Little Men and Little Women

Education of a Prince

No doubt the little people of to-day are often thankful that they are living just when they are for there are a great many things for them to enjoy that children in days gone by knew nothing about. Yet it would be quite a mistake to suppose that children in the long ago never had any good times, or that none of the grown-up people cared or knew what was good for them, and in the year 1537 there was born in England a baby boy who, one would think, could scarcely have fared better than he did had he lived in our own times. The father of this little boy was delighted when he was born, and made a number of rules for the best care and management of the "holle realms most precyouse joyelle," as as he called him, or the "whole realm's most precious joy," as we would say. Although they didn't know anything in those days about the dangerous bacilli that are travelling about everywhere trying to do all the harm they can, one of these rules said that no strangers were to see the baby without special order—and the order was seldom given—and that no visitor was to touch him except to kiss his hand. This is a very good rule for those who have to care for babies, and is just as useful to-day as it was in the sixteenth century, but it is quite possible that this father when he made it hadn't any idea that too much handling and kissing was bad for babies. Probably the real reason for making it was that the baby was a prince and was to be King of England some day, and of course no one could be allowed to take liberties with a prince, even if he happened to be a baby.

This prince was the only son of King Henry VIII and became King Edward VI when he was nine years old. Although he lost his mother when he was only about two weeks old, he seems never to have suffered for the want of care and affection. He had several nurses, one of whom, Mrs. Jackson, he always called Mother Jack. One of the court ladies gives in a letter a very particular account of his progress in cutting teeth, and says she wishes the King could have seen him on Easter night, "for his Grace was marvelowess plesauntly desposed. The menstrels played, and his Grace dawansed (danced) and played so wantownly that he cold (could) not stand still, and was as full of pretty toyes (ways) as ever I saw chyld in my leyf." All who wrote about him agree that he was a very pretty child and praise his brilliant, starry eyes. One great dignitary who visited him said he had never before seen "so goodly a child of his age, so mery, so pleasaunt, so good and so ernest."

At the age of six Edward was considered old enough to have a household of his own, with tutors instead of nurses to care for him. About the same time his father married again, and his stepmother was as kind as possible to him. He enjoyed many pleasant visits at her palace, and there still exists a letter that he wrote to her. Perhaps it may not sound very pleasant for a little boy of six to be shut up in a house of his own with ever so many tutors, who taught him all sorts of things, but even in those days people knew that children must have some fun, so the little prince had several companions, who studied and played with him. He became so fond of some of these companions that they were his intimate friends as long as he lived. He was no less fond of study than of his companions, and the jolly games he had with them and with the help of his teachers, who were, of course, the best to be found in the land, and who included the good Mr. Ascham, of whom the little people read in The Tribune two weeks ago, he became wonderfully learned for his years. He spoke French, Italian and Latin, and read and wrote Greek, and understood natural philosophy, logic, music and astronomy.

King Henry died when the little prince was nine years old and he was proclaimed King at once, but his uncle was to be protector of the realm until Edward should be eighteen. Although the little King hadn't very much power he studied the government of the country and understood many of the difficult questions of the day remarkably well for his age, and although his reign ended when he was sixteen, he did not die without leaving many traces of his influence on the country. Visitors to London are still reminded of the gentle and wise boy king by seeing the scholars of Christ Church School, which was founded in his reign. They can't help noticing these boys for they still wear the costume that was in fashion in the time of King Edward VI, long yellow stockings and a long blue coat, held in at the waist by a leather belt into which the skirts may be tucked when the wearer wants to indulge in a romp.

So much has been written about the goodness and learning of King Edward VI that some people have begun to think that he wasn't a natural kind of boy at all. But there is one story told of him which ought to help to change the minds of those who hold such an opinion. Soon after he came to the throne one of his companions told him that a king ought to swear and reminded him of the terrific oaths with which his royal father had adorned his conversation. Edward remembered these oaths very well and was convinced. Under the instruction of his friend he swore lustily at his servants, who never thought of presuming to object to anything his majesty chose to do, but when he greeted his uncle, the Lord Protector, with a burst of profanity the matter was immediately looked into. The little king was obliged to give up his new accomplishment and his friend was probably more careful thereafter about the advice he gave.

