WOMAN'S REALM.

FOR SEPTEMBER.
PICTURE HAT OF MALINE HORSE HAIR BRAID, TRIMMED WITH HANDSOME PLUMES.

Some Ways of the World.

Ribbon work is supposed to be difficult and tedious. The reason for this is that it was introduced by the shops that supply elaborately designed pieces of embroidery to their patrons. In patterns combined with embroidery and with tiny gros grain ribbon in pale tints manufactured for the purpose. The patterns were of the Louis XV and Louis XVI type, and the effect of the heavy garlands and elaborate stitching was certainly extremely beautiful and well worth the long and

DESIGN IN RIBBON EMBROIDERY.

tedious work which it necessitated, but the patience and close application the large, intricate pieces required acted as a deterrent to the majority of workers, who wish quick results and easy methods. Ribbon work, however, is really easy and produces the most effective and most rapid results in embroidery known. With very narrow white linen braid it makes a durable and effective trimming on colored linens, and with narrow satin "baby" ribbon it will give an elaborate finish to a dinner or ball gown.

A running pattern of bowknots and flowers, with the stems and tendrils put in with embroidery silk or linen floss, according to the kind of ribbon employed, is the easiest and prettiest. Trace a design something in the character of the example given with a hard pencil lightly on the material. The bowknots are laid on with the braid or ribbon, gathering the latter on one side to make the required turns. When the flat work is finished thread a darning needle with the narrow flat ribbon or braid and make the leaves. This is done by taking one stitch of the length required and then turning in the edges to make a sharp point at one end, shaping the leaf with the fingers to the rounded end, which is attached to the stem by an embroidery stitch. Round flowers may be made either by gathering the ribbon to a point and sewing on the little round disk, making a centre with embroidery silk or linen, or, as in the case of daisies, making the petals by one long stitch like the leaves. The running design given in the illustration has been carried out on pale green linen with flat, narrow white linen braid with excellent effect.

ON THE FIVE CENT "AUTO."

"Jack and I had a lovely vacation," said a young married woman who had gone off with her husband for a fortnight's trip. "Where did we go? Oh, we toured about in our five-cent automobile. People without any imagination," she laughed, "call it the trolley car, but we 'played,' as the children say, that we were out automobiling, and after all, it was just as nice, without any responsibility or expense.

"We went all the way to Boston and back, and stayed at some delightful places. By timing our hours, we found we could have the cars almost to ourselves, particularly as we did not travel on Sundays or holidays. You have no idea," she continued, "what pretty country these trolley roads run through. Some of it dense woods, then on the uplands the fine views of the blue Sound waters with the innumerable boats glistening whitely in the sunshine, and then through pretty villages and again out into the open farm country, with the well tilled fields and grazing animals, all so interesting and completely new. One gets no idea of it all from a railroad train. I never appreciated before how much comfort and prosperity there are in our own country. It seems neverending. Our plan was always to start away from the inn or farmhouse where we spent the night about 10 o'clock, in which way we avoided the crowd of working people that use the trolleys in the early morning. On good days we would take our luncheon with us, and when we came to some particularly pretty spot we would stop the car and get out and have a picnic in the nearby woods. We took two kodaks with us, and you would be astonished to see what wild bits of scenery we found to photograph right on the route of our trolley. When the days were very hot, we would wait over in some cool spot, and do our allotted number of miles at night—and that was the best of all. To go speeding through the dim, mysterious woods and sleeping fields by moonlight was the most novel sensation, and one not easily to be forgotten! Well, we have had our holiday, and are back again at work," concluded this happy young woman, "but, as I said to Jack this morning, if we have to give up our automobiling we have still our coaching left, so this afternoon, before dinner, he is to take me up Fifth-ave. on top of the 'bus!"

