

LITTLE MEN and LITTLE WOMEN

Childhood of Victoria

On May 24, 1819, in Kensington Palace, London, a baby girl entered the world. She was promptly named Mary Elizabeth, for her German home.

At this time there was no certainty that the future Queen of England and Empress of India would ever wear the crown.

The little girl, we are told, a "lovely, fair haired, blue eyed, chubby, cheerful little being."

But, alas! the duke's fondness for his baby led to fatal results. Coming in with wet feet one afternoon, after a long walk, he went to play with the princess.

around her. The duke's income had never been sufficient to meet the obligations of his position, and on his death everything he possessed went to pay his debts.

The princess's English uncles, with the exception of the Duke of York, who was always kind to her, would have been just as well pleased if she had never been born.

The Duke of Cumberland, the most thoroughly detestable of the sons of George III, as the Duke of Kent was the most popular.

But even if he had been disposed to be friendly it is not likely that the Duchess of Kent would have cared much for the society of her royal brothers-in-law.

All this time the princess had no idea what a bone of contention she was. When she went to see her "Uncle King," George IV, she treated him with unsuspecting friendliness.

She did not know then that it would be "God Save the Queen" some day, and she said afterward that when the knowledge came to her gradually through studying the genealogical chart of the British sovereigns it made her very unhappy.



A MOTHERLY SKYE TERRIER AND THE CHICKEN SHE ADOPTED.

make" and no doubt she often had misgivings about that point. Poor little Mary Blossom! It was a very heavy burden to lay upon her young shoulders, and when at last she heard the heralds pro-

How to Win a Prize.

Contest No. 1 ("CR" Puzzle)—Choice of a boy's Tribune watch, an interesting book, an embroidery set, a pretty collar pin, a pair of rolled gold cuff-buttons, a box of water color paints, a box of dainty note paper or a novelty belt pin for the neatest and best three answers.

Contest No. 2 (Things to Think About)—Choice of a leather cardcase, an interesting book, a sterling silver Tribune badge, an embroidery set, a boy's Tribune watch, a box of water color paints, a pretty collar pin, a novelty belt pin, a pair of rolled gold cuff-buttons, a box of dainty note paper, a leather pencil pocket or an imitation ivory paper cutter for the neatest and best two solutions.

Contest No. 3 (Drawing an appropriate design for this page, entitled "An October Heading")—Choice of a box of water color paints, an interesting book, a boy's Tribune watch, a sterling silver Tribune badge, an embroidery set, a pair of rolled gold cuff-buttons, a pretty collar pin, a novelty belt pin, a pair of rolled gold cuff-buttons, a box of dainty note paper, a leather pencil pocket or an imitation ivory paper cutter for the neatest and best two solutions.

By Elizabeth Bodenweber, aged twelve years, No. 312 Montauk street, New York City. Prize, a box of dainty note paper.

DOG ADOPTS A CHICK.

An unusually interesting case of adoption occurred recently on the farm of L. Swatt, of Ralmer, Ore. Having somehow lost its mother, a little chicken, looking for some one to protect it, approached a craggy old skye terrier resting on the back porch.

The dog was constantly looking out for the safety of her adopted child, and if a stranger came too near she would chase him away, and sometimes bite him. But when children took the chicken away from her she would run after them pitifully, as if imploring them to give her back her chick.

HONOR LIST.

