# HEARTH & BOUDOIR.

MRS. ROBERT EDISON FULTON.
(Nee Travis.)

## Weddings---Other Social Items.

FULTON—TRAVIS.

Miss Hannah Travis, daughter of Ezra Johnson Travis, and Robert Edison Fulton were married last Thursday evening at the Doriltón by the Rev. Dr. Ernest M. Stires, rector of St. Thomas's Church. The bride wore a white satin gown made in princesse style, trimmed with point lace and chiffon, and a tulle veil, held in place by a cluster of orange blossoms. The jewels that she wore included a diamond pin and a diamond heart, the gifts of her father and brother, Albert and Chester Travis, respectively. Miss Lucille E. Casey, of Chicago, the maid of honor, wore a pink crepe lace trimmed frock and carried moss roses and white sweetpeas. A wreath of pink sweetpeas was fastened in her hair. Miss Elizabeth Fulton, sister of the bridegroom, was bridesmaid. She wore a white crepe gown with a wreath of maidenhair fern in her hair, and carried white roses. Albert Chester Travis and J. Gilmer were the ushers.

O'BRIEN—CLARKE.

Mr. and Mrs. Fabius M. Clarke announce the marriage on June 1 of their only daughter, Hazel, to Walter Dean O'Brien, of San Francisco, son of Thomas V. O'Brien, one of the prominent lawyers in the State. Walter Dean O'Brien is a descendant of the house of Clare, and a nephew of the Marquis of Thomond. He is a graduate of the Mechanical Arts School, in San Francisco, also the University of California. The Clarke family is well known in the history of Rhode Island. On her mother's side Mrs. O'Brien is related to the Haydens, Sages and Ensigns. Her great-great-grandfather was General David Ensign. The young couple will spend their honeymoon at Mr. O'Brien's father's beautiful country home, Belvedere Island, in San Francisco Bay. In the fall they will reside permanently in San Francisco.

ELY—SCHEFFER.

The marriage of Miss Rudolphine Scheffer, of Amsterdam, Holland, to Robert Erskine Ely, of this city, will take place on June 7 at the home of Mr. Ely's mother, Mrs. Richard Ely, in Binghamton, N. Y. On account of Mrs. Ely's delicate health the wedding will be a very quiet one.

CHENEY—WEIR.

A pretty June wedding will be that of Miss Anna Wood Weir, daughter of the late James Boyd Weir and Mrs. Weir, to Arthur Chapman Cheney, which will take place at 3:30 o'clock next Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride, No. 412 West End-ave.

Miss Weir will wear white crepe de chine, and her mother's point lace veil, and will have as her sole attendant Miss Eleanor Boyd Weir, whose costume will be of white batiste over pink, with a flower hat of pink roses.

Dr. Harry Cleveland Cheney will support his brother as best man. Mr. Cheney has selected as his ushers James Boyd Weir, brother of the bride-elect, and Reginald K. Rose.

Following the marriage ceremony, which will be performed by Dr. Wilton Merle Smith, of the Central Presbyterian Church, there will be a small reception for the relatives and intimate friends. The wedding decorations will be peonies and pink roses.

HUMPHREY—WARING.

Miss Florence Waring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Orville Taylor Waring, and Captain Chauncey Benton Humphrey will be married on Wednesday at 4 p. m. at Grace Church, Plainfield, N. J. The attendants will be Mrs. Prescott Slade, of this city, matron of honor; Miss Waring, maid of honor; Miss Hale, of Morristown, and Miss Loire, of Plainfield, bridesmaids; Albert Wheeler, of Philadelphia, best man, and Captain Joseph Wheeler, Captain Bowley, Captain Baehr and Captain Yates, all from West Point, ushers. A reception will follow the ceremony. Captain Humphrey and his bride will spend the summer in travel, and in the fall will join his regiment at Monterey, Cal. Captain Humphrey served on General Grant's staff during the campaign in the Philippines, and has been military attaché in Venezuela, Colombia and Panama.

