

# LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN



JACK HORNER PIE.



## Jack Horner Pies for Easter Week

Jack Horner pies, without at least one of which an Easter week party for children is complete, grow more elaborate every year. The effects an artist in Jack Horner pies can secure with crepe paper, a few toy ducks and chickens, a stork or two, and some toy eggs are amazing. And, of course, there are the presents, without which a Jack Horner pie would be nothing.

The pie in the illustration, shaped like a shoe, is a special favorite with children. It suggests not only Jack Horner, but another nursery character, the Little Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe, only this shoe is full of presents instead of children, which is better for a party. This pie has a large hen pecking over it, accompanied by a family of fluffy yellow chicks.

Among the many Jack Horner pies shown by a well known toy shop is one simulating a load of hay, the hay, of course, being yellow paper. A fat white duck draws the wagon, and Bunnie holds the reins. In among the hay are the presents. A very pretty pie is a bed of green grasses and cattails. A tall white stork stands on one leg among them, surrounded by those fluffy yellow ducklings that children adore. Down among the grasses lie numbers of colored eggs, each attached to a string at the other end of which is a present. A thirty dollar buys a wonderful umbrella chair Jack Horner pie. The chair is a mass of pink crepe paper, cut in strips and curled, and holds a com-

pany of ducklings in pink crepe paper bonnets. The umbrella that shades them is covered with fluffy chicks and decorated eggs, and somewhere in the depths of this "pie" are the presents.

Other pies are just baskets of paper carnations or daisies. You don't put in your thumb; you pull out a flower, and out comes a plum of a present with it. In one pie a stork presides over a sort of swinging cradle full of eggs, each egg holding a present. But better than any of these, perhaps, the children would like one which has a wax doll enthroned in a white carriage shaped like an egg, driving two white ducks. Little yellow chickens hang from the egg, and the gifts, of course, are inside.

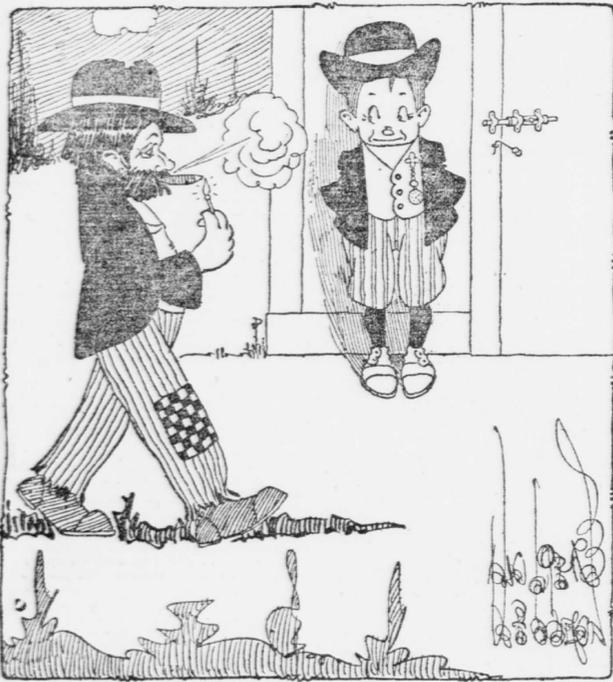
### PLAYING CHECKERS.

Sometimes at night my father'll say, "Get out your checkers, Ned! We'll try a rubber, you and I. Before you go to bed." And then we'll play, and if he beats, "Why, father'll kind of smile."

And say, "Now set your wits to work. This little game's worth while." But if I beat the first two games, "He'll yawn, and then he'll say, 'To mother, it's a foolish game. But s'ny like to play.'"

—Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, in Youth's Companion.

### WORD PUZZLE.



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

In this puzzle there are several objects that are spelled the same, with the exception of the first letter. See how many of these you can find. As a guide we shall say that each of the words contains five letters.

For the neatest and best three answers we offer the choice of a box of water color paints, an interesting book, a sterling silver Tribune, a pearl bead necklace, a pair of pretty collar or cuff pins, a novelty belt pin, or "A Trip Around the World in Postcards."

