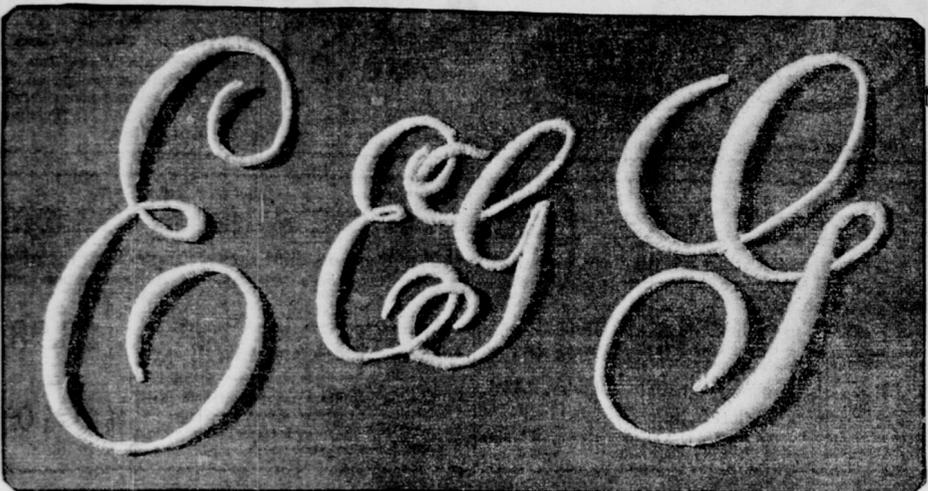


Hearth and Boudoir.

OF SOCIAL INTEREST.



REIS' STITCHON EMBROIDERED LETTERS.

Monograms formed of two Single Letters, in script, make a beautiful corner in linen and damask outfits. These letters are stitched on rapidly, saving women's eyesight and labor from hand embroidery. At all Department Stores. G. Reis & Bros., 640 Broadway.



MRS. AMBROSE HIGGINS. MRS. NORMAN BARNESBY. MRS. MANLY BYAM. Patrons of the concert to be given for the benefit of the Washington Heights Hospital on February 15.

CONCERT FOR A HOSPITAL.

A concert will be given for the benefit of the Washington Heights Hospital on the evening of February 15 in the Washington Heights Methodist Episcopal Church, 133d-st. and Amsterdam-ave., for which the following artists have volunteered their services: Miss Guild, soprano; Blatchford Kavauagh, tenor; and Gregor Alexandrowitz Galtz-hocky, pianist. Dr. Norman Barnesby has the affair in charge.

The Washington Heights Hospital, established about six months ago, has already outgrown its quarters at 173d-st. and Broadway. The hospital has forty beds and needs eighty. The ambulance responds to several calls daily.

Plans are now under way for the purchase of a new site near the present location and for the erection of a more commodious building, \$150,000 having been subscribed by the board of directors. Most of the prominent physicians of Washington Heights, as well as many downtown doctors, are identified with the work of the hospital. Dr. Lewis Rosenzweig is president, and the staff includes Dr. Norman Barnesby, Dr. Kalvin and Dr. C. C. Sichel.

The work of the hospital is largely of a charitable nature, and enjoys the sympathy of all the citizens of the various denominations represented at Washington Heights.

The patroness of the concert are Mrs. J. W. Campbell, Mrs. Norman Barnesby, Mrs. Ambrose Higgins, Mrs. Gately, Mrs. Wellwood and Mrs. Hils.

Mrs. William Leggett Guillaudou and Mrs. Emil Guillaudou were at home from 4 to 7 o'clock on Friday afternoon at No. 428 West End-ave. Mrs. Robert Orr Laquerer, of No. 20 York, and Mrs. Nathaniel Huggins, of Garden City, assisted the hostesses.

Mrs. and Miss Schweitzerling, of No. 249 Central Park West, held their last at home for the season on Friday. After a visit to Atlantic City they will go abroad for the late spring and summer.

Miss Johnson, of 72d-st. and Riverside Drive, will give the first of a series of luncheons on next Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lloyd, of 604 Lhwyd, Bryn Mawr, Penn., are at the Sevilla, Madison-ave, and 20th-st., for the remainder of the month.

Mrs. James Fleming Mallett, of St. James Court, West 53d-st., has sent out cards for "at homes" on Fridays until March.

Mr. Frank A. Bicknell will be at home at the Sherwood, No. 58 West 57th-st., on Thursday afternoon, from 4 to 7.