MACDONALD—SHAPLEIGH.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Shapleigh, daughter of Mrs. Waldron Shapleigh, formerly of this city, to Harry Peake MacDonald, of this city, will take place at noon next Thursday at St. Luke's Church, South Fullerton-ave. and Union-st., Montclair. Carriages will meet the 10:35 train on the Lackawanna Railroad from New-York, returning from Montclair at 1:43 and 2:35 p. m. There will be a wedding breakfast immediately after the ceremony at the home of the bride, No. 27 North Mountain-ave.

CLARK—CURRIER.

Seth Clark and Miss Lottie F. Currier were married on Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents, No. 556 Warren-st., Newark, N. J. Mr. Clark's father, who is a retired merchant of Amesbury, Mass., presented to the bride a check for $25,000 as a wedding gift.

ARNOLD—BERRY.

The wedding of Miss Mary Constance Berry, daughter of Oliver F. Berry, to Mortimer Percy Arnold will be quietly celebrated at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Thomas Andrews, on June 10. Miss Berry's maid of honor will be her cousin, Miss Florence Virginia Deen, and her bridesmaids Miss Louise Sherwood and Miss Mary Augusta Besson. Mr. Arnold's best man will be Henry A. Hogonet, and his ushers Charles Lansing Baldwin and James Duane Taylor. The Rev. Donald Sage Mackay will perform the ceremony.

LAMPORT—PASINSKY.

Miss Sadie Pasinsky, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pasinsky, will be married to Arthur M. Lamport this afternoon at 4 o'clock in Vienna Hall by the Rev. Dr. Drachman. The bride will wear an imported robe of Pompadour lace, trimmed with duchesse lace and orange blossoms. Her maid of honor is to be Miss Rose Pasinsky, while Miss Ida Pasinsky, Miss Tessie Lamport, Miss B. Levy, Miss R. Morris and Miss E. Schadlofsky will attend her as bridesmaids. Mr. Lamport will have as his best man Samuel Lamport, and as ushers Samuel Jacobs, H. Baltiman, Oscar Levy and H. Friedman.

Among the invited guests are Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Schiff, Mr. and Mrs. M. Mandel, Mr. and Mrs. L. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Moe Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Solomon, Judge Leon Sanders, Judge H. M. Goldfogle, J. F. Ahearn, Mr. and Mrs. Appele, Mme. Pouch, Mme. Stein, Mr. Scheckter and Mr. and Mrs. Barnett Levy.

Mr. and Mrs. Lamport will spend their honeymoon in travel through the South and West, returning to Hunter, Greene County, N. Y., for the summer.

WISE—BARAN.

Miss Florence Baran, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Julius Baran, and George Wise were married last Thursday night at Berger's, No. 7 West 36th-st., by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman. The bride wore a gown of white chiffon cloth, with waist and skirt panel of duchess and point lace. Her veil was fastened with a diamond brooch, the gift of the bridegroom. She was attended by Mrs. Theodore Ladenburger, her sister, as matron of honor, who was gowned in a duchess lace robe adorned with chiffon and diamond ornaments, and by Miss Etta Goldstone, Miss Minnie Belfeld, Miss Beatrice Livingston and Miss Beatrice Silberman as bridesmaids.

Albert Wise served as his brothers best man and Dr. Leo Girrn, Charles Gartensberg, Julius Ladenburger and Harold Baran, were the ushers. After a wedding supper, Mr. and Mrs. Wise left for a trip to Niagara Falls and the Thousand Islands. Upon their return they will live in New-York. Guests at the wedding included: Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wise, Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Wise, Albert Wise, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Ladenburger, Mr. and Mrs. Ferd Salomon, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Grinberg, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Goldstone, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Goldstone, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Jules P. Goldstein, of Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Albert Weiss, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. S. Mathias, Mr. and Mrs. M. Belfeld, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. L. Lyons, Dr. George Mannheimer, I. L. Wolf, Philip Kay, Mrs. Annie Weiner, Miss Caroline Mathias, Miss Florence Grinberg, Miss Lillian Grinberg, Ira Grinberg, Harry Friend, Theodore Clark and Sig Goldstone.

MISS LUCILE E. CASEY,
Who Was Maid of Honor at the Wedding of Miss Hannah Travis and Robert Edison Fulton Last Thursday.

