

# Hearth & Boudoir

## Bargain Hunting for "Antiques."

### Women with a Penchant for Old Furnishings Spend Many Hours in "Junkshops"—Authentic Pieces Still Found.

There is scarcely one woman in the fashionable set that does not boast of some knowledge of the antiquity of old furniture, old china, tapestry, silver, pewter and all the other odds and ends that the dealers are pleased to classify as "antiques," and each one of them is extremely keen to secure any specimen that will contribute to the completeness of her favorite collection. To acquire such a piece at a reasonable price is a triumph to her mind, and she carries not to impart the news of it to all her intimates.

One or two of our countrywomen have imported treasures from the Old World, and of these Mrs. Jack Gardner, of Boston, has possessions of such value that to escape the great duty that the Custom House imposed her house had to be classed as a museum, and in accordance is open to the public on certain days of the month. As her garden is as great a treat as her house, the late spring or early autumn, when the bloom of rare flowers is still luxuriant, is the time when the

public is most appreciative of its privileges, and it is to be recorded to their credit that not even the slightest act of vandalism has ever occurred to mar the pleasure of these open days. Mrs. Gardner has very beautiful pieces of carved Venetian and old French furniture, and also many celebrated paintings by old masters, notably those of Spain and Holland, and her tapestries vie with those of the public on certain days of the month. As her garden is as great a treat as her house, the late spring or early autumn, when the bloom of rare flowers is still luxuriant, is the time when the

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table, under these circumstances, easily seats twenty-four. On a pier table, or console, stands a white and gold set of centerpiece and compotes, the dishes, of gold china, supported by white goddesses. They are of Sevres make, being part of a dinner set which is intact after years of service on General Schuyler's table, and through the various vicissitudes that have brought it to his great-granddaughter's home. There are only a few of the most interesting belongings, for from garret to cellar each chair, table or ornament has its story, and belonged to some maker of history.

Mrs. Lewis Nixon is another lucky woman whose country home is of Colonial aspect and formerly belonged to the Wards, of Ward's Hill, Staten Island. This house is furnished in a manner to correspond to its noble style of architecture. Mahogany predominates, polished to a mirrorlike degree and upholstered in the deep rich reds and greens of a century past. All these beautiful pieces are the result of Mrs. Nixon's indefatigable explorations, for from Virginia to Canada she searched for authentic antiques, and with rare judgment has unearthed many good specimens that the average relic hunter would have passed by and not recognized as such on account of the dust and grime that covered them. Heppelwhite chairs, with the lively and unusual three-prince's feathers carved in the back, Chippendale card tables and side chairs, some exquisitely turned Adams chairs and mirrors, which were made by Sheraton sofas and numerous other possessions testify to her excellent taste in such matters, and fill her spacious rooms in a homelike fashion.

### A FASCINATING FARMHOUSE.

Miss Daniel Schuyler, who lives at Rye, in a fascinating farmhouse on the shores of the Sound, has one of the largest collections of genuine and valuable antiques known in this country, and is fortunate in their possession from the fact that they are heirlooms. Among them is a shell-edge Chippendale tea table, at which General Washington frequently took a cup of "Bohea," with his friend Philip Livingston (who was Miss Schuyler's great-great-grandfather), in company with John Jay, James Van Rensselaer and Philip Schuyler. All these persons were closely related by marriage, and from them the beautiful old Sheraton and Heppelwhite chairs in the drawing room came by direct descent. To Schuyler belonged a remarkable extension table, in three parts, each with a centre column, from which spread four slender sprawling grooved legs, capped with brass, and having brass rollers. The middle part has extension leaves that pull out from grooves and support extra leaves, and the ends can be pushed up and fastened. The

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### VISITS TO THE "JUNKSHOPS."

People ask the woman of society where she finds time to go off to look up the "junkshop," as she is prone to call the dealers' rooms that she knows of and keeps her eye on. The answer is, "I take it as a tonic, and the hours I spend snatching idly among the junkshops are my chief relaxation from social duties." Fourth avenue is lined

with tempting windows, wherein exact copies of antiques are ranged amid a few that are really old. The imitation will be clothed in tattered leather or damask, when upholstery occurs, or old hair stuffing and rusty nails will be conspicuously exposed. These things are part of the cabinet-maker's art. Well known is the fact that to give leather or silk an old appearance small children with greased skirts are made to sit upon them for hours at a time, and the story of the poor mechanic arrested in Paris and asked his trade, which was to make the worn holes in antique furniture, is not without significance.

It should be remembered by those who search without any knowledge that the Mayflower was only a small craft, and even had she been the size of the Lusitania the furniture brought in her hold and subdivided as generations passed would eventually mean only one chair or so in each branch of the original family, allowing for no breakage or a sterling silver Tribune badge, an embroidery set, a rolled gold bracelet for the neatest and best two solutions.

