

OVER THE TEACUPS BOUDOIR GOSSIP FOR LADY READERS . . .

Nursery Games that Educate.

The child's first five years are lived almost entirely in the realm of play. The infant begins to play in his cradle with his own toes and fingers. A healthy child is always playful, and he wants to play incessantly except when he is hungry, sleepy, or otherwise uncomfortable. "Play," says Dr. Fowler-Schouen, of Brooklyn, "is Nature's method of educating the child."

"Almost all a mother's talk to her child up to school age is in the nature of play. As she provides food for the child's body so in her play with him she furnishes food for his mind. It is sometimes asked if it is right to try to teach very young children anything. Positively no mother can help doing it. Consciously or unconsciously, she is teaching the child from earliest infancy by play. She is teaching him language as she talks to him. She is teaching him motion, form and direction as she dangles a bright ball before his baby eyes.

"Gauces train the body and mind. In the ceaseless activity of the little child, so weary to old persons, he is developing every muscle. Tossing a ball is one of the best gymnastic exercises ever invented. In playing with building blocks a child gets no physical exercise, but he is getting the finest kind of mental training. He is developing taste, judgment, and ideas of architecture. The finished toy, which leaves nothing to the imagination, is bad for the little child.

"Of all the toy inhabitants of the play world the doll is the most interesting. With her doll the little girl acts out the whole drama of motherhood in the most innocent and charming way. She endows the doll with life and acts out innumerable situations in life with it, and if you want to see how you appear to your daughter, listen to some of these little dramas which she acts out with her children and her visitors. They will be enlightening at all times.

"Spit pictures are a regat delight to children, because they can constantly be taken apart and put together again. Spit maps are splendid for older children who have begun to study geography. Children love to take to pieces and put together again. It is for this reason they love to build in sand and mould in clay. This is the reason they are thought destructive. In reality they are often surprised and grieved when they find they cannot put together what they have destroyed. The child gets the same development of social intercourse in play which we get from society. If he plays alone he does not get his development."

Arms and the Woman.

The arms of well-to-do women, said a fashionable beauty specialist the other day, are, as a rule, sadly in need of special attention. They are too thin and badly shaped below the elbow.

The arm is usually very well developed between the shoulder and the elbow. It is the part between the elbow and the wrist that is shapeless. To develop this part there are three exercises. The first is a hand one; open and close the hands rapidly and swing them easily from the wrist.

The second exercise is the wrist one. The arms should be lifted at the sides as a bird lifts its wings, and the hands should be flapped backwards and forwards. Try it, and see how easily the wrists will work after a few minutes.

The third arm exercise is a wavy one. The arms are lifted, but the hands are dropped at the wrists; the arms are swung and the hands are dragged after them.

Where Photos are Barred.

The German Empress appears to act as a sort of social censor to all the ladies, not only those belonging to the Imperial Court, but to Berlin society in general. Her Imperial Majesty has an intense dislike to what she considers self-advertisement, and strongly disapproves of the way in which leaders of English society are to be found on the pages of all the illustrated papers. Not only does she discourage such practices in Berlin, but even if the portrait of one of her ladies appears in an English paper she makes a personal affair of it. Although the unfortunate "original" may be able to prove that she is guiltless of having afforded the paper any facilities for acquiring her photograph, she is made to pass a bad quarter of an hour. The result is, according to a London contemporary, that scarcely any portraits, excepting those of the Emperor and Empress, are ever published in the German papers, which is probably the *raison d'être* of the prohibition.

Girl's Escapade.

A remarkable story of a girl who was induced by her mother to masquerade as an errand boy in order to rob her employer was told at the Liverpool Police Court recently.

Emily Barnes, an intelligent girl of fifteen, said that after conversation with her mother she dressed up as a boy some months ago, and obtained work running errands.

A few weeks ago she obtained employment under the name of "Harold Barnes" in the shop of Mr. Jacobus.

Noticing where the money was kept, she hid one night in the cellar. In the

early hours of the following morning she broke open the till with an axe and stole £4, subsequently giving the money to her mother.

Suspicion, however, fell upon the supposed boy, and she was charged at the police court without her real sex being discovered.

It was only when remanded to the workhouse that she confessed to being a girl.

The mother was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for receiving the money, and the girl was remanded for seven days.

An Amazing Series of Miracles.

An extraordinary story, repeated by the The Hague correspondent of the "Telegraph," comes from the little village of Moerdyk, near Breda. Four balls in a mysterious way entered the house of a railway guard, moving across the ceiling, and at last, touching each other, exploded, causing a great flame. As soon as the smoke had vanished, a crucifix was seen on the spot where the balls had been before the explosion. The woman who vouches for this fell down on the floor and commenced praying. When her husband returned he tried to touch the crucifix. He dropped it, and it fell into pieces. Then the pieces moved to each other and the holy image repaired itself. A priest was summoned, who lighted a candle. Miracles again! The wax which ran off did not clod, but formed a letter on the table, while the candle itself retained its previous length. Voices were heard in the house urging the woman not to conceal the wonder, and hundreds of people flocked to the house to behold the miraculous crucifix and candle.

Story of a Kiss.

In the Shoreditch (London) County Court on February 13, on a judgment summons being called on, a lady stepped into the box, and, after being requested to remove her glove, the usher administered the oath, adding in true court style, "Kiss!"

The Lady (indignantly): "Sir!"

The Usher: "Kiss."

The Lady (more indignantly): "Sir!"

The Usher (with a gesture of impatience): "Kiss!"

The Lady (witheringly): "I am not in the habit—"

The Usher (slowly): "Will you kiss the book?"

The Lady (blushing hotly): "Yes, certainly—certainly. Pardon me not understanding you." (Laughter.)—"Daily Telegraph."

Two Books.

If all the kind words you ever have said
Were printed and bound in a book,
With every laugh and every smile
And every affectionate look,

And all your unselfish and generous deeds
And all of your duties well done,
And all disappointments you've cheerfully borne—
Yes, every single one—

And then if another book were to be made,
Containing your frowns and your scowls,
Containing your cross words and angry retorts,
Your fretful and querulous growls,

Each duty neglected or carelessly done,
Each pettish and petulant tear—
Then if these two books were stood up
Side by side,

Which one would be the larger, my dear?

—Edith Holt.



THREE HOMELESS HOOKS.

Every married man has been there.