- 1. Cyril Brunst; 2. Marion Blanchard; 3. Thomas Berberick; 4. Robert Brooks; 5. Madeline Bennett; 6. Paulina Coons; 7. Norman (Weston) Moore; 8. Collinburg; 9. Louise Cathart; 10. Isabella Campbell; 11. Ernest Duray; 12. Joseph Devine; 13. Margaret Davis; 14. Lillian Fanslow; 15. Alice J. Gale; 16. Marion L. Gimson; 17. Herman B. Hayunga; 18. Elsie S. Haugh; 19. Florence Keller; 20. Mario Y. Kipp; 21. Mary Louise Laird; 22. Dorothy Marsh; 23. Raymond Page Moore; 24. David Murray; 25. Margaret Meyers; 26. Margery Moore; 27. Frances Moore; 28. Ellen McAlpny; 29. Kingsland D. McDuffey; 30. Martha Malloy; 31. C. Howard Peck; 32. John R. Pele; 33. Charles E. Purdy; 34. Wilbur Richards; 35. Howard Rand; 36. Walter L. Ross; 37. Lester T. Stetson; 38. Isiah S. Singleton; 39. Annie Stauss; 40. Chester Smith; 41. Marjorie Schman; 42. Edwin Somerson; 43. Robert Sanderson; 44. Helen L. S. Trevor; 45. Kittle Thompson; 46. Helen Trustone; 47. Willie Taylor; 48. Madeline Thumssen; 49. Ella P. Van Meter; 50. Dorothy E. Woods.

LAST WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

"K" Puzzle.—To make their lists longer many of our young readers used words not in the picture. After counting out all such words, we find that the longest list was contributed by Otis D. Coveil, aged sixteen years, No. 7 East 19th street, Brooklyn, who wishes a pair of rolled gold cuff-buttons. This list of nineteen words, which is printed below, originally contained twenty-nine words. The other two prize winners and their prizes are: Jennie Lowenhardt, aged ten years,

Tribune badge, an embroidery set, a pair of rolled gold cuff-buttons, a pretty collar pin, a novelty belt pin or a box of dainty note paper for the neatest and best original drawing. This drawing must be in black ink on white paper.

Contest No. 4 (Our Letter Box)—A prize of \$1 will be given for every letter printed under this heading. The letter may contain incidents in your life, anecdotes of pets, novel school experiences or things seen in travel. These stories must be original and must be written on one side of the paper only. Be sure to state your age.

Be sure to give your choice of prizes. Be sure to give your name and address. Contest closes on October 2. Age is considered in awarding prizes. Address your answers and letters to Little Men and Little Women, The New York Tribune, New York.

PRIZE DRAWINGS "CANOEING."



By George McLoughlin, aged fourteen years, No. 288 St. Ann's avenue, New York City. Prize, a sterling silver Tribune badge.

No. 118 Fourth avenue, Roselle, N. J. (eighteen words), an embroidery set, and Gwendolen Harris, aged thirteen years, Piermont, N. Y. (eighteen words), an interesting book. These lists originally contained twenty-two and twenty words, respectively. The longest list is: Back, bark (on twig), brook, cheek, chick (in wall), cork, crack, fork, hook, hook (of hair), mark, neck (of boy), neck (of bottle), pick, rock, sock, stick and tack.

Things to Think About.—The two prize winners and their prizes in this contest are Lina Bardner, aged fifteen years, No. 77 Lake street, Port Chester, N. Y., an interesting book, and James Macdonald, aged fourteen years, No. 15 Pier street, Yonkers, N. Y., a boy's Tribune watch. Drawing entitled "Canoeing."—For prize winners see drawings on this page.

A MAGICIAN.

BY EUNICE WARD. My brother Roger said to me, "I am a great magician. See? I'll make your dolls all laugh and talk. Your Teddy bear shall dance and walk. Your little china pug shall bark. The creatures in your Noah's ark shall march in order, two by two; and I shall do these things for you." On the thirty-first of September.

LETTERS OF THANKS.

Dear Editor: Thank you ever so much for the \$1 check which I received last week. Yours truly, WARREN W. LOKKER. No. 115 Summer street, Passaic, N. J.

POSTCARD EXCHANGE.

Dear Editor: Please enter my name on the postcard exchange list, and oblige, WARREN W. LOKKER. No. 115 Summer street, Passaic, N. J.

Dear Editor: Will you please put my name on the postcard exchange? Your constant reader, CHATHAM, N. Y. MARION TUBBS.

Our Letter Box.

TOMMY.

Dear Little Men and Little Women: I want to tell you what happened to my little kitten, Tommy, last summer. One day, when we went to feed him, he was missing, and, although we hunted everywhere, we could not find him, and at last gave up, thinking he was surely lost.

