HEARTH & BOUDOIR.

THE PICTURESQUE IN LITTLE GIRLS' FASHIONS.

Some Ways of the World.

"Speaking of oldtime associations connected with flowers," said a middle aged woman the other day, "few people, I fancy, have more delightful recollections of their childish intimacy with the lovely denizens of the old fashioned garden than my sisters and I. My mother, who had all sorts of theories, some delightful and some, we thought then, distinctly otherwise, always put away all our playthings, with the exception of our dolls, the first of May, and literally turned us out of doors into the great spreading garden, where the useful and ornamental were most satisfactorily combined. On either side of the broad, well kept walks, where we could race and play, were wide borders filled with every variety of flower and shrub, which we were permitted to pick ad libitum, with a big grapevine covered arbor at one end, where we took our breakfast and tea and, incidentally, picked and ate the grapes when they were ripe. The rest of the garden was devoted to vegetables and fruits of all kinds, which we ate at will during their season. The grand flowers around the house, which the cross old gardener would not permit us to touch, we did not care for; but how we loved all the well known favorites of our own garden! The flowers were both our companions and playthings, and we discovered many things about them. Did you ever know that you could write legibly and draw pictures on the back of a lilac leaf? Any sharp point makes a clear, clean, dark line. We used to write all our notes with a darning needle on the back of lilac leaves. There was a certain yellow weed that used to make the prettiest shoes for our china dolls. We called it 'bread and butter.' By cutting off part of the flowers and turning up the end for a heel we made perfect little Colonial slippers. There was another plant we had great fun with—'hen and chickens,' we called it. It had thick, succulent leaves, and by soaking them in water the outer skin would become separable from the inner, and we could inflate them like bags by blowing in them. The balsam seed pods, too, we used to love to press between thumb and finger and hear them suddenly explode. We used to have flower balls in the arbor—a tulip ball, a rose ball, a lily ball. The inverted flower made the full, fashionable skirt of our day. The stem was the body which we arranged cleverly with flower petals for a waist, and beautiful shady hats made out of cornflowers served for both head and hat. I wonder if there are any children that do all that kind of thing now! I know mine do not; they are too busy with their games and their ponies; but I should like to think that there are some children somewhere who spend the long summer days playing with the flowers in a dear, old fashioned garden who are enjoying themselves as much as we used to do."

HOMEMADE GOWNS.

"One thing is annoying about homemade productions," said a pretty woman whose limited income prevents her from going to the best places for her gowns, and who prefers to take her chances, with the assistance of a little dressmaker, in fashioning her costumes, than to patronize what she calls second rate establishments, "and that is," she continued, "that the only test of their merit is when they are worn in a crowd of well dressed people. You can put them on before a mirror at home, and think how well you look and how pretty they are; and afterward, when you catch a glimpse of yourself in a mirror, standing by some well gowned woman, turned out from a French atelier, you will suddenly see that the dress you thought so pretty and was so well pleased with is dowdy and ill made, and you feel in consequence quite wretched. But on the other hand," she added cheerfully, "if you find then that your homemade gown stands the test of contrast, and appears smart and nice looking among confections from 'Paree,' the good opinion which it evokes of yourself is quite stimulating."

Looks vary in their values as much as clothes do in a crowd. A woman will sometimes suddenly lose her prettiness and shrink into insignificance simply because of standing next to some unbecoming friend, who is apt to score by the others obvious disadvantage. Of course it would be impossible for a sensible girl to choose her companions with a view to her appearance, but it does seem a pity sometimes that a girl who would be pretty and attractive with the right entourage, unconsciously spoils all pretence to good looks on her part by going with some girl whose appearance accentuates her own deficiencies. A girl who is short, for instance, looks undersized with a tall companion. A stout person shows to great disadvantage when standing beside a slim one; and so on. One has only to notice the law of contrast in others to understand how it may affect one's self.

PASSING OF THE OLD GARDENS.