"Tom Gray is a very clever man," remarked one of his friends. "He has managed to effect by diplomacy what most of us have tried and generally failed to bring about by self-assertion, i. e., a satisfactory freedom of marital action while remaining on perfectly affectionate terms with his wife. The first year of his marriage he and his Maud were a typical pair of turtle doves, and were never happy out of each other's sight. Then the man, as is generally the case, without loving his dear Maud any the less, began to be interested in outside things. She noticed this change, and, womanlike, resented it. They had one row after the other. Then Tom considered the situation and developed Machiavellic talents. He did not relax his devotion to his Maud. On the contrary, he became more and more of an ardent lover. He gave her no peace. He would come up for afternoon tea when she would be in the midst of a delightful gossip with her especial intimates, and sit and look at her fatuously, so that her friends would one by one make an excuse for a short stay. He was so affectionate that it became rather tiresome, and one day Maud requested quite sharply that he 'wouldn't paw so much.' In the way of companionship it is undeniable that each sex prefers its own, and Maud began to long for the comfortable chat about subjects dear to her soul with other women; but Tom gave her no chance. Finally she talked to him seriously about the duties they both owed to society. Tom took it in very good part. He recognized the necessity of sometimes speaking to other women, and of 'keeping up' his men friends, and he promised to try to take an interest in other people. I should call them now a model couple. They are fond of each other, but they are also fond of their friends. She attends her dinners and bridge parties and he goes unrestrictedly to his club, and the amusing part of it all is, that Maud thinks it is her clever management that has brought this eminently satisfactory state of affairs about."

A MELANCHOLY OUTLOOK.

View of Mere Man on Woman's Place in Industrial World.

That is a striking list of occupations in which women are engaged, and which Mrs. Gilman culls from the census figures of 1900 for the benefit of readers of "The Woman's Journal." According to these, the weaker vessel is employed in the following lines of activity, and to the following numbers: Stock raisers and drovers, 1,947; lumbermen, 100; woodchoppers, 113; civil engineers and surveyors, 84; 'longshoremen, 18; stevedores, 21; watchmen and policemen, 879; boatmen and sailors, 154; pilots, 5; carriage and hack drivers, 43; blacksmiths, 196; railway baggagemen, 10; brakemen, 31; conductors, 7; switchmen and yardmen, 26; ship carpenters, 6; masons, 167; plumbers and fitters, 126; fishermen and oystermen, 1,895, and miners and quarrymen, 1,370.

The August number of "The World To-day" contains an article on woman's invasion of new industrial fields by Luke Grant, which furnishes food for thought. Written in a distinctly less jubilant vein than Mrs. Gilman's brief editorial, it presents the industrial activity of women less as the victorious march of an inspired army than as the insidious inroads of a sneaky foe, whose progress is blazed by the lowering of wages and the displacement of labor.

Woman's industrial competition, says Mr. Grant, is a subject that has caused leaders of organized labor much thought in the last few years, and is likely to become a still greater problem in the future. Even in the allied trades of butchering and packing (the most unlikely fields for women's activities) the competition is sufficient to have aroused the suspicions of organized labor.

At the present time 2,000 women are employed in the Chicago stockyards, the number having almost doubled in the last year. Women using knives and steels have always been denied membership in the Butchers' Union, but recently the union has gone further and demanded that the women engaged in that occupation be replaced by men.

"I have seen women standing in a pool of blood, with arms bared to the elbows, cutting open hogs' heads while the flesh was still quivering," a Kansas City butcher told Mr. Grant. "This spirit of commercialism is going too far when it calls that woman's work," he added.

"Less than half of the two thousand women who find employment in the Chicago stockyards," Mr. Grant says, "are engaged in such revolting work, however, the majority being engaged in painting and labelling cans, wrapping and packing soap and butterine.

"To such work the butchers make no objection. But the number engaged in the less pleasing occupation is gradually being increased. Last summer the sausagemakers at the stockyards went on strike. The strike was not sanctioned by the national officers of the organization, and when the men refused to return to work the packers proceeded to fill their places with women. The men had struck without authority. The women are at work to-day, filling, linking and trimming sausage. The men are seeking work. What wages the women are being paid is known only to themselves and their employers. They are Lithuanian peasant women. Few can speak the English language. To organize them would be practically impossible, even were it advisable, which the union officials do not believe. But at frequent intervals a few men are laid off and a few more women hired. Can the union stop the innovation?"

Mr. Grant goes on to give a number of other illustrations of the way the modern woman is poaching on what has hitherto been man's peculiar preserves.

