

HEARTH & BOUOIR.



"HORSE SHOW NOVELTIES." FROM THE WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT OF HACKETT, CARHART & CO., THIRTEENTH-ST. AND BROADWAY.

A WOMAN AND WAR. Yamei Kin Has Ideas About Conditions in the East.

A somewhat novel view of the war in the East was presented by Dr. Yamei Kin before the League for Political Education yesterday morning. Dr. Kin takes a more lenient view of Russian aggression...

developed the country in a way that would have been impossible without them. The people instead of rebelling against Russian rule, are prosperous and contented, in very great contrast to the condition of India, where England is crushing out the native spirit...

throw of the feudal system thirty years ago left a tremendous body of men without their natural employment, war, and these, though loyal to the Emperor, are a constant danger to the government...

Some Ways of the World.

WOMEN AND BRIDGE. "How did Mrs. A's bridge party go off last night?" repeated her brother in answer to her inquiry at the breakfast table. "Oh, it was that funny, conversational, feminine bridge, that women seem to enjoy so much, and that men detest. I can stand sheer stupidity better than that. Why, I would rather play 'bumble puppy' bridges with you than to sit at a table with Mrs. A. or Mrs. B. although they are both good players, for they will talk about all sorts of things during the interval of play, distracting the attention of the rest, although they themselves are not in the least affected by it. They keep it up straight through the game, and it gets on my nerves, although the women who play do not seem to mind it. Why, there is Milly B. Mrs. A. will call out, 'Milly, do there is something I must tell you, and she will jump up, saying, 'Call me when the cards are dealt. Then, coming back, she will continue to talk about something 'Milly' has told her, while arranging her cards. For a minute after she will be silent and play very good bridge, but as soon as the hand is finished she will begin to talk again. I heard that Bobby White's engagement to Miss R. is on again? I heard that he has taken the Keeley cure and that she has cured him? I heard that the other women joining in and keeping it up until their partners insist upon their paying attention to the game. I never again to attend a mixed card party."

THE ELECTION SUITED THEM. "Among the recent publications of the various phases of public opinion concerning the Presidential election, the verdict of the humble domestic purveyors given in the kitchens should be included," said an intelligent housekeeper, who is a keen politician. "I find that at such times the milkman, the grocer's man, the ice man and the butcher's man are very interesting to talk to," she continued. "For they are all respectable men who belong to the rank and file of the intelligent voters of the country. As it happens, most of the tradesmen who come to my house are Democrats, and this year, unlike their usual self-assertive positiveness, which is so apparent when city politics are to the fore, I have noticed a half-heartedness about their talk, although their loyalty to their party forbade them to voice their fear of what a change might bring about. Now that the election is over, however, they betray a positive relief. 'I voted Democratic,' said John, the milkman, with a slow, humorous smile, 'but I ain't a quarrel' about the result. The grocery man was more openly frank. 'I had to do as my boss told me to,' he said, with a joyful countenance the morning after Election Day. 'But I told my wife better pray for the other side, as it might mean more bread and butter for the kids.' The butcher's man confessed that he had voted the Republican ticket. 'I expected to vote Democratic,' he said, 'but at the last moment my mind misgave me. It's best to let well enough alone, says I to myself, and I plunged in a vote for Roosevelt, although it was the first time I had ever gone again the Democrat.'

