

MME. MERRI'S ADVICE

THREE GOOD IDEAS FOR EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

Old Pastime That Is Just as Enjoyable as It Ever Was—Charades Easy to Arrange—Flower Contest Is Well Worth While.

At a recent card party a few of the grand dames present began talking of the pastimes of their childhood and one and all agreed that "Logomachy" had been not only enjoyable but most instructive. So I immediately inquired into the game and found that it would be most excellent, as it cannot be but teaching spelling, which is one of the crying needs of the day. I dislike to say so, but many of my letters from school children, even of high school age, are often badly spelled and badly written.

The regular "Logomachy" sets may be obtained, and "Anagrams" may be used. The cost is very small. Home-made sets are quickly constructed by taking letters from the top of a daily paper (as they are usually good-sized letters), mount them on squares of cardboard or very thin wood. With a scroll saw, these are easily made. Make about three dozen of the letters most commonly used, with a few extra vowels; a half dozen each of "Q," "X," and "Z" will be enough.

To play the game, give each one the same number of letters, the faces turned downward on the table. Each one in turn places a letter face up in the center of the table and if he can form a word of not less than three letters from those collected, he takes them. This may be done either before or after the player has turned up the letter. The one playing continues to draw new letters as long as he can add them to words already made by himself or any other person. The one who turns up the last letter is permitted about twenty seconds to claim the word, after which any one may take it by first naming it.

Any player may take from another a word, if by adding another letter he can make a materially different word from it.

A change of verbs into their own participles, or nouns to adverbs or adjectives, is not counted. Proper nouns and abbreviations on the one hand, and a standard dictionary on the other, are agreed upon as an authority for settling any controversy.

If one player has a word which may be changed into another he must name this transformation if he does not do so, one of the others upon announcing it may capture the word for himself. When any one player has ten words, all must count the number of syllables their words contain and the person having the greatest number of syllables wins that game.

Some players count the one who first has ten words as the winner. This point may be decided by those playing, before the game is started.

An Old Flower Contest.

The request for floral contests is perennial, and I am sometimes forced to give some that have appeared in the department of the past month. It was so many years ago that I feel sure that it will be new to many of our readers.

1. An amiable man. (Sweet William).
2. The pulse of the business world. (Stocks).
3. A title for the sun. (Morning-glory).
4. A bird and a riding accessory. (Landscape).
5. A pillar of a building and a syllable that rhymes with dine. (Columbine).
6. A flower between mountains. (Lily of the valley).
7. A farewell sentiment. (Forget-me-not).
8. A dade and an animal. (Dandelion).

CORONATION BRAIDING

Coronation cord should be sewn on with narrow couching stitch across its narrow portions. When it is necessary to cut the braid about half an inch should be allowed and a hole should be made with a stiletto, through which the braid should be pushed and fastened with a few stitches on the under side.

NEGLIGEE EASY TO MAKE

Garment That Would Cost Much Money if Bought May Be Put Together at Home.

A creation of messaline, chiffon and filmy shadow lace that would delight the eyes of a woman, however regardless of her personal appearance she might be, was recently exhibited in an extensive shop. The foundation of the negligee was white messaline. Over this was a draped cream chiffon bodice and a pannered tunic of the chiffon. The panner effect, which was even all around, was obtained by simply turning under the edge of the straight tunic, giving it a bouffant touch. A grade of pale blue messaline outlined the high waist line, and the lace fichu which draped the shoulders, Marie Antoinette fashion, was of cream shadow lace, the V being ornamented along the edges with natural-sized rosebuds of pink chiffon.

BACK TO THE MIDDLE AGES

Idea for Opera Bag Has Been Copied From Those Carried Many Centuries.

It is called "medieval" because it so closely resembles those beautiful bags which were carried by knights of rank during the middle ages. It is a narrow seam about the pointed bottom and two sides. Cut from a piece of heavy, cream-colored moire silk, eight inches long by six and a half inches wide. Measure up from the bottom two inches on each side and place another mark at the center of the bottom. Cut from the side marks to the mark at the center bottom, and this will make a decided point. Cut another piece of moire the same shape and size. Place the two pieces one upon the other, run a narrow seam about the pointed bottom and two sides. Cut a lining from pale blue satin to fit the bag. Run two rows of stitching along the top to form a casing and run through it a gold cord to draw the mouth of the bag shut. Now crochet, in simple chain stitch, an "overdress" of gold thread that will slip over the bag and

HERSUDDENNOTION

By ELLA R. PEARCE.

