HEARTH & BOUDOIR.

TEA GOWN OF LIGHT GREEN CHINA SILK, TRIMMED WITH CREAM LACE AND INSERTION.

SOME WAYS OF THE WORLD

INGENIOUS COSTUMES WORN AT A RECENT BOOK PARTY—GROWING PLANTS AS DECORATIONS.

What are called "book parties" are a popular species of entertainment at the various watering places this summer. Every one who attends one of these functions is supposed to personate the name of some particular book, either in character or insignia, and as the idea may be either elaborately worked out by an entire costume, as at a costume ball, or adapted to any ordinary evening dress, a book party has all the advantages of a fancy dress party without its obligations. Prizes at these gatherings are generally given for the best costume and also to the winner of the guessing contest, as the guests are requested not to divulge their characters until after the guessing contest is over. At first such personification seems to be difficult, but it is odd how many ideas suggest themselves when the question "What shall I be?" comes to the fore. A few suggestions noticed at random at an entertainment of the kind might prove useful and will serve to show how elaborately and, on the other hand, with how little trouble such illustrations can be made.

For instance, a handsome brunette woman who happened to have with her a yellow ball dress wore a bouquet de corsage and headdress of yellow asters and called herself the "Yellow Aster," while "A Study in Scarlet" made a most becoming dress to a blonde. The Chinese question seemed popular, for "The Breaking Up of China," which was very easily represented by broken crockery hung around the neck, had several exponents, and a clever idea was "The Yellow Peril," depicted by a man's court suit of yellow satin, with a danger sign of a railroad train fastened at his back. "Black Beauty" was the title of a "coon" man, and "Indian Summer" was a maiden perfectly got up in an Indian costume, carrying a slate with sums upon it. "Bridge Up to Date," the text book of the hour, had a pack of cards cleverly arranged as a headdress and 1900 in gold letters on the corsage, together with a drawing of a bridge. "The Victorian Age" was another beautiful dress carried out in completest detail. "My Lady Nicotine" wore a short dress with pipes and cigars as decorations. "Under the Red Robe" was a scarlet domino over a dress suit. "Red as a Rose Is She" was a most becoming dress to a pretty girl crowned with roses and rouged to match.

A very bold man had a brush and comb fastened to his coat, and the guesser had him at once as "What Will He Do with It?" Politics was introduced by a pretty woman wearing a map of the Philippines, and announcing that she was "To Have and to Hold." "Twelfth Night" was a knight in armor, with eleven knights painted on a shield, the wearer being the "twelfth knight," while there were any number of easy ones, such as "Under Two Flags," with a couple of flags crossed in the hair; Kipling's "Seven Seas," with seven gold "Cs" fastened on a ribbon around the throat; "Gold Elsie," represented by a gold "L" and a "C"; "Under the Greenwood Tree," by carrying a small sapling like a parasol; "The Light That Failed," by a candle that had been put out; "Edged Tools," by razors, knives, etc.; "Vice Versa," by a coat turned inside out, etc. As has already been said, one suggestion begets another, and it is astonishing how many ideas present themselves when the subject is talked about.

QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE.

To Americans of good standing who have letters to persons of distinction in London, and to whom the various questions of etiquette in English society are as is only natural, quite unknown, the situation is often apt to be awkward.

"How am I to address Lady M——'s envelope?" asked the eldest daughter of the family who was answering a kind little note from the former, inviting her mother and herself to an informal dinner. Mrs. A—— hesitated. "Why, I am sure I do not know!" she exclaimed. "I never thought of it; but I suppose there must be some distinction between a baronet's wife and a countess. You cannot simply write Lady M——! We ought to have found out all of those things before coming here! How odd none of us thought of it!"

"But the question is, What are we to do now, mamma?" interrupted her daughter. The query was really perplexing, and was finally solved by sending out to a book shop to buy a book on such etiquette. While it is not absolutely necessary for culture to know the shibboleths of good society in foreign countries, it certainly betokens a knowledge of the world if one is correct on these points. For those who desire to enter the social life of Europe such knowledge is absolutely essential, and, oddly enough, it is rather hard to obtain. It may be safely asserted that not one person in a hundred in New-York society could answer correctly if asked about questions of precedence in England. Even more ordinary issues in point—the direction upon notes, the various modes of addressing persons of title and the etiquette of cards—are (with the exception of the latter, which is more or less the same in the good society in America and England) practically unknown.