MRS. GEORGE WISE.
(Nee Baran.)
(Photograph by Roe.)

ITEMS OF SOCIAL INTEREST.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Schley, of this city, are spending the summer at their farm, at Bernardsville, N. J. On Thursday last Mr. and Mrs. Schley were the guests at the Philadelphia Horse Show of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lloyd, of Germantown.

Mrs. Thomas J. Hallyburton, of Graham Court, will leave on next Thursday for a three months' visit among friends and relatives in the South.

Miss Eleanor Record, of West 102d-st., will sail for Italy on Thursday, June 15, on the Cretic. She will spend several months travelling on the Continent and in England.

Leonard Webb, of this city, is in London, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. De Bermere Smith, of Regent's Park.

Sanemitsu Hirose, of West 95th-st., has just returned from an extended visit to his relatives in Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin G. Palliser, of No. 65 West 87th-st., will sail on July 8 on the Princess Irene for Italy, where they will spend two months.

Miss Elizabeth Miller has returned from a visit of several months in Texas, and is with her sister, Mrs. William Scott De Camp, of No. 35 Mount Morris Park West.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Pigott and Reginald Pigott, of West 102d-st., will spend the summer at Miller's Place, Long Island.

Mrs. Charles Dugro, of West 59th-st., left for Montana on Tuesday to stay several months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Van Clune, at their home, The Ranch, on the Sweet Grass Hills. Mr.

Continued on seventh page.

A. Simonson
933 BROADWAY, 21st-22d STREETS.
EVERYTHING FOR THE HAIR.
I carry an immense assortment of beautiful hair goods in only the choicest qualities, rarest shades and such superior workmanship as cannot be found elsewhere.
LADIES' HAIRDRESSING,
by experienced artists of ability; marcel waving a specialty; my method of shampooing, singeing, clipping and hair coloring to any desired shade assures your entire satisfaction.
HAIR ORNAMENTS,
of novel and original designs only and of exquisite workmanship in Tortoise and Amber shell, English Cut Jet and Parisian Diamonds.

FRENCH COFFEE POTS.
JOS. HEINRICHS SPECIAL COFFEE and Coffee Pots have no equal; wholesale and retail. 948 BROADWAY, opposite Flatiron Bldg., New York.

F. LOUDA
PRACTICAL FURRIER, 22 EAST 30TH ST., LATE WITH
Revillon Freres
NEW-YORK AND PARIS.
FURS REMODELLED AND REPAIRED.

DANDRUFF, falling hair, premature baldness cured; scientific massage; massage vibration. Mme. CUNNINGHAM, 1,259 Broadway.

GRAY HAIR
gradually resumes its natural color and retains it when English bay rum is used; guaranteed satisfactory; pint bottles, $1, delivered.
WILSON COMPANY, 409 Broadway, N. Y.

WAR ON INSECTS.
Bed-bugs, Moths, Ants, Fleas—Sallade's Mosquito Bite Cure and Insect Exterminator kills all insect life. A world-renowned lotion for keeping away mosquitoes and other insects, when sprayed around. The only article that has stood the public's test for over 26 years (non-poisonous). Put up in pint bottles, 25c; ½ gallon, $1.00; gallon, $2.00. Sallade's ROACH TERROR will positively clear your house of roaches. Sold in ¼ lb. and 1 lb. tins; makes no dust. All druggists and grocers, or SALLADE & CO., sole manufacturers, 122 Cedar Street, N. Y. City.

# FOR LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN.

PRIZE JUNE HEADING.
Drawn by Genevieve Ettinger, of No. 9 Warren Place, Boston, Mass.

## Stella's Commencement Day.

FRANCES HARMER.

"Stella!"

"Yes, Miss Marsden."

"You had better set your alarm for 4 o'clock. There will be plenty for you to do this week. Mind you keep at hand, in case I or Mrs. Wood, or any one, wants you."

"Yes, Miss Marsden."

The principal passed on, for the tea bell had just rung, and Stella Aveline followed slowly, the tears rising in her eyes.