When old Mr. Lacey died, two years after his long-invalued wife had gone to her final rest, Wollaston wondered what Maybelle Lacey would do. Since her early girlhood, Maybelle had been companion and nurse to her parents, one after the other, and housekeeper for the brother until his marriage; and her duties had left her time for little else.

To the surprise of the townspeople, the young woman announced that she would rent her house, reserving rooms for herself, and open a little shop in the industrial center of Wollaston.

With Maybelle it was simply a question of self preservation coupled with the desire to be active.

"I've got to do something. There's only a little money, and I've got to put it to good use."

The little shop was opened, a modest place just off the thoroughfare, with a small window and a small door, and room enough inside for stock.

Maybelle spent her money discreetly and chose wisely, so she made quite an attractive display. Had she simple novelties and unique articles of utility.

Then one day came a "drummer" for a big well-known firm in New York. He was taking orders for silk petticoats, a new silk warranted not to split, crack or rattle. He talked fluently of the value of the Clover-bloom label.

"But I couldn't sell anything like that here," said Maybelle, standing erect and dignified behind her counter. "Besides, Mr.—"

"McCall," Porter McCall, at your service. He slipped a card within reach of her fingers. "Why, these silk skirts are just what you need to give your stock weight. Use 'em for a background—light and shade—gives the proper tone. See 'em."

He showed the ruffled breadths of a dazzling rose colored garment over his extended arm. His eyes met hers challengingly. They merry twinkle dimmed the wary shopkeeper.

"Why, two or three of those hung up in my little place would hide the rest of my stock," laughed Maybelle. "No, Mr. McCall, I'm sorry; but I couldn't give you a worth while order anyway."

"Why, I don't care how small it is—say a quarter dozen now—seeing it's you."

Maybelle drew back blushing. Her quiet glance fell reprovingly to her companion's face, but he appeared so good-natured, so inoffensive, that her indignation faded.

"Three petticoats—why, that wouldn't be any order at all," she protested.

"That'll do for a start," said the Cloverbloom agent, as he drew out his order book.

Somehow, Maybelle found herself saying, "Well, three then. One black, one white and one green. But I'm afraid—"

"And I'll look in next time I come to town, Miss Lacey. It is Miss, isn't it?" He put his book in his pocket, snatched his sample case shut, and looked at her quizzically.

Her plump figure wore its plain black gown gracefully; her deep blue eyes and soft brown hair set off the fair bloom of her complexion. She had an ingratiating, friendly air which Wollaston understood, but the stranger had yet to fathom its meaning.

"Will you take dinner with me, Miss Lacey?" he asked breezily. "I'm leaving on the eight-thirty, and I'd enjoy your company first rate."

Then Maybelle Lacey leaned over the counter, and all her characteristic dignity and indignation were in full force. Her snapping eyes looked directly into his face, and her soft lips drew tautly.

"No, sir, I will not!" she made plain response. "You have no right to invite me. I bought your goods, Mr. McCall, but our business relations do not warrant your asking me to dinner with you."

Porter McCall's cheerful countenance instantly darkened ruddily.

"Oh—sir—I beg your pardon. No harm meant—a mere business courtesy. Good day, Miss Lacey."

And she was outside the little door and hustling toward his hotel.

A month later, Miss Lacey looked up from a pile of embroidery silks she was assorting to see the representative of the Cloverbloom company again. He was smiling at her across the counter as generally as ever.

"All sold out?" he asked blithely.

"Not one. A woman almost bought the green one, but decided it was too light. You see—I told you—they don't come to me for such things."

"Put 'em in the window," he suggested.

Maybelle looked at him with suspicion gathering in her glance.

"I didn't expect to see you in Wollaston so soon again," she said.

JACK'S NOVEL POCKET PIECE

Had Carried Small Around in Pocket Until Children Were Snugly Settled for Bed-Time Talk.

When the children were snugly settled for the bed-time talk Jack fished up a small shell from the depths of his pocket, where he had been carrying it all day for this occasion. "Tell us all about that," he said. "I often find them in the garden, but there is never anything in them. I know that the shells couldn't get there all alone, but why do we never see the snails?"