Beloved by Japanese Babies

It is hard to understand how any child can be happy who hasn't a Teddy bear to hug, but nevertheless it is true that Japanese babies wouldn't care at all about these furry pets. They have something else that satisfies them perfectly—the "Neko."

The "Neko" is a toy cat, but such a cat as you never saw in the queerest dream you ever had. A Japanese child wouldn't care about a toy cat that loked like the real thing—just an ordinary fluffy cat—for the people of the Flowery Kingdom, with their grotesque imaginations, like fantastic things best. And extremely fantastic is the "Neko," much more so than he seems in the picture, for unless you see his coloring you can't realize how funny he is.

The "Neko" brought to this country by the traveller and lecturer Burton Holmes—the one shown in the picture—has a blanket of brilliant blue, green, orange and gold. Its gorgeous orange eyebrows and whiskers match the lining of its big upstanding ears. The eyes are just large black dots surrounded with gray circles, and a splashy daub of the same color stands for the nose. The stiff bow which ties the end of the tail to the back of the "Neko's" head is a vivid orange. The rest of it—there isn't much more of it, is there?—is white.

If the "Neko" were a dog one would say it belonged to the dachshund family, for it seems to be built on the dachshund plan. The legs are just pegs, very short ones, set one at each corner of its square body. The head looks rather large, compared to the body, but you may be sure the Japanese babies don't think it too large. If you were to travel to the Flowery Kingdom you would find countless Japanese babies fondly "toting" their queer pets everywhere they go.

The "Neko" is made in all sizes, from tiny ones no bigger than your hand to immense creatures measuring two feet and more in height. One American boy who saw the "Neko" Mr. Holmes brought over said it was like Billiken and a Teddy bear put together.

LAST WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Poem Puzzle.—The names of the boys were Ted, Nat, Ike, Nat, Ben, Ned, Nat, Hal, Ray and Dan. The three prize winners and their prizes are Gertrude Newman, aged thirteen years, Hebrew Orphan Asylum, 138th street and Amsterdam avenue, New York City, a sterling silver Tribune badge; Dean Worcester, aged eleven years, No. 137 East 37th street, New York City, a sterling silver Tribune badge; John H. Hickie, aged fourteen years, No. 53 Clinton Place, Brooklyn, an interesting book.

Things To Think About.—The two prize winners and their prizes in this contest are Florence Case, aged twelve years, No. 329 East 119th street, New York City, an interesting book, and Mercedes Roach, aged ten years, No. 604 Bergen street, Brooklyn, an interesting book.

Our Letter Box.—For prize winners see letters on this page.

HONOR LIST.

1, Florence Agar; 2, Hewlett M. Abrams; 3, Ruth Agar; 4, Elizabeth Bodenwein; 5, Guy Bartlett; 6, Bessie E. Brown; 7, John Eaton Brower; 8, Septimus Bellows; 9, Paul Bonner; 10, D. George Brown; 11, Claire Courtnay; 12, James S. Doran; 13, Aline Wells Ford; 14, Jacob Fierstein; 15, Dorothy G. Fitchette; 16, Margaret Fiedler, 17, Catherine Guyon; 18, Winifred Greene; 19, John Gorman; 20, Charles L. Gurney; 21, Edith Gifford; 22, Mabel Hartman; 23, Lillian Loewinger; 24, Jeffery S. Lewis; 25, Elizabeth K. Marchant; 26, Eleanor Marsellus; 27, Charles Henry Meyer; 28, Wilfred Fitzmaurice; 29, Dorothy Moran; 30, J. New; 31, Blanche Pfeiffer; 32, Paul J. Padden; 33, Vincent Reilly; 34, Edith Ranger; 35, Mavis Clare Ross; 36, Lucy E. Raymond; 37, Edna May Rigg; 38, Sylvester Silverberg; 39, W. Porter Sargent; 40, Margaret Stevens; 41, Isabel Shaw; 42, Mabel M. Sawtelle; 43, Bertram Stewart; 44, Effa Townsend; 45, Dorothy M. Taylor; 46, Luenna von Eltz; 47, Lorenze Willig; 48, Florence West; 49, Edmund Wright; 50, Mary Emily Wadle.