## The Awakening of the Trees

All little men and little women, and all big ones, too, love the spring, but none of them watch for it so eagerly as the trees and the flowers do. The winter sleep of Nature is never so deep that she cannot dream of spring, and long before any of us had thought of such a thing the forest and the fields had heard the call of the south winds. If we had been watching closely we should have noticed on mild days in February that the buds on the trees were swelling, as though eager to escape from their cramped winter quarters, and if we could have taken a peep under ground we should have found, while the surface was still covered with ice and snow, that these wonderful little things were busy which Darwin likened to a brain were wide awake and sending out little root hairs to take the place of those that shriveled up and dropped off in the fall.

The tree has a lot to do in spring, and so it very wisely begins early. It has to take off its storm doors, or, rather, seal them open. It has to get its supplies out of storage and prepare them for the table. And it has to lay a new pipe line to carry the food to every branch and twig.

When the tree went to sleep in the fall it closed up all its breathing pores—lenticels, the botanists call them—by growing a plate of cork beneath them, and, of course, cork isn't much use until it gets them open again. So it grows another plate of cork beneath the storm door plate. This plate is composed of round cells lying very loosely together, so that air and moisture can pass through the spaces and by their growth they soon split the hard, close layer of cells above them.

For months before it went to sleep, as all the little people who read The Tribune will remember, the tree was busy storing up great quantities of food to feed the baby leaves and flowers in spring until they were able to work for a living. Before it cast off its leaves it took from them all the food they had and stored it in the trunk and branches, and then it locked everything up so securely that no foolish bud, mistaking a warm day for spring, as buds sometimes do, could possibly get at it. It could get a little food stored in the cells around it, but it couldn't get into the jam 'n' closet. In summer the sap which carries food to the various parts of the tree circulates through a layer of cells in the inner bark. These cells have the walls that divide them from one another perforated like a sieve, and so they are called sieve cells. In the fall the tree closes up these holes, and they never open again.

So every spring it has to build a new pipe line. It also has to change its starch into glucose before it can be used for food. Glucose, as we know, is sweet, and in spring there is so much of it in the tree that it makes the sap very sweet—so sweet, in the case of the maple, that we can make syrup and sugar out of it.

But, fortunately for the flowers and leaves that are in such a hurry to get out into the world, they don't have to wait for all this work to be done. The food stored near them starts them in life, and by the time they have used it up the pipe line is finished. The flowers usually come out first. This seems a little strange, because most plants have leaves first and flowers afterward, but there is a good reason for it. Most trees depend on the wind instead of insects to carry their pollen, and foliage would be seriously in the way during the blossoming period. For the same reason a great many trees have such small and inconspicuous flowers that we never notice them, and think that they do not blossom at all. They do not have to put on beautiful garments and prepare feasts of honey, because the wind, unlike the bees, does not have to be coaxed.

When the leaves come out they sometimes look more flower-like than the flowers. They are not green, but red or gray or golden. In fact, they are just like autumn leaves, only they are so small we do not notice them so much. And they are colored in this way for precisely the same reason that the autumn leaves are so colored. There is no chlorophyll in them. That is a big word, but it is merely Greek for leaf green. We don't know exactly what leaf green is, but we do know that without it leaves cannot manufacture food out of the materials that they get out of the earth and the air. The young leaves of spruce can get on without it for a while only because their food was prepared for them by the leaves that died in the fall, and as soon as we see them getting green we may know that they are beginning to earn their own living.

In this part of the world the pussy willow is one of the first trees to blossom in spring, for, of course, the pussy is a blossom. They come out in the latter part of March and the red maple and the poplar come out about the same time. Most of the other trees blossom in April, and if we look on the ground beneath them at that time we shall see it littered with the cast-off wrappings of the buds.

