her she mumbled these words in a singsong voice:

One at a time, one at a time,
Your fortunes I will tell;
True to the law of the spirits,
Be their wishes ill or well.

Then she beckoned to us in turn, and as each one came before her she touched him (or her) with her wand, and repeated this verse:

Oh, spirits who come from beyond the hills,
May this young girl's (or boy's) future be
Filled with the best your power can give.
Is the boon we crave from thee.

Then, turning to the great kettle, she waved her wand above it, and then, reaching in, gave a small package to the girl or boy, as the case might be.

One of the girls upon opening her package found a little boat, to which a card bearing these lines was tied:

Across the deep blue sea you'll sail
Some time before you're twenty,
And there, upon a foreign shore,
Your life you'll pass in plenty.

Among the many fortunes given out were the following:

A card, with "Keep on studying, and years hence you will have some common sense," was attached to a small dictionary.

Another was a miniature automobile, and the fortune with this was:

In an auto you soon shall ride,
With a beautiful maiden by your side.

Still another fortune, which came inside a paint box, read:

You will be an artist
And travel the world o'er,
And the pictures that you paint
Will be known from shore to shore.

All the boys and girls present were delighted with this game, as it was different from the majority we all know so well. Yours sincerely,

LUELLA THOMPSON (aged 15).

No. 18 West 102d street, New York City.

GOLD MINE GAME.

Dear Editor: On Halloween you will not be obliged to go to cold, shivery Klondike to dig for your fortune, because if you like you may bring the gold nuggets nearer home. You may have to work a little for the precious metal, but that will only aid to your pleasure.

To make your nuggets take some kind of gold paper, put in a nice, sweet candy and a strip of paper with a fortune written upon it, so whatever fate has in store it will be sweet. Secure a good sized tub, half fill it with sand or sawdust, and then hide the nugget in your homemade gold mine, scattering your little parcels like plums through a pudding. Have a small shovel standing ready by the side of your mine, and have each player in turn take the shovel and dig until one nugget is found. He must then open his package carefully and read what his good fortune may be, while all the rest look on and listen.

Try to write original ideas on your fortune slips, or, failing in these, find some suitable quotations for prophecies. If the lines are bright and witty they will cause a hearty laugh, and your Halloween party will turn out a success.

I am twelve years of age and attend a public school. Yours sincerely, ALICE SPIERS.

No. 287 Lincoln Road, Flatbush, N. Y.

GHOST PARADE.

Dear Editor: On Halloween I like best to get together a crowd and dress like ghosts, a little after dark. It is a very pretty sight—a long line of children carrying jack-o'-lanterns and dressed in trailing white sheets, all masked and silent. We march around the streets throwing rice against the windows and ringing doorbells until we are tired. Then we go into one of the children's houses, where a feast is waiting for us. We duck for apples in tubs of water, try to bite apples hung on strings, make candy, and then, best of all, dance and sing songs.

MARGARET CHAPLIN (aged 12).

No. 1011 James street, Syracuse, N. Y.

BROOM DANCE.

Dear Editor: This game will be found to be great fun. It is to be played to music and is in the form of a dance. It was taken from "The Kindergarten Review":

Choose partners for a waltz or two-step. When the music stops, the partners stand facing one another in two lines, as for a Virginia reel, leaving plenty of space between the lines. One person takes a broom, and to the music dances with it between the lines. When he reaches the end of the line he drops the broom; then each quickly chooses a partner, and the one left out takes the broom for a partner and dances with it the next time.

RUBY L. THOMAS (aged 9).

Second avenue and 75th street, Brooklyn.

COBWEB GAME.

Dear Editor: Last year I went to a unique Halloween party. The first thing we saw on entering the parlor was a tangle of white threads starting from the chandelier and branching off in every direction. They looked like a large cobweb. They were wound around pictures, the arms and legs of chairs, tables and everything you could think of.

When all the guests had assembled we were each given the end of a thread and told to follow it up. Such a time as we had doing this! And what shouts were heard when the end of each thread was reached. Some found tiny brooms at the end, with the words "Clean sweep" on them, which meant they would marry a politician. Others were much chagrined to find thimbles, while others were highly elated either with money or rings. A few found paint brushes or pens.