THE JAPANESE BILLIKEN.

Letters to the Editor

OUR LITTLE CHIPMONK.

Dear Little Men and Little Women: This last summer we spent on a farm in New Hampshire, where there were a good many chickens. One morning when we were out visiting them we saw a little chipmonk eating some of their corn, so we left some food in an old rat trap, and there we found him the next morning. We put him on the porch, where he stayed quite contented, although we opened the door, until evening; then he ran away, his cheeks full of the food we had given him. The next morning our little chipmonk was there again, and he ran away again in the evening. He kept this up for the rest of the summer. I guess he took the food home to store up for cold weather. We often think of him now, and wonder what he is doing when it snows. Hoping this will interest you and your many little readers, I remain, yours sincerely,

ANNA HINNAW (aged 13).

No. 41 Lefferts avenue, Richmond Hill, Long Island.

A STARTLING INCIDENT.

Dear Little Men and Little Women: One day, while crossing the Harlem Bridge, I saw a sight which made my heart jump into my mouth. There, lying peacefully on a raft in the water, was a huge monster, whose scales glistened in the sun. Suddenly, without a sound, it slipped into the water and sank from view, causing thousands of bubbles to rise to the surface of the river. I immediately hastened to the bridge tender, who laughed at me, and said the monster which I had seen was a diver. I then waited for the diver to reappear, which he soon did, carrying a kettle in his hands. On his head was a shiny copper helmet which had two huge pieces of glass in it, through which he looked into the water. On his body was a canvas covering, which had large pieces of lead attached to it, and on his feet hung two pieces of lead. Upon inquiry I found out that the more lead he had on his body the easier he could walk in the water, which surprised me somewhat, for I had never heard of such a thing before. On the top of the helmet was a pipe, into which air was pumped for the diver.

DAVID ASHMAN (aged 14).

No. 1098 Franklin avenue, The Bronx.

MISCHIEVOUS PUFFY.

Dear Little Men and Little Women: The only pet that we have in the house is Puffy, a great big tiger cat. He is about twelve years old. He has a habit of climbing up in an apple tree that is very near our house and jumping from a limb that is about one foot from the roof down on to the piazza roof. Then, as he is afraid to go back, he has to stay there until some one opens the window and lets him in. Often he will have to stay there three or four hours. He was named Puffy because when he was a tiny kitten he had what looked like a letter "P" on his side.

Mother one day went out calling, leaving her desk open. She happened to have some catnip in one of the pigeonholes. Master Puffy went up there, pulled out all the papers where the catnip was and ate some out of a box. Then he tore open a new package and ate half of that. After that he tipped over the ink bottle and tore one of the papers up. Fortunately, it was not an important one. When mother came home it certainly looked as if some one had ransacked the whole desk. Puffy knew that he would be scolded when it was found out, so he stayed away from mother for several days afterward. I could tell pages and pages about Puffy, but there is not room here and I must close. Yours truly,

AMBIA HARRIS (aged 11).

No. 1194 Worthington street, Springfield, Mass.

BUTSIE, THE LAMB.

Dear Little Men and Little Women: Last summer we were in the country on a large farm. There were ever so many animals, cats by the dozens, lovely collies, horses, cows, pigs, chickens, pigeons, geese, turkeys and many more. But the first thing you would see upon arriving would be a lazy and seemingly very gentle and affectionate lamb. He would greet you with a friendly "baa," and come running toward you to be petted. Well, the first thing I did was to scratch his head, thinking that was likely to please him, but it seemed that it only served to make me his enemy, for as soon as I did it he swung his head violently to one side and then with all his strength swung it back again and hit me. I turned and ran for the house with the lamb in hot pursuit. I reached the porch in a minute, and, thinking myself safe, leaned against the wall to rest. Soon a great clattering of hoofs and several angry "baas" were heard coming along the walk. It was the lamb. He stood at the bottom of the steps looking at me. I laughed and said, "Now I am safe and you can't get me up here!" But I was mistaken. I had no sooner said that than the lamb was up on the porch, but fortunately the door was right there, and I made a dive for it.