## How to Win a Prize

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

Contest No. 2 (Things to Think About)—Choice of an interesting book, a pair of pretty collar or cuff pins, a novelty belt pin, a sterling silver Tribune badge, a pearl bead necklace, an imitation ivory paper knife, "A Trip Around the World in Postcards" or a leather card case for the neatest and best two solutions.

Contest No. 3 (Comic Cut, "A Race Between a Boy and a Dog")—Choice of a sterling silver Tribune badge, a novelty belt pin, a pearl bead necklace, a pair of pretty collar or cuff pins, an imitation ivory paper knife, "A Trip Around the World in Postcards," a box of water color paints or an imitation ivory paper knife, for the neatest and best two original drawings. These drawings must be original and must be done 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 letters may contain incidents in your life, anecdotes of pets, novel school experiences, things seen in travel or made-up stories. These stories must be original, and must be written on one side of the paper only. Letters entitled to the prize of \$1 are often crowded out for lack of space in the week they are received. But if such is the case they always appear on the page later.

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 April 16. Age is considered in awarding prizes. Address your letters and answers to Little Men and Little Women, the New-York Tribune, New York.

## Things to Think About

### HOOR GLASS PUZZLE.

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

When the words in this puzzle have been correctly guessed and placed according to the numbers, the centrals, reading downward, will spell a name for a famous sea.

1-2, a proposal, accepted or rejected; 3-4, a snub; 5, yourself; 6-7, a kind of pastry; 8-9, that which forms three-fourths of the earth's surface.

### PYRAMID.

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

1. A letter that often makes many things of one.

2-3. The hole in a hole.

4. The diminutive form of a name borne by a Queen of England, in honor of whom the capital of one of the United States was named.

5. A distinguished American naval officer who lived between the years 1779 and 1823.

6-7. What the very learned individual is said to possess.

8. When correctly guessed and placed according to the numbers and the slope of the mountain range.

9. The centrals, reading downward, will spell a name for a famous sea.

### HONOR LIST.

- 1. Louis Adams; 2. Mary C. Andrews; 3. Kathryn Bienny; 4. Helen Barton; 5. Herman Carlson; 6. Helen F. Dutton; 7. Clara M. Dekens; 8. Irving Dues; 9. Gertrude Enders; 10. George W. Eastwood; 11. Helen N. Enright; 12. Lenore Ferguson; 13. Bessie Greene; 14. Ruth E. Gray; 15. Julie Hatch; 16. Margaret Hinesdale; 17. Edith Hopkins; 18. Elizabeth W. Hallock; 19. Margaret Held; 20. Carolyn S. Hoffman; 21. Robert Stanley Justa; 22. Nettie Kandel; 23. Marie Kind; 24. Elizabeth Kohl; 25. Sophia Kugel; 26. Gertrude Kiefer; 27. Hazel Longstaff; 28. Elizabeth Lundie; 29. Ralph Lennon; 30. Celia Ledford; 31. Rosa Molnar; 32. Helen Minor; 33. Paul McNamee; 34. Alice Probasco; 35. Victor Reynal; 36. Peterson; 37. Edna Probasco; 38. Edna St. George; 39. Walter W. Smith; 40. Richard F. Sanborn; 41. Margaret Scott; 42. Catherine Smith; 43. Lily Louise Thomas; 44. Lucie Taylor; 45. Irene Templeton; 46. Irene Vizzetti; 47. Rolfe Weston; 48. Gladys L. Zell.

northern end of the Red Sea, all reading downward.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL CUBE.

A L G I E R S  
M I T  
E B E  
R E L  
I R I  
C I A  
A L A B A M A S  
N T U  
D L A  
O L M  
V N T  
E T R  
R I V I E R A

#### TRIANGLE.

M E L O D Y  
E M E N D  
L E S T  
O N T  
D D  
Y

### LAST WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

"Cat" Puzzle.—The words that scholars formed were catastrophe, catalogue, scat, scatter and outskiffs. The neatest and best three answers came from Lou G. Drummond, fourteen years old, of Wyckoff Falls, N. Y., who wishes a sterling silver Tribune badge; Margaret L. Ellthorpe, eight years old, of Palatine Bridge, N. Y., a sterling silver Tribune badge; Eugene S. Fiske, eleven years old, of No. 115 West 24 street, Mount Vernon, N. Y., a sterling silver Tribune badge.