She was an orphan—indeed, a distant relative of Miss Marsden. That lady had adopted her from somewhat mixed motives, the claims of kindred certainly being one. But the child had failed to touch her heart, had angered her by some small deceit, into which Miss Marsden's coldness and harshness had terrified her, and had slowly fallen into the position of the recognized drudge of the school. She was at the housekeeper's beck and call. She had a sensitive conscience, and it seemed to her that the lie she had once told would never be lived down.

And now commencement was at hand—this was the last week of the term. The other girls were walking up and down the lawn, talking gayly and eagerly of the White Mountains, of the seaside, of Europe. For her no prospect stretched save the school, in the quiet little town, and the companionship of Mrs. Wood, the housekeeper.

But her tears were for the loss of her one friend, Margaret Pearson.

"Wait," a voice called at that moment, "I have something to tell you."

Margaret put her arm round Stella's waist. The other girls, passing by on their way to the house, noted the contrast between Stella's dark hair and Margaret's golden locks—between the sad, pale face of the one girl and the radiant countenance of the other—and between the dingy, mended merino Stella wore and the pink lawn, lace trimmed, that fell round Margaret's slim form.

"You'll never believe what good news I have for you," Margaret went on. "Mamma has written to Miss Marsden to ask if you can go home with me! I begged her to."

Stella turned from white to red.

"But she won't," she said, tremblingly.

"She will—she shall," cried imperious, impetuous Margaret. "Look, she's reading the letter now!"

She ran up to the principal. Stella followed more slowly.

"I know what mamma's asked," cried Margaret. "Dear Miss Marsden, do say yes."

Stella held her breath.

"If I hear no complaint of you, from now till commencement day," Miss Marsden's tones were severe, as usual, "I shall accept this very kind invitation."

Stella could hardly credit her own hearing. Margaret hugged her joyously.

"Miss Marsden," said the violin teacher, coming up at this moment, "a dreadful thing has happened. Muriel White has sprained her wrist and cannot play in the violin duet with Margaret."

A cry of dismay broke from all present.

"Can no one take her place?" demanded the principal.

Herr Schmitz looked at Stella.

"If she practised steadily, every day from now on," he said, "Miss Aveline might do it. No one else could."

"Stella, you hear," said Miss Marsden; "you must waste no time."

To Stella came the keenest joy she had known for months. She held her head erect. She, even she, was to take part in the commencement festivities, a thing she had always longed to do. And to go home with Margaret—it was all too good to be true.

. . . . . .

The week that followed was one of severe and constant strain. Mrs. Wood, not a bad woman by any means, but an impatient one, seemed to Stella to be always wanting her, and always at the time when she should have practised with Margaret. Herr Schmitz, to whom the violin was the one important thing in the world, would not believe that any one would be so insane as to put such trifles as household work in the way of practice. Stella dreaded, as she went to each lesson, that he would report her for idleness to Miss Marsden, and then, goodby to her summer with Margaret! On the other hand, it was equally essential to keep Mrs. Wood convinced of her desire to be helpful. Her sad little face was often puckered with anxiety during that long yet all too swiftly flying week.

At last commencement day dawned, clear and bright, and hotter than any day had been yet. Stella rose at four. She felt fairly happy over her music, for she had practised at every available moment. But she was troubled about her dress. She had been unable in any way to freshen up the white muslin worn last summer. It was clean, but there was grave need of darning. And she had no hair ribbons, no sash, no gloves. I must say, in defence of Miss Marsden, that she had been suffering from nervous collapse for three days, and had been too ill to think of these things. Stella was too proud to ask for them, and now she felt dismayed indeed.

"Now, Stella," called Mrs. Wood when the girl had finished hulling the strawberries for the ice cream, and was looking wofully at her stained fingers, "put on your things, and go over at once to Mrs. Whited's. Tell her to send—no, we can't trust to that, you must bring—another quart of cream."

Stella turned from white to pink, and back again to white. It was now 9 o'clock, and the farm was three miles away.

"But—but—I can never be back by 2 o'clock, when the concert begins," she almost sobbed. "Indeed, I can't."

"Now, don't begin making objections," said Mrs. Wood, irritably. "I told Miss Marsden last night you'd been quite a help—don't turn rusty this morning, of all mornings. Start off right away."