There is one point that is always puzzling, and can only be determined by the persons themselves. With all people of title there is the formal method of addressing a note, and the informal, and how far you are justified in using the latter you must yourself determine. For instance, the formal address for a duke who is not of blood royal is "To His Grace the Duke of A.," while an intimate or person in the same social set won't write on the envelope merely "The Duke of A.," and the same rule, of course, holds good for a duchess. Again, the formal address for a marquis won't be, "The Most Honorable the Marquis of B.," and the familiar one "The Marquis of B." His wife won't be "The Marchioness of B." or "The Most Honorable the Marchioness of B." With a widow the Christian name always precedes the title, as, "Margaret, Marchioness of B." The letters of the younger sons and daughters of a duke are formally addressed as, "The Right Honorable the Lord or Lady Y—z," and the intimate form is "The Lady Y—z" or "Lord Y—z." An earl is addressed "To the Right Honorable the Earl of C.," or more familiarly "The Earl of C.," and with his countess, of course, it is the same. The courtesy titles of the children of a marquis and an earl are like those of a duke, while those of a viscount are simply "Honorable," as "The Honorable Martha Smith," the sons and daughters of barons having the same distinction, he himself being "The Right Honorable Lord So-and-So," and his wife "The Right Honorable Lady So-and-So." A baronet is "Sir George M.," and a knight is the same, and their wives, "The Lady B.," without the use of the Christian name. If this were used she would usurp the prerogative of a duke's younger son's wife.

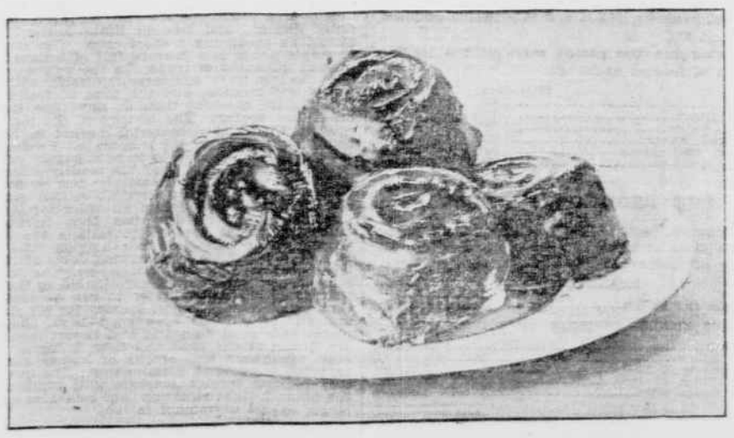
FURNITURE IN A SUMMER HOME.

It is such a mistake to furnish a summer cottage as if it were a winter home. Upholstered furniture is destroyed by the dust from open windows, rich curtains fade in the summer sun, handsome carpets are defaced by the constant influx of outdoors, therefore windows and doors must be kept closed, with the result that general "stuffiness" or wholesale destruction takes place. Yet how often a visitor in full summer is shown into just such darkened and depressing rooms. Even in the hottest climates a room need not be "glary" to admit a free circulation of air, nor need a drawing room be necessarily rustic to have furniture and hangings that are "none too good for human nature's daily food," for the loveliest and daintiest materials come manufactured for just such purposes. Green is a favorite color just now for wall hangings, and nothing can be prettier or more restful to the eye than a drawing room with walls hung with pale green grass cloth with white enamelled panellings. The glare from the windows in summer should be softened by Venetian or bamboo blinds, not by the curtains, which should be dainty in their freshness and made of thin washable material.

It is strange that growing plants are not more used as room decorations in summer, when their great enemies, furnace heat and confined air, are no longer necessary. It is doubtless because garden flowers are so plentiful, but every house mistress realizes the great labor of arranging the bright colored blossoms daily in the vases and seeing that the water is kept pure. Growing plants, if properly treated, would be nearly as beautiful and would require comparatively little care. What decoration could be more charming, for instance, than such a scheme as this of a window seat in a little drawing room belonging to a summer cottage? The curtains are of white embroidered muslin, freshly laundered, and a clever idea has been successfully carried out by putting vine roots into small porous earthenware bottles that can be bought at Oriental shops and hanging them by a string around the neck to a hook at the point where the curtains are tied back with white satin ribbon (which also, by the way, launders beautifully when soiled); the folds of the curtain and the ribbon quite conceal the bottle, and the long lengths of vine trails are held to the curtain by the means of pins, and can be easily detached when the curtain is washed or brushed. Just outside of the window sill is a long box, extending the entire length of both windows, filled with growing flowers of the most brilliant colors, which show about a foot above the window. The woodwork of the window casings is stained a cool green, and the Venetian shades are of the same color. When they are half drawn the effect of the strong, sunny light blazing through the blossoms and foliage is exquisite. The cushions on the window seat are also of green, so as not to disturb the note of brilliant coloring given by the flowers.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

