

Social Forms and Entertainments



A Perplexing Query.

It is right for a girl twenty-six years of age, keeping house alone in one room, to receive visits from gentlemen? If not, is it right if she has a private sitting room? Is the sitting room of a boarding house always at the disposal of the boarders? If there is not a sitting room, what is a girl to do with gentlemen visitors?—Jane S.

The living room of a boarding house should always be at the disposal of the people in the house, and it should be attractive, so girls should feel no qualms in asking their friends to call. You would be open to adverse criticism if you entertained in a room alone. If you have a sitting room arrange for a chaperone, then your self-respect will be maintained and your men friends will think all the more of you.

Entertainment for Young People.

Would like to entertain a crowd of about twenty girls and boys (ages from eighteen to twenty) at an evening party, but am perplexed as to the entertainment. All of our parties seem so very much alike. Can you help me?—Jim.

One of the liveliest parties I ever saw was conducted in this fashion: Each of the boys was asked to come wearing something to represent a famous man and each of the girls to dress as a famous woman. Programs and pencils were provided to write down "who was who" and prizes were awarded. There was "Paul Revere" with his lantern, "Washington" and his cherry tree, "Betsey Ross" and her flag, "Francis Willard," wearing a little white ribbon, etc. Try it.

Two Questions.

Will you please tell me where I can get a good book on etiquette? Would it be correct to have the day of the week best suited for me to receive callers put on my calling cards?—Mrs. A. L.

For your first question I must ask you to send me a self-addressed stamped envelope.

It will be perfectly correct for you to have an "at home" day engraved upon your visiting card. But be sure you adhere strictly to the day given and remain at home all prepared for visitors.

Acknowledging Wedding Cards.
Will you kindly tell me how to acknowledge a wedding announcement?—Grace.

Unless the wedding announcement includes the "at home" address of the happy pair, no notice need be taken.

Samples of Most Charming Styles of the New Blouses



Here are two original blouse sketches. The styles selected are essentially of the day after tomorrow, while each represents an average remnant length of some double-width material, such as charmeuse or heavy crepe de Chine.

In my text, the illustrated example stands complete in a dark-toned charmeuse with an ornamentation supplied by mock loops and self-covered buttons of the satin. A small detail I would fain call attention to is the suggestion of a plait on the inside of the arm just above the bend of the elbow.

If it does, make a call upon the day mentioned, or, if that is impossible, send your card to arrive upon that date. If the announcement is from a very dear friend, a personal note of love and good wishes would not be amiss.

Refreshments for Bridge Tea.

I am going to have a friend to visit me for a week and wish to give a bridge tea in her honor. What refreshments can I serve besides sandwiches, tea and candy? Would an ice be proper? I want to do the correct thing and will depend so much on your answer.—M. A.

I presume you wish to serve refreshments after the game. A fruit salad, served in grape fruit shells, with cheese, crackers, a bit of bar de due in center of each; with it serve coffee. I would pass an ice or frappe during the middle of the afternoon, when one is apt to be thirsty. You could serve individual russe and hot chocolate or oyster cocktails and sardine sandwiches, with coffee.

"G's" Questions.

When one is dining out and the host serves more than you really care for, is it a breach of etiquette to leave the plate quite well filled? I am nineteen years old and the oldest girl in the family. How should my visiting cards be engraved?—G.

One is never compelled to eat more than is desired. It might be well to caution your host by saying, "That is quite sufficient, thank you." Your card should be engraved simply, "Miss Brown." To your other questions I must say I fear the reply is too late to be of benefit. I only have just so much space and only a limited number of letters can be answered each week.

Use of Place Cards.

I have never used place cards, and I think them a great convenience. Do you write the names of the guests and put them at the place you wish them to sit and are they supposed to carry them home with them as souvenirs?—"Ignorant."

The place cards bear the names of the guests and are put at the places they are to occupy. They are usually laid on the napkins and are retained by the guests to be taken home if they wish.

Where there are many to be seated or few these cards certainly make it easier for everyone.

The Matter of Cards.

I am at present visiting here in the city, but live in a small town. Quite a few people have called on me. In returning their calls do I leave my card, providing I find them at home?—A. L.

When returning a first call it is quite the proper thing to leave your card as a matter of record, as well as to show you know the proper thing to do. In the case of very intimate friends whom one calls upon frequently, it is not necessary to leave a card if the person is at home.

MADAME MERRI.

New Handbags.

Handbags are seen in a variety of form. The newest is the long double bag, passed through a ring to wear over the fingers or sufficiently large to wear as a bracelet. These bags are embroidered in steel or dull gold beads on colored velvet or moire, to match the gown worn.

CASE NEXT DOOR

Caught in Trap, But She Found Out All About the Mysterious Neighbor.

By GRACE KERRIGAN.