Miss Ethel Sims-Nowell, of Newport, has just returned to her home after being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Colton, of Riverside Drive.

Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Colton, of this city, are at North Augusta, S. C.

At the Hopps-Dickerman wedding, which took place last week at Swansboro, Ga., Miss Louise Smith, of this city, was one of the bridesmaids. Mr. and Mrs. Dickerman will reside in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Reynolds, of Atlanta, Ga., are at the Hotel Astor.

Miss Haines and Miss May Haines are among the New-Yorkers who are just now being entertained socially in Augusta, Ga.

Miss Agnes P. Goss, of Boston, is at the Westminster Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone, Miss Rathbone and Miss Hawthorn, of Irving Place, who have been abroad since October, will remain for several months longer. On their return they will reside in Detroit where Mr. Rathbone has business interests in a building home in one of the most beautiful parts of the city.

Continued on seventh page.

OPENING

A. Simonson

HAIR MERCHANT

HAS REMOVED

TO HIS NEW BUILDING

398 Fifth Avenue

36-37 STREETS,

OPPOSITE TIFFANY'S

A CARD

Having catered to and dealt with the most fastidious and fashionable class of ladies all my lifetime, I fancy that I possess the fullest knowledge of their requirements, and in anticipation of this fact I have erected at the above address a building as complete and quite as near perfection in all its details as architects and builders were able to accomplish.

I am quite satisfied that my numerous patrons, friends and the public at large will be pleased with the luxurious accommodations I am able to offer them.

A cordial invitation to inspect my new establishment is herewith extended to all.

NEW DEPARTMENTS

With so much more space (my present place of business is exactly twice times as large as the old) I have added, besides the well established

Human Hair Goods, Hair Ornaments and Hairdressing Departments,

A Manicure Parlor

and

Facial Massage, Electric, Pedicuring and Dermatological Departments

For Ladies Exclusively.

It is needless to say that after a whole year's time of constant preparation I have everything on a scale of elegance and comfort such as the best people of this city are accustomed to.

A. SIMONSON

398 FIFTH AVENUE

36-37 STREETS,

OPPOSITE TIFFANY'S

FOR LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN.

The Wandering Twins.

Adventures of a Boy and a Girl in Labrador.

BY MARY BOURCHIER SANFORD.

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CHAPTER XII. THE TRAPPERS.

The new home was comfortable, the storehouse was well filled, and the young householders grew hopeful. As Ivan had not killed any seals, he bought sealskin and dogskin from an Indian, paying for the skins and for two pairs of snowshoes with a few pounds of flour and some of Ulric's old ribbon. The skins had been stretched, dried and made waterproof to prevent their shrinking from damp. Ulric cut out boots and caps for herself and brother, and the Indian chewed the edges of the skin to prepare them for the needles. The soles of Ivan's boots were of seal, and the uppers, reaching to the knees, of dogskin. At first, even with two or three pairs of stockings under the boots, he felt every roughness through the soft sole, but soon learned to enjoy tramping in them.

Game had been plentiful this year, and the boys now discovered tracks of martens near a small lake. The shallow parts of this lake were frozen to the bottom, but fish were closely packed in the deep places. The young trappers constructed dead falls in the neighborhood of the lake and caught a number of martens and fishers. The season for marten trapping would soon be over, but would open again in March. Ivan made brilliant plans for traveling in the spring to one of the Hudson's Bay posts and realizing wealth from the sale of his furs; but he had a sad awakening from his golden dream when one morning he found every trap torn open at the back and partially destroyed.

"Who did it?" he asked, gazing in bitter disappointment at the wreck. "Kekwaharikes, the Evil One," said Jacques. "In English, it is wolverine. He loves the destruction, and not alone that which he needs for food does he break and destroy, but all things within his reach. He can spring the trap of steel and crush the trap of wood, and yet always escape. Far away must we go and seek another ground."

When Ulric heard that the trappers would journey far she concealed her fears. Like the women of Labrador, she had learned to speed with cheerful words those who set forth to meet danger. Ivan had invited the French girls, Pauline and Marie, to stay with her in his absence. They offered to make cakes for the party, but the trappers declined. They expected to spend the winter in the open, and they took with them only some dried venison and fish, hardtack and Labrador tea.

