

# Hearth & Boudoir

## A New Woman's Club in Paris.

### Paris Lyceum Installed in a House with a History—Rigid Exclusion of Actresses Causes Some Gossip.

Paris, February 6. Parisiennes are watching with a great deal of interest and some amusement the debut of the new women's club—the first of its kind in the French capital—the Paris Lyceum. It had taken more than two years' hard work to get the enterprise launched, and it was soon discovered that the committee must look for support chiefly, if not entirely, to the foreign contingent. Frenchwomen are extraordinarily conservative. They have never had a club of their own, and they could not be induced to believe that such an institution would be of any use to them. The Dowager Duchesse d'Uzes and a few other social leaders finally consented to lend their names, and the duchesse was elected president, with the result that on the day when the club at last was ready for its public and three open its doors to the upper ten thousand of the city a large contingent of natives was seen in the handsome drawing rooms. The subscrip-

tion list, however, shows that, as expected, the large majority of members are of English speaking nationality. Though lodged with less outward splendor than the parent house in London, the Paris Lyceum is handsomely installed in a modest looking three storied house in the quiet Rue de la Bienfaisance, almost under the shadow of the fine Church of St. Augustin. Once inside the great polished doors, which admit the visitor into a lofty outer courtyard under the east side of the house, you recognize at once that you are in a house with a history. The walls of this court are hung with the fine old Spanish embossed leather, with richly carved wooden supports and handsome eighteenth century bronze lamp brackets. In the house itself there are doors, panels and chimneypieces of ancient and exquisite workmanship that have evidently been brought together by a collector with both taste and knowledge. Such alterations as had to be

made to fit the house for its present purpose were made with the utmost care, and as far as possible the original aspect of the rooms has been preserved. Only the modern light green paper of the salon seems a little out of keeping with the charming painted ceiling, to which the new electric light fittings do but scant justice. The house is, in fact, the property of a now aged prince of the Second Empire, who has granted to the club a lease of six years, but intends to end his days in the house sooner or later. It was he who brought together all the beautiful decorations of the place, and here he lived a romantic love story of his own. The lady ending abruptly, he fled from Paris to sail his yacht in Oriental waters, and the dainty suites of rooms, with their quaint and luxurious fittings, are now occupied by a handful of American and English women who are making Paris a stage in their European travels. Meantime the city of Paris keeps a jealous eye on the house, and the governor of the Cluny Museum has offered 100,000 francs for the woodwork of the library alone. The door of this magnificent apartment contains nine small square panels of French fifteenth century carving, representing medieval figures wielding primitive implements. These are framed in oblong panels of a later period of elegant Renaissance style of garlands of flowers and foliage in high relief. The whole of the massive doorway and above, reaching to the raftered ceiling, is the same richly carved wood. Another of the curiosities of the house is a small room on the second floor whose walls are entirely covered with old and precious Delft tiles, in their soft, fine blue. These tiles bear quaint Biblical designs, and below each little picture is carefully inscribed in old characters the chapter and verse illustrated. There are only eight bedrooms in the house, all

different in shape, size and decoration and practically unchanged as regards decoration. If the new club promises to be a success and the demand for bedrooms warrants the expense, the roof will be raised and another story added. Much anxious consideration has been given by the committee to the lines on which the Lyceum should be run. It was finally decided to close its doors and membership list to women of the theatrical profession without exception, a decision that has been a good deal criticised in certain circles here. On the other hand, the club offered the hospitality of its premises to the select few women members of the Alpine Club, a body hitherto homeless. These seen in travel, as every one knows, does not admit to its premises the small band of women—they are only twenty-eight in number—who were considered worthy by their prowess on Alp and Himalayas to bear the title. By taking this step the Lyceum has included in its body a very interesting if small section of women. The Alpinists are to be admitted to sit on the committee, and the title of the club will include and incorporate their name. It is unquestionable that the club will afford a very useful and pleasant social centre for the large body of women of foreign extraction who for one reason or another live in Paris. Artist members will have the privilege of exposing on its walls their work, and ceramists and glassworkers can in the same way send in specimens of their skill. Moreover, it is hoped that the dinner, which is to be served in English fashion by English cooks and waitresses at three shillings a head, will be found a great boon to those who would otherwise eat at a restaurant. Neither of these inducements, however, appeals to the Parisiennes, who would be warmly welcomed to the club. They all have their own homes here and as many friends as they care to cultivate.

