

# In Childhood's Realm



BLANKET STREET. Oh come with me, baby, to Blanket street, 'Tis a famous place, dear, for three feet. Up Spinnaker Hill, across Landing Ridge, Past Banister lane and then 'Kissing Bridge,' Where somebody always you're sure to meet.

Over the bridges, and at last we are there, Right in the middle of Little-crib square. The street is as white as the driven snow, But warm like the blossom-time snow, you know— Warm to toes that are soft and pink and bare.

And speaking of toes, 'tis in Blanket street That the Five Little Pigs go often meet; And the bluest always goes squeak, squeak, squeak, Though the weather never is cold and bleak, For 'tis always summer in Blanket street.

And the yellow bird talks as well as sings, And the bumblebee hums, but never stings; And the love-lamps burn like stars all night, Oh come, and be sure to listen right. For the Blanket-street birds say wonderful things. MARY D. HATCH.

Contrasts in Child Life. In New York it is not necessary to wear



THE COMING WOMAN. From a photograph by Marceau.

seven-league boots for stepping from the habit of one order of child to the domain of another. The Spectator has found a certain interest in walking for a block amid the swarming children of squalor and filth, then just turning a step aside to find himself in another world for babies. It is a better world, of course; but to the eyes of a newcomer New York is the hardest of cities upon its children, whether born to the gutter or to the purple.

With a flutter of laces and velvets, silks and satins, the baby-carriages of the favored sweep by like triumphant chariots. Little toddlers walk beside their nurses, sedate in their harlequin apparel—clothes seems a word inadequate. Are these the dear delights for boyhood? The Spectator has passed down such a line of nurses and their royal charges with a longing borne mightily in his soul to give a party—a Pinatore party—the pinafores provided by himself and made of brown holland. At the entrance door all apparel should be exchanged for pinafores, the entertainment in the reception room should be a sand-heap for "Sebastopol," that delightful game of the Spectator's childhood; nor would the wherewithal for mud-pies be absent.

Though the street-child on its native heath is not a happy sight for any child-lover, by law of contrast it may become a relief to see the children playing freely in the gutters. To reach this state of mind one must first share an experience which after the Spectator's not many days ago. Discovering an immediate need of a cent article, he ventured into an "emporium" where he was told to seek it, or rather he let himself drift with a human maelstrom and was swept into the salesroom. Having waited ten minutes for a clerk, the Spectator secured one, selected the purchase, paid for it, and waited again for the system of checking and wrapping to be carried out. After a second, ten minutes thus wasted five minutes for each cent spent) the Spectator's mounting impatience resolved itself into a question, "Why is this?" There seemed no dearth of clerks, and all worked with nervous haste. The reason was not far to seek. The clerks were for the most part children. There were a few women scattered here and there, but children were the chief employees. As the Spectator watched their work he wondered that anything was correct or on time.—The Outlook.

### Evolution of the Paper Doll.

The evolution of the paper doll has reached a stage which makes those erstwhile frivolous creatures interesting even to the wise and the dignified. In the first place, some clever person invented dolls with wardrobes historically accurate. That is to say, a dolly with her hair dressed after the fashion indulged in by Marie Antoinette would be possessed of a series of costumes in the styles worn during the reign of that unfortunate sovereign. Colonial dolls, Greek dolls, early English dolls, all were pretty and, quite incidentally, very instructive. One small girl of my acquaintance has, with suggestions and practical assistance from some of her elders, carried the plan of historic dolls a long way. From illustrated periodicals, posters, advertising cards, in fact all conceivable sources, she has gleaned an enormous number of people which, when carefully cut out after being mounted upon stiff

paper, are designated by the name of paper dolls. These dolls are carefully segregated as to their nationalities and are again subdivided into epochs, historically speaking. They are kept in large envelopes procured for the purpose, and many of them have several changes of costume, designed with fidelity and intelligence by their small owner.

The individuals of the little historian's large and growing family are not by any means exclusively feminine. Kings, philosophers, martyrs and generals dwell in peace and concord with the nymphs of poetry and dames of the First Empire. Each "dolly" has its name inscribed upon the back. If the picture is not of a celebrity of any age or land it is given a cognomen possible to its character and assigned to its proper epoch.

Slightly minded have to be danced by our family of paper dolls, and great care and study are necessary in order to be sure that no impossible persons are invited. Napoleon must not dance with Mrs. Washington, because he never saw her, and an Apache Indian must not come to the party, because the ladies would be frightened.

When battles are fought the right general must win of course, and the Red Cross nurses must not go out to take care of soldiers who died too long ago.

It is easy to see that there is a chance for the child to learn of the progress of the world in a better way than any book has ever taught it, and to form an accurate idea of the changes in the people, their costumes and their natures.

Pictures are to-day almost a new language, flowing from the finger-tips of men who could not in endless columns express so well the real conditions, past, present and imaginary. Give the children the full advantage of the world of pictures, and art will have fulfilled its greatest possibilities for good.