WITH AN EYE ON THE PUBLIC. A young woman who lives in the suburbs and who often has a half hour or so to spare while waiting for her train says she finds a great deal of entertainment by going to a place where she knows there will be a certain number of people, and simply watching them. "It is as good as a play," she says, "if you only look at it in that way. The waiting room in the Grand Central Station is a very good place, only I always prefer to go where I can hear conversations. That makes it so much more amusing. The ladies' parlors in the big hotels are the best places. Yesterday I had to wait about thirty minutes, so I went into a very fashionable hotel and sat down in the reception room not far from a solemn group of people who looked interesting, from the fact that they seemed so ill at ease. A pompous and prosperous-looking old man, evidently a Westerner, and his wife, a nervous, fragile, homely little body, were receiving New-York callers—a man with his wife and daughter. "The men originally must have come from the same place. The labored conversation was full of local allusions, while the efforts of the New-York women to seem politely interested in the reminiscences and the deprecatory and explanatory interjections of the little old lady were all very amusing. This was Scene No. 1—like the continuous performance at a vaudeville theatre. However, ever had to choose from such a pretty woman came into the room, dressed in the height of fashion. It was a pleasure merely to stare at her clothes. She sauntered over to one of the men and pulled out two chairs, which she placed side by side, but facing opposite ways. I wondered why she did that, but soon saw the reason. She sat gracefully down in one facing the door, through which she had just entered. The other, a handsome boy, the evidently expected caller. The rose, received him cordially, and then ingeniously stepped around a table to indicate to him that she would not have him an alternative but to take the other facing the door. This clever little arrangement brought them very close together, and she was in position to observe her and the other inmates of the room on the other side. 'Ah! my lady,' I said to myself, 'you have evidently had a long talk with the parlor boy. Unfortunately, just at that moment I was obliged to leave to catch my train. I wish I could have seen her and her partner together professedly. That chair arrangement was not a bad idea!'"

POLITICS AT MOUNT HOLYOKE. An Exciting and Picturesque Campaign—Roosevelt the Students' Choice.

While the great campaign has been going on in the outside world, one of no less excitement and interest on a small scale has been taking place at Mount Holyoke College. The students there have been proving the fact that college women have some insight into political issues and principles, as well as into the management of a campaign. Early in October a national committee was appointed to have charge of the entire campaign. This committee arranged that each of the seven dormitories should represent a State, and New-York, Nebraska, Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, Virginia and Texas were chosen as representative of the different sections of the country. In order that the partisan feeling might be more strong each girl was requested during the campaign to give up her personal preference and shout for the party which was prominent in her own State. Massachusetts, New-York, Nebraska and Vermont were assigned to the Republican party, Texas and Virginia to the Democratic and Maine to the Prohibition.

Placards and pictures began to appear outside the halls and in the corridors strenuously urging the assembly to vote for Parker or Roosevelt. Maine displayed a large flag, along the foot of which ran the letters, "Swallow." "Do you want your homes wrecked? Then preserve the saloon," was another favorite motto of the residents of Maine, who wore miniature water pitchers, decorated with swallows, hanging from their belts, and shouted vociferously for the Prohibition. Campaign songs, written to the most rousing of the popular airs, were heard everywhere about the campus; sedate seniors and gay freshmen were alike absorbed in and enthusiastic about questions of tariff and the disposition of the Philippines.

On October 24 caucuses were held in every corridor of all the houses, at which delegates were chosen to the State convention. Delegates to the national conventions were also elected in each house, the number varying from six to twelve, according to the population of the dormitory. Just preceding the State conventions, which were held on the following Monday, election banquets took place in the various houses. The candidates, as well as the most distinguished politicians of both parties, were represented at these banquets, with their wives. Toaster were proposed to the candidates by Mr. Taggart and Mr. Cortelyou, and even Mr. Bryan was called upon to speak. Accurate copies of the cartoons of Miss Democratic Uncle Sam and Miss Republican were present, and the trusts were graphically represented. Several cases of Canadianism, who have been expelled from the assemblies. After the election of delegates to the State convention, the delegates to the national convention, where the different candidates were nominated with elaborate flights of oratory and the cheers and songs of the rest of the college, who were assembled back of the con-

salvation lay in China, from which her civilization originally came. Dr. Kin was gowned in magnificent Oriental robes, a purple undergarment embroidered with yellow, with a dark green tunic, embroidered in red and gray. Her slippers were of green silk, elaborately embroidered, and she wore two white chrysanthemums in her hair.

