

# HEARTH & BOUDOIR

## Some Ways of the World.

ONE FASHIONABLE MOTHER.

"No, I'm not going abroad this year," said a fashionable young mother, as the question of summer plans was being discussed. "I can't take a travelling nursery with me, and I won't leave my babies at home. No matter how much money you spend, you cannot get proper accommodations for children in a railway carriage or a stateroom, and I have trouble enough at home to get bottles sterilized, foods prepared properly and laundry work done satisfactorily. I could not think of attempting it on the ocean. So I have just resigned myself to staying at home while my children are idle, and I can't say that it is much of a sacrifice, either. Their welfare means much more to me than a run over to Paris."

Mrs. D. has some original ideas about the bringing up of children, and so the announcement of her determination to stay at home with her babies occasioned no surprise among her friends. Her eldest daughter is already attending public school, and is encouraged to fraternize with the children of the townpeople. She is also required to dispense with the services of a maid and to pick up her own toys after playtime, instead of leaving the nursery to be tidied by some one else. As for class distinctions, such an idea has never been permitted to enter her small head.

EMBROIDERED LINEN SHEETS.

The old-time housewife whose linen chests were stored with articles woven by her own handmaid-

ens, would open her eyes in wonderment at the marvelous products of the modern loom.

"I thought I had seen beautiful linen," remarked Mrs. Old School the other day, "but I guess I'm getting behind the times. I had my eyes opened when Gladys X. showed me some sheets she brought from Paris the last time she was over. Gladys has a skilled needlewoman who she does on—the only person to whom she would ever intrust her precious linen—and she has had her embroiderer her monogram in the centre of each sheet. The counterpane, which is of the same material, is covered with a solid mass of most exquisite needlework, and is laid over a down coverlet of soft, rose-pink silk. The pillow slips carry out the same idea of sheer embroidery and lace trimming over pink, and all of the cushions on the nearby divan have similar coverings. They are of all sizes and shapes, and blend charmingly with the pearl satin, brocade with tiny sprigs of pink flowers, which covers the Louis Quatorze furniture. Gladys won't have anything but pink and white flowers in this room, and usually she selects carnations because of their spicy, aromatic odor. Her boudoir, which adjoins her bedroom, is also done in pale pink and pink, but here the flowers are gardenias. You know she's an enthusiastic gardener and makes a specialty of gardenias, and there is always a bunch of them on her desk."

AN ENGLISH BREAKFAST.

"Our friends of the Colony Club are dreadfully English, with their buffet dishes for luncheon," said a woman who broke bread there the other day. "But they should complete the delusion and have a British breakfast, at which the sideboard groans under the cold ribs of the underdone beef and the underdone saddle of mutton from

which the breakfast may carve morsels to suit herself. Or if these be thought too hearty and masculine, they should, at least, have individual chains of silver or gold, could scramble one's own eggs or devil lamb kidneys, and green meats, as our British cousins call them, garden or dress as we know it over here, are absolutely indispensable. Mere toast or muffins, even with the addition of marmalade and tea, do not create the English breakfast atmosphere, you know."

THE AUTOMOBILE'S INFLUENCE.

The automobile has done more to change social conditions in New York within the last ten, or even five, years than any other one thing. It has practically annihilated space, if it hasn't time. An entire twenty-five miles away on Long Island is about as near today for all practical purposes as upper Fifth avenue was a few years ago.

"Why, just think how it has been this season," remarked a reminiscent woman at a Lenten sewing class, as she threaded her needle. "There has been hardly any entertaining in town this winter, except, of course, the usual large dances. And there was really not one big affair that gathered in all the cliques and clans.

Instead of giving crushes in Manhattan, people were taking cruises down to Westbury or Hempstead, over to Merristown or up to Westchester.

"It is far more amusing to take half a dozen congenial spirits off to one's country house, with the car, than to go to a party in the city. And, afterward, than it is to give the regulation dinner in one's town house, or even to go to the smartest restaurant."

WOODEN CANDLESTICKS.

Have you seen the charming wooden candlesticks for My Lady Modish's dressing table? They adorn all the dressing tables in a certain new and most exclusive woman's clubhouse that was recently opened in the Colonial in shales Spiders, next thirteen years, No. 37 Lincoln Road, Flatbush, the second prize of an interesting book.