"The Franklin Union of Pressfeeders went on strike nearly a year ago for an increase in wages. The places of the men were taken by girls at about one-half the wages the men had been receiving. The employers say that the experiment has proved a success, not alone by reason of the reduced cost of operation, but also by the increased output. The girls have proved more efficient than men. The strike is still on, so that allowance must be made for the statement of the employers, but one thing is certain, the work is being done by girls in a field hitherto considered as belonging to men. Within the last year messenger boys in Boston and Chicago went on strike. In both instances their places were filled by girls. The manager of the Chicago concern told me, 'The girls are more satisfactory than the boys. They don't stop to look at windows so much.'

"One would hardly expect to find women at work in a brass foundry. Like a slaughter house, a foundry seems out of woman's sphere. But in Chicago there are more than two hundred girls employed as coremakers in brass foundries. They do the work as well as men, and at much lower wages. You can also find women at work in blacksmith shops, making horse nails. In can factories they outnumber men. That the number of women employed in shops and factories will be increased rather than diminished in the future seems certain. Agitation against unrestricted immigration is sure to result in legislation being enacted making it more difficult for cheap foreign labor to come to our shores. That will offer still greater opportunities for women. Increased opportunities for women means decreased opportunities for men.

"The move of the stockyards butchers, conducted under the guise of sentiment, but in reality a measure of self-protection, may prove the forerunner of similar moves on the part of other unions," Mr. Grant predicts. "The striking messenger boys a few months ago in a letter to the public press appealed to the mothers of the girls who were taking their places, urging them to keep their daughters out of the messenger service on moral grounds. Only in a few directions has this open opposition to girls been shown, but it is likely to appear in many before long. As woman enters new fields and men are displaced, the feeling of opposition will grow. The unions have been compelled to restrict the number of apprentices in skilled trades to prevent overcrowding as far as possible. They may soon find it necessary to limit the sphere of woman's activity, for the same reason. At present the agitation is to organize women and secure for them equal wages with men for equal work performed. But that policy is meeting with only a very limited measure of success."

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As my human hair goods are all made of NATURALLY wavy hair, dampness has no effect on their wave or curly fluffness. Thus they are specially valuable to those contemplating a trip to the mountains, seashore or an ocean voyage.
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DOMESTIC LIFE IN FRANCE.

Why the decent French novel is always dull, and why the interesting French novel is (almost) always indecent, are questions that the American reader of French fiction must often have asked himself. Miss Betham-Edwards, in attempting to answer them in "The Gentlewoman," comes to the conclusion that it is because French family life, the life of the happy, prosperous family in the French suburbs or country town, or even in Paris, is so hopelessly humdrum, so maddeningly monotonous and placid, that the French story writers and novelists are driven to be sensational by a sort of instinct of self-preservation.

"Society is so constituted in France," Miss Betham-Edwards says, by way of support for this theory of hers, "that the novelist is forced back upon the exceptional and far-fetched, the annals of vice and crime."

The French system of courtship and marriage is largely responsible for this abnormal absence of wholesome, pure romance.

"We must remember that there are no romantic marriages in France, very little that falls under the head of love making, and nothing whatever that answers to German schwarmerei, an intensive expression of our own sentimentality to be fantasque; that is to say, to have romantic, unconventional notions is a term of severe reproach; woe be to that Frenchwoman who incurs it!

"Tradition, bringing up, material interests, are all opposed to the freedom which renders English girlhood a prolific theme for the novelist. No young French lady ever enjoys an innocent flirtation, much less a harmless escapada. Nor must she vicariously enjoy them on paper till she has entered into the partnership of marriage.

"Again, the domestic circle in France is essentially that, and very rarely anything more. The vast majority of middle class folk spend their entire lives within such circumscribed limits, in nowise affected by extraneous influences."

Miss Betham-Edwards says that in twenty-five years' experience of French domestic life she can recall only two incidents which a novelist could have turned to good account. The first was an affair involving family honor and good repute, several households being brought low by the malversations of one member. The second was a case of mistaken identity that very nearly proved as tragic. All of which leads her to conclude: "French home life is unsuitable for romance. Domestic existence flows as evenly as the streams beautifying native landscape, all kinds of sweet and pleasant objects reflected in their waves, but one mile very much resembling another, from source to disemboguement little in the way of diversity or surprise."