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Next door to the Needham's was a cottage with an acre of ground around it. The owner had died just as the cottage was ready for occupancy, and it had stood tenanted for more than a year. There were all sorts of stories as to why, as the agent who had it in charge lived in another town, but at length there came a young man who announced himself as Mr. Paul Burton, and his errand to take a year's lease.

The young man met Mr. and Mrs. Needham, and he might have met their daughter Grace at the same time had she been home that day. Nothing was said as to the young man's occupation or family, and the mystery was soon deeper than ever.

No mother, sister or housekeeper come with him.

He did not engage board anywhere. He did not engage a woman to come in and do the cooking and other work. He did not seek to make acquaintances.

He evidently had no trade or profession.

And when the Needham's and others had sized that all up and wondered and wondered there was something else. At the rear of the deep lot he built a small house. It was hardly larger than an ordinary bedroom. If there had been any children it would have been pronounced a play-house. There was no dog, and so it could not be a dog-house.

A week after the house had been finished, and while the neighbors were holding their breath, an express wagon drove up and delivered a goose in a crate. It was a gander—a pure white gander, and those who got a close look said it was an old patriarch who was living out the last half of his century.

"A goose?" queried Mrs. Needham. "Why, it's months and months to Thanksgiving."

"He may be a vivisectionist and is going to carve her up alive," remarked Mr. Needham.

"He's got a goose for a companion!" sneered Grace. "That's what might be looked for in a young man of his parts!"

The old goose was taken out to the goose-house and provided with excellent food, and dishes to eat and drink from, and young Mr. Burton visited him half a dozen times a day to ask about his health. It was said that he even got up twice a night to go out there and speak a word or two of cheer to his pet.

"That young man is off in his top-story!" said some.

"The law ought to step in!" said others.

"If he isn't making counterfeit money then why all this secrecy?" asked the wise ones with a wink.

No letters came from Mr. Burton. He answered no idle questions of the tradesmen. A minister called to invite him to attend church, but his ring was ignored. The mystery had lasted for three months when Miss Grace Needham threw down her book one evening and turned to her father with:

"I declare that if I were you I wouldn't stand it another day!"

"Stand what?"

"You know what I mean. I wouldn't stand this case next door. I'd have a talk with Mr. Burton and ask him what he means by such conduct."

"As how?"

"As living alone."

"That's his business. I choose to live as I like and that is my business."

"But he has to cook for himself."

"Yes."

"And make his bed, and sweep and dust."

"Yes?"

"And he has an old gander for company!"

"But we have an old cat!"

"But—but you won't do anything about it?"

"Not a thing!"

"Then I will! He's just got to explain himself or I'll know the reason why!"

"Spoken like Niek Carter," replied the father with a laugh, and the subject was dropped.

The young boys of the village had heard all about the gander, and the time came when they thought it would be a good joke to climb the alley fence and bear the veteran away. One night they tried it, but the gander's protests called Mr. Burton out of bed and to the rescue. He could have put a lock on the door next day, but he didn't. He bought a steel trap without teeth and set it where a boy might put his foot in it.

Miss Grace Needham was very much in earnest in her intentions to solve the next door mystery, but how was she to go at it? She had puzzled for a week, when one day she saw the young man leave the house with a market basket on his arm. He was going to buy provisions, and would be gone an hour. Mrs. Needham was off to a neighbor's, so there was no one around to say nay. As a beginning the goose-house was to be visited. There was the key, perhaps to the whole mystery. There was only a fence to climb and the girl was there.

The gander could be seen through the half-open door as he luxuriated on his divan of excelsior, and his open eyes and outstretched neck

proved that he was not asleep. Miss Grace must step inside, however, to see if that bird had any documents concealed under his wings. She must overlook nothing that might furnish a clue.

She did, just the same. She overlooked the trap that yawned for her right foot, and with a snap the jaws came together. There was a wild yell from the captive and a chuckle from the gander. Steel traps are made to take hold and pinch and hang on and hurt, even when they have no teeth.

Could the girl work the springs and loosen her benumbed foot? No s'r-e-e! She tried it and failed. She must yell and get help or wait the return of young Burton. And if she got help what would people say! And if the young man returned and found her there what would he say! There was nothing funny in the situation. There was nothing interesting in the old gander.

A step approaches! A cough cough! "Boy, I know you are in there and caught in the trap!" said the voice of Mr. Burton, "and I want to talk to you a minute before I release you. I know I have upset the town by my coming here and living as I have, but it's about over. I was brought up by a rich aunt. She loved me, but didn't think I amounted to much, and made a will with the following provisions:

"As I had never helped her about the house, even to bringing in a stick of stove-wood, I must keep house alone by myself for a year and see what a mean job it was."

"As she didn't think I knew enough to select a wife yet I must keep clear of the girls for twelve months."

