

# ALL ABOUT OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

## Capitulation of Little Elsie

ELISE and John and James Horner had been born in Paris. Their grandfather and all of his sons had fought on the Southern side in the Civil war. When the war was over and the Southern cause lost the Horners had left the United States and gone to live abroad, there to subsist on the scanty remains of their fortune and to nurse the bitterness of their disappointment. Elsie's grandfather had never been "reconstructed." That means he had never taken the oath of allegiance to the United States government, which was required after the war from all who had fought against the Union. Neither had her papa. The whole family had resented the outcome of the war bitterly. Elsie remembered her grandfather's little room in Paris, the walls of which were lined with maps of the battle fields on which the great struggles of the Civil war had taken place. Although she was only five years old when her grandfather died, she recalled quite plainly the stern old gentleman who was continually poring over them.

Besides the maps there were the war time stories. Elsie and John and James had heard them from their very little days. They had been wrapped in an atmosphere of memories. Their small apartment on the outskirts of Paris was hung with pictures of the old home in the United States—the South—with portraits of their old neighbors and friends, with all sorts of mementos. In the little dining room hung the old firearms which had borne a part in the war.

But most interesting of all was the silken flag, the flag of the Confederacy, draped over their mamma's dressing table and the old uniforms, ragged and battle stained, which once in a great while John and James were permitted to take out of their wrappings and camphor and to wear for an afternoon of dignified masquerading. Grandfather would perhaps not have allowed this, but Elsie's mamma was a French woman. She sympathized with the lost cause, but not bitterly.

The children were engaged in this pastime one day when an elderly gentleman appeared at the house. He was their uncle Theodore, he told them, and Elsie remembered that he was the one who had been "reconstructed." He had never seen their mamma, who had been married to their papa many years after he had left his own country.

He seemed both amused and a little troubled to see Jack's and James' dress uniforms and the flag which Elsie waved at the diminutive Confederate force.

"The old clothes, eh?" he had said, musingly, and he had been very quiet while he waited for their mother and father to return from their promenade.

Elsie and John and James had never seen their father so excited as he was on his return when he saw his brother. The two elderly men sat talking far into the night. The next morning when Elsie was starting for her convent school her new uncle, Theodore, and her papa accompanied her.

"How would you like to go over to your own country, my dear?" said her uncle Theodore.

Elsie looked puzzled. Her papa came to her assistance.

"To the United States," he explained.

"You know," said her uncle, "You are an American girl, after all."

Elsie looked at her papa again.

"I know that father is an American, because they say so at the convent, and they must always introduce me as an American miss, but mamma is French. I did not quite know about myself," she explained.

"Besides," she added slowly, "I do not think I should care to live there now, and I know John and James wouldn't. They hate the North so."

"We'll make soldiers of John and James," said her uncle, laughing, "and we'll make a real 'American miss' of you."

"Will you make them Northern soldiers?" asked Elsie anxiously.

"No, indeed. We'll make them soldiers of the Union," said her uncle Theodore. "Union soldiers have been good fighters always, brave men, and they fought for a good cause."

But Elsie had her own ideas about it. She could hardly bear to stay at the convent until lessons were over. She was so anxious to tell John and James what Uncle Theodore had said.

But when she reached home that afternoon she found her brothers had already been told of the contemplated visit to the United States.

"We are to go to a military school there. I like that part," said John.

"Yes," said James, "and I like the sea trip, but I don't think I can stand being bossed by a lot of 'Yanks'."

Elsie ran through the apartment. Fanny, the mulatto maid, was packing garments busily in the boys' bedroom. Helen, the French maid, was taking down pictures in the drawing room. In the dining room she found her mamma counting silver and storing it away in a chest of heavy wood.

"Oh, mamma," gasped Elsie, "you aren't really going to send us to the United States?"

Her mamma laughed heartily. "We're all going, little daughter," she said gayly.

"Is it not well that your papa should again return to the home of his youth? Should he not see it again? He has so longed to see it I am glad that his brother has persuaded him."



Elsie wandered into her mother's bedroom. The photographs and pretty trifles which had decorated it were already taken down for packing, but the Confederate flag still hung over the mirror, where it had been replaced after the last masquerade. Her grandfather had often held her up before it when she was a tiny girl.

"The flag of a single star," he would say, "Every man of your family save three died beneath it." Elsie climbed up on the dressing table and took it down carefully. "I will take care of the flag, mamma," she said, looking into the dining room again. Her mother nodded.

"Take good care of it, my little daughter," she said.

Elsie made the flag into a neat little package and stowed it away very securely in the inside pocket of the ulster which she knew she would wear on the voyage.