THE LITTLE CRIMSON JACKET.

Women who are sojourning abroad at one or another of the hotels in the Continental watering places have taken to wearing a little crimson jacket over their light frocks in the cool of the evening. These jackets are built of thin cloth and are embroidered in black, with a black fringe, and are even more in favor than the long coats of lace or taffeta when some trifling addition to the toilet is needed. As nearly all dressy summer finery is either white or very light colored, the strong color of the jacket does not clash.

WOMEN AND "TIPPING."

Women have the reputation of being mean cats when it comes to tipping. They seldom will tip if they can help it, and when they do give something it is usually as small an amount as appearances will allow. Women, as a rule, have very much less money to spend than men, for one thing. But in many cases their instincts appear to be distinctly less generous. There is a good deal in having the habit of generosity, just as in having the habit of telling the truth or being considerate to animals.

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THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Paper Pattern of Misses' Waist with Pointed Yoke, No. 4,815, for 10 Cents.

Pointed yokes are among the latest features of fashionable waists, both for young girls and for their elders, and are exceedingly graceful and becoming. This one is made of insertion held by fancy stitches and is combined with a waist of fine veiling that matches the skirt, but the design is appropriate for many other materials and combinations, and for the odd waist as well as for the costume. The frill of lace makes a noteworthy feature and gives peculiar grace to the figure.

NO. 4,815—MISSES' WAIST WITH POINTED YOKE.

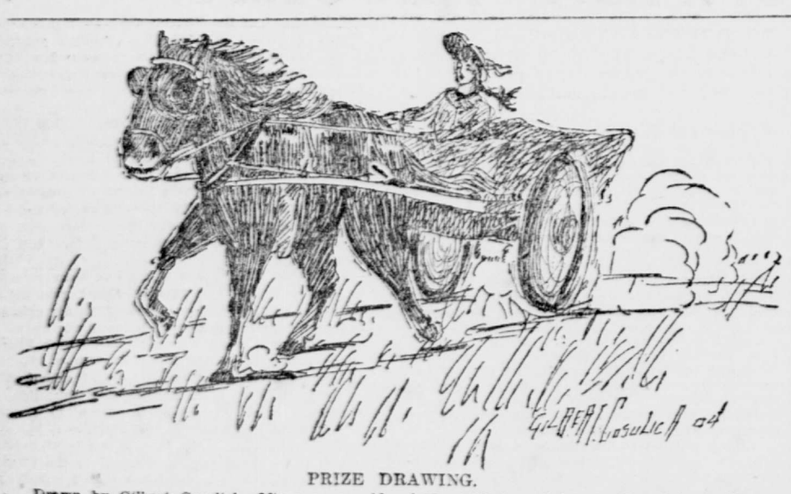
The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and one-half yards 21 inches wide, two and one-half yards 27 inches wide, or one and one-half yards 44 inches wide, with six and a half yards of banding, three and one-quarter yards of lace and one-half yard of silk for belt.

The pattern, 4,815, is cut in sizes for misses of twelve, fourteen and sixteen years of age.

The pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give number and age distinctly. Address Pattern Department, New-York Tribune. If in a hurry for pattern, send an extra two cent stamp and we will mail by letter postage in sealed envelope.

ETA SH cmfw shrdl etaoin shrdluvbgkqjcmfwyp

FOR LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN.



PRIZE DRAWING.
Drawn by Gilbert Cosulich, fifteen years old, of No. 4,717 Carondelet-st., New-Orleans, La.

The Jewels of the Sea.

There's not a gem
Wrought by man's hand to be compared with them.

Little folks who go to the seashore in summer are always interested in the jellyfish—those queer animals which look like animated sea water, and are so lovely as they float, on a clear day, upon the surface of the sea. No gem in thes crown of a queen was ever so beautiful as those crystal globes, tinted with exquisite colors, set with glistening jewels and so delicate and fairylike that it is hard to believe that they are animals. They look more like bubbles that a breath would destroy. Yet animals they are, and the strangest, perhaps, of living creatures. Scores of books have been written about them by ever so many learned men, and no fairy tale was ever so wonderful.