To make the harvest cakes shown in the picture cream together one-half pound of butter with three-fourths pound of sugar. Fold in four well beaten eggs, add one pound of flour and two tablespoonfuls of milk in which one-half teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Butter patty tins and put a tablespoonful of the mixture into each. When the cakes are done cover with a chocolate icing, which is made by mixing one tablespoonful of corn starch in one-half cupful of sweet milk, adding a quarter of a cake of grated chocolate, boiling two minutes and flavoring with one teaspoonful of vanilla. The mixture should be sweetened with powdered sugar when it is cool.



HARVEST CAKES.

Cheap enamelled saucepans which have become chipped inside should not be employed for cooking. The glaze which is frequently employed is poisonous, and flakes of it, which are liable to come off with stirring and heating, are likely to be absorbed by the food and become a serious irritant to the stomach.

"Ride up in the elevator and walk down" is the admonition of a physician, who asserts that the toiling upward is not only wearisome but dangerous for persons with weak hearts and lungs, while, on the contrary, a brisk run down is the most healthful of exercises.

REVIVAL OF LACEMAKING.

A WOMAN WHO IS SUCCESSFUL IN THIS LINE OF INDUSTRY.

The lavish use of lace on costumes and everywhere it can be introduced has given an impetus to the slow process of resuscitation that the beautiful art of lacemaking has been undergoing. Young women have been engaged upon Renaissance lace table decorations for several years as a pastime, but now they are taking it up more seriously, some for personal decoration and some as a business.

Mrs. H. J. Gaudelas, a young French woman now living in this city, has given to The Tribune an interesting account of the various laces that she was taught to make at the old French convent where she was educated.

"It takes a good while to learn, because there are so many kinds," she said. "I was in the convent eight years, and was always learning some new kind. The irish lace takes the longest time, as it is of six varieties. The flat point variety is made stitch by stitch, with no sort of foundation, and is the most difficult as well as the most costly and beautiful of all. The rose point is made in the same way, but the figures are raised. It is much like the old Venetian point. I liked best to make it, because it is so rich and beautiful. Then there is the Carrickmacross lace, made on a net foundation. It is really a sort of embroidery on net, with the open spaces filled with lace stitches, like those of flat point. Limerick lace is the fourth kind. It is made on net of fine quality. The other two varieties are the Irish crochet and the tatting. The crochet is a beautiful lace, made in two ways—the heavy, or raised, and the flat. In Paris we call it 'Point d'Irlande.' The Carrickmacross is called 'appliqué d'Irlande,' and the tatting is 'frivolité.'

"We learned many other laces. Point d'Alençon is beautiful. Point lace is called so because of its fond gaze—that is, its foundation, so gauzelike, like a needle point. The ground and flowers are made at the same time with the needle, just as they come—not the ground first, and then the flowers put over, as you might think. It is made with a needle.