The three friends, Jacques, Louis, and Ivan, set out on a bright morning in a large komatik drawn by eight dogs. They were provided also with light toboggans and snowshoes. They had fastened their provisions and utensils to the vehicle with stout straps and had tied the blankets down over all. Jacques and Louis wore complete suits of skins. Ivan was clad in two heavy suits of flannel undergarments and an outer suit of blanket cloth, the coat double-breasted and belted at the waist; a cap, boots and mittens of seal and dogskin completed the costume; the mittens extended to the elbow. Each boy carried a firebag and a hunting knife attached to the belt on one side and a small hatchet on the other. The snow was crisp, the air bracing, and when the hunters, after bumping over a rough ground, had reached an ice-bound river the eager dogs, exhilarated by the atmosphere, sped swiftly over the frozen surface.

"It's glorious!" cried Ivan. "If we keep up this pace we'll soon cover a hundred miles. Jacques wouldn't it be better to go far inland, to explore the places where no human being has ventured? Who knows that it is a desolate wilderness? There may be all sorts of treasures. I say, let's try it." Jacques shook his head. "I have promise made to Mademoiselle Ulrica for your care; also my mother would grieve if I did take a risk that was not of necessity. To explore a wilderness in truth give me delight, but I fear we should find no treasure of this country far within. Some day, over a vast ground, upon which are scattered many stones, and no one can tell how such bowlders on that land did arrive. Others believe that over the interior spreads everywhere water, water. Greatly I desire to see for myself, but it may not be." "I darsay there's lots of water," agreed Ivan. "Mr. Brulot told me that he has gone for hundreds of miles from lake to river and river to lake, and only portaged for short distances." In the afternoon the travellers observed on the borders of a lake some curious mounds of snow. Bark had been removed from trees in the vicinity, and other things had been cut down. As these signs indicated the presence of bears, the hunters determined to camp for the

night at some distance from the lake so the dogs should not alarm any small animals that might seek airholes in the ice for fish. The lake lay in a great plain, which was dotted here and there with groves of larch and black spruce. The eager boys set to work at once to construct a beaver trap. They cut a number of stakes, sharpened them at one end, chopped away the ice near the beaver lodge, and drove the stakes into the ground between the lodge and the shore to prevent the beavers running through the passage which connected their home with the storehouse on the bank. They next staked up the entrance to the storehouse to imprison those who had taken shelter there. Cutting through the frozen mud and sticks of which the lodge was constructed was hard work; after vigorous chopping the hatchets touched the interior, and Louis, putting in his arm, drew out a fat beaver. It had lain so long dormant that it did not awake to realize its position, and was quietly put to death by a blow on the head.

Jacques looked rueful. "It does not seem fair to take him by stealth from his sleep, when waking he is so skilful, so wise; yet we must have beaver while Jacques was feeding the dogs. Twilight came before his work was done, and then he assisted Jacques and Ivan to make a cache for the storage of the beavers. The toll-catcher a supper of dried meat and hardtack, for they were too weary to prepare and cook the beaver meat.

They made their bed beneath a large pine tree, using their snowshoes to excavate a hollow about four feet deep, which they covered with pine boughs. With a great pile of wood blazing at the foot of their primitive couch, they wrapped themselves in blankets, pulled their caps over their ears, and tucked close together. The red firelight gleamed on the snowy ground and sparkled on the snow laden branches, but the sleepy travellers did not heed its beauty. They knew that the burning logs would melt the hard snow only directly beneath, and that the dogs, which had barked holes for themselves, would give the alarm upon any approach of danger. Thus satisfied of safety, they fell into slumber, and icy lake and snowy plain, freight and starlight, faded from their vision.

The trappers occupied the following day in making deadfalls for martens and foxes, at a distance from the beaver lodge. They had decided to leave the cache and traps after marking them carefully, to travel farther, and to return in a few days. As they sat around their fire that evening the wan twilight gave place to another light that streamed up from the horizon at the north, then circled until it seemed to encompass the heavens. From tints of palest green it passed to yellow, violet and crimson, and its lance of flame joined in a crown of fire. The broad plain and the distant mountains glowed and reflected the revel of color. Jacques sat up, and Louis trembled.

"Never before, never not once, saw I such red upon de shore. My fader, he did say it de sign of trouble, of evil dat will come." "But, Louis, I've seen the aurora rosy red and crimson many times since I've been in Labrador," argued Ivan.