Stella wished she could have had the comfort of Margaret's sympathy, but she, of course, was at the late breakfast allowed to the performers at the concert. So poor Stella put on her shabby hat, and set off. It would take an hour and a half to reach the farm. Even longer to return, laden with the cream. Twelve, and more, before she could wash and iron the ribbons—worn so long—for her hair.

"Cream," said Mrs. Whited, as indignantly as if Stella had asked for diamonds. "Not a drop have I, this time o' day, out of the churns! If you like to walk over to Widow Green's—it's not mor'n a mile or so—she won't have begun churning, maybe."

"A mile or so!"

Stella's feet were aching—her shoes were old and uncomfortable. Her head was beginning to ache. She turned away, and set herself to find Widow Green's.

She secured the cream. But, long before she was even half way home a church clock struck twelve. Tears rose again to her eyes. She would not even be able to dress for the concert!

It was very hot. There seemed no air at all. Her way lay across an unsheltered moor, and she carried no sunshade.

She found she had blistered one heel. She had to walk more and more slowly, and each step was painful. At last, with that terrible "giving up" feeling which most of us experience at one time or another, she sank down upon a grassy hillock. "I can't go on—I can't!" She almost sobbed.

"Hello, Miss Stella. What's the matter?"

Stella started. There—it had come noiselessly over the soft turf—there was the school carriage, and Miss Marsden's old coachman on the box!

"Miss Margaret, she went to Miss Marsden, and she sent me arter you," he explained. "Gimme that cream."

Stella never forgot the luxury, the delight, of that drive, as the untired horse bore her so swiftly over the ground toward the school. Here more delightful surprises awaited her.

"You do look done out," said Mrs. Wood. "Go and lie down. I'll send you up a cup of tea and some sandwiches."

But the crowning joy was in her room. There sat Margaret, arranging a new, white lawn dress on the bed, and, beside it, dainty slippers, silk stockings, ribbons and a lace edged handkerchief!

"I'll go and turn the hot water on, you poor darling," cried her friend. "Miss Marsden ordered these for you—did you know it? You'll feel better after a bath."

As she did, lying, cool and comfortable, in a large rocker, sipping tea and eating cress sandwiches and cold chicken, Stella felt that the early part of the morning was not worth remembering.

Then Margaret helped her to put on the new gown, and they went off for a last practice.

The violin duet was a great success and loudly applauded. Stella's joy at being "one of the rest," and no outcast, as on former occasions, was great indeed.

"I hear good reports of you," said Miss Marsden. "I shall look for great things next term, dear."

"I have lived down the lie," thought Stella, as she took her place in the carriage—a hired one this time—that conveyed herself, Margaret and Margaret's mother to the station. "Next term it will be like beginning a new life."

FRANCES HARMER.

## PRIZE STORIES.

Here are the two prize stories on Memorial Day:

MEMORIAL DAY.

"Oh, Clarence, to-morrow is Memorial Day," said Dorothy, running up to her elder brother; "aren't you glad?"

"Yes," answered Clarence.

"I just can't wait. Mother says we are to start for New-York City early in order to see the entire parade," continued Dorothy.

"Are we? Oh, goody," said Clarence, clapping his hands. "You know we missed the best part of it last year."

Just then their mother called them and they went into the house together.

After dinner was over that night and everything put in its place Dorothy climbed on her father's knee and said: "Father, now tell me all about Memorial Day, please."

"Many, many years ago," he answered, "there was a war between two parts of the United States—the North and the South. It was a long war and a great many men lost their lives in it, and now Memorial Day is a day that we celebrate for sailors and soldiers who lost their lives in that war. Paraders march to their graves and decorate them, and speeches are also made. It is observed by both the North and the South, and is often called Decoration Day."

That night Dorothy could hardly sleep, waiting for the next day to dawn, but at last she fell to dreaming and did not awake until she heard her mother call.

She dressed as quickly as she could and hurried downstairs, where all the family were assembled and were waiting for her to come to breakfast.

"What a beautiful day!" said Dorothy, turning to Clarence.

"That's just what it is," he answered.