"Because the snails usually tuck themselves safely away inside the shell," mamma answered, "and knows too much to come out when curious little boys are around. If you will go into the garden some warm sunny day after a shower, you will perhaps be able to find a small dragging himself and his house along one of the walks."

When the weather is dry or cold they close the door of their house with a kind of membrane, they manufacture themselves, just as the spider makes its web or the silkworm its cocoon. During the winter they find shelter somewhere in a crevice, or make a hole in the ground, which they cover with dead leaves. Here they remain safe and warm until the first spring rains call them out in search of food.

The snail has almost as many legs as you have, often having one or two hundred rows of them. It knows how to use them too, and often does great mischief to gardens with them. Some gardeners catch and destroy them by spreading cabbage leaves on the ground to attract them.

"The body of the snail is very soft, and it has four horns, two long ones and two short ones. You will notice two tiny black spots at the end of the long horns, these are the eyes; and if you look very closely when the snail first puts out his horns, you will see these eyes move up until they reach the tips."

"In some countries snails are considered good to eat, and the ancient Romans kept them in an inclosure made for that purpose, and fed them on meal and hulled wine until they were fattened and ready for the table."

"The most wonderful thing about the snail is its power to heal its own injuries. It is one of the most remarkable physicians on earth, but its only patient is itself. Not only is it able to heal wounds on any part of its body, but even dead meat may be cut off, and another one will grow."

Sunday School Visitor.

Pen Puzzle is Interesting

Trick is to Place Animals in Stalls Corresponding With Numbers as Shown in Illustration.

In how few moves can you place each of the animals in its proper pen without ever having two in the same pen? The number on the animals

should correspond to the numbers of the pens.

The animals are rearranged into their proper pens by moving them in the following order: 4, 3, 2, 4, 2, 5, 1, 2, 4, 3, 5, 4, 2, 1, 4 and 5.

ORIGIN OF FLYING MACHINES

When Balloons Were First Invented No Man Could Be Found Who Was Willing to Make Ascension.

When the first flying machine or balloon was invented no man could be found to venture to get up in it, so they placed a sheep, a cock and a duck in the basket and let them try it.

This was in Paris on June 6, 1783. The balloon was made by two young men, some of a paper maker, and was filled with hot air. It went up to a height of nearly half a mile and then gradually sank back to earth, and the animals were found contentedly reposing in the basket as if nothing had happened.

This experiment was thought so successful that on November 21 the same year a young naturalist named De Rozier and an army officer, the Marquis d'Arlandes, went up in a balloon and stayed aloft about half an hour. This made young De Rozier so bold that two years afterward he tried to cross the English channel and was drowned.

Shattered Text.

The extremely handsome professor of nerve restoration was addressing his matinee class of society ladies.

"I am about to show you one of my original tests," he said with a flash of perfect teeth. "I produce an artificial muscle attached to a string and draw it across the floor. You all know it is artificial and act not natural. Yet there may be a little palpitation. Let us see."

He stepped outside and immediately reappeared, his hand holding a string to which a muscle was attached. He drew it forward, "You see how harmless it is. Look at it for a little while." He tossed down the string and the muscle immediately made a dash for the nearest chair. In five seconds the room was empty.

The handsome professor looked around ruefully.

"That darn kid rung in a live one on me," he said.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Was Baby Needed?

Elmer, though only a little boy, was the eldest child of an already numerous family. He was invited to go in and see a little baby sister. Asked by his mother what he thought of the baby, he said: "Why, mamma, it's real nice. But do you think we needed it?"

No Time.

"Son, do you read book and thunder novels?"

"No, sir. It's all I kin do to keep up with the horrible crimes in the current news."

THE CHILDREN

Matches and Matches.

NEAT TRICKS WITH MATCHES

Success of Deception More Often Than Not Rests Entirely on Its Readiness and Simplicity.

The success of a good trick more often than not rests entirely on its readiness and simplicity of performance. For the following all that is necessary is a box of ordinary wooden matches.

Arrange fifteen matches in the four figures given below. Then ask a friend (preferably a bachelor) to take away three and leave an explicit explanation of what "matches" are tried.

Place twenty-four matches into a cube of nine small squares. Remove eight of the matches and leave only two squares. Experience will show that the solution of this trick is far more difficult than the unformed would at first imagine. All that is necessary is to leave the four sides of the cube and the small middle square.

Replace the matches into the original cubes of nine squares, throwing

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