**WHEN IN GERMANY**  
BE SURE TO SEE  
Grünfeld's Linen Store,  
20, 21, Leipziger Street, Berlin, W.  
Cwa Mills: Lageshut, Silesia.  
Ask for Illustrated Price List.  
No Agents anywhere.

company is not to be a modern candle light affair. No light except the mellow glow of candles will be used on the fireplace, in the hall, in scones which grace the walls of the living room—candles everywhere! To lend another touch of "old day" charm the hostess has collected all of her little heirlooms and treasures, which she will proudly display on the spacious living room table, temptingly covered with a quaint bit of old flowered chintz. There will be interesting old samplers, bead purses, cameo ivory shoe buckles, tortoise shell combs, fans, miniature ivory bouquet holders, snuff boxes, reticules and so on. In the dining room candles, bunting in pewter, silver, brass and crystal sticks, will light up the liveliest of old-fashioned tables. A tea cloth of homespun linen will cover a portion of the table, in the centre of which will be an old silver bowl filled with magnolias and pink tulips. Silver baskets and trays holding dry cakes and thin squares of buttered bread and dishes of small stuffed peppermint sticks will help to carry out the oldtime idea. The plate cards will be colored pictures, taken from old magazines of different periods. After the hostess, clad in a picturesque costume of her grandmother's, has served her guests tea in Dresden cups, they will tell their little anecdotes of other days.



# Little Men and Little Women



## Jack's Ocean Trip.

One night last summer, when a transatlantic liner was steaming at full speed in mid-Atlantic, Jack, an eight-year-old boy, who was travelling to Southampton with his parents, woke up suddenly from sleep and looked out of his stateroom window. A bright full moon was shining. There was not a cloud in the sky. About three miles away to the southeast he saw a steamer with several rows of glittering searchlights. He watched it intently until it disappeared in the direction opposite to the one his steamer was taking. Suddenly he became conscious of a slight vibration, such as he felt when the steamer was under way in the daytime, and then it dawned on him that the ship he had seen in the distance and the one he was on were both moving along at a lively rate.

It was the first knowledge he had that steamers did not stop their engines at night. For a while he lay awake pondering over what he thought was a dangerous custom, the running of a steamer at full speed in the dark. The next morning Jack met the captain at breakfast and asked why the ship did not stop when it grew dark. The captain smiled, and, patting him gently on the head, said: "My son, it is as easy to cut through the dark air as it is through the light. I'm sure the ocean is a big place, and we can see the lights of a steamer or a sailing vessel almost as well at night as in the daytime. We have to slow down often enough in heavy weather and fog, without stopping our engines at night, simply because it is dark. If we did stop we would have to place to anchor—the ocean is too deep for that—and we would drift out of our course at night. But, you see, they run on tracks. They can't go wrong, unless they bump into another train or jump the track."

"Well, my boy," replied the captain, "ships run on tracks, too. Only a ship has no rails and her roadbed is wide enough for a hundred ships to steam along abreast. The course of the transatlantic steamer has no way stations with lights and searchlights to let the captain know the way is clear or there is a wreck ahead. There are no signs to tell him he's in the transatlantic track. He figures that out by the science of navigation, and he always knows his position relative to some point on the coast just as the engineer of a locomotive knows how far he is from a station. There are what we call the eastbound track and the westbound track. These tracks or lanes are about a hundred miles apart, and by this arrangement there is little or no chance of a head-on collision between an eastbound and a westbound steamer."

