

# LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN



## A Famous American

It was a lovely autumn day in Boston in the year 1833, when a young man reading in the open window of his law office was interrupted by the sound of angry shouts and the tramp of many feet. He went out to see what it was all about and presently found himself in a mob; and in the midst of the mob he saw a young man only a few years older than himself. There was a rope around his waist and his clothes had been almost torn off. He was shouting furiously: "Kill him! Lynch him! Hang him!" The Mayor was there, too, begging the crowd to disperse, but no one paid any attention to him.

"Who is that man?" asked the lawyer, addressing one of the bystanders.

"William Lloyd Garrison," was the answer. "They are going to hang him."

Now, the young lawyer was a military man, and the colonel of his regiment happened to be standing near him. So he said:

"Colonel, why not call out the regiment? Let us offer our services to the Mayor."

"Don't you see," answered the colonel, "that the regiment is in the mob?"

The lawyer looked and saw that this was true, for the mob was entirely made up of the people who were supposed to be the "best" in Boston. Mr. Garrison waved, and as he turned a few Sundays ago, to free the slaves, and at that time the "best" people, not only in Boston, but all over the country, didn't want anything to do with the subject. It would only make trouble, they thought, and they couldn't quite believe that people whose skins were black really minded being slaves. And as Mr. Garrison wouldn't keep quiet, they concluded that it would be best to hang him. Fortunately, they didn't succeed, for the Mayor managed to get him into the

history of this country, and it is strange that they should have begun life in such very different circumstances. Garrison, as the little folk who read the Tribune will remember, was a poor boy and had no education but what he gave himself. Wendell Phillips was like those fortunate beings we read of in fairy tales, to whom all good gifts are given in their cradles. He was born in 1812, two years after Lincoln, in a beautiful Colonial mansion in the most aristocratic quarter of Boston, and his father, the Hon. John Phillips, was the first Mayor of the city. Books, pictures and cultured people surrounded him from his infancy. He was as beautiful as the statue of a god, and his manners were like those of a young prince. His wealth was superb, and in everything he did, whether it was work or play, he excelled.

One of the things for which he began to show a fondness very early was oratory. His ancestors for many generations had been clergymen, and so it was not strange that when he was a little fellow of four or five he used to arrange the chairs in circles about the room and preach to them by the hour. One day his father asked him if he didn't get tired of this. "No, papa," he answered, "I don't get tired, but it's rather hard on the chairs." When he was a little older he and J. Lothrop Motley, the historian, used to dress themselves up in fancy costumes in the garret of the Motley house and declaim poetry or improvised melodramas. At college he soon became a noted orator, and his fellow students loved to listen to him. They did not dream that that silver tongue would be used, not to gain fame and fortune for its possessor, but to plead the cause of the poor and the downtrodden.

But so it happened. This child of fortune became the friend of all who were desolate and op-



TOOTH DRILL IN A LONDON SCHOOL.

At the London County Council Shepperton Road School, Islington, London, Miss Wright, the head mistress, takes special care of the teeth of the children. Brushes are sold to the pupils for a few cents which they use at intervals if they wish. The pupils take the brushes home each morning. The teacher asks them if they have brushed their teeth thoroughly. Periodically the children bring the brushes to school for examination, when worn ones are replaced.

## The Bobbington Twins

BY FRANCES HARMER.

"Well, dearie, and what have you learned to-day?" said Mr. Bobbington, as the four settled down after supper. "Jean, isn't it your turn?"

"It is my turn, and I hope Jack won't interrupt too much," said Jean excitedly, "because I've a lot to tell."

"A lot to talk about," laughed Jack; "but will it be such a lot to tell?"

"It's about a war—no, siege," retorted his sister. "And I'm sure you'll like it!"

She settled down by her mother's side, and thus began:

"The Greeks believed that their gods and goddesses quarrelled sometimes. One day a hero, whose name was Peleus—you say it so, Pele-us—wanted to marry a goddess named Thetis. Her father was one of the sea gods, and when he tried very much to marry her, she turned into all sorts of things—a black swan, and a torrent of water, and even a fire! Then when he wouldn't give up she saw that he was a brave man, and she was

## Our Letter Box

**A MOTHER CAT'S ANGER.**

Dear Little Men and Little Women: You may like to read about my little cat, which had five kittens. We could not keep so many kittens, and we did not like to drown them, so my brother tried to get homes for them.

From the time that he gave the first kitten away the mother showed great dislike for him. Every time he went into the kitchen she would grow big and furry and make a queer noise.

When he took the third away she flew at him, stuck her long nails in his flesh, and tried to get at his face.

At last we had to give her away, with her two little kittens. We were very sorry for her. Mother told us that her actions only showed that her instinct to keep and protect her young is the same as in any mother.