"Not like to dis, never like to dis. It make me de fear." The superstitious boy was much disturbed, and late in the night, when his companions had closed their eyes, he lay awake, fearful of disaster. After a breakfast of beaver meat the trappers started westward over a frozen river. They halted where the river widened into a lake, whose many islands were capped with thickets of evergreens. Balsam fir and spruce grew upon the lake shore. It was an alluring habitation for wild creatures, and the travellers decided to spend the rest of the day in setting traps near the banks. Jacques suggested camping for some time in the neighborhood, but his companions desired to go on. On the further side of the lake the river entered a deep defile, and soon after the start on the following day the hunters were speeding on the komatik between high, precipitous rocks. The river was narrow and its course so winding that many times a jutting crag appeared to block the passage, but the eager dogs, dashing around curves, brought the komatik again in sight of an open way. After many miles the defile widened, but still ragged promontories shut out the view, until suddenly, upon passing a towering headland, the travellers found themselves upon a great frozen lake. Far across loomed a mountain range whose peaks seemed to pierce the heavens. Ivan pointed to a sharp one curiously carved. "Let's make for that. Let's see what's on the other side."

Jacques did not object. He desired to investigate and foresaw no danger. The day was fair, the peak would be an unfailing guide and the defile would mark the way to return. Yet, keen observer as he was, Jacques was mistaken. After dashing over the crisp snow for hours the travellers found themselves apparently no nearer their destination. Either the condition of the atmosphere had deceived Jacques, or his sight had been dimmed by the constant white glare. The clear sky of the morning had become overcast, the sun was hidden, and presently, with gusts of piercing wind, snow began to fall. It was hard, cutting snow, like frozen

How to Win a Prize.

Contest No. 1 (Valentine Puzzle)—Choice of a tube-phonograph, a box of water color paints, a steel yachting bag, a leather card case, a checkboard and checkers, a punching bag or a Tribune watch for the nearest and best three arrangements of this puzzle.

Contest No. 2 (Things to Think About)—Choice of a baschall, a post card album, a leather collar, a watch, a leather card case, a Tribune watch, a box of water color paints, or a sterling silver Tribune badge for the nearest and best two answers.

Contest No. 3 (Comic Cuts)—Choice of a sewing machine, a post card album, a steel yachting bag, a punching bag, a checkboard and checkers, or an interesting book, a zither or a tube-phonograph for the nearest and best three original drawings of a tramp dog dancing.

HONOR LIST.

1. Mabel W. Akeley, Piermont, Rockland County, N. Y.; 2. S. Akeley, No. 509 West 61st-st., New-York City; 3. Robert L. Buell, No. 2 Berkeley-st., Rochester, N. Y.; 4. David A. Bickinton, No. 1 Ridge Road, Rutherford, N. J.; 5. Dorothy C. Buell, No. 187 Quincy-st., Brooklyn; 6. Martha Conway, No. 27 Hamilton-st., New-Brunswick, N. J.; 7. Ralph Cooper, No. 206 West 53d-st., New-York City; 8. R. Chambers, No. 13 North Prince-st., Flushing, Long Island; 9. Lucy Dalton, No. 33 South Orange-ave., Valisburg, N. J.; 10. Pauline S. Dutcher, No. 37 Linwood-ave., Newton, N. J.; 11. Mabel E. De Nye, No. 6 Brewster-st., Tompkinsville, Staten Island; 12. E. Corning Davis, Fondra, N. Y.; 13. Amelia Dutcher, No. 37 Linwood-ave., Newton, N. J.; 14. John Engelson, Hawthorne, N. Y.; 15. Helen Ekerman, No. 1601 Flatbush-ave., Brooklyn; 16. Josephine C. Engert, No. 299 Main-

street, Catskill, N. Y.; 17. Charles H. Fisher, No. 174 Huton-st., Jersey City, N. J.; 18. Elsie Friend, Rye, N. Y.; 19. Hilda K. Gorham, No. 79 Park-ave., Bridgeport, Conn.; 20. B. G. Grigg, Lincolnwood, N. C.; 21. Leroy G. Gussell, No. 229 Wilton-st., Jersey City, N. J.; 22. Mabel Hermance, No. 24 Main-st., West Haven, Conn.; 23. Catherine W. Huntington, No. 129 Echo-ave., New-Rochelle, N. Y.; 24. Gladys C. Hunt, No. 25 Richmond-st., Brooklyn; 25. Zoe Hannal, No. 602 Madison-ave., New-York City; 26. Esther Huntington, No. 129 Echo-ave., New-Rochelle, N. Y.; 27. Grace R. Jones, No. 74 Campbell-ave., West Haven, Conn.; 28. H. Bradford Jenkins, Dumont, N. Y.; 29. Gertrude Johnson, No. 23 Green-wood-st., New-York City; 30. John E. Junison, No. 24 Monroe-st., Newark, N. J.; 31. Lucy A. Khasan, No. 419 Grand-st., New-York City; 32. Anna Klein, No. 207 Pond-st., Syracuse, N. Y.; 33. Attie Karpe, No. 24 Monroe-st., Newark, N. J.; 34. G. E. Lilly, No. 235 Adelphi-st., Brooklyn; 35. Marjory P. Lee, No. 821 Highland-ave., Newark, N. J.; 36. Gabriel

PRIZE ESSAY ON LINCOLN.