"The captain also said that he frequently knew where steamers were, although he could not see them. Jack thought this impossible until the captain reminded him that steamers could communicate with one another by wireless telegraph when over two hundred miles apart. He said that wireless communication was a great aid to navigation and told him how the White Star liner *Majestic* once warned many steamers of a dangerous derelict that floated in the eastbound transatlantic track."

Jack was delighted when the captain picked up a pad of paper and made a sketch of the two imaginary tracks or lanes, making dots to represent ten or twelve east and west bound steamers. "How was the *Majestic* on her way to Southampton," said the captain, "about nine hundred miles out of New York. She ran pretty close to a partly submerged tramp steamer that had been abandoned by her crew, and on a foggy day this

## How to Win a Prize.

Contest No. 1 (M Puzzle)—Choice of a boy's Tribune watch, a sterling silver Tribune badge, an interesting book, an embroidery set, a box of water color paints, a rolled gold bracelet, a box of dainty note paper, a novelty collar pin or an imitation ivory paper cutter for the nearest and longest three lists of words.

Contest No. 2 (Things to Think About)—Choice of a sterling silver Tribune badge, a boy's Tribune watch, a box of water color paints, a pearl bead necklace, a novelty belt pin, an interesting book or an embroidery set for the nearest and best two solutions.

Contest No. 3 (Snow Photographs)—Choice of an interesting book, a box of dainty note paper, a rolled gold bracelet, a sterling silver Tribune badge, a boy's Tribune watch, an embroidery set, a novelty collar pin, a box of water color paints or a hatbox.

They are preparing for spring in the kingdom of Puzzledom, and it is very likely that they will have a more beautiful one than there ever has before been in that interesting country. Mr. E. Nigma Riddle, one of their most influential men, has travelled a great deal and has often told his fellow citizens about the wonderful things he has seen growing in the places he has visited. At last a meeting of the wise men of the country was called to see if they could find out how these things could be made to grow in the kingdom of Puzzledom, too. When the wise men came together they brought with them a number of dictionaries and other learned books, and it was not long before they were so much wiser than they had been that they were able to send out the following instructions to all who wanted to help in making their country beautiful:

1. To make one of the loveliest and most fragrant of spring flowers, the name of which begins and ends with the same letter, rearrange the letters of a certain girl's name and add a new flower.
2. To make another more modest early head take four letters from a word often applied to children who are wiser than their years and rearrange the remaining letters.
3. To make a flower that will come up in the woods as soon as the snow is gone put an "a" in place of a "t" in a word meaning exciting compassion and rearrange all the letters.
4. To make a flower that will bloom from early spring till the snow falls add one letter to shallow vessels used for domestic purposes.
5. To make a favorite little flower that grows both wild and in gardens take one letter from a word meaning turbulent.
6. To make the queen of flowers behead a form of literary composition.
7. To make a summer and autumn flower behead a ruler.

## LAST WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

L. Puzzle—After taking out all synonyms and words not connected with the picture we find the nearest and longest three lists of words were contributed by Charles C. Niess, aged twelve years, No. 44 Wales avenue, New York City, whose list of thirty-three words is printed below, and who desires a sterling silver Tribune badge. The other prize winners and their prizes are: Orla D. Cavell, No. 7 East 19th street, New York City, thirty-two words, a sterling silver Tribune badge; Edith Broqua, aged twelve years, No. 141 West 10th street, New York City, thirty-one words, an interesting book. Had one of our little readers, of No. 25 St. Mark's Place, Brooklyn, signed her name to her answer to this puzzle the embroidery set she asked for would have been sent, for her list contained thirty-two words. The longest list was as follows: Lake, letter, lantern, lamp, line, lace, log, lumber, lamp-shade, links, legs, lashes-on-eye, lips, limb (tree), leaves, ladder, locket, lemon, lump-on-head, lard-pail, lock, land, lash, locks-of-hair, long-skirt, loop, lapel, lid, lad, large hat, lass, ledges of rock, leather and lone-boat.

