

SOME AMERICAN MEDALS.

Honors Bestowed on Soldiers and Sailors. Medals Given to Indian Chiefs. By F. K. SCRIBNER.

The first medals ever presented by congress were given to the officers of the American army and navy during the revolutionary war, and of those only twelve were issued. General Washington was the first American who received a medal from his government. General Gates received one because he beat the British at Saratoga; General Wayne for attacking and capturing Stony Point, on the Hudson; General Greene, Lee, Morgan and five other American officers for victories obtained by them over the enemy. Congress presented Paul Jones with a medal for his successful sea fights against the British battleships. At the close of the war, when Washington was elected the first president of the United States, congress had struck off in his honor a medal. As it was one of the first given to any one during times of peace a short description of it may be of interest to the boys who read this article. The medal was about the size of the present silver dollar; on one side was stamped the head of Washington with the inscription, "Washington, President, 1791." On the reverse was an eagle, arrows and laurel wreath and the words "Unum E Pluribus." An earlier medal, made in 1785, was of copper; it was stamped with a sun surrounded by thirteen stars, a laurel wreath entwined about the letters "U. S." and bore the inscription, "Libertas et Justitia 1785." The first medals presented by the American congress were made in France. During the war of 1812 congress presented

can be welded together. A lead bullet, if shot directly at a stone wall, will develop heat enough by the contact to melt and fall to the ground a molten mass. There are many other occasions wherein this mechanical development of heat becomes manifest.

NEWS ABOUT THE BROWNIES.

Mr. Palmer Cox to Take the Little People to Europe. Mr. Palmer Cox, whose stories of the Brownies are known to young and old the world over, is about to travel through Europe, taking the Brownie band from their wanderings here, across the sea to indulge in new adventures and fresh scenes and sports at well known European centers. During the sixteen years of Brownie history, Mr. Cox has received an enormous quantity of amusing letters from readers of all ages; in fact, as soon as a book is circulated, the letters begin to accumulate. A great proportion of them are from children just able to write, and telling what they think of favorite Brownies, while most of those from older children make new suggestions and requests that the band visit certain localities or take up certain sports. "You can tell what locality most of the letters are from simply by the suggestions they make," said Mr. Cox recently. "The letters from Maine, for instance, would ask to have the Brownies sap trees or making sugar; boys out west would want to

wears a pink coat like papa. We think all the Brownies are just dear and lovely." "Gilbert Mather." Another suggests "a little darky brownie with a rascal in his boot so he can steal chickens for the others to eat while the policeman is away." Other candidates are, "a monk dressed in a long gown with just a fringe of hair around his head," "a canable," a clown and Santa Claus. A large number of letters come from people connected with hospitals and mothers of sick children, telling of the value Brownies have been in keeping patients' minds employed. A surgeon stated in a letter that he kept one of the books on his desk and after coming from distressing scenes, could depend upon picking up that book and having renewed spirit and vigor. In one of the stories, the band, having more seed than they could plant, scattered some along the roadside. A letter came from a child who thought this must have been near his house. Having found an Indian plant on the roadside, he enclosed it and wanted to know if the Indian Brownie had not planted it.

THE LITTLE VOLUNTEERS.

Frank L. Stanton. Handkerchiefs for little flags, Epaulettes—a rose; Hobby horses for their nags, And—off the cavalry goes! (They've heard the fire-side talk of war, And that's what they're all for!) With little shiny swords of tin (Oh, patriotic sons!) And garden plots for fighting in, With little flags for their nags, They march to forts and fairy ships, With mother's kisses on their lips. And fierce shall rage the fight and long, Till from the flower-sweet west The shadow falls, and evening Shall summon them to rest. Then mother's kisses, and "Good night!" Beneath their little tents of white!

There are at least two recorded instances in which bees have been used as weapons of defense in war. When the Roman general, Lucullus, was warring against Mithridates he sent a force against the city of Themiscyra. As they besieged the walls the inhabitants threw down on them myriads of swarms of bees. These at once began an attack which resulted in the raising of the siege. These doughty little insects were also once used with equal success in England, Chester was besieged by Danes and Norwegians, but its Saxon defenders threw down on them the beehives of the town, and the siege was soon raised.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Jimmy, you must not talk when older people are talking." "We'll I s'pose you want me to grow up dumb." Sunday School Teacher—This morning I saw a number of little boys watching a base ball game through the fence. "I hope I did not see you there, Johnny? Johnny—No, ma'am; you didn't see me. I was inside. A little Boston girl, who had been attending one of the public kindergartens, fell from a ladder. Her mother caught her up from the ground in terror, exclaiming, "Oh, darling, how did you fall?" "Startlingly," replied the child without a second's hesitation.