It is easy to study jellyfish, because one can look right through them and see how their organs work; and they can be dipped out of the sea and taken home for closer inspection without the least trouble. It is also easy to keep them in aquariums.

It does not take much material to make a jellyfish, and it is no wonder that nature can afford to fill the sea in all parts of the world with these beautiful creatures. Sea water is plentiful, and jellyfish are little more than sea water inclosed in a thin covering of muscle. They are shaped like bells, bowls, saucers or umbrellas, and range in size from a tiny thing that can hardly be seen without a microscope up to a big umbrella, two yards across, with streamers one hundred feet long.

The main part of the body is called the umbrella, and hanging down in the middle is the stomach—a long, narrow pouch, which looks so like the handle of an umbrella that scientists call it the manubrium, which is Latin for handle. The mouth opens right into the stomach, and eyes and ears are set around the edge of the umbrella, like brightly colored jewels. They are not very good eyes and ears, it is true, but they are all the jellyfish needs. Across the mouth of the umbrella in the case of the smaller jellyfish is a veil, with a hole in the middle, and it is by letting water into its hollow body through this hole and then driving it out again that they push themselves through the water. The larger ones swim by opening and shutting their umbrellas. Floating from the rim of the umbrella is a fringe of fine, delicate streamers. These are called tentacles, from the Latin word tentare, to touch, and here the jellyfish keeps a whole armory of most wonderful weapons. It looks too lovely and fragile to hurt anything, but as a matter of fact few of the inhabitants of the sea are so well able to take care of themselves. They can kill animals much bigger than themselves, and the larger ones can even overcome human beings, for which reason enemies are generally careful to keep out of their way.

The tentacles look much too fine and hairlike to be used as storehouses, but each one is packed, nevertheless, with cells, and in each cell is a little lasso just like the ones the cowboys use in the West to catch cattle with. But, instead of one lasso, the jellyfish has thousands of them, and they are a great deal better than the cowboy's lasso, for they are barbed at one end and are kept in a bath of poison until they are wanted. Thanks to those weapons, the jellyfish is able to get its living without working. It does not even have to throw the lassoes. They throw themselves. Whenever a cell is touched it bursts, and the lasso is thrown out, stinging and poisoning whatever animal has been so foolish as to came within reach. If this animal is anywhere near the size of the jellyfish it is bound to die from the effects of the poison, and the jellyfish just waits for it to do so without taking any more trouble. It does not want to waste any lassoes. They can only be used once, and every time one is thrown a new one has to be grown in its place.

It is from this fringe of stinging tentacles that the jellyfish gets its scientific name, Medusa, after that ancient and somewhat unpleasant personage who had snakes for hair.

But the queerest thing about jellyfish is not their methods of getting their meals. The thing that has set all the scientific people to talking and writing books about them is that their parents, with a few exceptions, are not jellyfish and don't look any more like jellyfish than an umbrella or a saucer looks like a tree. They are called hydroids, or water animals (from hydra, water), but they don't look like animals at all. They look like plants, like moss, ferns or tiny trees, and they are generally mistaken for seaweeds. When one looks at them with the naked eye there is little to show that they are not plants, but the microscope shows that at the point upon the branches of the animal tree there are a lot of little horny cups, and in each of these cups is a little animal stretching out a circle of fairy fingers into the watery world where it gets its food. Some of the cups, however, are sealed over. The mothers of the jellyfish are inside these cups bringing up their families, and so busy that they haven't time even to put out their delicate fingers and take the food that the water brings them. So the other animals of the colony have to feed them. In spring the little sealed cups burst and the young jellyfish swim out, to grow up and spend the summer in the ocean.

They come with the flowers, in their brightness and beauty, and with the flowers they fade and die before the dull breath of winter. They are cast on the beaches by thousands during the autumn storms, and by the time the snow comes none are left of all the myriads which floated like balls of light upon the surface of the summer seas. But down in the ocean, on rocks and shells and seaweed, new animal trees are growing from the eggs dropped by the medusæ, and here, before another spring, new families of beautiful jewellike creatures will be born.