"As I was always a great hand to gab and blab, I must tell no one here my business."

"As the old gander in there had once flapped his wings and squawked and scared a robber away, I must take care of him 'till he was claimed by death."

"If I went through all this for a year I was to have the hundred thousand she left. If I failed it was to go to the heathen of Africa. I didn't propose to let the heathen cross one over me, and so I am here. I went to the postoffice a short time ago and received a letter from the executors to the effect that I had done so well that the remainder of the year was to be cancelled. I am therefore free to do as I will, even to finding some nice girl and asking her to share my fortune with me."

"I do not think you came here to steal my gander. I think it is boyish curiosity that drew you. You see, I have been a boy myself and know all about it. I am not at all displeased with you, and will set you at liberty at once."

Thereupon Mr. Burton entered the goose-house and knelt down, and with strong hands pressed the spring back and lifted out a very shapely foot and said:

"Now you can run along home, bubby. If I were you I'd tell mother that I fell down stairs. Good-bye, sonny!"

"The blushes! The tears! The shame of it as Miss Grace limped home! She just had to tell her mother, and her mother said she deserved to have her ears boxed, old as she was."

"Why, what can he think of you!" she wound up with.

That question was answered three months later when the father came home one evening from his office to say:

"Grace, which shall it be?"

"What, papa?"

"Young Burton was in to see me this afternoon."

"Blushes."

"Will you marry him or the gander?"

"I'll—I'll—"

"She didn't take the gander."

Woman and Military Service.

"Sister Maria Theresa," said a veteran French general to a nun at a distinguished military gathering in the year 1885, "you were only twenty years of age when you first gave your services to the wounded at Balaklava, and you were wounded in the execution of your duty. You were again wounded at Magenta. You bravely nursed the wounded through all our wars in Syria, China, and Mexico. You were carried off the field at Worth, and before you had recovered from your injuries you were again performing your duties. When a grenade fell into your ambulance, you, without hesitation, took it in your hands and carried it a distance of a hundred yards, when it exploded, wounding you severely. No soldier has ever performed his duty more heroically than you have done, or lived more successfully for his comrades and his country. I have the honor to present you, in the name of France and the French army, with the cross, which is conferred only on those who have shown remarkable bravery in action. Soldiers—Present arms!"

Wasn't Going So Far.

Last summer C. T. Heaton of Montana was visiting his mother in Ohio. He was driving one morning to a small town, and a negro woman asked him for a ride.

After she had climbed in she asked Heaton where he lived.

"In Montana."

"Is you drivin' there this mawnin'?" she asked. "Better let me out right now—and she climbed down.—Saturday Evening Post."

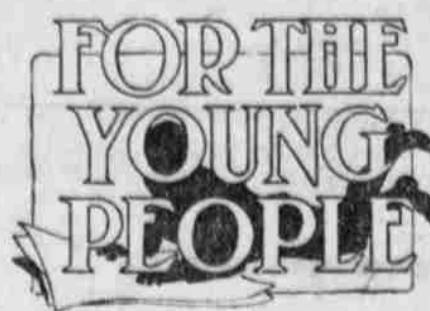
Fitted With a Name.

"What kind of a fellow is Badger?"

"Well, I call him an auto-philanthropist."

"And what is that, pray?"

"An auto-philanthropist is one who exerts all his philanthropy upon himself."



PUZZLING TRICK WITH TAPE

Clever Manipulation of Fingers Necessary for Performance of Delusion With Strings.

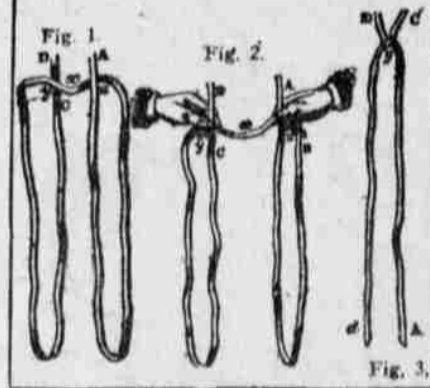
Take a piece of tape about two yards long; draw the ends over the center, as illustrated in Figure 1, the right end being over the tape and the left under it. Then hold the two loops thus formed, one in each hand, the two points y and z, where the tape crosses, being held between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, as shown in Figure 2. The point designated by x will then be right in the middle of the tape. You now explain that by cutting the tape through at x the tape will, of course, be divided into two parts, and you request one of the company to cut it; adding, that when cut you will restore the tape to its former condition. Before the cutting takes place give the loops a shake, which affords you the opportunity of dexterously making the following change, on which the success of the trick depends: Before shaking the loops you will place the second finger of the left hand on the point x (Figure 2), to show where the tape is to be cut; at the same time shift the disengaged fingers of the right hand (hitherto holding the part above B) underneath instead of over the string, and right inside the loop; then give the shake, during which the part x is drawn down by the second left hand finger; the portion of the tape above B is dropped from between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and the tape at C is seized by the latter. On resuming your former position the piece is held up to be cut is no longer in the middle of the tape, but merely a short continuation of the end of D. Next, let this be cut through, and immediately let the tape fall entirely from the right hand, which you now employ, with the aid of your teeth, to tie the cut ends (D, C, Figure 3) in a double knot at y. After this is done (not before) you can remove the left thumb and finger and exhibit the tape apparently tied together in the middle, as in Figure 3. You now take hold of the knot with the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, and give one end of the tape to some one to hold; then place the thumb and finger of the left hand upon the tape close up to the right hand, apparently to hold the knot, which is slipped along the tape by the right hand; ask another person to