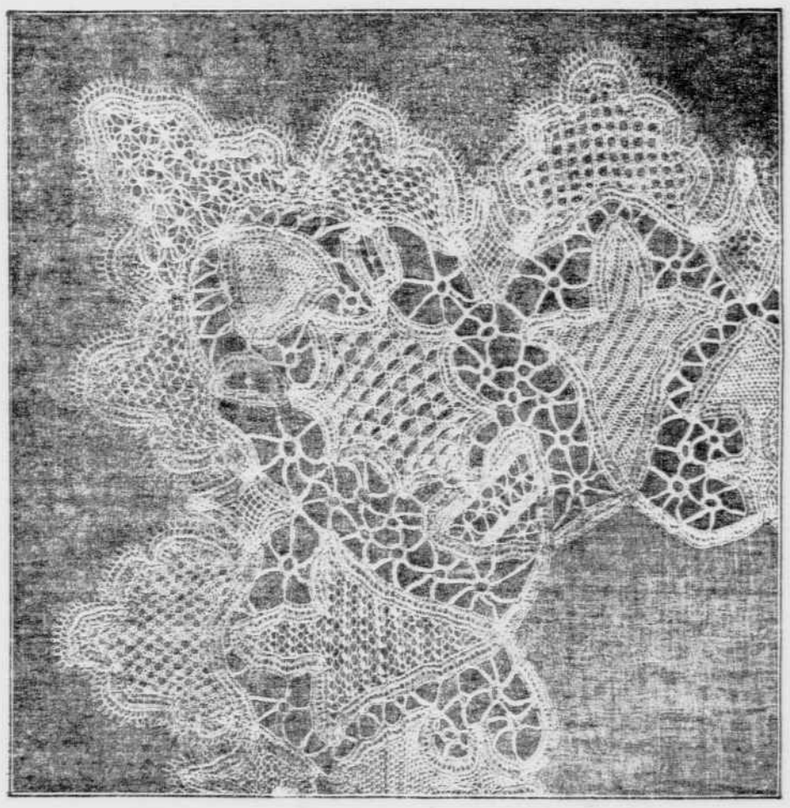
"We made the simpler laces more often, though. The fuseaux is fine and pretty for many things. It is what you call torchon, but most delicate. I am making laces now for collars and many other things beautiful to wear. When one has fine laces of the real, one is always well dressed. It has always been so. In the convent we were told that lace is older than any one knows. The Punto de Venezia, point d'Alençon, the bobbin laces of Milan and Genoa, the thread laces of England and the guipure of Flanders all were known in the sixteenth century. It was Catherine de Medici who made the beautiful Medici collar of lace. All the great women made lace and taught the noble demoiselles of their households. Mary Queen of Scots learned to make lace from Catherine de Medici, and it is told that she was the most skilful maker that then lived. She made the veil, they say, that covered her face when she went to her death."

It is said that some of the finest antique laces in the world are owned in New-York. Some women living here have collections worth many thousands of dollars. The young Duchess of Marlborough is said to have had $100,000 worth given to her when she was married and has added to it until it now is valued at nearly twice that sum. When on her wedding journey she bought a rare old piece of Italian lace that once had formed part of a Pope's vestment. The amount paid for it was enormous, and it is considered the gem of the collection.

Immediately on establishing herself in her English home the Duchess ordered a set of laces to be made in France at a cost of $10,000. It consists of six curtains, two bed curtains and a counterpane of Honiton, and when finished the making will have required about four years.

Queen Victoria's laces are estimated at $400,000. The Princess of Wales owns a collection worth $250,000. That of Pope Leo exceeds them all, however, as it is valued at almost $1,000,000. Queen Margherita of Italy is president and a generous patroness of the Burano Lace School, and allows the choicest specimens of her superb collection to be copied.

Other European noblewomen have done much to revive the old art by establishing schools for teaching it on their estates. The Countess di Brazza, formerly a New-Orleans girl, has revived the industry at her castle in Italy, and the Countess of Warwick, in England, and the Countess of Aberdeen, in Scotland and Ireland, have become famous for the success of their efforts in promoting this industry for women.



CORNER OF A HANDKERCHIEF TRIMMED WITH LACE MADE BY MRS. GAUDELAS.

THE CHINESE FEAST OF FLOWERS.

The three chief feasts during which Chin Chin takes legal holiday are those of the Dragon, the Moon, and the Year. Five days attend the first two, and thirty days the last. Those who have lived in China for any time, says "The Gem," invariably award the palm for attractiveness to the Feast of Flowers, which occurs in the spring. Then the trees are in bloom, and every private garden in the land is a flower show of the first order. In thousands of thrifty homes the people make their favorite rice wine, marching out in procession to the accompaniment of music to the rice fields. When the Thang dynasty ruled in the land—a dynasty whose Emperors delighted in simple pleasures amid natural surroundings—this fête was a most brilliant affair. One of these rulers used the occasion to present his favorites with richly wrought silks embroidered with the colors and designs of the spring flowers, and these were made into the most bewitching dresses. It is interesting to note that this same Emperor is said to have originated glass houses in China. It was a wintry spring, and, wishful that this fact should not keep back the flowering plants for the fête, he had a glass house constructed, and the plants brought in to develop in the heat.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

HOME OF A NATURALIST.