### Dorothy and Dolly.

You're going to wear your longest and prettiest white dress to-day, my dearie little dolly girl, an' play that you is my little baby sister.

Long time ago my mamma used to say that some day she would buy me a really meebly baby sister to play with. I got so tired an' so tired of waitin' an' waitin', an' now my mamma just only says to go 'way an' not to bother when I tell about that, I 'spose she don't want to buy any more

### A Yankee Napoleon—"Bring on your Duke of Wellington."

[From St. Nicholas.]

the dreadful ole bad clubs what anybody's got.

### Philosophy of Babyland.

Little Dot—Is it hotter in the country than in the city?

Little Dick—Course not.

Little Dot—Then why does men wear thick clothes and warm hats in the city, and then when they go to the country put on thin clothes and straw hats—Good News.

Ethel—It's too bad it's cold. I prayed for a warm day. Does God always answer prayers?

Mamma—Yes, if you ask for a thing in the right way, and if you don't he reproves you by not giving it to you.

Ethel—Oh, I see now. The governess told me to try and say my prayers in French this month, and I guess I made mistakes—Harlem Life.

Mamma—Why don't you go and do the errand I told you to?

Freddie—I want to sit here and see the company that's coming to Mrs. Smith's.

"How do you know there is any coming?"

"I saw Robbie wash his hands."—Inter-Ocean.

Sunday-school teacher—What kind of boys go to heaven?

Small boy—Dead ones.—Brooklyn Life.

Frances and her papa had a few squares to go and the latter asked: "Frances, shall we walk or take the streetcars?"

"Well, papa," replied the little girl, "I'll walk if you'll carry me."—Bazar.

A little fellow of five years fell and cut his upper lip so badly that a doctor had to be summoned to sew up the wound. In her distress the mother could not refrain from saying:

"Oh, doctor, I fear it will leave a disfigurement."

Tommy looking up into her tearful face said: "Never mind, mamma, my mustache will cover it."—Tit-Bits.

A Hard Prescription.—"You must let

the baby have one-ow's milk to drink every day."

"Very well, if you say so, doctor," said the perplexed young mother; "but I really don't see how he is going to hold it all."—Babyhood.

A curious phenomenon is reported on Lake Winnebago. In the middle of the winter the ice cracks open, the fissure extending lengthwise of the lake and almost exactly midway between the east and the west shores. This opening averages from three to six feet in width, and is nearly thirty miles long—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

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### SECRETS OF STATE.

don't want to see it much. It's a pretty awfully bad thing I can know, 'cause my papa is 'frail of it, an' he don't ever be 'frail' about anything.

When my really mamma said the club was comin' to our house some day my papa looked so 'frail he was mostly sick. An' he said when the time comed he was not to go to some place what I can't member the name of. I'm going to tease an' tease him to take me, dolly, an' I'll take you in my arms, you poor little bit dolly girl, an' I'll stand on the steps an' hold you awful if he begins to go 'bout us.

The funny ole man what carries away our ashes use to poun' an' poun' his poor ole horse with a club 'cause it was tired an' wouldn't go. Then my really mamma thought a club was awful dreadful her own

self. An' I don't guess if she had a really truly soft, warm, meebly what lived at her house that she would hit it with that ole bad club.

I are got a big stick my own self, dolly, but I just only keep it out in the barn for fun, 'cause ladies like clubs. But I ain't never goin' to write no letters to it, nor bake no great big lovely cakes for it, what you can't have none of. An' I ain't never goin' out to the barn all lone to see it when you wants to come with me nor had your nice little paps are got a bad headache an' wants some tea an' toast. An' I ain't never goin' to bring that ole stick in the house to scare my little children with, what ain't got no more mamas but only me. I loves you pretty much, little dolly, an' I don't want to make you feel bad. But if I could 'ford to buy a really meebly what could cry good an' loud most all the time, I'd love it whole bumbles an' bumbles more than all

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# Books and Bookmakers

### A Scientist in Fiction.

In the preface to a clever enough novel just published in this country, the author, Mr. Grant Allen, gives, for the benefit of young aspirants in letters, some data regarding his own progress. He calls it a record of his upward path to a modest degree of popularity with the reading public. In reality it might be called the record of his literary unmaking.

Grant Allen says rightly that he was not born a novelist, but was made one. Philosophy and science were the first loves of his youth. In the days of his enthusiasm he did considerable work that was literary as well as scientific. He had that rare gift which few scientists possess, of putting scientific facts so clearly, so simply that he who can might read, yet with such a graceful literary facility that the scholar could not but enjoy.

In an evil hour temptation came to Mr. Allen as it comes to most of us. He yielded, as do many of us, deserted the thorny path of science, with its few emoluments, and took to romance writing as many another man has taken to stock-brokerage and the produce commission business—because there was more money in it. He expresses the truth very patly when he confesses that an enterprising publisher turned him from an innocent and impetuous naturalist into a devotee of the muse of shilling shockers.

'Tis a pity—for while the muse of shilling shockers (Grant Allen is more severe upon his own fiction than any one else would be) has devoted a plenty, there are few writers in this age and generation