Another time a little boy who was also staying at the farm thought that he would take a ride on the lamb. He managed to get on its back all right, but Butsie, as I named him, wouldn't have it. He whirled violently around in a circle and did everything to get the boy off, but to no avail, as he was holding tight to the lamb's long wool. Finally Butsie made a rush for the milk room. He tore through the room with the speed of the wind, through the laundry, frightening the terrified laundress nearly to death; into the kitchen, bumping into the cook and making her spill hot water all over herself, and last of all he jumped through an open window and into the barn, where he was caught and tied. The boy was still on his back and he said that the ride was the best ride he had ever had.

I made up a rhyme about Butsie, as follows:

Johnny had a little lamb,
That learned the art of "buttin',"
And when he grew to be a sheep,
They changed him into mutton.

And I think they finally did change him into mutton, for people stopped coming to board where such a ferocious animal was.

VIRGINIA A. TALLMADGE (aged 13).

No. 37 Walnut street, Newark, N. J.

How to Win a Prize.

Contest No. 1 (Tree Puzzle)—Choice of a sterling silver Tribune badge, an interesting book, a box of water color paints, an imitation ivory paper knife or a set of Scottish postcards for the neatest and best three answers.

Contest No. 2 (Things to Think About)—Choice of an interesting book, a box of water color paints, a set of Scottish postcards, an imitation ivory paper knife or a sterling silver Tribune badge for the neatest and best two solutions.

Contest No. 3 (Our Letter Box)—A prize of $1 is given for every letter printed under this heading. The letter may contain incidents in your life, anecdotes of pets, novel school experiences, things seen in travel or made up stories. These stories must be original and must be written on one side of the paper only. Letters entitled to the prize of $1 are often crowded out for lack of space in the week they are received, but if such is the case they always appear in the page later.

Be sure to state your age.

Be sure to give your choice of prizes.

Be sure to give name and address.

Contest closes on February 24. Age is considered in awarding prizes. Address your letters and answers to Little Men and Little Women, New-York Tribune, New York.

Things to Think About.

ACROSTIC.

1. Nconiwss.
2. Aaaambl.
3. Hsclooaalutnr.
4. Dnsouh.
5. Nnaadii.
6. Aavedn.
7. Riaggeo.
8. Xsale.
9. Ioho.
10. Kansabre.

When the letters in the different words of this acrostic have been correctly arranged, it will be found that they are all the names of states, except No. 4, which is a river in New York State. The initials will spell the name of a city named after one of the greatest of Americans.

WORD SQUARE.

1. An article of food that is much talked about now, not because more of it is being used than usual, but because some persons are not eating it at all.
2. Every one of any number of persons or things.
3. The highest point of attainment.
4. At that time.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

ANAGRAM.

Saint Valentine's Day.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Boycott.

TREE PUZZLE.

Willie is trying to emulate the example of George Washington, and has taken his father's axe out to chop down the cherry tree. He finds that there are different messages tacked on the other trees, and after he has chopped down the cherry tree, he tries to study out what word is necessary to complete the messages. He finds that the missing word in each message is the name of that tree. In some cases he finds that the name is not spelled the same as the name of the tree, but it is pronounced the same as the name of the tree. See if you can make out the names of the trees and send them in as they are numbered. For the neatest and best three answers we offer the choice of a sterling silver Tribune badge, an interesting book, a box of water color paints, an imitation ivory paper knife or a set of Scottish postcards.

CIRCULABITIES

BY FREDERICK WHITE

One morning, when the snow was deep.
The Circle children tried,
With snowshoes made of barrel staves,
Upon the crust to glide.

It seems a very simple thing—
Perhaps you've tried it, too—
And, if you have, you know it's not
An easy thing to do.