Things to Think About—The two prize winners and their prizes are: Margaret Dick, aged twelve years, No. 112 Wall street, New York City, an embroidery set, and Alfred Johnson, aged nine years, No. 29 West 113th street, New York City, a boy's Tribune watch. Washington Contest—For prize winners, see letters on this page. Our Letter Box—See letters published on this page.

HONOR LIST.  
1. Rosella Ayers; 2. Fred Armstrong; 3. Morris Burdall; 4. Fred Bauer; 5. Margaret Bleecker; 6. Elizabeth S. Brengle; 7. Harold Boothroyd; 8. Marjorie J. Becker; 9. Benjamin Cohen; 10. Laura Callahan; 11. Dorothy Chandler; 12. Joseph Downey; 13. Marjorie Dunn; 14. Clarkson Freeman; 15. Theodore A. Fremd; 16. Anna Fegan; 17. Phyllis Gillette; 18. Mabel Gardner; 19. Mildred House; 20. Carl T. Holder; 21. Doris Hunt; 22. Marion Hallowell; 23. Carolyn S. Hoffman; 24. G. H. Hyatt; 25. Margaret Heman; 26. Katherine Hawkes; 27. Edward Howard; 28. Florence Keel-see; 29. Adalene Kilmadist; 30. Arthur Lake; 31. Dorothy Lowell; 32. Charles D. Mackey; 33. Eleanor Main; 34. Oliver McLaren; 35. Margaret McCann; 36. Oliver McLaren; 37. Caroline N. Porter; 38. Helen L. Patterson; 39. Richard N. Pennell; 40. Edward Post; 41. William Spranger; 42. Helen Sawyer; 43. Anna V. Slickney; 44. O. Warwick Telfair; 45. Howard Teas; 46. William Tanner; 47. Elmira Van Syckel; 48. George Voorhis; 49. Ruth Van Blarcom; 50. Florence G. Williams.

## Our Letter Box.

**A CLEVER POLLY.**  
Dear Little Men and Little Women: A doctor I know has a very clever parrot, and I thought you might like to hear about some of the funny things Polly does. When Polly hears a knock on the door she will say, "Come in!" but should she hear a door close she will invite you cordially to "Come again." During the summer months Polly's cage hung in a window overlooking a yard. There were a number of cats in the yard, and it was Polly's delight to call softly "Puss, puss, here, puss," and when a cat would creep up and walk away with a look of disgust at finding it was a parrot calling him, Polly would laugh and think it a great joke. One night when Polly was asleep the doctor placed beside her cage another cage which was the home of a new parrot. The next morning when the doctor came near the cages Polly said, pecking at the new bird's cage, "Papa, papa, look at that! Polly has learned to sing 'Yankee Doodle' and the chorus of 'School Days' very nicely. Yours truly, FLORENCE E. ANDERSON (aged 15), 163 E. 52d street, New York City.

**AN INVASION OF LOCUSTS.**  
Dear Little Men and Little Women: I have heard my mother tell an incident which I think is well worth repeating. She lived in the country in southern France, a few miles from Bordeaux. It was in the summer when everything was in bloom; magnolia trees were covered with flowers, peaches were nearly ripe and the vineyards promised a good harvest. One afternoon a strong southern wind blew and at once a queer looking cloud came up and obscured the sun. But instead of the needed rain as expected it proved to be a cloud of locusts and swarms, which the wind had brought from Africa. The locusts came down and covered the land for a mile in circumference. In less than half an hour every leaf had been devoured, and the ground was black with locusts. I started to fly again the wind had changed, and luckily drove them toward the sea. But they were either tired or had eaten too much, for they fell to the ground. The farmers drove the pigs out to feast on them and every one tried to destroy them and succeeded. The fields had to be ploughed over again to cover the decaying locusts. However, where there had been hope before of a good harvest, the peasants now looked upon empty vineyards and waste fields. Yours sincerely, EMMA BECKER (aged 13), 302 West 145th street, New York City.