The old gardens on the outskirts of New-York give one a heartache just now, they are so radiant in their early summer beauty and so unconscious of their impending doom. In a few years, at most, streets will be run through their midst. The flowering shrubs and rosebushes, the great beds of lilies and other floral perennial growth that it takes generations to establish, and that are the envy of all owners of new places, will be torn up from their old abiding places and either murdered then and there or relegated to a half stunted existence in an uncongenial and alien soil. "It goes sorely against the grain to let this place go," said the owner of an old house which had been overtaken by the city. "My grandmother and my mother both loved it so, and planted most of these things with their own hands. But what is one to do? Aside from the pecuniary difficulty of keeping a place like this, with its increased value and taxes and assessments, the neighborhood has become an impossibility."

It was quite true that he was hemmed in on every side by the unlovely growth of the advance posts of a great metropolis; but it did seem a great pity. The old house, with its trim lawn and gay flowerbeds, which stood embowered amid its stately trees as if gazing at the garden in which they were walking, with its box edged beds ablaze with flowers, and its glimpses of blue, sparkling water between branches of pink bloom, was never more beautiful. And yet it all had to go.

"Next year," continued the man, "the old place is to be broken up and the house torn down. There will be a street run through this garden, and I am afraid most of the old trees will have to go. I have bought a place up the Hudson, to which I intend shipping all the plants which will bear transportation, but it does seem like desecration," he added, with a sigh.

BRYN MAWR COMMENCEMENT.

Economic Lecture by Carroll D. Wright—List of Graduates.

Bryn Mawr held its commencement exercises last Thursday. President Thomas, in his address of welcome, spoke of the contributions made by women's colleges to the social life of the time.

"No one who has watched college education for women as I have," she said, "can doubt its supreme desirability for all girls not mentally or physically deficient. If all had my opportunities of observation, there would not be a girl in the United States out of college, and, perhaps, as a consequence the government would be compelled to postpone building men-of-war, in order to endow women's education.

"Hitherto good men and good women have seldom been able to stand side by side to fight the worst evils of our civilization because of women's ignorance of what is involved in most social questions. College women, above all other women, have learned in college loyalty to one another, co-operation, sacrifice of individual preferences to the common good. Their capacity is trained, they can think straight; they are fitted to take the lead in all matters affecting public good. To the domestic virtues they, above all other women, should add the civic virtues of true citizenship."

Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, delivered the commencement address, his theme being "A Problem in Economics."

The economic insecurity of the working man and the insecurity of life resulting from accident presented, he said, a problem which the government could not afford to evade.

"During the three years ending June 30, 1900," continued the speaker, "there were killed on American railways 21,847 persons. During the three years of the South African war the British forces lost 22,000 persons, only about 200 more than were killed on American railways. The number of people killed and injured in the conduct of our street railways in the year ending June, 1902, was 48,647. In that year, which was about an average year, in conducting transportation on our steam railroads and street railways the number of persons killed was 9,806, the number injured 112,091, and the total killed and injured 121,897.

"At the battle of Waterloo the losses of the two armies in killed, wounded and missing were about 50,000. In the terrible three days' battle of Gettysburg the losses on both sides were again about 50,000. Had the battle of Waterloo and the battle of Gettysburg both taken place in this country and in the same year, the number of killed and wounded would not have equalled the number of those who in each year in the United States are killed and wounded in the operation of our steam railroads and street railways."