of entertainment by going to a place where she knows there will be a certain number of people, and simply watching them. "It is as good as a play," she says, "if you only look at it in that way. The waiting room in the Grand Central Station is a very good place, only I always prefer to go where I can hear conversations. That makes it so much more amusing. The ladies' parlors in the big hotels are the best places. Yesterday I had to wait about thirty minutes, so I went into a very fashionable hotel and sat down in the reception room not far from a solemn group of people who looked interesting, from the fact that they seemed so ill at ease. A pompous and prosperous-looking old man, evidently a Westerner, and his wife, a nervous, fragile, homely little body, were receiving New-York callers—a man with his wife and daughter. "The men originally must have come from the same place. The labored conversation was full of local allusions, while the efforts of the New-York women to seem politely interested in the reminiscences and the deprecatory and explanatory interjections of the little old lady were all very amusing. This was Scene No. 1—like the continuous performance at a vaudeville theatre. However, ever had to choose from such a pretty woman came into the room, dressed in the height of fashion. It was a pleasure merely to stare at her clothes. She sauntered over to one of the men and pulled out two chairs, which she placed side by side, but facing opposite ways. I wondered why she did that, but soon saw the reason. She sat gracefully down in one facing the door, through which she had just entered. The other, a handsome boy, the evidently expected caller. The rose, received him cordially, and then ingeniously stepped around a table to indicate to him that she would not have him an alternative but to take the other facing the door. This clever little arrangement brought them very close together, and she was in position to observe her and the other inmates of the room on the other side. 'Ah! my lady,' I said to myself, 'you have evidently had a long talk with the parlor boy. Unfortunately, just at that moment I was obliged to leave to catch my train. I wish I could have seen her and her partner together professedly. That chair arrangement was not a bad idea!'"

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FRENCH COFFEE POTS. JOS. HEINRICH, 92 Broadway, near 23d St., N. Y. The exclusive new "HEINRICH" steam coffee pot, can be seen in use at the New Astor Hotel, St. Regis Hotel and at other high class hotels and restaurants for making special coffee on the table. Wholesale and retail. HEINRICH special coffee, 35c. a lb., has no equal.

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THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY. Drawn by Helen L. Barnes, of No. 475 East One-hundred-and-thirty-ninth-st., New-York City.

BEFORE AND AFTER. THIRD PRIZE. Drawn by James H. Readie, Jr., of No. 73 Beechwood-ave., Pawtucket, R. I.

How to Win a Prize. CONTEST NO. 1.—A box of paints or a badge will be given for the most interesting original story on any subject written by one of our little men and women. The story must contain more than five hundred words. CONTEST NO. 2.—\$1 as first prize, and a book or a silver badge as second prize for the second best original story (done with black ink on white paper) rhymed under the drawing. CONTEST NO. 3.—A box of paints or a baseball as the fourth other prize, for the nearest and best five solutions of the unfinished letter puzzle on this page. CONTEST NO. 4.—A book or a silver badge for the most interesting photograph on any subject. Be sure, also, to state your choice of prizes. Address: Little Men and Little Women, New-York Tribune, and get your work to us on or before Wednesday, November 23.

A. Simonson 933 BROADWAY, 21st-22d STREETS. AT THE HORSE SHOW. every detail of your costume is important and carefully observed. If your hair is not up to the proper standard the effect of your entire costume is lost. A visit to my parlors will ensure your having a perfect coiffure. If you have not sufficient hair to dress it to good advantage, you will find my latest creations.

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vention to watch the excitement. Mark Hanna's ghost, in ghostly attire, created a sensation. Telegraph boys kept rushing back and forth handing mysterious yellow envelopes to the dignitaries seated on the stage, who tore them open anxiously. At the final voting for Presidential electors on November 8 each girl disregarded the ideas to which she had adhered during the campaign, and cast her ballot for the party which she was truly convinced should win. Regulation election ballots were used, and booths were fitted up so that the voting might be done with no fear of bribery and corruption, which had it been employed, would have probably taken the form of soda water or beer. One citizen had to be sent away from the polls because she exerted undue influence in behalf of Swallow.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION sent a telegram to Washington at the close of the election, which read as follows: "Students of Mount Holyoke College elect Theodore Roosevelt President by a large majority."

FOR LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN.

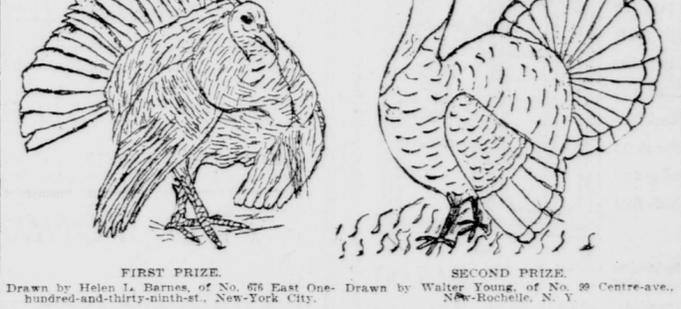
Things to Think About.



PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH—FOURTH TEAM OF MONTCLAIR MILITARY ACADEMY. Sent by Bert C. Miller, of No. 6 Lloyd Place, Montclair, N. J.

The Prince Who Could Not Smile.

BY ANNA MARBLE. Once in the Long Ago there dwelt a young Prince named Idealo. His princedom lay in a shadowy country known as the Twilight Kingdom, and though the sun never shone there it was never really night. The Stars peeped out brightly and all the land was irradiated by the softest purple light. Idealo had all the beautiful things that make most people happy, but he never learned to smile. His court jester tried all the old jokes he could think of, but to no purpose; Idealo was not in the least amused by them. His Queen mother and the Princesses, his sisters, loved him dearly, and he in his turn was devoted to them, but they could not induce him to smile, try as they would. They all lived in a great towered castle on the summit of a purple mountain, and in the treasure vaults below the castle were many curious carved chests filled to the brim with golden coins. Each year, when Idealo's birthday was celebrated, his subjects in the Lowlands used to climb up the steep mountain paths to present him with gifts of flowers and honey, for they were devoted to the young ruler who had never been known to smile. It was Idealo's custom on every birthday to have brought before him one of the great treasure chests from the subterranean vaults of the castle. This year, his subjects brought him a chest containing a portrait of a fair young maiden. "We will look upon the portrait!" then said Idealo. (Royal personages always say "we" when they mean "I," perhaps they think it sounds more generous.) The young Prince took the miniature and gazed into the eyes of the unknown maiden. Her mischievous mouth seemed ready to open daintily in the merriest laughter as she smiled at him from the jeweled frame. "Who is this dame?" inquired the Prince earnestly of his courtiers. But no one knew. Idealo turned to the Queen mother, where she stood apart from her waiting women. She wore a long robe of silver cloth ending in a shimmering train. About her throat hung a long chain of lustrous pearls, to which was attached a locket bearing Idealo's picture. "Queen-mother, can you tell us?" inquired the Prince. She shook her head sadly. All that she knew was that the iron chest containing the treasure had lain in the subterranean vaults for a hundred years. "Never mind," he cried excitedly, "do not care how many years have passed. I will journey to the country from which the treasure chests came, and I will find the beautiful maiden, for I am sure if I can meet the dame I shall learn how to smile." At these words there was a hush upon all the assembled court, for to all of his subjects the most important thing in the world was that Idealo should smile. The Queen mother thereupon stepped forward and said, "Prince, you must not attempt the journey to the distant land from whence the treasure chest was brought. Send, instead, I implore you, the trusty Knight Harold. He will undertake the quest." The Queen mother and all the princesses began to weep at the thought of the young Prince's departure to Idealo, who disliked exceedingly to have people crying about him, decided to remain and send Harold in his stead. "But," he insisted, "if Harold does not bring her back, I will journey to the world's end to find her." Harold the Knight departed at once on his mission, taking with him magnificent gifts of gold and jewels and perfumed woods, also a great company of fighting soldiers. And at the last the Queen mother called the Knight before her and gave to him the portrait of Idealo, which hung about her neck on the chain of pearls. "Good Harold," she said, "you do not require all the precious stones and fair gifts for the maiden. Mark my word, if you are lucky enough to find her, you need only show her this portrait of my son, and she will come no delay, but will follow you quickly enough, make no doubt!" Now, it may seem strange to you that neither Idealo nor the Queen mother nor the courtiers remembered again the century that had elapsed since the maiden's picture was placed in the iron chest, but that is easily explained. All the royal family and everybody connected with the court were so anxious that the prince should learn to smile that they forgot all about the probable age of the picture maiden. She might have been a hundred years old, or she might have been dead, or both, and such a very unpleasant double possibility had not crossed the mind of any one except the Knight Harold, who was sent to search for the damsel. Harold was a very wise Knight. He understood the way of princes of the world, which is that they must have whatever they desire, whenever it can be gained, or not for them by men. Now Harold felt convinced that the damsel of the picture must have died long years before. "But," he said to himself consolingly, "there must be plenty of other maidens that look enough like her." Many days passed, however, after Harold's departure, and the days became months before any word was heard from the Knight. He had to travel a great distance to the land from whence the treasure chest had been brought so many years before, and moreover, the ships in those days did not move as rapidly as our modern sailing craft. Idealo began to despair of Harold's return, and