Since that happened we have had no more cats for pets, but we have two very pretty canary birds.

BILLEN CAMPBELL (aged 14).  
No. 83 Amsterdam avenue, New York.



PRIZE DRAWINGS, "A BOY ON A RAFT."

glad enough to marry him. You see, in those days it was much more important for a man to be brave than rich.

"We'll have a grand feast," said Peleus, "and because your father is a sea god and I'm a hero we'll ask all the gods and goddesses."

"Zeus, the chief of all the gods," said they could have the feast on Mount Olympus. So they asked every one they knew, except one goddess.

"The wicked fairy," said Jack, suddenly. "It's just like any other fairy tale, you see."

"Well, it's the first of them, anyway," cried his sister. "The teacher said most of our fairy stories about the wicked fairies at the christening feasts most likely began with this. But this is much more important, because a long battle came from it. The goddess didn't ask was called Atë—you say it so, At-ay! She was the goddess of Discord. Whenever there was a quarrel she made all the ill feeling. She did mischief all day long, making people hate one another and getting up fights. So they said, 'We won't have her.'"

"Of course, she got as mad as a hatter!" said Jack, interested.

"She did—and she planned a mean revenge. She got a lovely golden apple and wrote on it, 'For the fairest.' Then she threw it on to the table, where they all sat feasting very happily."

"I don't see what harm that could do," remarked Mr. Bobbington, "if the apple was poisoned."

"It wasn't poisoned, and yet it did do harm," said his daughter. "Each goddess wanted it, because, you see, it was like a prize for beauty—for the fairest. But three of the goddesses were so much more beautiful than all the others that every

**IN A SUBWAY TRAIN.**

Dear Little Men and Little Women: I will tell you about an incident which occurred a short time ago in a subway car in which I was. Opposite to me there sat in a corner an old woman with a large basket in her lap. Among the passengers I noticed a very sedate man, who was reading a paper, standing near her. A few moments after we left one of the stations the car came to an abrupt stop, which lasted for ten minutes. During this time a sound of a cat in distress was heard. All looked at the basket of the old woman. It kept up until a passenger asked if there was a cat in the basket. There was not, and a hunt through the car was made, but in vain. At last the train proceeded to move to the next station, where the sedate looking man got out. On his way out there was a bark of a dog. It was due to this man, who was a ventriloquist. He had remained silent during the commotion. EDNA RANDALL (aged 14).  
No. 1819 Topping avenue, Bronx.

**BARN DANCE.**

Dear Little Men and Little Women: Last year while I was at a boarding school for girls from thirteen to sixteen years old, in Washington, we gave a barn dance, which was a most informal and jolly affair. It being leap year, each girl invited a boy from a neighboring preparatory school, who appeared as a "Rube," in full farmer regalia, including blue jeans and a large straw hat. Each girl wore a calico dress, an apron and a sunbonnet. During the evening there were old-fashioned reels, barn dances and a concert. The assembly hall was tastefully decorated with cornstalks and various farming utensils, while on the platform a large stack of hay had been piled. During the intermission the lads and lassies clambered up on

this pile to partake of a luncheon, which each girl had furnished for herself and partner. Such fun as there was while the baskets were being emptied! And old-fashioned songs were struck up. Our faculty were also there, and it was due to them that we had so many jokes and so much merriment. After we finished our supper we continued our dancing and merrymaking until midnight, when we were reminded (by no means gently) that it was time to depart, and "though the parting caused much pain, we said good night, to meet again."

ROSE MATTHEI (aged 15).  
No. 322 Willow avenue, Hoboken, N. J.

**A BIG GREEN BULLFROG.**

Dear Little Men and Little Women: Summer before last, when I was at Deer Isle, Maine, I found a bullfrog which lived in a pond that was full of water lilies. He was a big green frog, and used to sit on the large lily leaves in the pond. Sometimes I had to look a long time before I could see him blinking at me with his big eyes. I used to pull up long grasses, fasten the tops together, put them under his chin, give a little jerk, and he would go head over heels into the water. At other times I would drag the grasses over the water, and he would jump after them. Once he came so close to me that I caught him. I was going to take him to the cottage and show him to mother, but he was so slippery he got away from me. Yours very truly,  
KATHARINE K. BURNETT (aged 10).  
No. 15 Arlington avenue, East Orange, N. J.

**STORY OF A SPARROW.**

Dear Little Men and Little Women: I thought you would like to hear about a little sparrow I had one time. Two years ago I went to see the Memorial Day parade. A woman had something in her hand and I went to see what it was. It proved to be a sparrow, which she said she had found on the widow's sill. It was very young, and as it could not take care of itself and she could not take care of it, I took it. We named it Buster Brown. When I went to Saratoga to spend the summer with my aunt I took Buster. Mamma thought he would be old enough to fly for himself, but my aunt thought differently, so we kept him in his brass cage. He ate everything we would give him. He sat on my finger while mamma took our picture, and he would not take a bath. One Sunday morning he had rolls for breakfast, and of course I gave him some. He ate so fast that he choked to death. We all felt very bad. I buried him under a bush and kept fovers with his grave.