Dr. Susan Braley Franklin, on behalf of the class of '83 and the trustees, presented a portrait, by William M. Chase, of Dr. James E. Rhoads, first president of the college, 1885-'95. The following seniors received the degree of Bachelor of Arts: Nannie Adaire, Maria Hawes Albee, Jane Allen, Rebecca Whitman Ball, Eleanora Frances Bliss, Alice Middleton Boring, Bertha Brown, Mary Wiley Cameron, Marjorie Stockton Canan, Mary Hilda Canan, Clara Cary Case, Miriam Chesney, Amy Lilley Clapp, Leslie Clark, Fanny Travis Cockran, Eliza Helen Criswell, Dorothy Dudley, Bertha Hermine Ehlers, Sara Frazer Ellis, Mary Mildred Focht, Dorothy Foster, May Frace, Emma Riddell Fries, Elizabeth Hill Gerhard, Agnes Gillinder, Mildred Virginia Goffe, Edith Goodell, Adola Greely, Marguerite Gribi, Jeannette Hemphill, Evelyn Macfarlane Holliday, Helen Armstrong Howell, Mary Latimer James, Anna Isabel Jonas, Michi Kawai, Gertrude Klein, Mary Lamberton, Constance Lewis, Lucy Lombardi, Rosalie Stuart Magruder, Bertha Cornelia Norris, Sara Stokes Palmer, Bertha Pearson, Ethel Rogers Peck, Louise Lyman Peck, Isabel Mercein Peters, Ethel Curtis Pfaff, Florence Eustis Robins, Martha Skerry Rockwell, Margaret Jane Ross, Alice Edith Schiedt, Katharine Esther Scott, Margaret Scott, Anne Selleck, Edna Aston Shearer, Esther Marion Sinn, Maud Elizabeth Temple, Eloise Ruthven Tremain, Alice Wright Tull, Margaret Ullman, Kathrina Holland Van Wagenen, Mary Vauclain, Clara Louise Whipple Wade, Alice Goddard Waldo, Leda Florence White, Elizabeth Whiting, Ruth Blanche Isabelle Wood and Clara Lucella Woodruff.

SHORT HOUSEHOLD CHATS.

Importance of Sanitary Cellars—War on Mosquitoes.

Too much cannot be said on the necessity of keeping the cellar perfectly dry and in a wholesome condition. It is more important to have the cellar, kitchen and other rooms of utilitarian value, perfect in cleanliness and sanitation, than to have the parlors attractive and pretty. In most cellars there is more or less dampness, and it is unwise to clean the woodwork with water, as it will become mouldy before it dries. The cellar walls after they are brushed down should be whitewashed, and all the woodwork rubbed with a dry cloth dipped in kerosene. Obstinate spots can be scoured until removed. The cellar windows should be wiped off first with a cloth and rubbed thoroughly with alcohol and a chamois skin. It is entirely unnecessary to use any water. The alcohol alone cleans and polishes the glass beautifully. Only a little is needed at a time—just enough to wet a small corner of the chamois skin. Windows in other parts of the house may also be cleaned in this way. Alcohol is better than ammonia, because ammonia makes the glass cloudy, and harder to polish. A gill and a half of alcohol will be enough for a small houseful of windows.

All portable pieces of woodwork in a musty cellar should be taken up about once a year and placed near the kitchen stove to dry out. Where there is danger of mould unslaked lime should be used freely. Place it in small boxes in out-of-the-way corners. Equal parts of powdered glass and cement (thoroughly mixed together) will permanently stop up all rat holes. All fruit stored in the cellar for any length of time should be carefully wiped off before it is eaten. As has often been stated, the almost invisible mould clinging to it can be a cause of diphtheria.

MOSQUITO REMEDIES.

Mosquitoes, as every one knows, find their lodging places in any corner where dampness lurks. An uncovered rain water barrel will bring them in hordes. Water barrels should be covered in dry weather, all damp heaps of dead leaves cleared away from every corner on the premises, the sunshine allowed to enter all crevices, and the scientist's favorite remedy of kerosene used freely over the surface of stagnant pools. If these precautions are strictly followed the country family should have no trouble from these pests, providing the nearest neighbors do likewise. It is easier to follow these precautions than to keep the insects off by herbs and lotions.