Frills, Flounces and Fluff

Paris Modes Show a Strong Leaning Toward the Frivolities of Half a Century Ago.

Paris, February 10.

Many weddings have been crowded into the last days before Lent, and many beautiful gowns were made for them. A lovely gown made by a Rue de la Paix house for an English bride was of white charmeuse chiffon deeply bordered at the hem with flowers and twining leaves embroidered in white floss. An embroidered chiffon fichu folded the shoulders, and short sleeves, also heavily embroidered, fell over lace mitten sleeves that pointed over gloveless hands. The long court train, hung from the shoulders in a wide flat box pleat, showed a basket design filled in with roses and lilies. A coronet of orange flowers secured the veil of fine Brussels lace, which was laid flat on top of the head, the scalloped edges falling over the forehead and ears like a cap. Nine maids wore at this wedding straight, chemiselike tunics of mauve tulle, hung over soft satin of the palest imaginable shade of mauve, barely tinted. A deeper shade of the lovely spring color showed in their hats of Italian straw, trimmed with Parma violets.

For another pre-Lenten bride the gown of white satin was draped with a shawl of rare old Venetian lace. Quaintly fashioned with a pointed corsage, the neck was cut in a Florentine square and softly folded blonde lace filled the opening. A second lace shawl—a treasured heirloom—was used for the wedding veil. Draped with two corners falling on each side below the hips, the other two mingling with the train, it had a beautiful all-enveloping effect. Bouquets of orange flowers were pinned back of the ears holding the lace close about the face like a bonnet.

The four tiny maids who accompanied this bride were dressed in the quaintest of Louis Phillippe costumes. Of pale pink mousseline de soie, the skirts were gathered to plain, smoothly fitted and round waisted bodices. A thick tulle ruche trimmed them across the shoulders in the straight line of that time, and short, big, puffed sleeves finished in a ruched band with a ribbon bow at the back. Three thick tulle ruches, placed three or four inches apart, hemmed the skirt and at one side they curved upward to end under a bunch of pink roses tied with long ribbon ends.

Bonnets of white straw, that flared oddly about the face, tied under the chin with wide pink ribbon; inside, fitting close about the hair, was a lace ruche, ending under pink roses, while white ostrich feathers waved in the air from the outside.

Continuing the fashions of this period, the bride had among her evening gowns one of crêpe de Chine, made with a short, full skirt, gathered to a deeply pointed corsage, the point terminating in a round, flat ribbon rosette, with ends falling to the knees. Two wide lace flounces trimmed the skirt, one overlapping the other, and a lace bertha trimmed the décolleté corsage, which was cut in the straight line of the wedding gown, while overlapping lace frills formed the upper part of the sleeve. Wristlets of black velvet were tied at the back with flying ends, and a black velvet band was tied around the throat.

Another smart gown in the same trousseau was made of rose colored taffetas, changing into pale gray, and trimmed with flounces of fine black Chantilly lace. On the skirt were four flounces set a little space apart, the upper one appearing to be sewed to the round waisted bodice. The bodice was cut at the neck into a deep V back and front, and had short, tight sleeves, finished with lace flounces falling nearly to the wrists. These, falling backward with every movement of the pretty arms, were charmingly quaint.

An afternoon gown of Nattier blue crêpe had its short skirt trimmed with three shaped and graduated flounces, sewed far enough apart to show the heading of each one, and a narrow bias band with pinked edges gathered through the middle. The corsage was laid in flat pleats from neck to round waist, and had short, flaring basques, with a belt of black velvet ribbon tied at one side of the front. The little ruche trimmed the edge of the basques, covered the front closing and followed the line of the round neck. The bell sleeves were trimmed to match the skirt.

These gowns and many others built on similar lines mark the strong leaning toward the modes of half a century and more ago. These old fashions of frills, flounces and fluff are exquisitely suited to the freshness of youth.

The designs of old-fashioned materials have been copied in the new ones—great flowers on transparent white backgrounds, gayly colored flowers set against a groundwork of dull black or plain black, thin materials, with deep flowered borders for trimmings. These are turned into full plain skirts flounced with lace, or trimmed, rather fussily, with meandering lines of tiny silk ruches.