DOROTHY WHITE RIDGWAY (aged 15).

No. 245 Lark street, Albany.

MASKED PARTY.

Dear Editor: At a Halloween party we naturally expect each guest to be masked. Unless this is the case one could not use this game.

As each person enters, the mother of the host or hostess, or whoever is in charge of the games, inquires secretly whether the comer is a girl or a boy. If the latter, an odd number is pinned upon him; if the former, an even number. Then each one is given a card with a pencil attached. When all have arrived the person in charge commands attention. The guests are then told to write their number at the top of the card and below the numbers of the others present. Opposite these numbers they are to write the names of the persons who bear those numbers. It is necessary that one should be quiet or he will be recognized quickly.

Other games intervene, each one wearing his card meanwhile. Then, at luncheon time, comes the best part of all, that of unmasking, when each one corrects his or her card. The boy or girl who has guessed the largest number of names correctly receives a prize adapted to the occasion. This is great fun, especially when a large number are present. HAZEL E. PORTER (aged 15).

Hull street, Bristol, Conn.

HIDING THE RING.

Dear Editor: A very amusing Halloween game is to have a bowl of flour with a ring well hidden in it. Give a spoon to every one, and ask each in turn to stir the flour. The first one who touches the ring must take it out with his teeth.

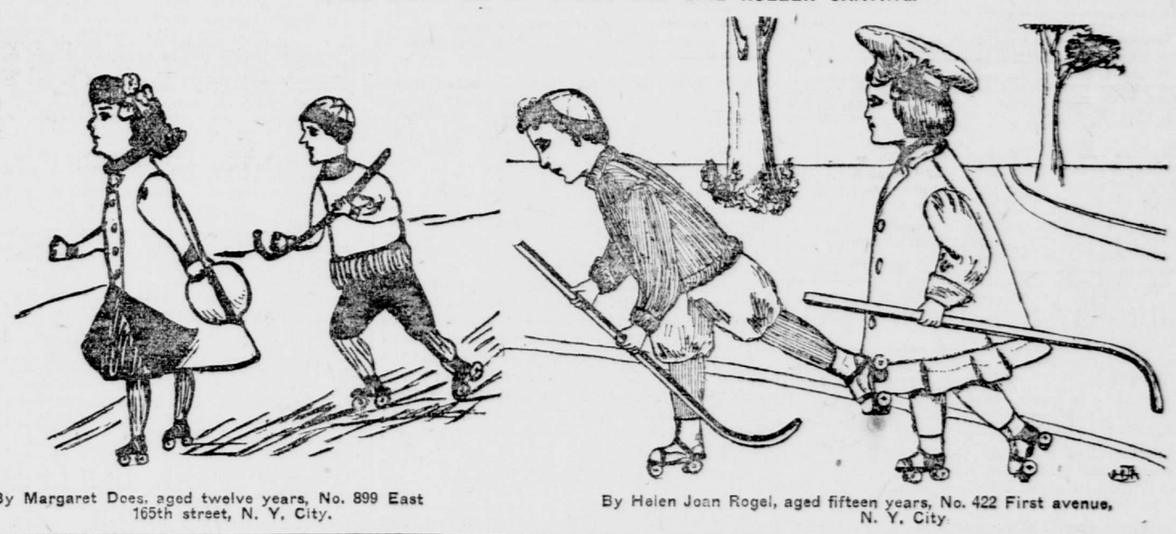
DOROTHY G. KING (aged 11).

No. 14 Bowery street, Newport, R. I.

HONOR LIST.