If, in spite of all reasonable precautions, mosquitoes persistently haunt the premises, a small smouldering fire of pine boughs or any fragrant wood built near the house will have a deterring effect upon them. The fire should smoulder enough to give forth a thick smoke, which is not at all disagreeable to persons out of doors.

It is said that a bouquet of pennyroyal will, as a rule, keep mosquitoes away from a room. The best antidote for a mosquito bite is ammonia weakened with a litle salt and water. Some persons use camphor. Salt and water is a good disinfectant. Alcohol and a mild solution of carbolic acid, rubbed well into a mosquito bite, will kill any germs.

Mosquito netting is certainly ugly and undesirable. It always keeps out more or less fresh air, and plenty of fresh air in summer is a necessity. There seems to be nothing to take its place, however, in certain localities where mosquitoes abound.

TOUGH MEATS.

The following method of treating a tough piece of beefsteak makes it easy to digest: Take any ordinary cut of meat (the round is a good piece), and scrape it with a strong, sharp spoon, pressing hard enough into the meat to take out all the pulp. Continue until all that is left is the coarse, stringy tissue of the meat. Season the pulp with salt and pepper, roll into smooth balls and broil lightly on a hot fire.

A good way to make a tough steak tender is to pound it a little with a mallet and then rub it with vinegar and a little butter. Let it stand this way for an hour or more.

BLACK GINGERSNAPS.

Put two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of molasses and one cup of sugar in an agateware saucepan on the stove and let the mixture come to the boiling point. Then stir in a teaspoonful of soda and a tablespoonful of ginger, and take from the fire immediately afterward. Stir this mixture into flour enough to roll out in thin, waferlike snaps. Bake them on a large sheet of Russian iron. If you do not possess one, any biscuit tin may do. These gingersnaps are crisp and black.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

Mrs. Catt Chosen President of International League.

Berlin, June 4.—The International Woman's Suffrage Conference in session here devoted the day to discussing the platform and electing officers. At the wish of the English delegates the declaration that woman does not owe obedience to the State or to her husband was omitted, and the word "tyranny" was changed to "misuse of power."

The International Suffrage League was then constituted, all the States named yesterday joining. Miss Susan B. Anthony declined the presidency of the league because of her advanced age, and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, of Wyoming, was elected president; Dr. Anita Augspurg, of Germany, first vice-president; Mrs. Fawcett, of England, second vice-president, and Mrs. Foster-Avery, of Philadelphia, secretary.

Miss Anthony was made the first member of the league, in recognition of the fact that she was a member of the original suffrage convention held in Washington fifty years ago.

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FOR LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN.

The Queen's Desire.

A Fairy Tale, by E. M. Jameson.

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SYNOPSIS.

There once lived a king and queen in a beautiful country. They possessed riches, a splendid castle, and everything calculated to make them happy, save one thing. One evening the king and queen, while walking in the lovely garden which surrounded their home, were accosted by a fairy, who appeared before them and promised to grant the one wish of their hearts, telling the queen to meet her alone in three days. The queen kept the appointment, and, going into the garden, found a beautiful little baby boy which the fairy had brought for her.

CHAPTER III.

There was a great to-do next day, when the people heard there was an heir to the throne. All the bells in the church steeples rang their loudest; guns were fired; flags were hung from every window in the city, and each of the charity children was presented with a new outfit, a large currant bun and a ticket of admission to the pantomime next Boxing Day.

It was a long time off, to be sure, but "all the longer to look forward to the treat," said the older people.

Squibs and crackers were to be had for the asking, the street boys found, and though the fireworks flared in the road between the horses' feet, the sternest policeman only smiled.

The old women in the almshouses were asked what they would like best, and, as every one of them chose a new bonnet, the church looked quite gay the following Sunday.

On the day after the little prince's arrival a reception was held at the palace, and the lords and ladies donned their very best clothes to do homage to the heir.

The King and Queen sat, side by side, on the great throne, and the Queen held the little prince in her arms.