There is a surprising variety in the shape of the new hats. Large and small, high and low, all seem alike desirable. Turbans made of folds of silk, satin or gauze clearly bear the hallmarks of their makers. Each great house has its own fashion of manipulating dainty materials. Quite sensational was a turban built of softly twisted folds of silk in soft Oriental color tones. Handled like a handkerchief, the folds knotted at one side in a donkey's ear bow; from the other side rose a black aigrette.

Many fashionable women this year have forsaken the sunny skies and flowers of the Riviera for the winter sports of Switzerland. The favorite costume there, the last word of chic, is of white corduroy, with white furs. With the head wound in a veil of rose colored mousseline de soie, these costumes make a pretty picture against the snowy background. Costumes of white knitted wool are made gay by facings of tolle de Jouy. Bonnets and round muffs, knitted to match, are trimmed with the gay flowered stuff, the vogue for which seems never to end.

MARGARET ALICE FRIEND.

Club and Social Notes

The Daughters of the American Revolution of the State of New York will celebrate Washington's Birthday on board the North German Lloyd steamer George Washington, from 3 until 7 o'clock. There will be music by the ship's band and tea will be served. Mrs. Joseph S. Wood is the state regent.

The French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand have consented to preside at the opening of the grand charity bazaar to be held at the Metropolitan Opera House from April 5 to 9, for the benefit of the French Hospital, of New York. At the last meeting of the committee it was decided that the women are to wear the national costumes of the countries which their tables represent.

The Professional Woman's League will spend an afternoon with Shakespeare tomorrow at the clubhouse, No. 1899 Broadway. The programme for this dramatic day includes several selections from Shakespeare's plays, to be rendered by members of The New Theatre company, a Shakespearian talk by F. F. Mackay and musical versions of the bard's songs and lyrics. Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson will recite "The Quality of Mercy" and other Shakespearian selections will be given by Miss Leah Bateman-Hunter and Charles Balsar and Ben Johnson.

Señorita Carolina Marcial, graduate of the Madrid International Institute and instructor in Spanish at Wellesley College, was in New York last week for a few days' stay, during which she spoke at several schools about the education of Spanish girls in the International Institute, which was founded by Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick. From New York Señorita Marcial went to the middle West, where she will repeat these lectures.

The marriage of Miss Helen Eloise Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Jones, of No. 261 Central Park West, and Max Myron Bernstein was celebrated at Delmonico's last Tuesday night. The Rev. Stephen S. Wise performed the ceremony, which was followed by a dinner and dance. The bride wore a gown of white satin, and her veil of rose point lace was fastened with orange blossoms. Lilies, roses and palms decorated the room.

At the request of the Women's Benevolent and Missionary Society of the Mount Morris Baptist Church, Fifth avenue, near 127th street, the pastor, the Rev. J. Herman Randall, will give a series of Browning lecture recitals during Lent. The lectures are to be given in the church at 4 p. m., as follows: February 24, "Pippa Passes"; March 3, "Andrea del Sarte"; March 8, "Abt Vogler"; March 17, "Saul." The proceeds of the series will be devoted to the benevolent work of the society.

The evening of Tuesday, March 8, will be Stony Wold night at the Columbia 'varsity show, "The King of Hilaria," a musical comedy, written by two students, which is to be given in the main ballroom of the Hotel Astor, under the auspices of the Junior Auxiliary 10.

The proceeds of this evening's performance are to go toward the completion of a settlement house at Lake Kushaqua, in the Adirondacks, for the use of ex-patients of the Stony Wold Sanatorium.

Clio last Monday dispensed with its regular meeting at the Hotel Astor, and instead held its annual reception at the home of Mrs. Frank P. Simmons, No. 2077 Fifth avenue. Many members of the State Federation of Women's Clubs attended. Mrs. Harry Lilly, the president of Clio, received, assisted by Mrs. Andrew J. Shipman and others. Mrs. Daniel Edwards Ford poured tea.