The little granddaughter of John Akhurst, a taxidermist and naturalist of Brooklyn, busies herself during her vacation in the country by collecting bugs of all kinds to take to her grandfather on her return to the city. No matter what the occasion, her wide mouthed bottle accompanies her on all her excursions.

A more interesting place than Mr. Akhurst's workshop it would be hard to find, and as the old man, with his long, silvery hair, surmounted by the little round white cap which he invariably wears, goes from treasure to treasure, and recounts stories of his experiences in the woods and fields, one feels that he has perceived for the nonce the real heart throb of nature.

Mr. Akhurst's workrooms occupy the second story of his house. The five windows at the front and rear supplement his conservatory in the basement, and are filled with plants which he declares will grow and blossom in spite of him, whether he gives them care or not. One glance at the rooms suffices to show that everything pertaining to the out-of-door world is of interest to the old naturalist. Cases of stuffed birds, animals and insects, and tools used in his art of taxidermy cover most of the wall space, with skins of squirrels, cocoons, chrysalises and treasures of land and water gathered by him in his daily rambles. Birds with their plumage bound securely with thread and in various stages of mounting and drying occupy all available positions in the room. Heads of deer, elk and moose, and the long, pointed horns of an African antelope add to the numerous decorations.

FOOD FOR CATERPILLARS.

The caterpillars, for which Mr. Akhurst spends several hours a week in foraging for provisions, are protected in their glass globes. Some are in the caterpillar stage, others have hidden themselves in the sand to await transformation or wound themselves in cocoons, and emerge from time to time to become a part of the collector's stock. Several large moths of the Japanese silk worm, in mauve, tan, lemon yellow and browns, were hatched from the eggs sent from Japan by a friend. When the box containing them arrived it was found to be empty, the contents having sifted out through a crack. Upon his next visit the mail carrier was surprised by a request to empty his bag upon the floor. He did so, and Mr. Akhurst's sharp eyes detected the tiny particles for which he was searching, and which were uninjured by the mishap.

At present several setting boxes are each occupied by a tiny clear winged moth which might easily be mistaken in its present position for a delicate pen tracery.

For birds Mr. Akhurst has an especial love. The chronic tirade against the English sparrow he declares to be the result of prejudice. He thinks, with Mr. Proctor, the lecturer, that if the Yankee birds cannot take their own part against the English birds they are not worth protecting.

When a Tribune reporter called on Mr. Akhurst he had just stuffed and mounted a large weakfish, taken from Jamaica Bay, and was about to begin operations upon a downy woodpecker.

"Strange," he said, "how these little fellows know all about nest building and materials without ever a lesson, while human beings need education before they can accomplish anything. That subject of materials is particularly interesting. The Baltimore oriole, for example, steals from the mullin stalk the thread for its cable with which to suspend its nest, while the robin, for no reason that I can see, plasters its domicile with mud. If mud cannot be obtained it uses very rotten wood for the purpose. A curious fact about all nests of the great crested fly catcher that I have found is this: The bottom of the nest is always strengthened by a sloughed off snake skin. Now, how does the bird always know where to obtain that skin?

"Another small bird around here has a remarkable trait. It invariably begins the bottom of its rather porous nest with a piece of paper, having evidently found that preferable to dried leaves in keeping out wind and wet. The English sparrow likes the hard, unyielding roots of grasses for beginning its structure, and finishes off with hay, grass and just as many feathers for the inside lining as it can pack together. During spring housecleaning, when housekeepers are changing pillows and feathers are floating about back yards, these little fellows find plenty to do in saving the otherwise waste material.

PERSEVERANCE OF BIRDS.

"When I was a boy one of my favorite pastimes was fastening a feather to a string and using it as a kite out of my window to decoy the European house martins and chimney swallows. These birds have small beaks, and while they prefer feathers of all things for nest linings it is with difficulty that they can shut their beaks upon them tightly enough to hold them. I have watched one of these birds carrying a feather when the feather would fall repeatedly from its bill and float away. The bird would pursue it every time and not give up until the prize was safely housed. With precisely the same perseverance the birds would strive for the feather that I floated from my window. Sometimes there would be several rivals for it. Just as one would seize it and start away I would draw in the string and pull the feather through its bill. Then there would be a wild scramble for the prize again, and so it would go on with never a thought of discouragement on the part of the birds.