What a sleepy child he was, to be sure! Though he sometimes stirred, and stretched his tiny limbs just as ordinary babies do, nothing would induce him to open his eyes, and everybody that passed before the throne to see him felt disappointed.

As the day wore on, the Queen, in the midst of her happiness, began to feel unhappy, which sounds a funny mixture, but the feeling was deep down in her heart, and she did not like to tell her fear to any one, not even to the King.

The courtiers began to whisper together. "How beautiful the little prince is!" said one, "but it is strange that his highness never opens his eyes."

"Very curious, indeed," said another. The Queen heard them, and said not a word; but the sadness in her heart grew.

The King was so pleased that he could only talk to his courtiers about the future of the heir to the throne.

Presently the door flew open and a page cried, "Room there for his astounding and illustrious highness the court physician."

And a very grand personage strode into the room. Everybody stopped talking, for this was the court doctor, who made all the people, except the King and Queen, tremble. He was called his highness because he was fourteenth cousin, three times removed, to the King. He strode up the long apartment in robes of purple and ermine that swept to the floor.

His long white beard fell almost to his knees, and he had sharp eyes twinkling behind bushy white eyebrows. The courtiers drew back as he approached, and tried to look as if they did not mind this terrible person, when, in reality, they were shivering in their shoes.

The doctor paused before the Queen. "Let me see the youngster," he said, speaking as if this were quite an ordinary baby, and he took a long look with those sharp eyes of his.

"H-u-m—nice, healthy child," he said then, and snapped his fingers to attract the little prince's attention. But, though the baby moved at the sound of the snap, his eyes remained fast closed.

"Hum!" said the doctor again, but in a gentler tone this time, and, putting his fingers on the prince's eyelids, tried to look beneath them. Then, for the first time, the child cried. The Queen looked up into the doctor's face imploringly.

The doctor's eyes grew less sharp, as if something had dimmed them for a moment, and on his face was a gentle look that no one had seen upon it before.

There was silence in the room.

Even the pages at the door ceased to shuffle their feet, and stood motionless, with bated breath. The baby was silent after that first fretful cry, and had curled one tiny hand round the doctor's finger.

"It is as I feared," said the physician; "I grieve to tell your majesties that the little prince is blind."

The Queen gave a great cry.

"No, no, not blind; my darling is not blind!" And she caught the baby in her arms. But she knew it must be true if the great doctor had said so.

The hardest hearted in the room felt affected. One by one they stole away, thinking it the kindest thing to do, and the King and the doctor remained to comfort the Queen.

Each courtier must have been ashamed of possessing a kind heart, for each one tried to account for the tears in his eyes, and the liberal display of his pocket handkerchief. "The wind must be in the east," said one. "I fear I am in for that shocking influenza," said another; "I have all the worst symptoms."

And of them all only one little page, not much more than a child himself, sat down on the floor and cried heartily, and did not try to disguise the fact.

He had passed away his time in the presence chamber in making a rabbit with his pocket handkerchief, and the rabbit had jumped so nimbly that the page did not know where it had flown.

"Take mine," said one of the great lords, hurriedly, wishing to draw attention away from himself.

"No; take mine," said another.

"And mine," said somebody else, until the little page was nearly hidden beneath a quantity of handkerchiefs, and then they all laughed at the funny sight and felt better.

(To be continued.)

PUZZLE PICTURE.

Morris Belknap, jr., eleven years old, of No. 1,420 Fourth-ave., Louisville, Ky., sent in the most neatly arranged and the most artistically colored picture of the cut out puzzle. The prize offered was a sterling silver badge.

THE PICKANINNIES' PICNIC.

PRIZE HEADING.

Mary Carroll Condict, aged twelve years, No. 55 West Blackwell-st., Dover, N. J.

HOW TO WIN A PRIZE.

PRIZE NO. 1—One dollar as first prize, a silver badge as second prize, and a book as third prize for the neatest arrangement of the cut-out puzzle on this page and the best descriptive title of the picture.