The Knickerbocker Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution, of which Mrs. William R. Stewart is regent, held its regular meeting on Friday, February 18, at the Waldorf-Astoria. The programme was made up chiefly of music, but included one address, a talk on "Lincoln," by Mrs. M. Taylor Phillips.

As March 1 is Orange Day in California, the members of the National California Club in New York will celebrate the occasion by entertaining in their homes, and serving all sorts of refreshments made of oranges from their native state.

The Woman's Republican Association of the State of New York will hold a meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria on Wednesday, February 23, at 3 o'clock, in the interest of good government in state and municipal affairs. Mrs. William Grant Brown is president of this organization.

The Home Social Club, of which Mrs. Robert Gray is president, was entertained at luncheon at Delmonico's on Tuesday, February 15, by Mrs. Thomas Douglas, of No. 218 West 123d street. The after luncheon entertainment consisted of recitations and musical selections. In conclusion each guest received a valentine and a majolica cherry basket.

The Washington Headquarters Association, which was founded by the Daughters of the American Revolution, will celebrate Washington's Birthday by appropriate exercises at the Jumel Mansion, 160th street and Jumel Terrace, at 3 o'clock. Charles B. Stover, Commissioner of Parks, will preside, and there will be addresses by Frederick W. Hinrichs, the Rev. Rufus P. Johnson and Florence Sullivan.

The Interdenominational Day of Prayer, appointed by the Council of Women for Home Missions, will be observed in Calvary Baptist Church on February 24, from 10:30 o'clock until 3 o'clock. The plan of the council is that the various denominations shall arrange the programme in turn year after year. This year the Baptist women are in charge. The programme has been arranged by Mrs. M. E. Harlan, Mrs. R. S. MacArthur will preside, assisted by Mrs. Mornay Williams. Luncheon will be served at the church.

The New York State Society of the Daughters of the Revolution is to have its annual luncheon on February 24 at the Hotel Plaza.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

The Russian coat that is closed from left to right is one of the latest novelties. This one is cut to form the points at the lower edge that are so smart and so fashionable. It can be made either with slightly full sleeves, finished with pointed cuffs, or with plain sleeves, and these plain sleeves can be cut off to three-quarter length if liked. The material in this case is pongee, trimmed with silk braid, but the pattern is suited to every seasonable material.

NO. 6,595—TISSUE PAPER PATTERN OF FANCY BELTED BLOUSE COAT FOR 10 CENTS.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 5½ yards 27, 3½ yards 44 or 3 yards 52 inches wide, with 7 yards of wide and 5¾ yards of narrow banding to trim as illustrated.

The pattern, No. 6,595, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

Please give number of pattern and bust measure distinctly. Address Pattern Department, New-York Tribune. If in a hurry for pattern, send an extra 2-cent stamp and we will mail by letter postage in sealed envelope.

MENU FOR MONDAY.

BREAKFAST.

Stewed figs in cream.
Fried eggs with cheese.
Popovers. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Bread pancake with syrup.
Apricots. Crummets.
Chocolate.

DINNER.

Cream of cauliflower soup.
Lamb potpie.
Fried sweet potatoes. New Beets.
Kumquat jelly.
Coffee.

CRUMMETS.

Crummets are delicious spiced cookies made of a cupful of butter, one cupful and a half of sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of milk, two beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, a cupful of raisins and a dash each of clove, casia and nutmeg. Then add enough flour to make the dough stiff enough for rolling. Cut into shapes and bake in a quick oven.

BREAD PANCAKE.

This is an excellent way of using up stale bread which has been soaked in water until soft. Into a hot frying pan put a generous lump of butter and then the bread, from which the water has been pressed. Flatten it out with a broad bladed knife, brown on both sides and serve with maple syrup.

Little Men and Little Women

ATTENTION!

Owing to the inability of the printers to supply us with the "Dolls of the Nations" (mentioned in yesterday's Tribune), we are obliged to forego the distribution to our little friends. If arrangements can be made later we will surely take advantage of the opportunity.

THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.