FIRST PRIZE. Drawn by Helen L. Barnes, of No. 475 East One-hundred-and-thirty-ninth-st., New-York City.

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.



BEFORE AND AFTER. THIRD PRIZE. Drawn by James H. Readie, Jr., of No. 73 Beechwood-ave., Pawtucket, R. I.

veiled, with charming dimples in her soft flushed cheeks, and ripples like sun shadows in her lovely hair. The Knight related the story of Idealo's quest, that reached throughout the kingdom. The young Princess approached the canopy beneath which they met, and the first time Idealo knelt at his feet, but the Prince took her small hand in his and bent his knee before her. "I am Idealo, Prince of the Twilight Kingdom, and the Laughing Princess, Rosebush, of the Kingdom of the Sun." Idealo knelt again, and the young Princess, who had been pale light like early dawn, and then all at once from her cheeks, the royal rays of her smile shone came into the Shadowy Kingdom, for the first time, and those who were watching Idealo saw how he smiled. At sight of this miracle another shout went up from his subjects, and the Queen mother, who had held back her welcome for a moment, now came forward and embraced the Princess Rosebush, who had brought the Sunlight and had taught the Prince to smile. After this they all went back to the castle, where Harold the Knight related his adventures in the search of the Princess. Idealo, upon the throne with Rosebush at his side, while the Knight told of how he had met her, objected to allowing her to accompany him into the Twilight Kingdom, and how therefore he was forced to storm her parents' castle, and how he had learned that she was really the great-great-granddaughter of the lady in the miniature, whom she much resembled, and of how Rosebush had read about Idealo's many virtues from the newspapers, directly she looked at his portrait in the Queen mother's locket, and fallen in love with him. And when Harold reached this point in his narrative the Queen mother leaned over to her waiting women and whispered, "I told you so!"

Answers to Puzzles Published November 6. CHARADES. 1. Insuperable. 2. Pitifully. 3. Confidence. CORRECTED SQUARES. ST O P B A R E S. T O P B A R E S. O R A L A L L R O A D S. P E L A L L R O A D S. H O L E L E L S L O T. L E S S L O M A R. E R S T E R M. DOUBLE ACROSTIC. T H R O N G I. H A N A N T E V. S K U R O P A T K I N G. DIAMONDS. L C A T O E S L I D P. C A N O E S L I D P. F O G S L I D P. E R S L I D P. PORTRAIT PROVERB. The five little men and little women who have won the prize offered in the portrait proverb competition of October 20 are Henrietta Schulte, No. 82 Fourth-ave., Brooklyn; a book; Charles Westcott, nine years old, No. 41 South Main-st., Pittston, Luzerne Co., Pa.; a sterling silver box; Gladys Gompert, thirteen years old, No. 85 Columbus-ave., New-York City, a box of paints; Winifred Burr, fourteen years old, Williams Mass., a book and Catherine Thomas, Martinsville, Va., Box 122, a badge. THANKSGIVING GAME. Little Ruby L. Thomas, seven years old, of Second-ave. and Seventy-fifth-st., Bay Ridge, New-York, is the prize winner in the contest for the description of the most interesting Thanksgiving story. She will receive a Tribune badge for her work.

UNFINISHED LETTER PROVERB. Here is an interesting brain puzzle for our little men and women. We want you to show your cleverness in supplying the missing parts of letters as shown in the four completed letters. When finished you will see that you have made a well known quotation of six words. We will give it as first prize, and the choice of a book, a silver badge or a baseball as the four other prizes, for the nearest and best five solutions of the puzzle. Get your answers to us by Wednesday, November 23, and address Little Men and Little Women, New-York Tribune.