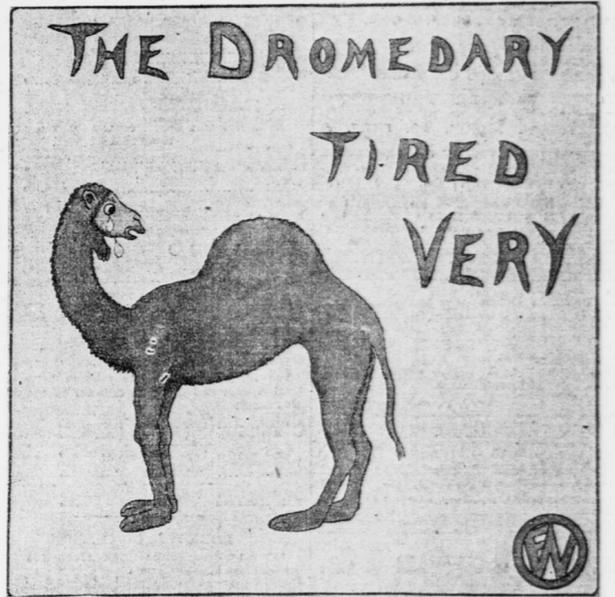
"Things to Think About" in this contest are: Alice Varson, ten years old, of No. 272 Wood avenue, Bridgeport, Conn., a box of water color paints, and Alan Bryant, twelve years old, of No. 488 West 153rd street, New York City, an interesting book.

Drawing entitled "Mother Bunny Adopts Three Little Orphan Chicks." See illustrations by prize winners.

Our Letter Box.—For prize winners see letters.

## ANIMAL ODDITIES

BY  
FREDERICK WHITE



THE DROMEDARY.

It is not always easy to find new ideas and facts for you. The tired Dromedary here has been quite overdone, I fear. You know about his speed, I think—how long he goes without a drink and what his traits and habits are.

And so forth and et-cet-er-a. One feature though appeals to me. And that is the e-nor-mi-ty Of piling bales of merchandise Upon a hummock of that size. It certainly is quite enough Without the bales and other stuff.

## Our Letter Box.

### PLANTS HER PETS.

Dear Little Men and Little Women: Having read so many letters from other Little Men and Little Women about their pets, I thought I would write you about mine. They are of a different kind, for they are plants; but I am sure they are just as interesting as either walking or flying pets.

One of mine is an azalea, which I have had for the last four years; it is in full bloom just now. After it is through blooming the flowers last from three to six weeks before they fade. I plant the pot in a shady part of the garden, so that the plant can rest and gain strength for the next year's flowers.

Now my other pet is a pineapple plant. I got it by twisting the green top off a pineapple last spring and putting it in a jar of water. After a few weeks I noticed it was getting roots; by autumn the jar was full of long roots. I then asked a gardener at the Botanical Gardens in Bronx Park what to do, and he told me to plant it in a pot of peat; that is the way they grow pineapple plants there. As I could not get peat, I put it in a pot of cinders, and kept it very wet and warm. It is now growing very nicely, and I hope it will bear fruit soon. ADELE NIESS (aged 10). No. 454 Wales avenue, The Bronx.

### BOBBIE.

Dear Little Men and Little Women: One of our neighbors had a brown and white bulldog whose name was Bobbie. He was a very kind dog and would not hurt any one. Bobbie was fond of play-

ing and liked to have you take a stick for him to hold on to and have you swing him. He could also jump very high. When his master would go out for a ride in the automobile Bobbie would ride with him, and when he was in front of the house he would jump out. One day when he was out riding in the front seat his mistress in the back seat saw an automobile coming very fast and said to the driver of her car, "Look out!" Bobbie thought she said "Jump out," so he jumped and was killed. They all felt very sorry and have not got as wise a dog yet. RUTH E. GRAY, No. 3 Morgan avenue, Norwalk, Conn.