"Come, now, hurry up, children," called their mother, and in a little while the family started on their trip to New-York to see the Memorial Day parade.

HARRIET E. BEEKMAN (aged 14).
No. 245 Main-st., Hackensack, N. J.

KITTY'S MEMORIAL DAY.

It was the morning of May 30, and Kitty, a little lame girl, sat at her window, watching for the Memorial Day parade. She had to go about on crutches, and it tired her very much to be out on hot days. This morning it was very warm, and as Kitty had been out once she did not feel able to be out again, so she was going to watch the procession from her window.

As she was watching she heard a voice calling to her, saying, "Aren't you coming out to see the parade this morning?"

"No," said Kitty, "it is too warm."

Going to the window she saw little Robbie Graves looking up at her with a smiling face.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll go home and get my little cart, and I'll take you to see the procession and the exercises at the cemetery, and I'll bring you back safe and sound."

"All right; be sure to be back soon," said Kitty.

She got on her wraps and went out on the porch to wait. In a little while Robbie came with his cart, and he tucked her snugly in it, and began pulling her to the place where the procession was to start.

Pretty soon they heard the music of the band and soon the procession came along. First came the band in showy uniforms and with shining instruments, quite a contrast to the old soldiers who came next. Some had been wounded, showing that they had fought bravely for their country. Others showing that the vigor of life had not left them yet. Then came the militia, in bright uniforms and with fine equipments, and last came the flower bearers. Robbie and Kitty followed the procession to the cemetery, and listened to the exercises and saw the flowers put on the graves.

On parting at Kitty's gate both said they had had a very happy time.

LOUIS ARNOLD, Jr.
No. 32 High-st., Westerly, R. I. (12 years old).

TIGER PUZZLE.

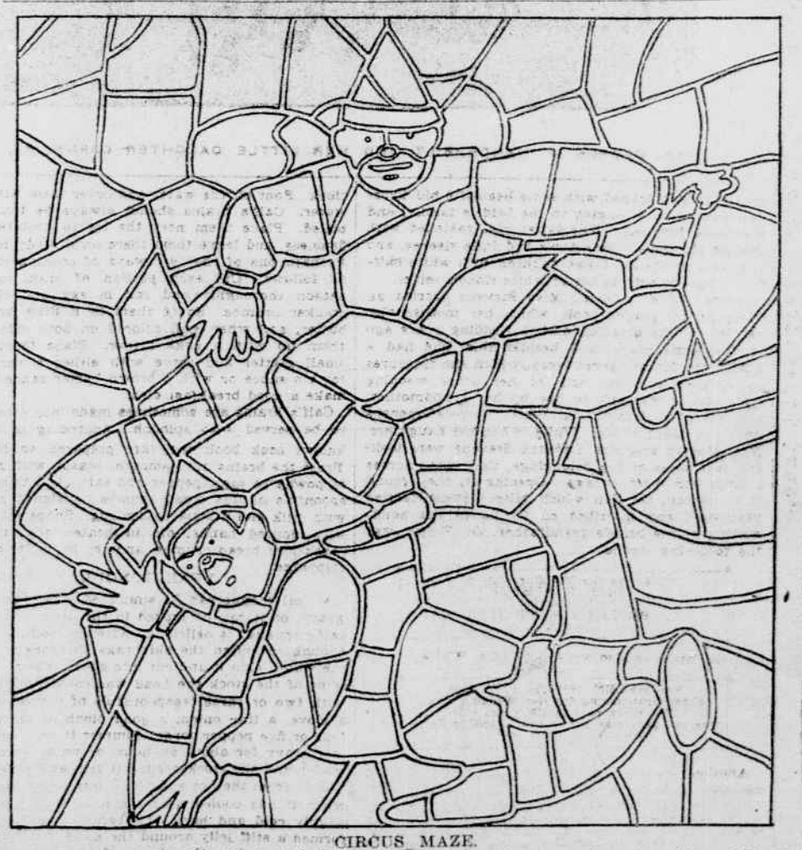
Following are the articles of clothing stolen by the fox and the words made by replacing one of the letters in the name of each article by the letter nearest that article:

Hat—Hay. Stud—Stub. Cuff—Buff. Vest—Rest. Tie—Lie. Shoe—Shot. Coat—Goat. Collar—Dollar. Glove—Grove. Glasses—Classes. Watch—Hatch.