"The barn and cliff swallows up the North River build their mud nests under the eves of barns and houses, and are never seen to light on the ground excepting to get building material. Their food consists chiefly of flies and mosquitoes, and is always taken on the wing.

"This," continued the naturalist, as he took down from the wall a curiously perforated cactus stalk, "is what the tiny owl of Arizona selects for a home. It is, you see, ready made, and all the owl has to do to find shelter is to crawl through one of these small openings into the hollow interior."

As he talked he unlocked a small cabinet and took from it an owl two or three inches long.

"This is the bird itself," he explained. "It is known as Whitney's owl. With the exception of an owl which is found in Africa it is the smallest bird of the kind in the world."

Many and varied have been the pets of Mr. Akhurst. A large black snake was for a long time his daily companion, and lay coiled contentedly in the sun on one end of his bench while he worked. If a stranger entered the serpent knew it at once, and darted for the hole in the side of its box.

A turtle which he owned for thirty years, and which was burned accidentally with some rubbish in the yard, showed considerable intelligence. The first winter he had it he took it as soon as the frosts came and put it into a box of sand and moss in a room adjoining the kitchen, and the animal remained there until spring, when it was carried to the yard. The next fall the turtle groped its way down the stone steps leading from the yard to the kitchen, which was several feet lower, crawled through the kitchen to its box, and stopped by the side of it. This it did every succeeding year, proving to Mr. Akhurst's satisfaction that turtles hibernate in the same places year after year during their long lives. The little creature used the same method of falling from step to step into the kitchen when it wanted meat.

"It was very funny," said Mr. Akhurst, "to hear it coming, spat, spat, spat, down the stones."

KNOWING LITTLE DOG.

A little dog that attached itself to Mr. Akhurst and denied its rightful owner had a habit that for a long time perplexed the family. Whenever the dog laid down to sleep it was by the side of a chair, and one paw was always curled over one of the rounds. Why it should always thus anchor itself remained a problem, until it was discovered that the animal was brought up on shipboard, and had adopted the habit to insure itself against rolling about the vessel.

Mr. Akhurst has one of the largest collections of beetles in this country. This has been the work of years. It numbers thousands of specimens from all parts of the world.

"This fellow stopped a railroad train," said Mr. Akhurst gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye.

The specimen to which he pointed was the elephant beetle, so called because of a trunklike projection from its head. It is about four inches long, of a mouse brown color, and is covered with velvety hair. The superintendent of the Panama Railroad, who was riding in the inspection car ahead of the engine, and looking for a broken rail, discovered a huge insect on the track. He stopped the train and secured it for his friend. Near this beetle, in the case, is one known as the Neptunus, which is six inches in length, but slenderer. In the collection are the scarabs of Egypt and the common potato bug, which probably had its origin in Colorado. The tumble bug family has a large representation from the small ones found here to the large ones of the Orient.

Mr. Akhurst came to this country from Kent, England, in 1841, and has lived in Brooklyn ever since. He is in his eighty-sixth year, but is still very active, and his interest in his chosen profession is as keen as ever.

HOW I FOUND MY BIRD.

It was in a young orchard, and the trees had not grown so high but I could reach the branches.

One day I was looking at their pretty young blossoms, and thinking how like they were to little children, who, after loving care and gentle surroundings, begin to awaken to the life around them. In one tree I noticed what seemed to be a strange looking nest of worms, and so prepared to destroy it.

Upon closer inspection I found a bird's nest wholly enveloped by the cruel meshes of the worms, and four little nestlings, apparently dead, with the ugly, half grown worms crawling about.

With a sharp stick I quickly destroyed them, and, taking down the nest, found that one poor little bird was still alive. But it was indeed a sorry sight.

Its eyes bulged out like peas, and its crop looked like a fish bladder.

I carried it to the house and bathed it carefully. Then, softening some bread with milk, I took a quill toothpick and put a little food into its mouth. To my surprise it swallowed the food greedily, and from that moment began to grow, developing so rapidly that in a few weeks it was almost a full grown yellow bird.