About a week after I happened to go in the cellar for something, and as I passed by the coal bin I heard a faint little noise. I could not think what it was, so I went back to look, and at last found my little Tommy way back in one corner of the bin. I knew that he was very hungry, so I gave him a nice dinner of bread and milk.

Tommy couldn't have lived in the coal bin much longer, for he was getting very thin. He gained very quickly, and it was not long before he was my own, natural Tommy.

DOROTHY H. ZERFASS (aged 14). No. 223 Prospect avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

BILLY, THE GOAT.

Dear Little Men and Little Women: I coaxed my father to buy me a billy goat. I expected to have great fun with him, and did, in fact, too much; he was in mischief all the time. I could harness him up to a cart or sled and he behaved fine in harness. But out of harness he would not mind. My father hung the seed corn on the rafters of the back porch. Billy had seen it there, and tried to get it by placing his fore feet on the window sill and stretching his neck he could almost reach it. He never gave up, but would try again, after we had driven him away (with the horse whip) repeatedly. One time I had driven him to the barn; he fought every step of the way. At last he turned on me so fiercely I had to take to the stone wall. Mother wondered what kept me, and came down and tried to coax Billy away. She started for the house, and Billy after her. Mother screamed and ran so fast that she fell down. Billy came up to her and began to browse as if nothing had happened. He knew he was safe from teasing when near mother. That was the reason he left me to go to her. He became such a nuisance that I had to sell him. He was an Angora goat and quite valuable, but the boys were all afraid of him. I finally sold him for two Leghorn roosters and an old watch that would not run.

ELTON IRWIN HUBBARD (aged 12). Windsor, Broome County, N. Y. P. O. Box 23.

A BALLOON ASCENSION.

Dear Little Men and Little Women: Several weeks ago I was in Nutley, N. J., and had the pleasure of seeing a balloonist make his ascent and descent. Before I realized that he was started he was 'way up above our heads and going north. Then you should have seen all the automobiles, bicycles, wagons and boys on foot following him. I was in an automobile and we followed along at a pretty good rate. All at once the aeronaut flung a parachute from the balloon; then in a moment out came another. About the next thing I could see was the balloonist opening a third, and leaving the balloon, start his descent to the earth. I do not know how many feet above us he was, but he looked just like a doll. He descended slowly, still going in a northerly direction, and we kept following him until we were rewarded by seeing him come down in a large open field perhaps two miles from where he had started, and not the least bit hurt from his dangerous trip, either. I don't think any one could get me to go in a balloon, and I wonder how many of the Little Men and Little Women feel as I do. Sincerely yours,

ALICE WILLIAMS (aged 15). Arrochar, N. Y.

THE HOPI HOUSE.

Dear Little Men and Little Women: I spent last winter in California, and thought it might interest you to hear about one of my experiences. We stopped at the Grand Canyon of Arizona for a few days on our way out. It would take too long to describe that beautiful place, but I will tell you about the Indians I met there. Opposite the hotel was a pueblo called the Hopi House. The first floor was given up to the sale of curios, such as baskets, carved pieces and hammered silver ornaments, all made by the Indians. On the second floor one could look at Navajo blankets, too numerous to count, while above that lived the Indians themselves. Ladders were on the outside for the venturesome to ascend by, with corresponding stairs inside for the more timid. We bought several articles, which made the American attendants feel kindly toward us and induced them to show us around. We peeped into the Indians' homes, saw their workshops, their queer little prayer rooms and the sacred, ugly images that they worshipped. In the main room we had the good luck to see an Indian woman and a tiny slip of a girl wearing a gorgeous rug or blanket, as they were all called.

There were several huts around the Hopi House, which were occupied by the less civilized Indians, and we tried to persuade a squaw, with her papoose, to stand in the doorway for her photograph. She refused, but her brave husband finally consented to face the kodak, after we had pressed a 50-cent piece into his willing hand.

MURIEL MILLER (aged 10). No. 60 Townsend avenue, New Haven.