1, Albert Armstrong, No. 57 Pearl street, Paterson, N. J.; 2, Mary E. Atkins, No. 69 Willow avenue, Hoboken; 3, Josephine Bohan, No. 1914 East 13th street, Brooklyn; 4, Christian Bode, No. 421 Miller avenue, Brooklyn; 5, Marguerite Byrne, No. 708 De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn; 6, Ruth E. Curtis, No. 869 Quincy avenue, New Haven, Conn.; 7, Florence L. Carpenter, No. 198 State street, Wellsville, N. Y.; 8, Richard P. Cameron, Fairfield House, Bowmansdale, Penn.; 9, Marie Dayton, No. 528 Warren street, Hudson, N. Y.; 10, Gertrude Dorff, No. 79 Eldridge street, New York City; 11, Lydia Fremd, Rye, N. Y.; 12, Cecilia Furrey, No. 48 Prince street, Paterson, N. J.; 13, Marion A. Galley, No. 1092 Bergen street, Brooklyn; 14, W. Geradin, No. 64 Wayne street, Jersey City; 15, E. Bosworth Grier, No. 13 East 31st street, New York City; 16, Eleanor Hine, Fisher's Island, N. Y.; 17, Irene F. Hulton, No. 711 East Main street, Bridgeport, Conn.; 18, Mildred Holmes, Stratford, Conn.; 19, Margaret Jackman, No. 18 Cannon street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; 20, Irving Joseph, No. 1835 Madison avenue, New York City; 21, Florence Koester, No. 273 Park avenue, Newark, N. J.; 22, Violet G. King, No. 14 Bowery street, Newport, R. I.; 23, Marjorie Keese, No. 41 Ocean avenue, Flatbush, Brooklyn; 24, Mary Kiely, No. 943 Grand street, Bridgeport, Conn.; 25, Bessie F. Leonore, No. 158 Rutledge street, Brooklyn; 26, Dorothy Marsh, No. 74 Ocean avenue, Brooklyn; 27, Milly Mayer, No. 27 Brookfield street, White Plains, N. Y.; 28, Helen Morse, No. 94 Linsley avenue, Meriden, Conn.; 29, William J. Nagel, No. 449 South 12th street, Newark, N. J.; 30, Timothy O'Connor, No. 1279 Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn; 31, Dorothy Patterson, Turner, Orange County, N. Y.; 32, Edgerton Pattison, No. 43 North Maple avenue, Ridgewood, N. J.; 33, Vera Price, Elmira, N. Y.; 34, Alice I. Ryan, No. 1968 Dawson street, New York City; 35, Julien Rehm, No. 1308 Brook avenue, New York City; 36, Phillip Ritzheimer, No. 7 West 134th street, New York City; 37, Kathleen Rutter, No. 110 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn; 38, Marion Santos, St. Mark's Place, New Brighton, Staten Island; 39, Bennie Stehlin, No. 21 Hamburg avenue, Brooklyn; 40, Harry C. Seidel, No. 331 Chestnut street, Richmond Hill, Long Island; 41, Elizabeth Smith, No. 111 King street, Brooklyn; 42, Frank J. Thomas, No. 27 Wellington avenue, Rochester, N. Y.; 43, Raye Tooms, No. 637 St. John's Place, Brooklyn; 44, Clarence Tucker, Upper Nyack, N. Y.; 45, Margaret Chaplin, No. 1011 James street, Syracuse, N. Y.; 46, Alice Spiers, No. 287 Lincoln Road, Flatbush, N. Y.; 47, Ruby L. Thomas, Second avenue and 75th street, Brooklyn; 48, Dorothy White Ridgeway, No. 245 Lark street, Albany; 49, Hazel E. Porter, Hull street, Bristol, Conn.; 50, Dorothy G. King, No. 14 Bowery street, Newport, R. I.

PRIZE DRAWINGS OF "A BOY AND GIRL ROLLER SKATING."



By Margaret Does, aged twelve years, No. 899 East 165th street, N. Y. City.

By Helen Joan Rogel, aged fifteen years, No. 422 First avenue, N. Y. City.

Things to Think About.

SHAKESPEARIAN ADDITION.

1. Add a verb meaning to flourish and an interjection and get a character in "The Tempest."
2. Add an insect, a preposition, a personal pronoun and an interjection and get a character in "Two Gentlemen of Verona."
3. Add a swamp and two thousand pounds and get a character in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."
4. Add a pronominal adjective and a personal pronoun and get a character in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
5. Add a kind of fish, an indefinite article, a personal pronoun and an interjection and get a character in "The Merchant of Venice."
6. Add an adjective meaning bashful and an instrument for fastening securely and get a character in "The Merchant of Venice."
7. Add a harbor, a personal pronoun and an indefinite article and get a character in "The Merchant of Venice."
8. Add a conjunction, all of the earth that is not water and an interjection and get a character in "As You Like It."
9. Add an adjective meaning dark or gloomy and a metal vessel for holding liquid and get a character in "Macbeth."
10. Add a familiar talk, an adjective meaning the contrary of good and a preposition and get a character in "King John."