All the voyage she kept it carefully and only once did she bring it out. That was when a Miss Withers gathered the children passengers around her one morning and told them a story the moral of which was that all good American children should love the flag.

"Do you know this flag, Miss Withers?" asked Elsie.

"No, I don't," said Miss Withers, looking at it curiously.

"It is the flag of my country," said Elsie proudly.

There was a white haired old gentleman standing near the group of children. He took the flag gently in his hand and smiled gravely at Elsie. "The Confederate flag," he explained to Miss Withers. He shook hands with Elsie warmly. "Comrade," he said earnestly, "I am glad to meet you. You have brave blood in you, I'll warrant. The men who loved that flag were good fighters."

"Were you in it?" asked Elsie breathlessly.

"I was," said the old gentleman, proudly.

"Why, don't you know," whispered one of the American children, "That's the general!"

After that when the general walked up and down the deck or sat in his steamer chair Elsie and John and James were often with him. Sometimes he told them stories of the war, but usually his tales were of his horses and dogs at home. He had no grandchildren and all of his children were grown up. Elsie and James and John constituted themselves a youthful bodyguard.

He would have had the children and their parents come to his house in New York when they landed, but they were going directly to the big town on the Hudson where the military school which John and James were to attend was located. Mr and Mrs Horner and Uncle Theodore, after placing the boys in the school, left Elsie in the charge of the superintendent's wife for a week and went away on important business.

The children found "the North" such good fun, in spite of their prejudices, that they scarcely missed their parents for the time, and as for Paris, John and James privately confided to Elsie in the corner of the parade ground one morning that Paris was all

right for girls, perhaps, but for boys give them America, "even," said John magnanimously, "even the North."

Among the interesting doings at the military school were the preparations for the Memorial day parade. John and James could not manage to be in it, but all three of the children were to have the best possible place to see the procession. None of them had, of course, ever seen a Memorial day parade before.

"And of course you would not have been it if you could have marched," said Elsie to John and James. "It is a parade for Northern soldiers. We have not so soon forgotten the lost cause."

Perhaps John and James betrayed a rather lukewarm sentiment in that direction. Perhaps Elsie detected in her feeling toward "the North" less distaste than she would have expected to feel. At any rate, she determined to make a stand for the lost cause, and to do it all herself if necessary.

She thought it over a long time, and, as a result of her thinking, on the day of the parade she led John and James to the very lowest step of the grand stand. "We can see it much better here," she said. "We can almost touch them as they pass."

The procession came slowly up the main street. In the first carriages were the leading citizens.

The band marched and played vigorously. The veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic followed. Then came the regiments of the militia, smart and young, with nicely set up figures, brand new uniforms and brand new flags.

The men marched past the grand stand, wheeled and turned to come back. Elsie was so excited that she had not noticed the marshal of the parade, a handsome elderly man on a fine horse. The time had come for her to act. John and James were so interested in the procession that they did not notice her pull her flag from her pocket and dash out into the street.

Past the policeman, past the young militiamen on guard along the lines, straight out into the middle of the road went Elsie, straight into the face of the procession, waving her strange flag.

What the spectators saw was a little figure waving an unknown flag, flying

in the very face of the great general and shrieking excited huzzahs for the lost cause, hotly pursued by two sturdy boys.

What the marshal of the procession saw was his plunging, rearing horse and beyond that the children he had known on shipboard in great danger of being run down by the excited animal.

What Elsie saw was a great oncoming wave of horses and men, and in the very front of it all her general—her own general—leading the parade of "the North."

The general's horse reared wildly, the general's face was white, but he was a great horseman. He held the plunging beast in steadily and Elsie and her brothers reached the curb in safety.

The onlookers questioned excitedly. The general's horse went galloping down the street, but he had whispered a direction to one of his aids, who leaped from his horse and spoke to Elsie with great politeness. "The general wants you to ride with us," he said kindly, "and he told me to tell you particularly that you might wave your flag all the way."

He helped Elsie and her brothers into one of the big open carriages. They had only a little way to go; only to the armory, he explained to Elsie. The troops were to disband there.

Elsie and John and James shrank into the corners of the carriage, too excited to talk. Presently they drew before a strongly built structure. The young aid appeared at the carriage door and with him was the general.

"Did you lead the Northern soldiers when you were in our war?" asked Elsie reproachfully. "My dear little girl," said the general, with a twinkle in his eye, "I was in 'our war' on the Union side." He placed a hand on each of her brothers' shoulders. "And here," he said, "we have two more Union soldiers of the future. The past is over long ago; now North and South are the Union. Don't forget that, little Elsie."

"Gentlemen," said he, "let us give three cheers for a brave little Confederate." They were given with a will.

"Three cheers for the general," suggested John, with a glance at his sister. These, to, were given gayly.