DRAWN BY IPHIGENIA CARREAN, NO. 181 WASHINGTON-AVE., KINGSTON, N. Y.

How to Win a Prize.

CONTEST NO. 1.—A sterling silver Tribune badge or a book, for a story not exceeding three hundred words, on the most exciting experience of your summer vacation.
CONTEST NO. 2.—A book or a badge for a drawing entitled "The Return to School."
CONTEST NO. 3.—A book or a badge for the most interesting photograph on any subject.
CONTEST NO. 4.—A badge, a book, a box of paints, a checkerboard, or a baseball for the five best solutions of the illustrated puzzle on this page.
Be sure to state your preference of the prizes offered.
Be sure to state your age.
All drawings should be in black ink on white paper.
The contests close Wednesday, September 7.
Address Little Men and Little Women, New-York Tribune.

Brought by the Postman.

THE ENCHANTED WHALE.

Once upon a time there lived a whale in the sea. He was in love with a pretty mermaid, with blue eyes and golden hair.

Now, this whale was under the spell of a witch. One day he said to the mermaid, "I am under a spell of a witch, and if you wish to set me free go to the water witch, she lives down yonder in a little cave, walk in, sit down on a rock near the table, and while she is talking to you open a little drawer quietly and you will see a great many rings; take the ring with three diamonds, these diamonds mean three words, Out of Spell; then say goodby and swim away as fast as you can, for if she misses the ring she will change you into a whale, too."

"I will do just as you say," said the mermaid.

The mermaid swam as fast as she could, and walked in the cave (as there was no water to swim), sat down by the table, and while the witch was talking pulled the drawer out slowly and took the ring with three diamonds, then said goodby, and swam away.

Well, I think I will look at my rings, said the witch. But the ring with the three diamonds was gone. She tore her hair with rage.

The mermaid no longer saw a whale, but a fine young prince.

The next day they were married, and lived in happiness ever after. MARIE DONALDSON,
(Eleven years old).
No. 469 Kosciusko-st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"THANK YOU" LETTERS.

Dear Editor: I will leave you to imagine my surprise and delight when I read in last Sunday's Tribune that I had won a prize. I received with great pleasure last evening the beautiful silver pin you sent me. I am spending my summer holidays at Rockingham, Halifax Co, where we have many lovely plays and picnics in the woods around our house. We have a lovely view from our front veranda, and I love to lie in the hammock and read the Tribune when it comes.

Thanking you once more for my beautiful prize, I remain, your loving little friend,
Rockingham, N. S. EILEEN A. BUCKLEY.

Dear Editor: I wish to thank you for the very nice and interesting book received from you as a premium for my drawing of a Japanese baby.

I am glad to know you considered my drawing worthy of a prize, and hope I may be as fortunate again at some future time. Yours, truly,
ETHEL WILLIAMS.
No. 113 Halsted-st., East Orange, N. J.
P. S.—I have been away on my vacation or I would have thanked you sooner.

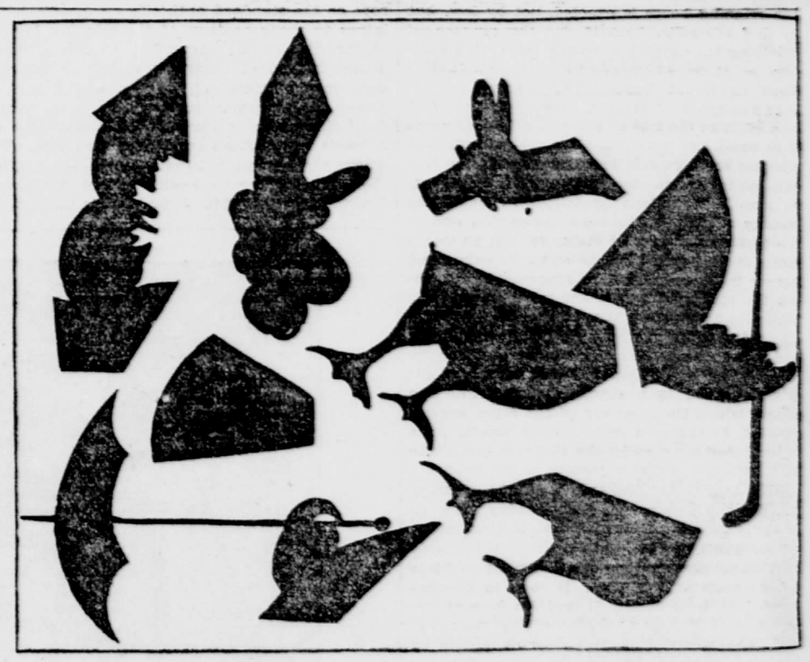
Dear Editor: I received the book you sent me as a prize, and thank you very much. I intend to try for another prize soon. This is the first time I ever received a prize, but I have sent in many correct puzzles to different firms, but I never received the offered prize. Thanking you very much for the nice book, I am, yours truly, EDITH N. DENEKE.
Mystic, Conn.