### A CALLER.

Dear Little Men and Little Women: I think you will be interested to hear about a most amusing thing that happened to us last year. Early one Sunday morning one of our girls came running up stairs, very much frightened, and told us there was a bear down stairs at the door. Father knew that was impossible, so he, not being ready to go down, sent me. The door was closed, but I could see through the glass. "Why, there's nothing there," I said, but the girl told me there was, over the door. Sure enough, upon glancing up, I saw—not a bear, but a raccoon. I called father, and he came down, very much surprised at seeing a raccoon in the heart of the city. With the aid of a broom we managed to get him into a barrel and to the back yard. Father, after calling up several zoos, decided that the raccoon must have been a pet, so we turned him over to a men's club. CAROLINE ROBINSON (aged 10). No. 56 West 11th street, New York.

## PRIZE DRAWINGS, "MOTHER BUNNY ADOPTS THREE LITTLE ORPHAN CHICKS."



By David Buck, fifteen years old, No. 30 Baldwin street, Bloomfield, N. J. Prize, a leather card case.

By Lillian Sweetner, twelve years old, No. 184 Woodworth avenue, Yonkers, N. Y. Prize, an interesting book.

## Snub Givers and Snub Takers.

### Every Woman Delights to Reprove the Presuming Person—Stupidity of the One Who Refuses to See a Rebuff.

The average woman, no matter what her station, delights to give a thorough snubbing to some person she considers rude or presuming, and she seldom escapes one herself, even though her career is triumphant. A snub that comes as a reproof is only just and right, but the snubs that mean-spirited women dole out right and left, regardless of the feelings of others, are at times almost criminal because of the pain they give.

How deliciously the snub that comes as a reproof may be administered was aptly illustrated by an incident that happened not long ago in one of the most fashionable clubs for games in New York. A young and rather shy new member had been placed in a set with a belle who, though she had played the particular game for several seasons, did not display as much skill as the newcomer, and was consequently defeated by the younger girl. Both walked to one of the nearby chaparrals, and the belle drew out in an insolent way, "It is really too funny at this place now; so many people have joined that one has never been before. How do you account for the change?" The chaparral, with ready wit, administered the snub in four words, "Debutantes, my dear, debutantes," and then she took the little stranger by the arm and led her off to the tea table to meet more courteous members. The fact is that many women of the best position cannot bear to be outclassed in any pleasure that

they take up, and when some one else shows greater proficiency in their favorite pastime malice is inspired. The cutting speeches they make act as balm, no doubt, to their wounded pride.

Then there are the women of unassailable social position who eventually become imbued with the "better than thou" idea. When once started on this path they become indifferent to friendship on an equal plane and the list of those slaughtered by their snubs grows to appalling proportions.

There is one class of "snubbers" whose sins really should be condoned. She is the woman who has only disappointments at every turn after a reign of peace and plenty, and gives snubs because she dreads pity, for pity at times is an actual impertinence, and under some conditions, if openly expressed, becomes an insult. The impulse of the sensitive person is to combat the first evidence of this undesired pity, and the most natural weapon is the ever-ready snub.

The adept at snubs can so word her poisoned phrases that it may be a day or two before her victim realizes what has been said to her, for black looks by no means accompany the deadliest thrusts. One only has to listen for a short time at a Lenten sewing class meeting to be enlightened as to what terms of endearment really point to, for the neatest

snubs are so lovingly hedged that they sound honey sweet, and only the recipient knows the bitterness of the dose unless the other sisters in civility have been similarly treated. But in no circle does the one who snubs from pure hatefulness keep friends. Slowly, but surely, she finds her level, passing down the line of those she has known intimately until she has exhausted all, by her ill-natured speeches.