Oh, the love that tiny creature could show! It would go all about with me, in short hops and quick flights, or ride on my head or shoulder, keeping up a sharp and cheerful "cheep, cheep!" and sometimes twittering as though a song might be imprisoned in its little throat.

We all enjoyed seeing it develop from the almost dead thing it was into a plump little body, with gleaming eyes, with enough knowledge to prefer its mistress above all others, and to know a stranger from one of the family.

It usually slept in the cage, but was never confined in it, the door being always open, and our cats paid no attention to it whatever.

One day in the autumn I did not return home until late in the evening, and I could not find Birdie to give him his supper. But the next morning, on going to the milk room, where he had always accompanied me, I found his little body stiff and cold on the ground by the table. We were all sad for many days. LUCY THOMAS GUILD,
A. T. S. S. member.

BACK AGAIN TO SCHOOL.

Back again to school, dears,
Vacation days are done,
You've had your share of frolic,
And lots of play and fun.
You've fished in many a brook, dears,
And climbed up many a hill;
Now, back again to school, dears,
To study with a will.

We all can work the better
For having holiday,
For playing ball and tennis,
And riding on the hay.
The great old book of Nature
Prepares us plain to see
How very well worth learning
All other books may be.

So back again to school, dears,
Vacation time is done;
You've had a merry recess,
With lots and lots of fun.
You've been like colts in pasture,
Unused to bit and rein.
Now steady, ready, children,
It's time to march and train.

'Tis only dunces loiter
When sounds the school bell's call,
So fall in ranks, my boys and girls,
And troop in, one and all.
For school is very pleasant,
When, after lots of fun,
Vacation days are over,
And real work's begun.
—(By Margaret E. Sangster.

PRINCESS VIVA.

Once upon a time there lived a Princess called Viva, and her father, the King, wished to wed her to a young Prince in a distant land. Viva disliked her suitor very much, and thought she would try to escape to the woods. When evening came, and it had grown dark, Viva disguised herself as a servant and ran to the woods. On and on she went, until she came to a little hut, and in it sat an old man. Viva asked if she might come in and spend the night there. The old man said "Yes." Viva stepped in, and the old man pointed to a door, and Viva walked in and saw a couch on which was written, "For Viva." The next morning when she awoke she saw in a chair a complete set of clothes fit for a queen. Viva was soon dressed in these beautiful garments, and went into the other room, where, on the table, a meal was prepared.

Viva ate with a good appetite, and when she had finished, a voice said, "Your orders, Princess?"

"A drive at once, please," cried the delighted Viva.

The old man, who had been sitting by the fire all this time, then pointed to the inner room, into which Viva entered, and saw hats, gloves, etc., all for her. She put them on and went to the door of the hut and saw a carriage, into which she stepped. The afternoon and evening she spent in reading books the old man gave her. The Princess had been at the hut about a month, and was very happy. One day she noticed the old man ate nothing, so one evening she offered him some of her food. The man took it and looked much pleased. The same night there was a great noise, and when Viva appeared in the sitting room in the morning a young Prince came forward and told his history, which was that he had offended his mother about a year ago, and she was very angry, and transformed him into an old man till some Princess should come and offer him something to eat. The young Prince then thanked Viva and asked her to marry him, and they lived happily ever after.
—(Phyllis Aird.

SPEAK KINDLY CLUB.

Helene A. Bloomer, of No. 315 West End-ave., has become a member of the Speak Kindly Club, and her older sister, Miss Mary Bloomer, who drew an artistic pledge card for her to hang in her room, has thoughtfully sent it for publication in the Children's Corner for the use of other members. Miss Bloomer suggests that it be cut out neatly and mounted on cardboard. An extremely pretty effect, she says, may be gained by tinting the forget-me-nots with a light wash of Antwerp blue in water color. Under "1900" should appear the name of the one signing the pledge.

To work upon the pledge yourselves will impress it more deeply upon your minds, and will furnish a pleasant occupation for half an hour.

MOTTO OF THE SPEAK KINDLY CLUB.

The letters constantly received show how many young people are delighted to accept the thought embodied in the Speak Kindly Club, and are most encouraging. One just opened reads:

Dear Children's Corner: Please enroll my name on the Speak Kindly Club book. I am thirteen and one-half years old, and think the idea such a good one. It helps young girls to have a better character, and teaches them to be better women, to speak kindly to and of one another. Yours truly,
New-York City. MARIE SCHUETZ.