**RIDDLEMEER.**  
My first is in winter, but never in spring;  
My second is carry, but never in bring;  
My third is in silent, but never in loud;  
My fourth is in sunshine, but never in cloud;  
My fifth is in brilliant, but never in dull;  
My sixth is in robin, but never in gull;  
My seventh is in bargain, but never in sell;  
My eighth is in lower, but never in bell;  
My ninth is in ocean, but never in sea;  
My tenth is in honey, but never in bee;  
My whole is a man boy and girls must know well.  
For of his great deeds all our histories tell.

**GREAT DEEDS OF WASHINGTON.**  
AT VALLEY FORGE.  
Dear Little Men and Little Women: I think that Washington's greatest act was during the winter in Valley Forge. In the Revolutionary War. This act shows what a kind and brave man he was. The winter passed in Valley Forge was the gloomiest period of the war. The men were encamped in cold, comfortable huts, with little food or clothing. They were barefooted and they left on the frozen ground their tracks in blood. Few had blankets, and straw could not be obtained. Soldiers who were enfeebled by hunger and benumbed by cold slept on the bare earth. Sicknes followed. With no change of clothing, no suitable food, and no medicine, death was the only relief. Amid this terrible suffering the fires of patriotism burned brightly. Washington felt that his cause was just, and he inspired all around him with his sublime faith. He helped take care of the sick and shared his food, blankets and house with the poor men. Had it not been for him, many more would have died. He was kind to every one and was always brave in battle. ETHEL W. FOWLER (aged 13), P. O. Box 38, Milford, Conn. Prize, a box of note paper.

**REFUSED TO BE KING.**  
Dear Little Men and Little Women: In my estimation Washington's greatest act occurred at his headquarters in Newburg. He was asked by his officers to become king of the American people. He took it almost as an insult and very emphatically said: "I will do no such thing. We are fighting to free ourselves from a monarchy; therefore I would not think of having the hoped for republic become a monarchy." He was so stern and severe with those who spoke to him about the matter that no one ever dared to approach him again on the subject. ARTHUR D. BAKER (aged 13), No. 13 Clifton Place, Brooklyn. Prize, a boy's Tribune watch.

Dear Editor: I wish to thank you for the interesting book you sent me. I was very much pleased to see in the Tribune that I had won a prize. I received the book this morning and I am greatly pleased with it. I shall try to win another prize. Again thanking you, I am yours truly, MILDRED HULSEL, No. 148 Hawthorne avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.

Dear Editor: Thank you very much for the Tribune badge, which I received this morning. It is exceedingly pretty. Hoping to win another prize soon, I am your constant reader. ELMER FREEMAN.

Dear Editor: I received the check and thank you very much. I was delighted to see my story printed. Yours gratefully, EMMA BECKER, No. 414 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

**"M" PUZZLE.**

This competition is open to all children who desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind.

The neighborhood boys have started a circus, and Willie is acting as "barker" to draw the crowd. You will find, in the picture, several objects, which begin with the letter "M." Make as long a list as possible, and send it to us. For the nearest and longest three lists we offer the choice of a boy's Tribune watch, a sterling silver Tribune badge, an interesting book, an embroidery set, a box of water color paints, a rolled gold bracelet, a box of dainty notepaper, a novelty collar pin, a box of imitation ivory paper cutter,

# The Adventures of Bunny Boots



VII.  
"I'll go to Kindergarten," muses Bunny Boots next day, " 'Tis such a bore to study; it is nicer, far, to play." To Kindergarten then he goes, and meets with loud acclaim. "Oh, Bunny Boots!" the children cry, "come, help us play this game!"



So Bunny is the Autumn Wind, clad in his magic boots, And how the laughing Leaflets fly before his swift pursuits! And Bunny is a Jumping Frog, a Tomtit, and a Rose. "Please, Bunny, come to-morrow," beg the children, when he goes. (To be continued.)