Dear Editor: I thank you very kindly for the beautiful book of poems which you sent me for solving the puzzles in The Tribune. I am very fond of Longfellow's poems. Yours truly,
SOPHIE BUEHLER,
No. 256 South Fourth-st., Brooklyn.

THE FIVE SUCCESSFUL ONES.

The five successful prize winners of the "Puzzling Mix-Up" published August 14 are Florence Hoster, No. 40 Prospect Terrace, East Rutherford, N. J., twelve years, sterling silver badge; Sarah S. Meyers, No. 937 West Fourth-st., Williamsport, Penn., six years, sterling silver badge; Philip Sell, No. 370 Jamaica-ave., Astoria, N. Y., eight years, box of paints; Anne Nutt, Cliffside, N. J., eleven years, sterling silver badge, and Kennedy Ware, No. 585 Belgrove Drive, Arlington, N. J., seven years, sterling silver badge.

WHAT EVER NEXT!
Betty—Don't make such a noise, Tom; my foot has just gone to sleep.—(Girls' Realm.



FIVE PRIZES.
The five little men and little women who send in the five neatest arrangements of the above cutout puzzle may have the choice of a silver badge, a book, a box of paints, a baseball or a checker board. Solutions should reach the office by September 7.

Things to Think About.

The prize winner in last Sunday's puzzle contest is Leo Hamburger, of No. 52 East One-hundred-and-twenty-fourth-st., New-York City.

We offer an interesting book for the best and neatest solution of to-day's "Things to Think About."

All work must be in by Thursday, September 1.

Address Little Men and Little Women, New-York Tribune.

DIAMONDS.

1.—A third of red; a morass; a horse with a certain kind of gait; one who lives in retirement; a dwelling; a serpent; a third of red.

2.—A part of corn; a sphere; a young person; a deep red color; an artificer in bricks and stone; a thick vapor; a part of corn.

RIDDLES.

1.—Why is a whale like a water-lily?

2.—How do bees dispose of their honey?

PREFIXES.

1.—Add a prefix to a steeple and have to breathe.

2.—Add a prefix to a line of poetry and have conversation.

3.—Add a prefix to a male child and have any one.

A FLIGHT OF STAIRS.

The last three letters of each word form the first three letters of each succeeding word.

1—Thigh of a hog; a small village; deadly; to consecrate; not high.

Answers to Puzzles Published August 21.

DIAMONDS.

1.
M
B A T
M A G I C
S I R
C

2.
S
B I G
B U X O M
S I X T E N
B R E A D
R E D
N

JUMBLED NAMES.

1. Maria. 2. Gertrude. 3. Isabel. 4. Marcia. 5. Helen.

A FLIGHT OF STAIRS.

B A R
B A R R E L
R E L E N T
E N T A I L
A I L

CHARADES.

1, tulip; 2, frontier.

TRIPLE ENIGMA.

This is the answer to the prize puzzle published last Sunday: Lowell, Holmes, Bryant.

GOLDEN ROD STANZA.

The best four-lined stanza containing the word golden-rod received last week came from Mae Victoria Walker, of No. 206 North Main-st., Attleboro, Mass. It follows:

There are roses in the garden,
There are flowers by the wall,
But the dainty yellow golden-rod
Is the dearest of them all.

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH.
Sent by William T. Ricketts, No. 324 Washington-ave., Elizabeth, N. J.