Things To Think About—The prize winners and their prizes in this contest are Frances D. Bender, aged seven years, No. 259 North Fulton avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y., a box of water color paints, and Lindon D. Bull, aged twelve years, Monroe, N. Y., a box of water color paints.

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The glass does not conceal the beautiful, rich mahogany, only protects it, so one is freed from all anxiety about scratching or marring it.

"I never knew what the luxury of reading in bed was till I had a glass top to my table," said one of these lucky women. "Now there is no danger that my carafe of ice water, my insomnia milk or my doctor's banishing apple will leave any trace on the highly polished wood. I can eat and drink with reckless impunity, so far as the table is concerned, secure that no oversight or indiscretion of mine can spot or stain its surface. I actually drop water on it for purposes of security in the knowledge that the mahogany underneath is immune."

MILLINERY OPENING.

Hats Imported by Abraham & Straus on View Tuesday.

Tuesday is the day which Abraham & Straus, Fulton street, Brooklyn, have set for their millinery opening, and seekers after smart headgear would do well not to miss the occasion.

One of the models to be shown is a French lingerie hat, with a brim composed of two ruffles of "Val" lace, both black and white. These fall deeply over the hair at the back, but are much shortened in front and caught with a bow of Copenhagen blue. There is a wreath of pink roses around the crown, and the hat sits low on the head, with scarcely any bandeaux, a characteristic of many of the season's chapeaux.

Another French hat is a tapestry blue straw, with a high crown round which ribbon in shades is folded. To the right is a mass of shaded roses in pink and deep maroon.

A smart little turban of black Neapolitan had a curious trimming round the crown of pompadour ribbon, with the same change reproduced in small flowers about the size of forget-me-nots. This trimming was completed by a mass of small feathers toward the back.

Another rather novel trimming was of ereton, the hat being decorated with a crown of ereton. An effective miss's hat is of rush green straw, with a wide brim, and a large feather, and a bow in the same colors under the brim, and a marabout plume at one side. The department specializes in children's hats and also of mourning hats and toques.

# L. Shaw

## LARGEST HAIR GOODS ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

### Fashionable Spring Coiffures

Dame Fashion's requirements as to the arrangement of the coiffure are so well defined as to make the arrangement of the hair the most important feature of the toilette. Our enormous stock of Hair Goods is more complete and comprehensive than ever before. We carry in stock a large variety of ready-to-wear coiffures and fancy pieces, including:

Imperial Puffs, Wavy Knots, Puffs, Wigs, Braids and Switches, Jet, Amber and Shell Hair Ornaments.

### HAIR COLORING

Hair Dressing, Marcel Waving, Scalp Treatment, Facial Massage, Manicuring.

Send for our Handsomely Illustrated New Catalogue showing latest coiffures

506 FIFTH AVE., Between 42nd and 43rd Sts. NEW YORK

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## Bad-Nauholm

REQUIRING NO CARRIAGE TO THE BATH-HOUSES, BEING DIRECTLY OPPOSITE—

### THE KAISERHOF

FIRST, LEADING, AND LARGEST HOTEL. RESIDENCE OF AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

H. Haberland, Proprietor.

# LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN



**A brave start. Breakers ahead. Down with the prince. Success at last.**

## Little Prince Olaf on Ski.

Little Prince Olaf, the heir to the Norwegian throne, is learning to ski. His instructor is King Haakon himself.

No American boy or girl who has lived in Minnesota or Wisconsin will need to be told that skiing is a form of gliding, or gliding, on long wooden skis. These skis are from six to eight feet long, with the toe ends curving up almost like the runners of a sled. This is so that the boy or girl who is wearing them may not stir his toes and slip too often.

The ski runner carries a strong stick with a little wheel at the lower end. He uses this to start and steer himself with.

One of the troubles with coasting the way it is done in New York is that, while you ride downhill in about forty seconds, you have to walk back, and it takes you ten minutes. Now, in skiing, you

## Our Letter Box.

"A TERRIBLE CYCLONE."

FIRST PRIZE.

Dear Little Men and Little Women: Years ago, when I was about five years old, spending the summer at Spirit Lake, Iowa, I had a very interesting experience.