It was then that Elsie capitulated. She was not to be outdone in magnanimity.

"Three cheers for the Yanks," said Elsie.

And a little later when they left the armory Elsie and John and James had tiny American flags in their hats.



R was a Rook  
Who said he could cook;  
He made him a tart,  
And thought himself smart.  
Rolling Rook.

S was a Snake  
Who said "I will take  
My afternoon tea  
In a Sycamore tree."  
Sapient Snake.

T was a Turtle  
Who bought him a Gun;  
When pirates approached  
He shot every one.  
Terrible Turtle.

U was an Urchin  
Who lived in the Sea;  
Sometimes he had two feet,  
Sometimes he had three.  
Uncertain Urchin.



## Prize Stories Written by The Herald's Young Folks

LEORA RIEDER, 1004 Florida street, class A, \$2.00.  
VIOLA OTTO, 306 South Cumings street, class B, \$2.00.  
BERTHA BRUCKNER, Los Angeles, \$1.00.

### THE CHICKEN'S STORY

By Leora Rieder—Class A—Fourteen Years

First I was one of many fluffy chickens in a big window. Every one admired us and one little girl with curly hair said, "What a darling, I will buy it."

I went to my new home in the little girl's handkerchief. How everybody praised me! Her mamma thought me the prettiest chick in the world. I ran all over the house, from kitchen to parlor, and visitors said, "How cute!" I slept in a tiny box lined with cotton batting, and a small bottle of hot water to keep me warm. Never was there such a happy chicken.

But luck changes, my pin feathers dropped out and my legs grew so long I was not able to sleep in my little box. The grown people said, "Put that little wretch out doors," and in the back yard I went to scratch for a living.

The little girl's mother started to raise chickens and much fun I had with my new playmates. Finally she said chickens were a nuisance. Every few days she came out with a hatchet, and after piercing cries, my playmates were gone, one by one. I am in the back yard alone wondering what will come next.

### A TRIP TO VERDUGO PARK

By Viola Otto—Class B—Twelve Years

One bright summer's day our class at school gave a picnic. We decided we would go to Verdugo park, which is about ten miles from Los Angeles.

Each child put up a nice lunch. When we got ready to start, we were joined by another class which was going to the same place. We had a very enjoyable time on the train, and were interested in the country scenes.

At last the great rumbling wheels of the train stopped. We got off the train and found ourselves on a great level ground. In the distance we could see hills which looked like a great crazy quilt, composed of wild flowers. Below these hills was running a quiet little brook which looked very tempting, as we were thirsty.

After we were rested we decided that we would follow this brook and see where it would lead us to. On our way we found many different varieties of ferns and other queer plants.

When we got back from our little journey we ate our lunch, and spent the rest of the day in playing games. At the end of the day we were tired and worn out, for we had tramped a great deal. When we got home we told the other children what a delightful time we had and hope they could come with us next time.

### KATHERINE'S DOLL

By Bertha Bruckner—Class C—Ten Years

Little Katharine lived in Holland in a lonely little hut, which her father had built. She did not get very many luxuries as children do here, for her parents were poor. Katharine was always gay and happy. She liked best to play in the green grass in front of the house. There were three girls and three boys in the family, of whom Katharine was the youngest.

The eldest boy, Willie, who was seventeen, had to go out to work. The next girl, Mary, was thirteen, she had to take care of the house, which had only three rooms. The two parents both had to labor out doors in order to make a living. They started early in the morning and came home late at night.

Mary was often very tired when night came, and when the work was too much, the middle-sized girl had to help her. The two boys brought home the cows and milked them, while Katharine fed the chickens and geese, and got some straw for three horses.

When Katharine's birthday came one day, her parents made her a present of a wax doll, six inches tall, with a pink muslin dress and a white cap. The doll was barefooted, but such things didn't matter. The child loved it dearly

and took it to bed with her at night. One day she felt sorry that the doll didn't get any food, so she took a little brush with water and made a hole where its mouth was. After this, she gave the doll something to eat every day without telling anybody.

One day as it was so hot, she half-filled the doll with water, and let her sleep. After about fifteen minutes Katharine came back and found the doll almost melted.

"Oh! Mary," she cried, who was just sweeping, "my poor dolly, she is dying." When her parents came home at night Mary told them all about it, she didn't get punished, for she didn't know anything about dolls. She maybe received another one.