DOROTHY FORD MAYHEW (aged 10).  
No. 2 Doggett Terrace, Schenectady, N. Y.

**A NARROW ESCAPE.**

Dear Little Men and Little Women: I live on the banks of the Hudson River, in the pretty little village of Grand View. In winter the river usually freezes over. Last year my friend and I started to skate across it. He challenged me to a race, and I consented. We were about a quarter of a mile out when the ice began to crackle, and the next thing I knew I was in the cold waters of the Hudson. When I came to the surface I seized the edge of the ice, my friend doing likewise. We succeeded in pulling ourselves out, but our combined weight was too much, and we fell in again. This happened three times; then our strength began to give out. The water was up to our chins, and our grip on the ice was growing rapidly weaker, when my brother and a companion arrived. Throwing themselves flat on the ice, they pulled us out with the aid of their hockey sticks.

HAROLD BROADBENT (aged 14).  
Nyack, N. Y.

**TUTSU'S FIGHT.**

Dear Little Men and Little Women: This letter is going to be about my pet cat. Her name is Tutsu. She used to be a tramp cat and had her home under a neighbor's barn. My two brothers often gave her some milk, and got a spanking every time they did it. We have a box for her bed, made of small pieces of cloth, with a large piece over it. One day she had six kittens. Two were black spots on their toes. One day I brought them into the yard. The mother cat saw them and came over to watch them. As she sat there she heard a noise behind the rock work where she was sitting. She sat up on her hind legs and looked over the rock work. There she saw a cat larger than she trying to creep up and catch one of the kittens. She wouldn't stand for that, so she gave one spring, jumped over the rock work and started right after the other cat. Then there began a fight. My cat won, and came back with her tail up in the air, singing, while the other one ran away as fast as his legs could carry him. Then I thought I would take the kittens into the house, so that there would be no more fighting.

PHILIP COE.  
No. 35 Maple street, Kearny, N. J.

**LAST WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.**

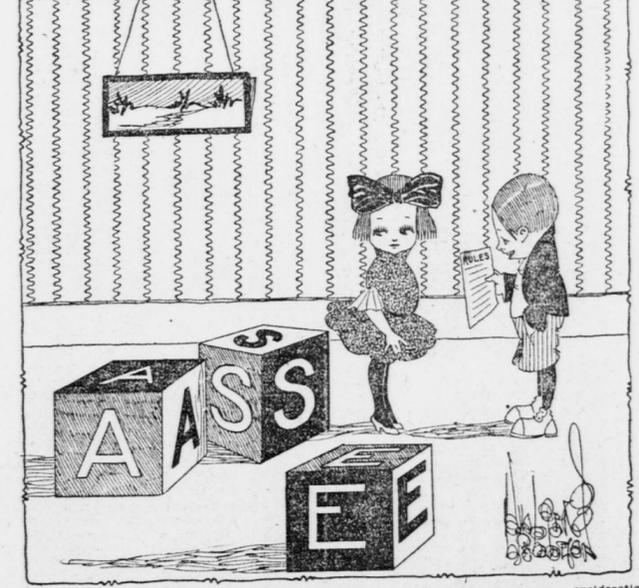
Story, "My Dolly and I"—See stories by prize winners on this page.

Things to Think About—The two prize winners and their prizes in this contest are Mattie Higgs, fourteen years old, No. 108 Wisconsin avenue, N. W., Washington, an embroidery set; Stoddard P. Johnston, thirteen years old, No. 146 East 38th street, New York City, an interesting book.

Drawing, "A Boy on a Raft"—See drawings by prize winners.

Our Letter Box—For prize winners see letters on this page.

## PROVERB PUZZLE.



This competition is open to all children who desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind.

While and his sister have just entered the Room of Mystery in Proverb Town, where they spy three blocks, each of which contains three letters. On one block are three A's. On another are three E's. On the third are three E's.

While refers to the book of rules and finds that there is a proverb to be found by combining certain other letters with those to be seen on the blocks.

The book says that the proverb contains three letters in each word are the same, but the remaining three words of five letters each. You are to supply the remaining letters so as to form the three words. The letters in the blocks are three of five letters which the proverb. In other words, the letters on the black sides and the white sides. What are the form of the words, and the same is true of the words?

For the nearest and best three answers we offer the choice of a pearl bead necklace, a sterling silver tribune badge, a pair of pretty cuff or collar pins, a box of water color paints, "A Trip Around the World in Postcards," an interesting book or an embroidery set.