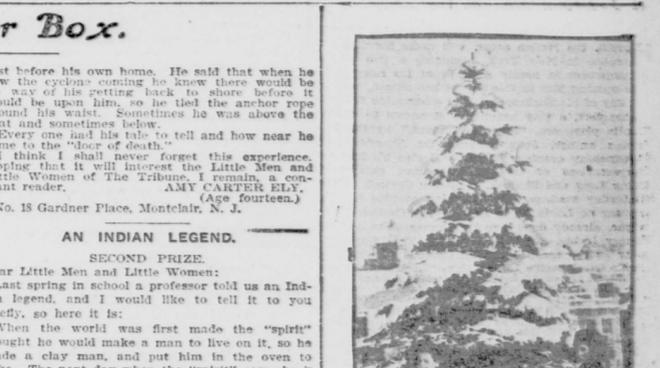
As dusk was approaching and we were all sitting on the front piazza of our cottage waiting for supper, father noticed a tiny black cloud over the lake, coming toward us. It grew larger and larger, until at last the whole heavens were a mass of black. Every one on the shore was now alarmed. We had quite a large flock of ducks, which were on the edge of the water. Father ran down to bring them in. But no! An instinct told them not to come. They rushed straight into the water. The storm was now coming on, so father had to leave the ducks and rush into the house.

Far out in the centre of the lake could be seen a sailor's hat, struggling for life. He had a wife and many children at home. Think how they must have felt when they saw their father out on the lake in the terrible storm! The waves were now becoming giants, reaching nearly to our door; the lightning was striking, the thunder crashing and the rain fell in torrents.

We all fled to a tiny cellar. No sooner had we reached there when they could be heard from above. The dog, Alas, the poor dog had been forgotten in all the excitement! Instantly father went upstairs and brought him down. In this tiny cellar were now five persons—a large incubator and a dog. The storm lasted half the night. Above it sounded as if our cottage was being torn to pieces. Our excitement was great. We might not be able to get out. Suppose the house had fallen upon us? We could only hope for the best.

When the door was flung open a tired, hungry and excited procession filed out. What a sight our eyes beheld! Half of the roof of our house was completely gone, and later we found it in a meadow half a mile away. The ceiling was falling in the hall and everything was said and sight heavy chimney filled with clothes had rolled from one side of the room to the other. The dining room was unharmed. There lay our unbroken supper. After having something to eat we had to find some place to sleep. Father slept in one room, which was all right, although the ceiling looked as if it might fall in any minute. The maid slept on chairs in the dining room. Mother, sister and I spent the night in our next door neighbors.

Such a scene as we saw the next morning! All the way along the shore of the lake could be seen fallen cottages. All during the storm the ducks had been under water, and not one was harmed. The sailor whom we had seen the night before on the lake had drifted, unharmed, upon the shore



## AN INDIAN LEGEND.

SECOND PRIZE.

Dear Little Men and Little Women: Last spring in school a professor told us an Indian legend, and I would like to tell it to you briefly, so here it is:

When the world was first made the "spirit" thought he would make a man to live on it, so he made a clay man, and put him in the oven to bake. The next day when the "spirit" came back he found he had left the man in too long, and he was too black, so he called this man a "Negro," and threw him up North.

The next "spirit" made another man and put him in the oven to bake (just as before). This time he left the man only six hours. When the "spirit" came back he found he had not left the man long enough, so he called this man the "White Man," and threw him up North.

The next day the "spirit" made still another man, and put him in the oven to bake. This time the "spirit" left him just long enough, so he called him the "Red Man," and dropped him straight down.

So the Indians call themselves just right.

EDMUND B. THOMPSON, aged nine years, No. 316 West 14th street, New York City.

## When Small Sioux Learn English.

Indian children know hardly any English when they first go to school, but they are so bright and quick they soon learn. The older pupils coach the new arrivals, for even in a government school way out on an Indian reservation in the Far West those who have been to school one year feel superior and think they should teach the little ones how to act, just as boys and girls do in New York when they step out of the kindergarten into the first grade.