take hold of the tape which you offer him with your right hand, and when placing it in his hand you slip the knot off the end, and conceal it between your fingers until an opportunity comes of pocketing or otherwise getting rid of it. The knot is supposed all this time to be under your left thumb and finger. Now, blow upon those fingers, and show the tape completely restored, and free from any knot.

Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3.

Trick With Tape.

take hold of the tape which you offer him with your right hand, and when placing it in his hand you slip the knot off the end, and conceal it between your fingers until an opportunity comes of pocketing or otherwise getting rid of it. The knot is supposed all this time to be under your left thumb and finger. Now, blow upon those fingers, and show the tape completely restored, and free from any knot.



Optical Illusion Is Novel

Arrangement of Pieces of Cardboard Furnishes Entertainment by Showing Errors of Eye.

Cut out such bars as these in a piece of stout cardboard and fix a narrow strip of the same material at the

back, as is indicated, with a small fastener, on which it can be turned. When nearly upright its edges look parallel, but as it drops lower and lower the illusion that this is not so increases.



Optical Illusion.

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What Had She Been Doing?

A teacher in a local Sunday school desired to reprove a small boy. "Johnnie," she said, quite solemnly, "I'm afraid I shall never meet you in the better land."

Johnnie put on a look of astonishment. "Why, teacher," he asked, "whatever have you been a-doing of now?"

CROSS-PATCH.



Cross-Patch got up one day. Wouldn't smile, wouldn't play. Snatched his toys from baby brother. Smacked the cat and grieved his mother. All because—or so 'tis said—He got the wrong way out of bed.

MAKE COASTER FOR WINTER

Boy Who Is Handy With Tools May Derive Much Pleasure in Building Himself a "Skipjack."

The boy who is handy with tools and fond of possessing an article of amusement quite out of the ordinary will enjoy making a "skipjack." The skipjack is very easily made and it furnishes no end of fun to those who



Skipjack for Coasting.

like coasting. It takes the place of the sled, and you will get a fair idea of how the skipjack is made. For the runner, you will need a stout barrel stave, free from knots or cracks. In order that this may pass quickly and smoothly over the snow it must move with the grain of the wood and not against it. When you have determined by which it is to be the front runner, fasten the upright piece to support the seat about one-third of the distance from the rear.

The wood of this upright should measure two inches by four inches around and should be about 16 inches high. A short piece to brace it should be fastened both front and back. A board about 18 inches long and six inches wide will complete the seat. The skipjack is then ready for use.

Let the first trial be over a short slope. Seat yourself firmly, lift both feet from the ground, and you go whizzing along at a great speed. Only a slight movement of the body is needed to keep the runner in the track.

RIDDLES.

Why is an old bachelor always in the right?

Because he is never mis-taken.

Why are stout gentlemen subject to melancholy?

Because they are men of size (sighs).

Why is my cup of tea stronger than yours?

Because it is all my tea (almighty).

What is that which is invisible yet never out of sight?

The letter S.

Why is a comprehensive action an affectionate one?

Because it embraces everything.

If a man saw his sister fall into a well, why could he not rescue her?

Because he could not be a brother and assist her to.

Which are the two most disagreeable letters if you get too much of them?

K N (cayenne).

Why is a coal charity the best of all charities?

Because it makes the receivers grate full (grateful).

Where do starlings go in cherry time?

They go to Peckham (peck 'em).

Why is a dressmaker not likely to lose her hooks?

Because she has an eye to each of them.

What is invisible blue?

A policeman when you want him.

Why is chloroform like Mendelssohn or Rossini?

Because it is one of the greatest composers of modern times.

The Hour of Need.

George, aged 8, had just become acquainted with Bess, aged 6.

"Do your folks have prayers before breakfast?" asked George.

"No," replied Bess, "we have prayers before we go to bed. We ain't afraid in the daytime."—Harper's Bazar.

Exhausted.

Mother—Tommy, if you're pretending to be an automobile, I wish you'd run over to the store and get me some butter.

Tommy—I'm awful sorry, mother, but I'm all out of gasoline.—Judge.