Perhaps the greatest President that has ever been elected in this nation was Abraham Lincoln, born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Ky. His father, Thomas Lincoln, was a very ignorant man, being, at the time of his marriage, unable to read or write. His mother was the daughter of a Virginia planter.

When Abraham was eight years old his parents moved to Indiana, where he was brought up on a farm. A year after the removal his mother died, and some time after was considered by his mother. It was under her guidance that Abraham received a good education and was able to make his way in the world. At the age of nineteen he obtained employment on a flatboat and made many trips down the Mississippi to New-Orleans. He was afterwards a clerk in a country store at New-Salem. He held this position until the Black Hawk War broke out, when he was made captain of a company of volunteers to fight the Indians.

After the war he was elected to the State Legislature, where he served four terms. About 1837 he was admitted to the bar, having previously studied law and qualified for the practice of that profession. A few years later he married Miss Mary Todd, and some time after was elected to Congress, where he became very prominent in speeches and debates. He distinguished himself also in this line when running against Stephen Douglas for the Senatorship of Illinois. In the debates that were carried on in this campaign Lincoln far outclassed his opponent who had been considered a victor in debate, and he came forward as the champion of the anti-slavery movement. He was defeated; but in the Chicago convention of 1860 he was nominated for the Presidency by the Republicans. During the campaign Lincoln made many brilliant speeches, and was elected President, taking the oath of office March 4, 1861.

Indeed a trying time when Lincoln came into office. The country was on the verge of civil war, on one part the Union strove with all its power to crush the other. The climax came when some of the States seceded, seized all the government property they could lay hands on and declared themselves a new nation. Lincoln tried his utmost to bring about a peaceful settlement, but his efforts failed, and he was forced to issue the only issue he entered into it heart and soul, determined to stamp out the rebellion and save the Union. During the war he issued his famous emancipation proclamation, granting freedom to the slaves, and in 1864 was again elected President.

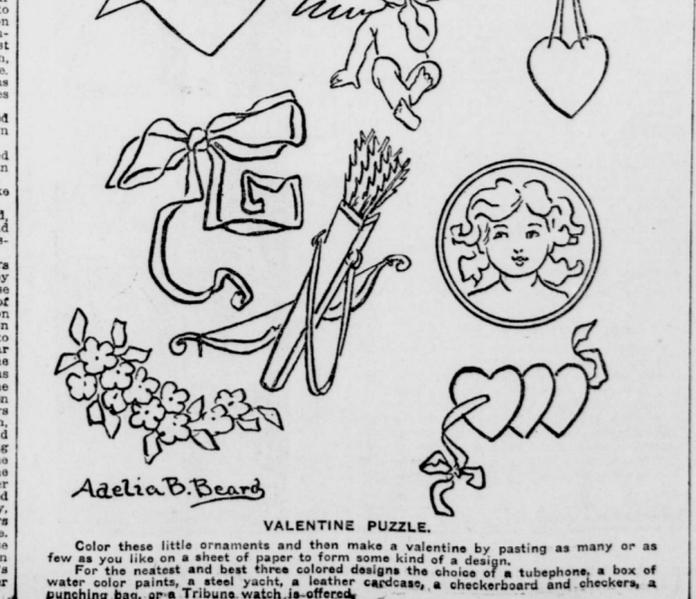
At last the struggle came to an end, and Lincoln's work seems to have been done. On April 14, 1865, he was shot by John Wilkes Booth, an assassin named Booth, and expired shortly after. LINCOLN, QUINN (age fifteen), No. 1083 Myrtle-st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THIS WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Plum Pudding.—The nearest and best three arrangements of this puzzle came from Robert Quin, seven years old, No. 81 Front-st., Binghamton, N. Y., who desires a box of water color paints; Rosalind Puck, twelve years old, No. 73 West End-ave., New-York City, a checkboard and checkers; Josephine Quinn, eleven years old, No. 78 Washington-ave., Plainfield, N. J., a checkboard and checkers.

Original Valentine Jingle.—The prize winner and her prize in this contest is Marion Richards, twelve years old, No. 124 Madison-ave., New-York City, a book.