Shubs are taken in different ways, according to the woman and her mood. A snub that one day appears heartbreaking on another will seem a joke, and then, too, there is always the joy of contemplating a retaliation so annihilating that the mere thought of revenge brings a snub of satisfaction. So, for that reason alone, no notice can be taken of the insult. Again, there are business relations between the husbands, which mean that, like naughty children's fights, there will be a "making up" without apologies, or else the snub may be recalled under the "misunderstanding" clause, which in polite society covers much.

The woman who persists in not seeing snubs that she actually deserves is one of the most disliked women in society, for she has the knack of irrit-

ating every one she comes in contact with by her stupidity in not knowing when she is not wanted and by her general lack of savoir faire. Of these women some claim that their civility is their particular form of cleverness, and that by not recognizing a snub that is their due they are showing themselves superior to the one giving it. This, however, is hardly a fair argument, for in all sets certain prejudices and opinions exist in common, and the woman who is unwilling to accept a fair proportion of the ruling ideas is out of place and should either endeavor to acquiesce as best she can in these demands, or else seek other fields for which she is better fitted. The "dilemma" is the unappetizing of social aspirants, for "dead sea fruit" is not more acrid than the occasional plum she gathers, nor has the thistle sharper needles than the usual remarks she has to bear in silence on her steep and narrow path. In fact, it is she, and the one who will not see, that are most exposed to snubs, unless the girl that the married woman is snubbing the admirer from is counted. One thing is sure, however—a snub is never forgotten and rarely forgiven, and the destinies of many are ordered by it.

## French Dinner

Clam Chowder, Remouade, Tourneoe Ballard Cold Eggs, Renaissance Potatoes, Chicken au Casserole, Salad Judic, Gateau Montpensier, Fruits

Clam Chowder.—Use two dozen raw, shelled clams, two tomatoes, one big potato, a sprig of thyme and parsley tied together, a small knuckle of veal, three pints of cold water, one, a teaspoonful of flour, one ounce of butter, the same of lean bacon, one green pepper and salt and cayenne to taste. Wash and put into a pan the knuckle of

veal, covering it with water. Bring it to a slow boil. Carefully take off the scum and let simmer gently for nearly three hours. Chop fine the onion and pepper, cut into small slices the bacon and fry with butter. When done, mix in the flour. Pour in the veal stock, add the potato, cut into dice, and the tomatoes previously peeled and seeded and cut into pieces. Boil again for about half an hour, then add the clams, chopped fine. Boil five minutes more. Serve with chopped parsley sprinkled over.

Cold Eggs, Renaissance.—Poach eight eggs, cool and strain them well. Make a pint of jelly with half a pound of veal bones and half a pound of shin of beef, one onion, one carrot, thyme, parsley, pepper, salt and two calf's feet, previously boned and boiled for a few minutes. Boil the whole slowly with a pint and a half of cold water. Strain the fat frequently. Let this boil for three hours and pass through a colander. Mix in another pan with the white of one egg a drop each of brandy and of Madeira; pour the gravy in by degrees, stirring well, and boil again, stirring continually. When at boiling point let it simmer on a gentle fire until clear. Pass through the muslin and put in a cool place. Cut into very small dice a carrot and a turnip of ordinary size and boil in salted water. When done add the same quantity of plain boiled green peas and French beans, diced. Strain well, mix in a little jelly, and when cold put in the bottom of a deep dish. Arrange the eggs on top in wreath form, adorn with tarragon leaves, or with small diamonds made of truffles. Cover the whole with the remainder of the truffles, over the whole pour the sauce, and when half settled. Keep in a very cool place until ready to serve. Tourneoe Ballard.—Use four small flet steaks, not exceeding a quarter of a pound each. Season and cook quickly in a pan with a little fat, keep burning hot. Remove them when underdone and keep in a warm place. Take the fat out of the pan and pour in a drop of white wine and a little gravy. Boil it down to the required quantity. Slice thinly half a pound of mushrooms and a quarter of a pound of pimientos. Fry the latter in a pan with butter, and when nearly done put the mushrooms in. Season, and when cooked dish the tourneoe and arrange them with the stew on top. Sprinkle over them a little chopped parsley and pour the gravy around.