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**WHEN IN GERMANY**  
BE SURE TO SEE  
Grünfeld's Lino Store,  
11, 21, Leipziger Street, Berlin, W.  
Cwa Mills: Landshut, Silesia.  
Ask for Illustrated Price List.  
No Agents anywhere.

ton avenue above 62d street has a number of places equally good. From the elevated road, on the blocks south of 5th street in Sixth avenue, one can see occasionally in the squalid shops below the street level a good looking card table with mirror that is well worth retracing one's steps to procure, and on the way to The Bronx many other such glimpses are afforded.

TO "PASS ON."  
A T. S. S. friend has sent two pairs of wristlets, "to keep some boy's wrists warm," a muffler and two button bags; John Krell, poems; F. C. N., a box of men's clothing, shoes, underwear, etc.; Mrs. A. B. Stone, a fine muffler; Mrs. Gorton, of Yonkers, baby's fannels; A. F. N., Plainfield, N. J., valentines and silks; some unknown friend, magazines and scrap pictures; a good warm coat for a girl came from Miss Ella Doughty; a new muffler, without a name; a book from Mrs. E. Draper; a box of "odds and ends" for a "shut-in," left at the office; a fine winter dress for one of the six children of a widow, from S. H. N., of Manhattan; magazines from Brooklyn; a package of wool, etc., without a name; bed socks, etc., from Annie Miller, of Plainfield, N. J.



# Little Men and Little Women



## The Flowers of Winter

BY MARY DUDDERIDGE

There are few men and women with souls so dead as not to experience some stirring of the heart at the coming of the flowers in spring, provided they are so fortunate as to live where they can see them. But the flowers of winter awaken to such emotions. They are trodden under foot unknown and unheeded and their beauty passes without ever having gladdened human eyes. Yet the flowers of summer are no lovelier, and in some ways they seem even less wonderful.

Unlike the flowers of summer, the flowers of winter do not come out of the ground. A great many of them, on the contrary, fall from the sky, like messages from the angels, and we may also find them on our windows in the morning if our rooms are not well heated, or perhaps in our water pitchers, while the surface of every pond and river is sure to be covered with them. When a great many of them are collected together we call them snow and frost and ice, but no matter what we call them, or how different they look, they are all miracles of beauty and all very much alike, though varying infinitely in detail.

Snow crystals are the most beautiful of these winter flowers and also the easiest to study. The best time to look for them is on a still, cold

microscope one finds that the particles of dust are the beginnings of six-pointed stars and that the needles have six sides.

When the regular growth of the crystal has not been interrupted in any way the six parts are almost exactly like one another. If one ray of a star branches out into feathery spicules (from the Latin spiculum, a little point) every other ray will have exactly the same number of spicules arranged in precisely the same way, and if one of the six parts of a hexagon, or six-sided plate, is decorated in a particular way the other five will be decorated in the same way.

This is all so wonderful that it is worth while stopping to think about it a little. How do the atoms know their places in this marvellous symmetry of sixes? They are not supposed to have any mind, but if an unorganized mass of human beings were suddenly to arrange themselves in one of these complicated patterns they would be thought to be very clever indeed. Well, the atoms are very clever, too, and there isn't any use in trying to find out how they manage it, for nobody knows. People have tried to explain it, but as they didn't know anything about it themselves their explanations did not help any

### OUR LETTER BOX.

#### A TRIBUNE ROOM.

Dear Little Men and Little Women: I have a very pretty bedroom, and as it is mostly due to the New York Tribune I thought perhaps you would like to hear about it. I have saved all the pretty covers which come every Sunday on the Tribune Magazine. My room is papered in dark green half way up and has a border of pink roses on a trellis above this. I bought some green carbon paper, which comes about 4 cents a sheet, and mounted about twenty of the prettiest covers on a looking about an inch of the green all around for a border. Then I bought some green wire that they use in making paper flowers, and some little hangers which teachers use in school to hang up pictures by. I drove in some tacks on each end of the room upon the rose border and stretched my wire between them. After fastening the hangers, two on each picture, I hung them on the wire, leaving about an inch or so between each picture so the roses to show through. The result is so lovely for anything, and it was so easy to do. Every one who sees my pretty border and asks where I got the pretty posters, hoping some of you will also fix your rooms this way, I remain your very sincerely,  
MARION W. WHITE (aged 12),  
15 Burncoat street, Worcester, Mass.

#### A STRANGE BURGLAR.

Dear Little Men and Little Women: One summer, when we lived in the country, we had a very queer fight. Our house was situated near a large wood, through which a fire ran. Tramps and burglars were very common, and many of the houses around us were robbed and sometimes they were burned. We always bolted and locked our doors at night so we would be safe.