The prize winners, together with their choice of prizes, are: Mary A. Cushman, twelve years old, No. 296 Gates-ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., a book; Henry H. Mason, thirteen years old, No. 4 West 104th-st., New-York City, a baseball, and Fred Coons, fourteen years old, No. 127 North 17th-st., East Orange, N. J., a baseball.

HIDDEN OBJECT PUZZLE.

Gwendolyn has lost her doll. Can you find it for her? It is hidden somewhere in the picture. When you have found it draw its outline in pen or pencil. For the neatest correct three solutions we will give the choice of a boy's watch, a baseball, a fine book, or a sterling silver badge. Send your answers to Little Men and Little Women, N. Y. Tribune, by June 14.



CIRCUS MAZE.

Here is another circus puzzle. Take your pencil and see if you can draw the outline of the two clowns hidden in the picture. For the neatest three correct results we will give the choice of a small camera, a fine book, a sterling silver badge, or a baseball. Send your work before Wednesday, June 7, to Little Men and Little Women, New-York Tribune.

## How to Win a Prize.

CONTEST NO. 1.—One dollar for the best suggestion for a small department like our letter box, puzzles, etc., to be run on this page. Any bright boy or girl with a pet idea should send it to us.

CONTEST NO. 2.—The choice of a box of water color paints, a baseball, a sterling silver badge, and a mounted photograph for the neatest and best original drawing of your favorite wild flower.

CONTEST NO. 3.—The choice of a boy's watch, a baseball, a fine book and a sterling silver badge for the neatest and best three solutions of the hidden object puzzle on this page.

CONTEST NO. 4.—The choice of a small camera, a fine book, a sterling silver badge, or a baseball for the neatest and best three solutions of the circus maze on this page.

Be sure to state your age.

Be sure to make your drawings in black ink on white paper.

Be sure to have your work reach us by Wednesday, June 14.

Fifty little men and little women who do excellent work but are not prize-winners will receive lead pencils, marked in gilt letters with their name and the words "Honor List, N. Y. Tribune."

## Things to Think About.

THE PRIZE WINNER.

We have awarded the prize offered last week for the neatest and best solution of the puzzles to Katherine Decker, thirteen years old, of Johnstown, N. Y.

We offer an interesting book to the successful contestant in to-day's "Things to Think About." Send your answers to "Little Men and Little Women, New-York Tribune," by Thursday, June 8.

ZIGZAGS.

After you have guessed and put one under the other the words which are defined, the zigzag word may be found by running a straight line from the first letter of the first word to the last letter of the third word, then to the first letter of the last word.

1. At a distance; a liquor; a fixed point of time; a loud noise; not high. The zigzag word is a wooden instrument for thrashing grain.

2. A great body of water; not young; a meadow. The zigzag word means a person in bondage.

DIAMONDS.

1. A fourth of clan; a feminine pronoun; salty water; a barnyard fowl; one whose occupation is to make bread and pastry; to beseech; a fourth of clan.

2. A fourth of play; a kind of fish; a large flower; an industrious little insect; a fourth of play.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

1. Crosswords.—To lay hold on; an Eastern country; pertaining to tides; to shout. The initial and final letters of these words, taken in order, spell the name of a municipal building.

2. Crosswords (four letters each).—Shabby looking; excited; a slit or aperture in a machine; a man who performs brave acts; the hardest metal. The initial and final letters, in order, spell the name of the city which is the seat of the United States government.

### Answers to Puzzles Published May 29.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

1.

R O L L S
I N D I A
C A N A L
HYDROPHOBIA
A L M O N D
B O S S O N I
D A N D E L I O N

2.

C O A C H
L A R G O
O C T O B E R
C R A B S
K I T E

DIAMONDS.

A
A T E
A T T I C
D I N
C

C
C O N
C R U M B
C O U N T R Y
M O T O R
C R Y
Y

A FLIGHT OF STAIRS.