Several new members have joined the Bergen Chapter (the first chapter to be formed), of Jersey City, and the list up to the present date consists of Louise D. Hann, president; Eva Wiedner, Lillian Dunham, Virginia Benter, Nellie White, Viola Little, May Thompson, Floretta Thompson, Adeline Skerratt and Ella Harrison.

LOUISE D. HANN.
President of the Bergen Chapter of the Speak Kindly Club.

CHARADE.

At the cry of my first in winter chill
The heart gives a bound and then stands still,
As at misfortune frightful;
And yet, how strange! in its proper place
We cluster about it with happy face,
And think it quite delightful.

At the first warm breath of the summer fair
My second creeps slowly from darksome lair,
And in the sunlight flutters.
It has thousands of eyes, tho' a tiny thing,
From danger it flies on airy wing,
And a queer low song it utters.

My whole may be seen in the summer night
Where all is darkness—a flash of light.
—(R. S. P.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.
Speak Kindly Club.

METAGRAM.
Pink, sink,
Mink and link.

QUOTATION PUZZLE.
Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them.
Let them alone and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Correct answers were received from Louise D. Hann, Helen L. Dunbar and W. W. Davenport, jr.

"The gentle art of packing, as understood by the amateur, is a fearful and wonderful thing. I say 'art' advisedly, because, if properly done, packing—as regards clothes—reaches the level not only of an art, but of a fine art," says a writer in "Woman's Life."

"To begin with, do not trust to memory, as you prepare to gather your goods and chattels for your journey home. Make a list of what you require, as regards the small things, at least, since it is these which invariably get overlooked.

"Brush all articles of outer clothing—such as skirts, coats, dresses—carefully, and then fold them neatly before commencing to pack, as by adopting this plan once you do start you will be able to stow things neatly away without interruption, and will thus accomplish your packing in half the time it would otherwise take.

"All underlinen should be packed flatly at the bottom of the dress basket. On this place the petticoats and underskirts folded into three; then the skirt dresses, similarly folded, all skirts together. Finally, on top of these place a dressing gown or dressing jacket, so that you will be able to slip into it and do your unpacking—always a tedious and tiring process after a long journey—in comparative comfort.

"All dress bodices and articles in any way liable to crush should be placed on top of the tray with which most dress baskets are provided; hats, gloves, handkerchiefs and all little oddments of this sort should also be placed on this tray, though, as regards hats, it is by far the best plan to possess one's self of one of the hatboxes now sold, which by a simple but ingenious contrivance will enable you to pack four or six hats in the space usually occupied by only one.

"Boots should go all together, but it is worthy of note that a travelling bath with a lid that locks makes a quite ideal boot trunk.

"Packing carried out on the above practical lines is by no means so trying a process as when everything is left to find its place haphazard, and, moreover, there is far less likelihood of anything being forgotten. As regards the packing of dresses, etc., it is well to bear in mind the following simple rules:

"Turn skirts, unless much trimmed, inside out.

"Fold all skirts in three or four from the straight seam.

"Stuff all bodice sleeves with paper; this prevents crushing.

"Stuff all hat bows with tissue paper for a similar reason.

"Tulle, net or feather boas should be packed in a separate cardboard box, which may be placed on top of the dress basket tray.

"Don't fold fur coats inside out; this rubs and spoils the fur.

"Roll all sashes or ribbons tightly, and secure them with a small pin.

"And, above all, if you would travel in comfort, don't surround yourself with a lot of extraneous and quite unnecessary small parcels, after the wont of that famed individual, the 'country cousin.'

"The only 'parcel' necessary is the small handbag, in which the wise woman packs small toilet accessories, such as brushes, tooth and face powder, comb, eau de cologne and handkerchiefs. Accidents will happen in the best regulated express offices, and one never can tell when she will find herself separated from her trunks by an awful chasm, not to be bridged until perhaps twenty-four hours have elapsed. The eau de cologne and powder, too, are refreshing on a journey, so should be close at hand."

"IT DOESN'T WORK BOTH WAYS."

In Norway a girl must have a certificate that she can cook before she can be married. The laws of Norway are all right in that respect, but they are silent when it comes to the bridegroom presenting a certificate that he can keep up a house and provide the wherewithal for the wife to cook. It is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways.
—(Brandon (Ore.) Record.