Post Card Exchange.—Dear Editor: I am collecting postal cards. Please put my name on the postal card exchange list. Ellenville, N. Y. H. WARREN HARTWIG.



Adelia B. Beard VALENTINE PUZZLE. Color these little ornaments and then make a valentine by pasting as many or as few as you like on a sheet of paper to form some kind of a design. For the nearest and best three colored designs the choice of a tube-phonograph, a box of water color paints, a steel yachting bag, a leather card case, a checkboard and checkers, a punching bag, or a Tribune watch is offered.

Dear Editor: Please enter my name on the leather postal card exchange. Yours truly,

HELEN M. LYONS, Cortesville, N. J.

Dear Editor: Kindly put our names in the Post Card Exchange, and greatly oblige. A. B. BENNETT, No. 21 Hunter-ave., Albany, N. Y.

Dear Editor: Kindly enter my name in the Post Card Exchange, and greatly oblige, yours respectfully, RAYMOND T. POTTER, Ellenville, N. Y., P. O. Box 120.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.

TRIANGLE.

1. A little girl who is supposed to be very busy on February 14.

2. A proposition.

3. A seed case.

4. Another proposition.

5. In my mind.

DIAMOND.

1. Not in one heart, but in many.

2. What we did when we sat down to dinner yesterday.

3. A competitor.

4. A company of travellers handed together for greater security in crossing deserts.

5. The sound of bells in harmony.

6. The patron saint of the day when hearts are trumps.

7. Another name for a watering pot.

8. The sport in which people indulge when they "go out and kill something."

9. A conjunction.

10. In heart.

LETTERS FROM PRIZE WINNERS.

Dear Editor: Thank you ever so much for the postal card album. I think it is lovely and should have thanked you before, but just got home. My father is one of the best of men. CATHARINE SUTLIFF, Mohogean, N. Y. DAVID LE C. CUMMINS.

Dear Editor: I thank you ever so much for the postal card album. I received it on Tuesday, January 9, was the day I received it. I like it very much, and have learned to play "Home, Sweet Home" on it. Your grateful friend, ELEANOR VON ELTZ, No. 212 West 109th-st., New-York City.

Dear Editor: I received your postal card album. As it is the first present I have ever won, I prize it highly. Thanking you, I remain, CATHARINE SUTLIFF, No. 169 Pine-ave., South Amboy, N. J.

Dear Editor: I received the lovely box of water color paints that you sent me. I am so glad to think they are fine, and I wish to thank you for them very much. Your loving reader, MERIEN, Conn. IZETTA WILKS.

Dear Editor: I received with great pleasure the postal card album. It is beautiful, and I thank you many times for it. I was surprised when the album came, as I hardly expected such a nice one. With many thanks, I remain, your reader, JOSEPHINE QUINN, No. 129 South Regent-st., Port Chester, N. Y.

Dear Editor: I thank you very much for the lovely book you sent me for drawing a snow man. Yours truly, FREDERICK W. RIDGWAY, Jr., No. 245 Lark-st., Albany, N. Y.

Dear Editor: I received the pencil about a week ago, and want to thank you for it. I think it very cute, and it certainly is a good idea to have one's own pencil. For pencils are apt to become public property. Again thanking you, I remain your true reader, MAY B. CONDIT, No. 4 Linden-st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Editor: I have received the pencil with my name engraved, and was very much pleased. I took it as a pencil for drawing a snow man. Yours truly, ANNIE MEYER, No. 29 South 3d-st., Brooklyn.

Dear Editor: I thank you very much for the pencil. I will not use it, but will keep it as a souvenir. Yours truly, BERNICE VOGEL, Union Hill, N. J.

Dear Editor: I want to thank you for my pencil. Mamma put a red ribbon on it and hung it up over my bed. It is such a nice one, and I show it to my friends. I am so proud of it. I am most eight years old, and my name is BEARDSLEY FOSTER, R. F. D. 30, Stamford, Conn.

Dear Editor: I wish to express my sincere thanks for the pencil you sent me. I brought it to school and showed my schoolmates and they say it was very nice. Thanking you again for it, I remain, yours truly, JOSEPHINE QUINN, No. 78 Washington-ave., Plainfield, N. J.

Dear Editor: I received my Honor List pencil to-day. I appreciate it very much and I am going to try to win another one. Thanking you again, I remain, as ever, one of your readers, FLORENCE FRASER, No. 81 2d-st., Hoboken, N. J.