R O B
R O B B I N
B I N D E R
D E R I D E
I D E A T E
A T E

HONOR LIST.

Sidney C. Alden, No. 14 Meigs-st., Rochester, N. Y.; Aaron Graves Alexander, No 6 Terrace Place, Troy, N. Y.; Ethel M. Bergstresser, No. 58 West 47th-st., New-York City; Harriett Bell, No. 28 Elm-st., Glens Falls, N. Y.; Jessie Brown, No. 861 East 157th-st., New-York City; Constance Curtis, No. 248 Cedar-st., Corning, N. Y.; Mary A. Cushman, No. 296 Gates-av., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Louis Craner, No. 213 Main-st., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Lillian Collins, No. 65 Cooper-st., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Pierre De Pew, Nyack, N. Y.; Freddie C. Doran, No. 805 West Cumberland-st., Philadelphia, Penn.; Gertrude Dorff, No. 70 Eldridge-st., New-York City; Gretchen Fuchs, No. 14 South Main-st., Port Chester, N. Y.; Elva Frazee, Manasquan, N. J.; Tottey Flanagan, No. 212 Jay-st., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Algern Greenlee, Box 276, Larchmont, N. Y.; C. Alexander Graffin, No. 6 Highland-ave., Montclair, N. J.; Alfred Hemer, No. 433 Hamburg-av., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Donald Heermans, No. 170 Cedar-st., Corning, N. Y.; Royal Howard, No. 974 Myrtle-av., Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. Taylor Howell, No. 206 Grand-st., Newburg, N. Y.; Mary E. Harvey, No. 227 Broadway, Newport, R. I.; Florence L. Hurley, No. 119 Horton-ave., Port Chester, N. Y.; Deikhina L. Hammer, Branford, Conn.; Jessie Hoffman, No. 25 Florida-ave., Amsterdam, N. Y.; Beatrice Kelley, No. 14 North Brighton-ave., East Orange, N. J.; S. H. T. Mulch, No. 14 Oak Terrace, The Bronx, New-York City; Louis Muelbe, jr., No. 1,442 Flatbush-ave, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Walter Moblard, No. 1,193 Fulton-st., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jessie McLeod, No. 10 Ashland-ave., East Orange, N. J.; Paul Nichols, No. 35 Hamilton-ave., New Brighton, Staten Island; Samuel Petow, No. 61 Lippitt-st., Providence, R. I.; Helen D. Perry, No. 70 North Main-st., Rockland, Me.; Ethel A. Pope, No. 306 West Front-st., Plainfield, N. J.; Frederick Riesberg, No. 954 8th-ave., New-York City; Henry Radlein, No. 589 East 179th-st., New-York City; Dorothy Reynolds, No. 105 Carnegie-ave., East Orange, N. J.; Joseph H. Seim, No. 168 7th-ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Etta Seffelowitz, No. 271 Halsey-st., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Florence Stoney, No. 235 Sumpter-st., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Ida Smale, No. 119 East 89th-st., New-York City; Jacob Siegel, No. 17 Beacon-st., Newark, N. J.; Gertrude Scofield, No. 61 East Putnam-ave., Greenwich, Conn.; Anna M. J. Taubert, Garden Place, Wakefield, N. Y.; Mildred Wilhelm, No. 68 Hoyt-st., Kearny, N. J.; Edward Wicht, No. 171 Grand-st., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Eleanor M. Winand, No. 1,806 Linden-ave., Baltimore; C. Walter, No. 132 Valentine Lane, Yonkers, N. Y.; Louise Wilson, St. George, New Brighton, Staten Island, and Mabelle E. Zeh, Watervliet, N. Y., R. F. D. No. 1.

CIRCUS MAZE.

The three prize winners in the circus maze puzzle published two weeks ago to-day are Marion J. Webb, eleven years old, of No. 25 Prospect-st., Cortland, N. Y., who asks for a book; Henry D. Ellenbogen, twelve years old, of No. 139 Avenue C, New-York City, who makes a request for a silver badge, and Florence A. Buckingham, thirteen years old, of Northville, Conn., who prefers a book.