One night, quite a while after we had been in bed, mamma was awakened by a queer noise which sounded like some one trying to pry open the shutters of the windows on the first floor. The noise going from one window to another. Mamma listened for quite a while and then aroused my father and uncle, and on looking out of an open window they dimly saw something go around the corner of the house.

The men then armed themselves with revolvers and rifles, determined to scare away the burglar. When they went to one side of the house, the supposed burglar went to the other side, thus keeping up a sort of a wild-goose chase. The men, being upstairs, finally got tired of this, and made up their minds to go down and face the music. They opened the front door just in time to see a figure go round the corner of the house. They followed it, and were close upon it, when it suddenly stopped and turned around. It was a cow. She had been in the pasture, and had entered the house. Her horns knocking on the side of the house was the prying at the window.

We enjoyed a good laugh over our strange burglar. Yours truly,  
EMILY RANGER,  
Trotter, N. Y.

#### LAST WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

H Puzzle.—After taking out all words not the names of objects in the picture we found the three prize winners were Louise S. Trevor, aged eleven years, No. 25 East 52d street, New York City, whose list of twenty-eight words was the longest and neatest; and who desires a boy's Tribune watch. The list is printed below. The other prize winners and their prizes are Mildred Housel, aged ten years, No. 149 Hawthorne avenue, Yonkers, N. Y., twenty-seven words, an interesting book; Margaret McCann, aged twelve years, Passaic, N. J., R. F. D. No. 1, twenty-five words, a novelty collar pin.

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### How to Win a Prize.

#### THE TRIBUNE SKATERS.

A HOCKEY GAME.  
Dear Little Men and Little Women: It was the month of February in the year 1907. The day was splendid, the ice perfect. The sun shone down in that kind manner it sometimes assumes in winter, namely, to warm body and soul, kindle the spirit and yet on the other hand does not melt the ice, but allows it to remain smooth and glossy that skates may have their full swing.

It was the day of days for a hockey game, and as we took up our positions before our opponents we were filled with a desire to conquer.

Back and forth flew the puck. Bang, a collision! Swift, swift, clatter, bump! It was in truth a game to make one's hair stand on end.

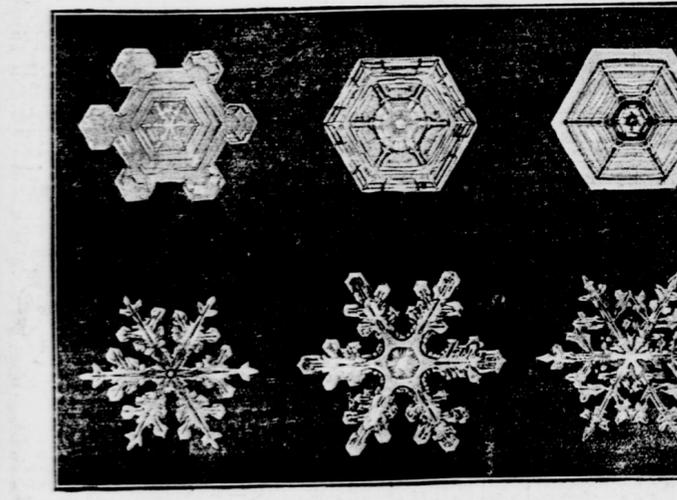
And so it went. The defensive work on both sides was splendid. But, ah!—click, click, swish—and the puck sailed through the goal. How could we lose on such a day? It was impossible, and so we won.

Sincerely yours,  
LENNON CLARK BRENNAN (aged 15),  
112 Winthrop Road, Brookline, Mass.  
Prize—A boy's Tribune watch.

#### PRISONER'S BASE.

One of the most popular games played on ice is "Prisoner's Base." This is the way it is played. Two of the best skaters in the company are chosen as leaders. These choose people for their side till all the players are divided evenly under the rival leaders. Then the rival sides line up quite a distance apart, facing each other. Then skaters from each side skate over to the opposite side and try to get behind the enemy's line without being touched. If they are touched by an enemy they are prisoners and cannot return to their own line unless some one from their side passes the enemy's line and frees them. Then both the prisoner and the person who frees him may return to their own side unharmed. But if a man skates behind the enemy's line and no prisoner is there to free, he must skate out again without being touched to return to his own side. The game continues until one of the two sides has made all the men on the opposite side prisoners.

CLINTON N. Y.  
MARION HALLOCK (aged 14).  
Prize—A Tribune watch.