### Concerning Saws

Saws were used by the ancient Egyptians. One that was discovered with several other carpenter's tools in a private tomb at Thebes is now preserved in the British museum. The blade, which appears to be of brass, is ten and a half inches long and one a quarter inches broad at the widest part. The teeth are irregular and appear to have been formed by striking a blunt edged instrument against the edge of the plate, the burr or rough shoulder thus produced not being removed. A painting copied in Rosellini's work on Egyptian antiquities represents a man using a similar saw, the piece of wood which he is cutting being held between two upright posts. In other representations the timber is bound with ropes to a single post, and in one, also copied by Rosellini, the workman is engaged in tightening the rope, having let the saw sticking in the cut. In an engraving given in the third volume of Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians" a saw is represented of much larger dimensions, its length being, by comparison with the man, not less than three or four feet. It does not appear that the Egyptians used saws worked by two men. The invention of saws was variously attributed by the Greeks to two or three individuals who are supposed to have taken the idea from the jawbone of a snake or the backbone of a fish. There is a very curious picture among the remains discovered in the ruins of Herculaneum, representing the interior of a carpenter's workshop, with two genii cutting a piece of wood with a frame saw, and on an altar preserved in the Capitoline museum at Rome there is a perfect representation of a bow saw, exactly resembling in the form of the frame and the twisted cord for tightening it, those used by modern carpenters.

### Benny on the Grizzly Bear

The grizzly bear is a large and awkward animal, with long hair and an unpleasant disposition. He is fond of honey and sheep and will attack man if pressed by hunger. When you meet a grizzly bear the best way is to turn aside with great speed unless he is in a cage. But if he comes at you and you have a gun loaded with real bullets, you can offer a silent prayer and shoot. That is what my grandfather used to do, except that he did not offer the silent prayer. He was not that kind. Once there was a man who went out to hunt a grizzly bear and did not come back. The editor put it in his paper that the man had found the bear, but I don't think the editor knew anything about it. We should be careful to tell the truth and lead a good life, if we want to be rich and respected. The grizzly bear will also eat peanuts, and when he is enraged he emits growls with great fierceness.

### The Uses of Evil

"Say, ma wants two pounds of butter. She wants it just exactly like what you sent the day before yesterday, an' if it ain't that same kind she don't want any at all."

The small boy had bolted in, discharging himself abruptly to his errand, pausing now only for breath. But the grocer, taking down the order of a new customer, did not mind the interruption.

"You see, madam, how it goes," he said pleasantly. "My customers are particular, and it is my pleasure to get them exactly what they demand. Yes, sonny," blandly to the boy, "you shall be attended to at once."

"Ma says don't forget to send the same kind of butter, reiterated the boy. "Some of pop's relations has just come to visit, and ma says if they stay long it won't be her fault."—Minneapolis Journal.

## DEADLY BATTLE BETWEEN ANTS



A BIRD'S-EYE view of a genuine ant battle is shown in the accompanying picture. By having the lens at close range and by enlarging the negative afterward it was possible to get a clear pictorial idea of ant jiu-jitsu.

### Sandow's Secret

The last time Sandow was in New York he was introduced to a man from Sandgate, Vt., who happens to be a relative of the strong man's manager and full of Yankee curiosity. He asked all sorts of questions about Mr. Sandow's daily habits, which were good naturedly answered.

"So you don't eat no kind of pastry cooking at all," he commenced. "No pie and no doughnuts?"

"No, sir, nothing like that." "Well, what do you eat for breakfast and keep looking so well?"

### THE CZAR'S BABY

Oh, say, little Kid of the Autocrat,  
It looks like the Job you have  
Is one that gleams  
With the glow of dreams  
Of the highest and happiest Slav.

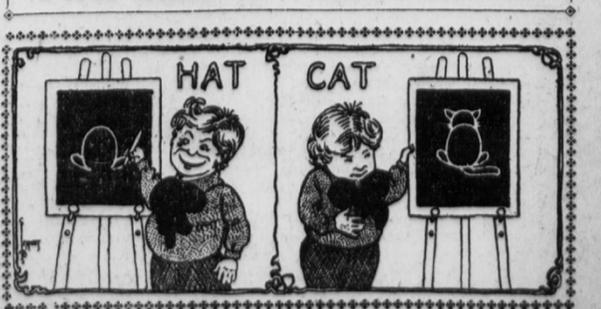
A brilliantly dazzling, wonderful job,  
That's enough to make one blind,  
Who doesn't own  
A place on a throne  
With the great, white Czar behind.

Oh, say little Kid of the Autocrat,  
There isn't kid like you  
In all the earth  
That has given man birth  
And work for his hands to do.

You are IT for all the Russian world,  
The Prophet and Priest and King,  
For Prince and clown,  
From the highest down,  
And the Boss of everything.

But, say, little Kid of the Autocrat,  
If your majesty will allow  
A tip that's straight,  
For a happier fate,  
You'll throw up your job right now.  
—W. J. LAMPTON, in New York Times.

## First Class in Transformation



Just a few lines and you have it