Some of these Sioux children make their teachers laugh with their droll mistakes. When a little one loses a tooth he says, "My tooth come off." If a splinter gets into a finger, it is a "stick," a "board," or even a "lumber." Of their shoes, mittens, etc., it is "the other side," never the "mat." When they have had a particularly good meal they say, "We eat very nice." One day a girl who was reading her lesson out of the Fourth Reader. In the lesson there were a few lines from Shakespeare.

By and by the girl came to the word "scissors," and mispronounced it.

"You must say 'scissors,' not 'scissor,'" corrected the teacher.

A minute or two later the teacher heard her murmuring, "We come to bury Scissors, not to praise him."

"They are quick to see such likenesses in words. One little girl was having a merry time playing and counting. One of the teachers called them names, which the wee ones understood as mad puns. One boy said, "I am thirty," another, a wife, "I am Friday."

A little girl who had lost a button from her dress asked for a pin to "stitch" it with. When a cutter came off of a bed in the dormitory a child exclaimed, "Look, a bed wheel!" Putting on her hat one afternoon, a little girl announced, "I think I will go out and gather some fresh air," while another went out to "catch" some.

For the "scissors" these little people say "scissor," pronouncing the "i" like long "ee." Once there was a girl who was reading her lesson out of the Fourth Reader. In the lesson there were a few lines from Shakespeare.

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## THIS WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Snap Shots.—The clearest and best two pictures were contributed by Sara Helen Feder, aged eleven years, No. 67 St. Nicholas avenue, New York City. She was the first prize of \$1, and Alice Spiers, aged thirteen years, No. 37 Lincoln Road, Flatbush, the second prize of an interesting book.

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## A LITTLE TABLE.

Many a boy would like to make a little table for his sister if he only knew how to go about it. The directions given below, if carefully followed, will make a very nice one:

For the top secure a board 14 by 10 inches, and after rounding the corners with a file finish with sandpaper.

Two pieces of wood 8 1/2 by 8 1/2 inches can be used

## ON THE OCEAN.

Hark! dost hear the ocean roar and bellow? It makes my heart go pit-a-pat! To hear it hurt itself against the keel, with all its might and main, is a sight to see.

And high the dolphins leap and frolic.

As through the water our brave ship goes bounding.

As if 'twere king o'er all the seas, and then hurrah! hurrah!

The land, the land, the captain says!

GEORGE L. TOLMAN (age 12).

## THE GREAT WATER BEETLE.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD.

A good many beetles live in the water, and I should like to tell you something about one which is very common in almost every body of water. It is called the Great Water Beetle, and if you should catch it you may know it at once, for it has a broad yellow band all round the middle part of its body and another one down the outer edge of each wing case, while in general color it is brown above and dull yellow beneath. It is about an inch and a quarter in length.

This beetle is interesting for several reasons. In the first place, it is a very good swimmer. Its body is really a kind of boat, and it rows itself through the water by means of its hind legs, which are made just like oars. They are very long, very broad, very flat, and a good deal curved, while all along their inner edges runs a row of stiff bristles, placed so closely side by side that water cannot pass between them. If you watch a great water beetle swimming you will notice that he uses these legs just as a rower uses his oars; and they are fastened to his body in such a way that, as he brings them forward after making a stroke, they turn backward, so that their sharp edges may cut under water for an hour, or even for an hour and a half. The fact is, that it is able to carry down under water for an hour, or even for an hour and a half. The fact is, that it is able to carry down under water for an hour, or even for an hour and a half. The fact is, that it is able to carry down under water for an hour, or even for an hour and a half.

## How to Win a Prize.

Contest No. 1 (Snapshots)—One dollar as first prize and the choice of an interesting book or a Tribune fountain pen as second prize for the clearest and best two amateur photographs on any subject. Neither blueprints nor films will be considered. Brown toned photographs reproduce better than other kinds.

Contest No. 2 (Things to Think About)—Choice of a box of water color paints, a Tribune fountain pen, an embroidery set, an interesting book or a leather cardcase for the nearest and best two solutions.

Contest No. 3 (Incomplete Picture)—Choice of an interesting book, an embroidery set, a Tribune fountain pen, a box of water colors or a leather cardcase for the nearest and best two solutions.