ENIGMA.

What's in the flower and not in the fruit?
What's in the leaf and not in the root?
What's in the cloud and not in the rain?
What's in the stalk and not in the grain?
What's in the barley and not in the wheat?
What's in the lettuce and not in the beet?
What's in the palm and not in the pine?
What's in the trellis and not in the vine?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES PUBLISHED OCTOBER 14.

TRIANGLE.

B A L S A M
A L E N
L I N E
S E E
A N
M

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

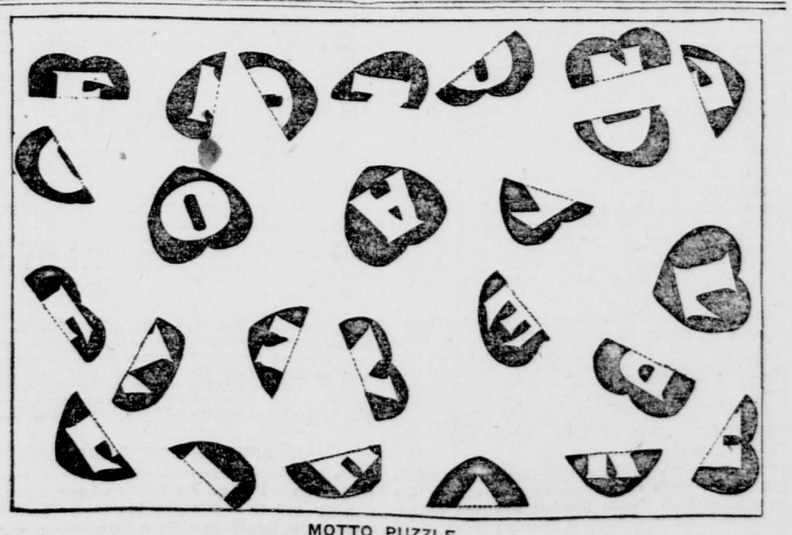
Fine, sheaf, market, bride, fins, bead.
Fine feathers make fine birds.

THIS WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Peasant Puzzle.—The nationality of this peasant is German, and the neatest and best arranged faces came from Mamie Hess, eight years old, of No. 273 Tompkins avenue, Brooklyn, who wishes an interesting book, and Allan MacLean, twelve years old, of No. 1152 Park avenue, who wishes a Tribune fountain pen.

Things to Think About.—The prize winners and their prizes in this contest are Adelaide D. Bunker, thirteen years old, of No. 129 McDonough street, Brooklyn, a box of water color paints, and Albert Benger, fourteen years old, of No. 71 East 125th street, a Tribune fountain pen.

Drawing: "A boy and girl roller skating."—The neatest and best two original drawings were contributed by Margaret Does, of No. 899 East 165th street, who desires an interesting book, and Helen Joan Rogel, of No. 422 First avenue, a Tribune fountain pen.



MOTTO PUZZLE.

These letters when put together properly will form a well known motto, and for the neatest and best two arrangements of the motto we offer the choice of a Tribune fountain pen, a box of water color paints, an interesting book, a leather card case, or an embroidery set containing eight stamped doilies, colored threads, a thimble, needles and two hoops.

Letters from Our Prize Winners.

Dear Editor: I received your offer, a Tribune fountain pen, and am very much pleased with it. I am writing this letter with the pen, and think it a fine article. Thanking you very much for the same, I remain, yours very truly,

DAVIS W. MILLS.

No. 128 State street, Hackensack, N. J.

Dear Editor: I was very much surprised, as well as pleased, to find that I had won the prize. I received the check, for which I thank you many times. It is the first prize in money that I have ever won, so I put it in the bank, for ma says that it may bring me good luck. I enjoy reading The Tribune, especially the Children's Page. I shall try to win some more prizes. Thanking you again and again, I close, your ardent reader,

GRACE PEARLE M'D. BROWNE.

No. 238 South Orange avenue, Newark, N. J.