"Paw," asked the little boy, "didn't you say in your speech that you expected the map of the world to be changed soon?" "I think I did," said the orator. "Then what is the use of my studyin' 'Jography?" "Little boy!" exclaimed the man who had just turned the corner, "don't you know it's wrong for you to match pennies?" "I ain't matchin' pennies," he answered, as he surrendered a coin to his antagonist. "I'm jest tryin' to."

SHOOTING ON THE SEA.

Rolling Ship an Unsatisfactory Platform for Gunnery. Necessarily the deck of a vessel at sea, says the New York Press, offers a much less satisfactory platform from which to shoot than the solid foundation provided in a land fort, since even when the ocean is calmest the vessel must constantly roll from side to side. Theoretically, the best time to fire would be at the moment between the rolls, when the deck of the ship is perfectly level, and in general way it may be said that an attempt is made to do the shooting at that instant. It is practically impossible, however, to fire invariably when the decks are horizontal. No matter how careful the gunner, the piece is almost always exploded just before or just after the proper instant. The American practice, both in the army

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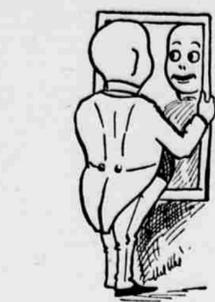


When we look back and count up ten long years that we've been in business in Omaha and all of that time in this same place—we cannot but know that our work has been satisfactory—else why has our business grown from day to day—Naturally you consider it a more reliable place to go—than to some makeshift or temporary exhibition dental parlors—here today to catch the rush—gone tomorrow—If our work by any mishap should prove unsatisfactory we will be right here ten years from now to make it right—Not much risk in that for you.

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PEACE MEDALS AND OTHERS.

Twenty-seven medals of honor to the nation's sailors and soldiers, but most of these were given to commanders in the navy. Hull, the first commander of the frigate Constitution, received a medal from congress for his victory over a British ship. It was also the custom in those days for congress to give a sum of money to the captain and crew of the victorious ship and for the citizens of the city at which they first landed to get up a banquet in their honor. Four medals were given during the Mexican war, but it was not until the late civil war, in 1861, that the presentation of medals by an act of congress gained any headway. In 1861, congress directed the secretary of the navy to have made medals of honor to be given to petty officers and sailors in the navy, who distinguished themselves by acts of bravery. Three hundred and twenty persons received them, which were in the shape of a five pointed star. Other medals were also presented by congress to men in the army and navy whom the government wished to honor. It has always been the purpose of congress to recognize brave actions among American sailors and soldiers by presenting a medal, and the small number which have been given out make them all the more valuable. Perhaps the most famous peace medal, and certainly one of the first which was ordered to be struck by congress, was the one in commemoration of the treaty of peace between the United States and English governments which ended the war of 1812. It was widely circulated and was eagerly welcomed by the people. England also caused to be made a peace medal in honor of the treaty. The custom of giving a medal to such chiefs as visited Washington was begun at a very early date in the history of the government. The most famous of this class was the one presented to Red Jacket, a noted chief. He was very proud of the honor conferred upon him and always carried it in a prominent place. One of the first medals presented during the civil war is shown in the cut; Major Anderson received it for his brave defense of Fort Sumter. This was more simple than those given by the government during the war of 1812. As shown in the cut, one side was stamped with the head of Major Anderson on the reverse was the American flag upon the top of a fort. This medal was presented by the Chamber of Commerce of New York to the commander of Sumter and to each man of the garrison.

see cowboy Brownies on broncos fighting jackrabbits; southerners would suggest their own sports and state that they never have skating or sleighing, etc. "The Brownie band originally were all of a kind. My idea was to interest children by telling of a race of little nymphs who were always on the alert, and did their deeds at night. The little figures or infant-fairies were made attractive by the fiery, staring eyes, large head and body and slender limbs. At about the third story I introduced the Dutchman, and other national types were then added. Then many of the letters received suggested new characters, many of which were tradesmen that could only be identified by tools or surroundings. The policeman and Uncle Sam were next admitted and one day in making a drawing of the Brownies running it seemed necessary to have something trailing to show that they were going fast. The dude with his long coatails was the result. He is the favorite because he is dressed so well. He seems out of place among the rough band which goes through mud and climbs knotty fences," says one child, "but if it were not for the Chinaman (Brownie) his shirt bosom would not be so bright." The band soon grew to forty-two, when occasionally I left one of the characters out of a book.