PRIZE NO. 2—A badge or book for the best four line stanza that contains the word "June."

PRIZE NO. 3—A badge or book for the most interesting and clearest photograph on any subject.

PRIZE NO. 4—A badge or book for the most artistic drawing of a landscape.

We are giving the prizewinners the choice of a badge or a book so that if a contributor who has won one badge is again successful in the competitions, he or she may have a book if preferred. Be sure to state your preference when you write.

Here is a very important notice to you. Be careful about the address that you put on your correspondence to us. There is only one correct address, and it is—"Little Men and Little Women, New-York Tribune."

Competitions close Wednesday, June 15.

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH.

Sent by F. M. Hawkins, No. 40 Trinity-st., Newton, N. J.

PRIZE LETTER.

The best letter on "Where I Hope to Spend My Vacation" was written by Elizabeth Godwin, who will receive a sterling silver Tribune prize pin. It follows:

Dear Editor: For the summer vacation I would like to go up to Lenox, Mass. I like Lenox very much, as I have a great many friends there; I also like Lenox on account of all the nice roads, walks, etc. I would like to take my pony on long rides all over the country, and do all sorts of nice things. My pony can't be driven, as he is only for riding. We had him sent up from Porto Rico. A lot of other ponies came with him, among which were my sister's and brother's ponies. My sister's pony can be driven, as we trained him; he is a good pony. I drove him the third or fourth time that he had ever been driven. I always ride astride, and have never been on a side saddle.

Lenox is a beautiful place. It is very hilly, and there are a great many woods to go picnicking in. A lot of people go up there in the summer. In Stockbridge (a place about six miles from Lenox) there is a lake called "Stockbridge Bowl." We go there a lot, because there are no lakes in Lenox. That is the only drawback to Lenox, as I love bathing. Yours truly,

ELIZABETH LOVE GODWIN (Age 13).

Roslyn, Long Island.

Here are two other good letters:

Dear Editor: I am sure I know where I want to spend my vacation, and that is at the World's Fair.

I have seen so many pictures and have heard so much about it, I know I will see many wonderful things, and will cross the great Mississippi River, which we read in history was discovered by De Soto, besides seeing many things from all the countries we study about in geography.

I have never travelled at night, and I am very anxious to see what a sleeper is like.

I hope mother will take me, as she knows just what I do not understand, and it seems to me she can explain things to me better than any one else. I suppose because she is my mother.

JULIET SHEARER.

249 East Market-st., York, Penn.

Dear Editor: Mother, brother and I hope to spend our summer at East Gloucester, Mass., with a little friend of mine. I know we will have a fine time going in bathing and running over the rocks. Mother thought my bathing suit would fit me, but I have grown so much I can't get into it. There are trolley cars that go to a great many different places, and we will enjoy riding in them.

Brother and I hope there will be dancing in the evenings, as we have just been taking lessons, and like it so much. We hope to bathe every day and to learn to swim. Brother and I have never fished any, but want to catch some mackerel this summer. If we do not catch any fish we will enjoy the sailing.

One day we hope to hunt up two little friends who moved near Boston from here. They tell us they live near Gloucester. We had such fun coasting with them here last winter. They will have more ice and snow at Boston than we have here. After I see Gloucester, dear Editor, I can tell you more about it. Believe me, very sincerely, your friend,

HELEN A. FOSTER.

No. 56 Church-st., Bethlehem, Penn.

HONOR LIST.