## MEN WHO LIVE IN NESTS.

"Doesn't it seem strange that men and women should live in nests like little birds," asked a young girl in Central Africa and certain parts of Australia tell wonderful stories of these nest-building people who inhabit the sides of these countries.

The nests are said to be built large enough for one family, so if there are several large little men and women the nests must be very large indeed. The dense foliage and the masses of leaves and branches in which these nests are built protect the strange people who dwell in them from rainstorms and the fierce tropical heat.

## INCOMPLETE PICTURE.

TOMMY WAS A OT WHO GO 2 Joh L He wo ULD USE 7e AS e Swimming an The Pool 1 DAY the REACHER es THE CREEK There 4 his Ocher Keds him on 3 DAY on eVEry WEK.

## Things to Think About.

A SPELLING LESSON.

With four a's, two c's, two o's, two h's, two f's, two s's, one m, two n's, one o, two p's, four r's, two s's, and two t's spell five words dear to the natives of the Emerald Isle.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials spell some domestic animals that help to keep us from starving by protecting our food; the initials spell what these animals do to some of the creatures that would destroy or steal our food; the initials and finals together spell the name of some beautiful mountains in New York State.

1. A city and county in the southern part of the country whose sons never forget March 17.

2. The plea of a person who, to prove himself innocent of an offense, alleges that he was elsewhere when the act was committed.

3. The opposite of short.

4. The source from which most of our food is obtained.

Draw in the places left vacant the object or animal that will represent the missing word. For the nearest and best two complete pictures we offer the choice of an interesting book, an embroidery set, a Tribune fountain pen, a box of water color paints or a leather pencil case.

1. TOMMY WAS A OT WHO GO 2 Joh L He wo ULD USE 7e AS e Swimming an The Pool 1 DAY the REACHER es THE CREEK There 4 his Ocher Keds him on 3 DAY on eVEry WEK.

## EXPLAINED.

"Did pussy hurt you?" asked mother, seeing her son's pucker'd face. "Yes," sobbed little Freddie. "She's got teeth in her toes."—The Tatler.

## AN INNOCENT YOUTH.

"Edward," said a busy mother, "just dry this towel at the fire."

Her seven-year-old son held the towel in front of the fire for some time. "Mother, is it done when I brown 'em at length inquired, 'all the innocence of youth.—Home Notes.

Shopman (recommending necktie of an atrocious pattern) "But wouldn't you like one like that? I'm selling a lot of them this year.

Sarcastic Youth—"Indeed! How very clever of you!"—Chums.

Keeps—Hi, boy! You can't catch fish here without a permit!

Boy—"Well, I'm getting on well enough with a permit!"

## LETTERS FROM PRIZE WINNERS.

Dear Editor: I received the prize of a dollar for my suggestion for a letterbox. Please accept my thanks. Very respectfully, LILLY MAPES, No. 209 11th street, N. W., Washington.

Dear Editor: I received my fountain pen this morning, and thank you very much for it. I am writing with it now. I didn't expect to win a prize at all. It is the first prize I have ever won from The Tribune. Wishing success to the Little Men and Little Women, I remain, HAROLD S. BORDEN, No. 122 French street, Fall River, Mass.

Dear Editor: I thank you very much for the embroidery set I received last week. It is the first prize I have ever won, but I hope it will not be the last. Your faithful reader, ANNA B. JONES, No. 7 Cedar avenue, Montclair, N. J.

Dear Editor: Thank you very much for the check for \$1 you sent me, and do excuse me for not writing sooner. Once before this last time you sent me a check, and I was so proud that I had it changed to a silver dollar. This time I was just as proud of it as before, but I forgot to ask for a silver dollar. Yours sincerely, KATHERINE D. KENDU, No. 2 Erwin Park, Montclair, N. J.

Dear Editor: I received the fountain pen this morning, and thank you very much for same. I am using it to write this letter. Yours truly, CAHOLINE STRICKER, No. 25 St. Marks Place, Brooklyn.

Dear Editor: The Tribune fountain pen which you sent me for drawing "The Little Girl Reading a Book on the Floor" came this morning, and I was very much pleased with it. It was a great deal nicer than I had expected it to be, and it writes well. Thanking you, and very truly yours, AMY CARTER ELY, No. 13 Gardner Place, Montclair, N. J.