## How to Win a Prize

Contest No. 1 (Proverb Puzzle).—Choice of a pearl bead necklace, a sterling silver tribune badge, a pair of pretty cuff or collar pins, a box of water color paints, "A Trip Around the World in Postcards," an interesting book or an embroidery set for the nearest and best three answers.

Contest No. 2 (Things to Think About).—Choice of a novelty belt pin, an interesting book, a sterling silver tribune badge, a pair of pretty cuff or collar pins, an embroidery set, "A Trip Around the World in Postcards," a leather card case, a pearl bead necklace or a box of water color paints for the nearest and best two solutions.

Contest No. 3 (Drawing).—Illustrate the following: Mother Goose rhyme: "One, Two, Three, Four, Five."

One, two, three, four, five,  
I have caught a fish alive;  
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,  
I have let it go again.  
Why did you let it go?  
Because it bit my finger so.  
Which finger did it bite?  
The little one on the right.

For the nearest and best two original illustrations we offer the choice of a novelty belt pin, a pair of pretty collar or cuff pins, a pearl bead necklace, a box of water color paints, "A Trip Around the World in Postcards," an interesting book, an embroidery set, a sterling silver tribune badge or a leather card case.

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 experi-

## ANIMAL ODDITIES BY FREDERICK WHITE



**THE OCELOTS.**

They are firmly fastened in their hair, tinted and colored, fixed and dyed—You could not move them if you tried. What are they for? Well, I have heard, Although it really sounds absurd, That, if you're hunting ocelots, They make the finest marks—for shots.

He had been injured, but they did succeed in raising up another friend for the slaves, for the young lawyer was Wendell Phillips, and it was this riot that first called his attention to the anti-slavery movement.

The names of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips must always be linked together in the

## HOW PEARY ESCAPED STARVATION.

**Arctic Explorer Describes an Encounter with a Herd of Musk Oxen.**

"There have been several events in my life that might be called dramatic, but I think the climax came in mid-May, 1895," says Commander Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., in the April "Delineator." "We had started on a 500-mile Arctic trip. Four hundred miles from my winter quarters we came to the end of our walrus meat, and there was nothing for it but the literal 'dog eat dog.' By this time I cannot express our sufferings more eloquently than that. Six more soon followed, and the men had to get into the drag ropes, taking the places of the dogs that had died or been killed.

"I saw that we must seek the coast and find the quickest way down from the ice cap, for our only chance of saving any of the dogs was to get fresh supplies; living on the coast would we hope to find a trace of living creatures.

"The spectre of famine was drawing nearer. We made our way down the crest of the white ridge, we saw them, with nine starving and exhausted dogs, in that gaunt and frozen solitude. But we ate little, keeping what we could for the dogs. One morning we started after musk oxen, the spectre of famine now seeming to tread on our heels. At last, on a little terrace below the crest of the white ridge, we spied a group of black dots that showed us our quest was ended. The herd was not two hundred yards off. We counted twenty-two bulls, cows

and calves. One old bull was standing guard and two bulls were looking horns.

"We were too tremulous with excitement and our eyes were too weak from the glare of the snow desert to trust ourselves to shoot straight at that distance. There was nothing for it but to rush up to them.

"We rose and dashed forward, grasping our rifles. The old bull gave the alarm, and in a moment the whole herd was facing us, with heads down and horns arrayed against us. Had I had breath to yell, I could have yelled for joy. As it was, I only gasped.

"When we were fifty yards off the big bull sank his head still lower. It was the signal to charge. Without slackening my pace, I pointed my rifle, aiming at the back of the neck, above the thick shield of the horns. That bullet meant our lives. If it missed and the herd charged on we should be crushed like ice crystals under the black avalanche of thundering hoofs. That was the most dramatic moment of my life.

"The outcome? Well, the shot went true."

Dear Editor: Thank you so much for the very nice paperknife. I got it on Saturday, March 13. I think it great fun to open letters with it. With love from your friend,  
MARGARET FOWLER.  
No. 55 West 65th street, New York City.

Dear Editor: I thank you very much for the nice point box which I received as a prize from your quest was ended. The herd was not two hundred yards off. We counted twenty-two bulls, cows

MARGARET CHAPLIN.  
No. 101 James street, Syracuse.

## Things to Think About

**ENIGMA.**

I am nothing, but if you give me a head I am a river in Italy and with a tail I am a cooking utensil. Give me another head and I am a stick, and then a double head will make me a tyrant.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.**

**TRIANGLE.**  
P E A C E  
E R A S E  
A R E  
C O  
E

**CORRECTED SQUARES.**  
E A S E  
A Z O V  
E V E R  
E V E R E S T  
S H O E  
S H O E  
T O B B