Enclose samples of my drawings. Roe-Mobie!



This would surely bring a host of letters asking what had become of it. The king Brownie was left out once and then children asked if they had killed their king. The requests for live Brownies are very numerous. One child was willing to exchange her baby brother for the dude and promised to make clothes for him. Here is one request: "Dear Mr. Brownie Man: 'If there is any really Brownies please send me one why I ask you for one because I would like to have one to play with. Please send me a girl Brownie. I think I would prefer a girl Brownie because I am a girl if you have not a girl I do not care what kind of Brownie you send me just so you do not send me the policeman or the Indian or the Chinaman. I am not pettier which one only so it is not those Brownies. Yours truly, EDNA ANDERSON."

"F. S.—I am going to ask my friend Bob where you live. Here are some common questions: "I would like to know if you are a Brownie or a man?" and "Is it very hard to catch Brownies?" Coming from other parts of the country, children frequently urge their parents to bring them to the house of the Brownies, to see what they are like. When they come in the studio they stare around and look disappointed, when Mr. Cox has to explain that they are not to be seen in the daytime. The following letter is a sample of new characters suggested: "My Dear Mr. Cox: "Will you please make a Huntsman Brownie not the kind who hunts wild beasts but the kind that rides after a live fox and

TO SUCCEED AS AN AUTHOR

William Dean Howells, the Noted Novelist, Gives His Ideas. Selects His Topic First and Builds His Story Round It—Genius a Delusion, Only Hard Work Counts.

"I am at work on another novel, which will come out, I expect, toward the end of the year," said William Dean Howells a few days ago as he sat in his pleasant New York study, overlooking Central park. Mr. Howells is now in his 62d year, and for a generation has been engaged in entertaining the reading public with his genial stories, but his personal appearance, as well as the virility of his writing, indicates that he is still in his prime. "Writing is so different from other kinds of work, it depends so much upon individual character and habits of mind that it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules in relation to it. No sooner have you done so than somebody violates them all and still comes out on top. Still it may be possible for an old student, who has kept in more or less intimate touch with the literary world for a good many years, to say a word or two, chiefly in the way of encouraging and reassuring the beginner, that will not be wasted."

"My regular procedure is first to select the topic of the story. This is usually something that has occurred to me, perhaps years before, and that has been developed by occasionally thinking about it. "The next step is the selection of characters, which is the matter of greatest care and study, and I never map out the exact course of the story in advance. Naturally, I have a more or less distinct notion of how all the various incidents are to be worked out, but I find that after I begin writing one chapter suggests another, and the story grows of itself. "Do I receive requests for advice from young writers? Very often, and if the number of such inquiries coming to me affords any indication there is no danger of the extinction of the American novel, of which some critics seem to be afraid. "There isn't much that can be said to these young aspirants for literary fame. The best advice I know is: 'Go ahead, do your best, write the truth that you have as you see it; and if one other person feels and appreciates it as you do, the effort will not have been wasted.' "Writing is so different from other kinds of work, it depends so much upon individual character and habits of mind that it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules in relation to it. No sooner have you done so than somebody violates them all and still comes out on top. Still it may be possible for an old student, who has kept in more or less intimate touch with the literary world for a good many years, to say a word or two, chiefly in the way of encouraging and reassuring the beginner, that will not be wasted."

No Rules for Preparation. "I will not attempt to instruct the beginner as to how to prepare himself or herself (we must forget the 'her' in this), for self as I said before, literature is bound by no hard and fast rules. There is no set of books, as in law or engineering, from which one must get his first principles. I don't mean that an acquaintance with the greater importance is the ability and habit of observing the life that exists about one, which nobody has yet put into a book. If the young person we are discussing has the gifts of mind which will make him a successful writer these qualities may be safely left to indicate the course which his 'preparation' shall take. Only in this way can parity, originality and strength be preserved in our literature. "From this you may see that I am not one of those who constantly uphold the classic standard as a model for the young literary workers. I guess that fact is well enough known to those who are sufficiently acquainted with me to be interested in what I say. The natural development of the novel has been from the classic, through the romantic, to the naturalistic. I like the latter