Dear Editor: I thank you very much for the fountain pen. It came in good condition. I remain, yours truly, ALAN NUTT.

Cliffside, N. J.

My Dear Editor: I thank you for the pretty game and checker board received, and hope to be successful when trying Tribune puzzles at some future time. GRACE N. KRUDOP.

No. 106 Washington avenue, Newark, N. J.

Dear Editor: I received the paint box and was perfectly surprised. What a lovely box it is! I am delighted with it. I am sure I shall find much use for it because I just love to draw. Thanking you a thousand times and hoping I will win again, I remain, Yours sincerely.

CHRISTINA ASPROMONTE.

86th street and Gravesend avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Editor: I received the check yesterday, and write to thank you for it. I enjoy reading The Tribune, especially the childrens' section, and intend to try for a prize again. Yours truly,

ALICE REMINGTON.

Rosebank, Staten Island.

Dear Editor: I am delighted with my paints, and I want to thank you very much for them. They are lovely, and I shall try to win another prize. With many thanks I remain, Yours Sincerely,

RUTH STANNIS.

No. 209 State street, Meriden, Conn.

Dear Editor: To-day I received the pen which you so kindly sent me. Everybody I showed it to said it was fine. I am writing with it now. I thank you very much and will certainly try hard for another prize. I like the Tribune puzzle page very much, it is so interesting. With best wishes, I remain, your little friend,

RICHARD W. BENNET.

No. 548 Monroe street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Editor: Thank you very much for the fountain pen you sent me as a prize. It is a fine one and I am writing with it now. Thanking you again for it and hoping I may win another prize, your faithful reader,

JOHN KENNEDY LASHER, JR.
(Age 13 years.)

No. 382 Warburton avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.

Dear Editor: I wish to express my sincerest thanks to you for the very pretty fountain pen awarded me. It is certainly worth working for, and I appreciate it very much. I remain, a constant friend of Little Men and Little Women.

Lindenhurst, N. Y. WARNER FREVERT.

Dear Editor: I received the check this morning, and write to thank you for it. I am an interested reader of the young folks' page, and hope to win another prize. Yours, truly,

ELAINE WENTWORTH.

No. 54 West 104th street, Manhattan.

Dear Editor: I thank you very much for sending me the Tribune badge. I am very proud to have the beautiful prize. Yours truly,

SHIGENO MITOBE.

No. 43 Takadaoimatsu-cho, Koishikawa, Tokio, Japan.

Dear Editor: I received the Tribune fountain pen this Thursday in good order. I am writing with it now. I beg your pardon for not acknowledging it sooner. Yours truly,

ALIDA RAUSCHENBERG.

No. 29 South Twelfth avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Dear Editor: I received the nice fountain pen a few days ago, and thank you very much for it. We left Cape May and are now in Washington. Hoping that I will win more prizes, I will close, remaining your sincere friend,

EUGENE STOBBE.

No. 612 Brewers Court, N. E., Washington.

Dear Editor: I was more than pleased with the fountain pen. I can write better with it than with any other pen. I am writing with it now.

FLORA GREENING.

No. 140 West Main street, Middletown, N. Y.

Dear Editor: I received the fountain pen and like it very much. I am writing this letter with it. I thank you for it. Your friend,

CORNELIUS HERZ.

No. 118 Edwards street, New Haven.

BOYS IN COLONIAL DAYS.

It is a good thing not to have been born a boy in the year of grace 1700. Probably the boys of that time were not very different from those of to-day, but according to the records of the time their elders seemed to regard them as embodiments of original sin. In a book on Colonial meeting houses by W. R. Bliss some interesting examples of this point of view are given. The legislators of Massachusetts even went to the length of declaring in some laws enacted at the close of King Philip's war that this struggle had been a punishment for "the disorder and rudeness of youth in many congregations in time of the worship of God." A champion for the boys was raised up, however, in the person of the Rev. John Eliot, of Roxbury. He thought the war a judgment on the grown people for wearing wigs. t was not often, however, that any one was found to say a word for the boys, who probably didn't sit very quiet during those long services and two hour sermons. At any rate, they seem to have required a lot of watching.