IN THE WORD "ABSTEMIOUS" THE FIVE VOWELS ARE FOUND IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER; THIS MAY ALSO BE SEEN IN THE WORD "FACTIOUS."

Things to Think About.

HOURLASS PUZZLE. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

When the words in this puzzle have been correctly guessed and placed according to the numbers, the central, reading downward, will spell something with which boys and girls will occupy themselves until the next vacation; 1-2, to squander; 3-4, what we did at dinner yesterday; 5, yourself; 6-7, not even; 8-9, agreement in the terminal in sounds of two or more words.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

TRIANGLE. 1. Cents, cents. 2. Read, red. 3. Pain, pane. 4. Gate, gait. 5. Pare, pear. 6. Tied, tide. 7. Sea, see. 8. Way, weigh. 9. Slay, sleigh. 10. Vail, valve.

"R" PUZZLE.

Why, what's this draggled bunch of fur, that's sobbing fit to die? "It's Teddy Bear," says Bunny Boots. "Now, Teddy Bear, don't cry." "Oh, sir," moans Teddy, weeping, "since I stole your boots that day. There's nothing but misfortune dogged my weary, weary way."

"You come with me," says Bunny Boots, "for I forgive you, quite. Like yours, my luck is down; what then? We'll make a gallant fight. I'll buy a hurdy-duddy, and you'll be a dancing bear. I shouldn't wonder if we'd each become a millionaire."

(To be continued.)

The Adventures of Bunny Boots



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(To be continued.)

THE SEASON OF FOX HUNTING AND ITS DEVOTEES

October's crisp days bring an expectant thrill each morning to such young women as ride to hounds, for the languor of the early September days vanishes with September's moon, and each questioner's eye keen for the joy of the hunt. Lenox has been having things all her own way for September, for there hunting begins with the first week of that month and lasts intermittently until summer again returns, the winter runs being merely to exercise the hounds.

When it comes to the hunting field is an interesting question. The good times at Westbury or thereabouts are never thoroughly exploited in the news that drifts out to the public at large, so the outsider knows little of the true "bonne camaraderie" that exists between the sport loving members of the colony. The girl lucky enough to ride well and be asked for a few days or even for a mere week-end in this atmosphere of wholesome out-of-door interest, though it may be termed "horsey," is indeed favored, for one and all turn to to make her the best possible time, and if she does not lose her heart, it will surely turn her head.

Alexandres gave a very large "bud dinner," and the Pittsfield coverlet also arrived in "dinners." The only regret ever known is that a year must pass before another "annual," as the ball is called. In Virginia the season is well under way, and the belles of Richmond and of Washington find their way to Loudoun County to some one of the beautiful estates for a Southern visit of a few weeks, or to Fairfax County. Both of these sections provide fine hunting country, where real foxes abound and give a lively run. The Langhorns, one of whom married a Shaw and then young Waldorf Astor, are of Loudoun County, and ride superbly, as do their Washington cousins, and the Carys for generations have been as famed for the good riding of their womankind as are the men of the Genesee Valley Carys, and, except for Long Island, few of the hunt clubs around New York can boast of women that follow the hounds, for on Staten Island, where a number of young women used to swell the field, only Miss Elsie Bonnell and Mrs. A. L. Walker remain, and the hounds are not taken out with such regularity as when Ericson Nichols and Mr. Freeman were the masters, nor do the men display any interest. The Whippany River Hunt has only men, and a girl out with the Monmouth County hounds would be a rare sight these days, even with the genial, persuasive Mr. Collier as M. F. H. Mr. Collier, by the way, kept Newporters busy with unseasoned hunts during the latter part of the summer, and aroused much interest among the most lackadaisical of the seaside sojourners. Those who did not ride as had not taken much thought of hunting ways heretofore had to join in the vote of thanks that was given to Mr. Collier for giving Newporters a totally new interest.

WHEN IN GERMANY BE SURE TO SEE Grünfeld's Linen Store, 20, 21, Leipziger Street, Berlin, W. Cwn Mills: Landshut, Silesia. Ask for Illustrated Price List. No Agents anywhere.