term better than realistic because realism, in the minds of many persons, is associated with what is sordid and unpleasant. Of course that isn't true, for really has its cheerful and encouraging side as well as the present. Realism or naturalism being the novel in its highest form, it follows that the writer's only textbook which he must never disregard is life, life in some one of its infinite phases. Sincerity is the great essential. Truth is the one motto that the young writer should put in big letters above his desk. So long as he conforms to that his work cannot be wholly lost. "Tendency Toward Naturalism. "The tendency of recent years has been, I think, toward naturalism. By that I do not mean that it has commanded the greatest number of readers. Mankind, at least the majority of him, is conservative, sticks to accepted standards, demands the same kind of food that he has been accustomed to. But I think it an evidence of advanced and educated literary taste that the most intelligent element of the reading

character created by an author comes from his own individuality. "Genius in Writing is a Myth. "When our young person sets out in a serious attempt to write, having fully absorbed, let us say, the life about him, he is surprised to find that it is hard work. He decides that he cannot hope to become great, for he has been taught that the great writer, the genius in literature, throws off his masterpieces without an effort. I know of nothing more discouraging to the young writer than this genius theory and for the relief of any to whom it still exists as a bugaboo I will say that I am pretty sure that it's a myth. The only genius worth talking about in writing as in everything else is the genius of hard work. Of course brains are necessary and not all men have the necessary equipment to become successful authors, but the idea that good literature comes as a sort of heaven-sent inspiration is erroneous. Not to mention myself, I can say from my acquaintance with successful authors that most of the good literature of recent years has been ground out



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

public now demands, not an absorbing story, but a strong delineation of character. You emphasize the importance of character delineation. In your writing are your characters taken from life? "I never copy the character of an individual. That would be to give a portrait. What is taken represents a type. Every

aspiration is likely to wait a long time for recognition. "I don't believe that a writer should try to lose himself in his story, as is so often recommended. The advice sounds well, but it isn't sound. I hold that the greatest actor is the one who never forgets himself, and so it is in writing. The author should stand constantly in the attitude of critic and inquire, 'Is this true? Is it the way such a character would act or speak under such circumstances?' He should have all his characters clearly delineated. They should stand out plainly before his mind's eye. But, after all, they are the creations of his own individuality and must remain so, if the story is to be worth anything. "As to the best time and the best way to work each man must decide for himself. I used to do most of my work at night, a survival of the newspaper habit, I suppose. But now I have changed to the morning, and nearly all my work is done before the noon hour. I think that that is really the best time, that a man's mind is fresher and more vigorous then. In composing I generally use a pen, because I want to see the last word or sentence in the final form. Careful thought is involved and I am going slowly. But I have a typewriter in my study, and when I see plain sailing ahead I turn to that. I may say, too, that my greatest difficulty, and one that I probably share with many other writers, is in making a beginning. It is mighty hard work sometimes to start a story that will always carry itself along once it is under way. "It is often said that too many books are written nowadays. I don't agree with that. Many, yes, most of the books published every year have no enduring reputation, but if they are the result of earnest effort, if they are faithful pictures of some phases of our varied life, and strike a responsive chord in some few readers, they are not wasted, and are not to be accounted failures. "Of course in this, as in all that I have said before, I am not speaking of literature as a money making profession. Not that it is wrong to write for money. Most of us are under the necessity of making money by our work. But I don't believe that any man ever devoted himself to literature for the sake of making money. If any man ever did, I am afraid he made a sad mistake, and would have been much better off in some other kind of work. It is true that the best writing is not always the most profitable, and that, in writing for money, the author must consult the tastes of his publisher and the publisher's public rather than his own. I do not say that this work is ignoble, but it is necessarily, in a measure, unsatisfactory to the author. I suspect that most of us do eight hours' work of the kind we are compelled to, in order that we may spend two at what we really like. I may say, in passing, that the writing of serials is a poor author's surest means of support, and the multiplication of periodicals has greatly increased the market for these. But the money side of literary work is not the most joyous to dwell upon, and, as a royal road to riches, literature is certainly a failure. "Is the writing of short stories good practice for young authors? "I think so. The necessity of saying much in little space gives a crispness and brevity of style that is desirable. American writers have had a genius for short story writing equal to that of the French and have produced some of the best tales in existence. "Are we developing a distinctively American literature? "Our literature is becoming perhaps not more national, but more individual. I have been asked what is the best part of the country that was best for a writer to be born in and have said that if your prenatal advice could be of any value I should recommend the west or at least the middle west. Certainly some of our best stories have dealt with the life of this region. But I think that people enjoy pictures of everyday life from wherever drawn, provided they are true. My own most successful book, judged by its sales (A Hazard of New Fortunes), has its scene in New York city. There is plenty of material in every corner of our big country for the eye that can discern and the skill that can delineate it in truth."