In 1656 one John Duwes, of Boston, was empowered to take care of all young people "that ar disorderly in time of God's Sollem worship" and to correct the unruly ones with a small wand. In 1722 John Pike was paid £16 for keeping "boys in subjection," in the time of service, for six months. When hired the second time he doubled his price. On Cape Cod four men were appointed by a town to take care of the boys on the Lord's Day, and to whip them, if necessary. Such officers were termed "inspectors of youth." In Duxbury, as late as 1760, a committee was chosen to look after "the wretched boys" on the Sabbath.

"What did the Colonial lads do to require so much supervision?" asks Mr. Bliss. One almost shrinks from examining into their lawlessness, but the records reveal the depths of their iniquity. They did not stand up as their elders did for the long prayers, but sat with their hats on "during ye whole exercise." They ran out before the prayer was done and "ye Blessing pronounced." They were guilty of "Rude and Idel Behaver such as Smiling and Larfing and Intiseing others to the Same Evil," and of "Puling the heir of their naybers in time of publick Worship."

POST CARD EXCHANGE.

Dear Editor: Will you kindly enter my name on the Post Card Exchange? I would rather not have any comic cards sent to me. I like your Children's Page very much. Sincerely,

EMILY P. GRISCH.

No. 622 Hudson st., Hoboken, N. J.

Dear Editor: Please enter my name on the Post Card Exchange, as I should like to exchange some cards. I enjoy reading your paper, and wish you much luck in the future. I remain, your devoted reader. EDA REES (aged 16).

Garnerville, Rockland County, N. Y.

Dear Editor: Kindly enter my name on the postcard exchange. I have a beautiful album, and I would like to receive postcards from different cities and states. Very respectfully,

CONSTANCE JACOBSON.

No. 57 West 128th street, New York City.

Others wishing to join the exchange are Henry M. Davenport, No. 225 Central Park West, New York City, who prefers colored cards; Dorothy Hill, No. 657 Bethune street, Peterboro, Canada; Ralph Irving Jardine, No. 626 Southbridge street, Worcester, Mass.; Miss Tillie Klem, No. 15 Smith street, Elizabeth, N. J.; Beatrice Dilger, No. 240 Graham avenue, Paterson, N. J.; Mildred Urban, No. 385 Greene avenue, Brooklyn; Mrs. Carrie Berry, No. 129 Roseth street, New Haven, Conn.; Ruhannah W. De Witt, No. 6 Jones street, Port Jervis, N. Y., and Marion Bailey, Maplewood, N. J.

SAVED FROM THE FLAMES.

"If all the deeds of dog heroes came to light an account of them would fill many volumes," says "Chums."

"A gentleman who owned a pair of very fine horses possessed also a St. Bernard dog which was deeply attached to the animals. One night Bruno, the dog, awakened the family by furious barking, and it was soon discovered that the stables were on fire.

"The owner unlocked the door, dashed in, and at great personal risk released one of the frantic horses and led it out. He then found that it was impossible to return for the other, owing to the violence of the flames. At that moment he was astonished to see his dog appear leading the horse, the end of the halter rope dangling between his teeth.

"Investigation showed that the St. Bernard had actually bitten the rope through in order to save one of its friends from so horrible a death."

A SONG SPARROW'S GRATITUDE.

"It is a rare occurrence for animals in a wild state to select man for a companion and friend, yet well authenticated instances when this has been done are a matter of record," says "The Courier-Journal." "The following incident is vouched for by a young woman who is a close and accurate observer: Last week my brother, a lad of twelve, killed a snake which was just in the act of robbing a song sparrow's nest. Ever since then the male sparrow has shown his gratitude to George in a truly wonderful manner. When he goes into the garden the sparrow will fly to him, sometimes alighting on his head, at other times on his shoulder, all the while pouring out a tumultuous song of praise and gratitude. It will accompany him about the garden, never leaving him until he reaches the garden gate. George, as you know, is a quiet boy who loves animals, and this may account in a degree for the sparrow's extraordinary actions."

Dear Editor: I want to tell you how much I think of the fountain pen you sent me as a prize for doing the Things to Think About. It is one of the nicest I have ever seen. Hoping to win more prizes, I am, your friend,

ELIZABETH S. UNDERHILL.

No. 38 Linden avenue, Ossining, N. Y.