SNOW CRYSTALS.

day. When there is much wind stirring the delicate stars are broken as they fall, and when it isn't very cold they partly melt and stick to one another, making the large, heavy snowflakes that every one has noticed. But when snow falls on a calm, cold day we have only to look on our coat sleeves, or muffers, or on the window sills, to see the most exquisite white stars, with six rays branching into all sorts of elaborate and flowerlike designs. All this may be seen with the naked eye, and with a magnifying glass or microscope one can see a great deal more, the whole surface of the crystals being covered with exquisite geometrical tracings and shadings.

one very much. The most they can tell us about this amazing process of crystallization is that atoms are very fond of order. They never get out of order except on compulsion. With us, of course, the compulsion usually has to be the other way, but atoms are different, it appears, and the atoms of all substances if allowed to pass from the liquid to the solid state under the right conditions will arrange themselves in certain definite forms, each different substance having its own plan of crystallization. Salt forms the most beautiful little cubes, as any one can see for him or her self by dissolving a little salt in water and letting it evaporate. Glass, if cooled slowly enough, will crystallize in stars, like water. Gold forms exquisite crystals, all made up of little triangles, and all our precious stones are crystals. But none are so beautiful as those of water, and whenever water freezes it crystallizes.

Whether it is up in the bosom of the air, where it is easy to imagine that fairy hands are moulding the atoms into fairy forms, or whether it is in our water pipes or on our skating ponds, where we don't expect strange things to happen, the same miracle is performed. The atoms, as they pass from the liquid to the solid state, arrange themselves in six-sided forms.

We don't see the crystals in ice because they are crowded so close together, but they are there, nevertheless, and are quite as wonderful as snow crystals. Professor Tyndall calls them the flowers of ice, and tells us that if a concentrated beam of sunlight or a ray of electric light is passed through a block of ice it will melt the crystals here and there and enable us to see them, or rather the water of which they were formed and which still retains the general shape of the crystal. Little shining points appear in the path of the light, and around each is a beautiful water flower with six petals. The bright spot is a vacuum, for the water takes up less space than the crystal did, and leaves an empty space in the centre.

This brings us to another interesting and very important thing about these lovely winter flowers. We have seen that the atoms are very

floating on the surface of lakes and rivers it would sink to the bottom. Then new ice would form at the top and would, in turn, sink to the bottom, until the whole body of water was frozen solid. Then all the plants and animals in the water would die, and no summer would be hot enough or long enough to thaw the ice.

And supposing that snow fell, not in feathery crystals, "like wool," as an ancient writer says, but in hard pellets of ice, harder than any ice that we now know, it would make a very poor blanket for the flowers. It may seem like a poor blanket as it is, but as a simple matter of fact no covering of down on a baby's cradle ever rested there more gently and lovingly than does her mantle of snow upon the bosom of the earth. It is warm for the very reason that the down is warm, because of the air entangled in it, and under its protection the roots and bulbs and seeds that are to clothe the earth with beauty during another summer, and give food to man and beast, rest securely, wrapped in their winter sleep.

### Things to Think About.

**WORD SQUARE.**  
Arrange the following sixteen letters so as to form a word square:  
T T t o o o o w w i l l e n n h.

**"RATION" PUZZLE.**  
Each of the twelve omitted words ends in "ration."  
Little Ruth was in a very anxious state of mind, for Christabel, her dearest doll, was seriously ill. At last, in a moment of —, she thought of consulting her big brother Tom, whose — it was to be a doctor some day. Dr. Tom came at once in response to her summons and delivered his opinion without hesitation, using a lot of big words that would have convinced even a more experienced mother than Little Ruth of his great wisdom.

"My dear msham," he said, after grave — "the child is suffering from the effects of impure food. As we never can tell in this day and — when our food is free from —, it is always well to eat with great —, for it is better to starve than to be poisoned. If Christabel would take some exercise to develop her organs of — she might

be able to live on air, and then there would be no doubt that her — would be rapid. I need not come again for a few days, for I could do nothing but weary you with the — of the same instructions. At the end of a week if there is no — in the condition of the patient an — may be necessary. In the mean time don't be alarmed if she often talks wildly sometimes, for the disease often causes a temporary mental —."

- ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.**
- TRIANGLE.  
FRANCE  
ROMEO  
AMID  
NEDD  
CO  
E
- WORD SQUARE.**  
ZERO  
EVEN  
REAL  
ONLY

## The Adventures of Bunny Boots

BY E. B. SIMMONS



Next day, when Bunny Boots walks out beneath the wintry sky. He meets some boys, who look so sad, he stops to ask them why. "We want to slide down hill," they sob. "We haven't any sled." And then the bitter tears run down their noses small and red.

"How glad I am my boots are found!" says Bunny Boots with joy. He spreads the tops out nice and flat. "Climb in, each little boy!" Ah me! what splendid sport is theirs, as down the icy hill. All hanging tight to Bunny's legs, they glide with ne'er a spill.

(To be continued.)