Estelle Hutter, Margaret Chaplin, Grace Hallock, Elka Lewi, Genevieve Ettinger, Beatrice Beddae, Alfred Hemer, F. Hughes, Robert McCallan, Hazel Porter, Mae Pritchitt, Robert Wildrick, Stephen Purdy, Nicholas Furrelle, Jessie Welch, Ernst Adams, Margaret Nichols, H. Carl Buckman, M. R. Busse, Mollie Cossaart, Margaret Blagden, Russell Livermore, Mary Toy, Helen Wanamaker, Rose Kahn, Hazel Campbell, Dorothy White, Marjorie Hall, George Warrin, Andro Servas, Edna Chapman, S. L. Purdy, Bella Keyworth, Harriet Amelia Bigelow, Frances Schnelker, Ervin Farrell, Edith Seguine, Eleanor Coverly, A. P. Fowler, Madeline Van Doren, Frank Hughes, Margaret Colgate and Catherine Montgomery.

RED CROSS DOGS.

There is a college in Rome where dogs are trained to be Red Cross nurses, and five hundred collies, it is said, have been sent out from there to the Russo-Japanese war. They are first taught to hunt up wounded soldiers and then to bark at the man until he has been aroused and can make use of the aid the collie carries with him. In the pockets of a gray blanket marked with a red cross and strapped upon the dog's back are two flasks—one of water and the other of a stimulant—two flat biscuits, a small splint, a roll of bandages, a soft silk handkerchief and a probing instrument. When the soldier is too seriously injured to help himself the collie is taught to send out a wail of distress to summon human help. In extreme cases the dog must rush to the hospital tent for a surgeon.

Things to Think About.

The book offered for the best work done on last Sunday's puzzles has been won by Christina Gray, nine years old, of No. 324 Old Bergen Road, Jersey City, N. J.

The successful competitor in to-day's puzzle competition will receive an interesting story of a little lad and how his dream came true.

All answers must reach the office by Thursday, June 9.

DIAMONDS.

1. A fourth of desk; diminutive of Edward; noble; a country in Northern Europe; a frame of metal bars; a round body; a fourth of desk.

2. A fifth of shut; a railway carriage; furious; the day of religious rest; to divide; past tense of verb, to take food; a fourth of shut.

3. A third of say; a liquor; a dressing of the juice of cooked meat; bondage; quick in motion; wrath; a third of say.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead to gaze fixedly and have a troublesome weed. Behead this and have part of the verb to be.

2. Behead a sudden burst of light and have a whip. Behead this and have a kind of tree. Behead a path and have a bar of iron or wood. Behead this and have indisposition.

3. Behead a bandage strap and have a running competition. Behead this and have a unit on cards or dice.

WORD SQUARES.

1. The forehead; to wander aimlessly; part of a stove; past tense of go.

2. Anxiety; in bed; part of a harness; a girl's name.

ANSWERS TO THINGS TO THINK ABOUT PUBLISHED MAY 29.

DIAMONDS.

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                1.                          2.
                P                           P
              R U G                       S A P
            M A D A M                   P S A P E R
          P U D I N G                     G E M
            R H I N E                       R
              E N D
                G

                    3.
                    J
                  H E N
                S A F E R
              G R A F T E R
            J E F E R S O N
              S C A R L E T
                M A S O N
                  R O W
                    N
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CHARADES.

1. Sadducee. 2. Extraordinary. 3. Porpoise.

BURIED VEGETABLES.

Sprout, cabbage, peas, potato and spinach.

DRAWN BY "AN INTERESTED READER."

Madge Ashley, No. 3 Yuhang Road, Shanghai, China.

HE WAS NOT A HERO.

One of the young boys' societies at a Settlement house on the East Side of New-York City is called the Heroes' Club. Not long ago, on the afternoon of meeting, one of the workers at the house passed a boy on the stairs. She thought at first that he was one of the club members, but remembering that they were not allowed in the house so early, she questioned him:

"Are you a hero, my boy?" she asked.

"Naw," was the stolid reply, "I'm a butcher boy."

There is an interesting half hour in store for the little man or little woman who attempts to put these pieces together. For the neatest arrangement and the best title given to the picture $1 is offered as first prize, a badge as second prize, and a book as third prize. Competition closes on Wednesday, June 15.