

TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY

Some New Ideas Successfully Tried

THE HALL OF CURIOS

BY PAUL WILSTACH

An enjoyable and novel way of entertaining a company after tea or dinner is by an introduction to the "Hall of Curios," the "Art Exhibit," or whatever name suggests itself to the hostess as suitable for what I am about to explain. She, the hostess, prepares the articles to be exhibited, and places each on a tissue paper mat, with number attached. These exhibits are scattered about the rooms, but the guests are kept in ignorance of the nature of the entertainment, except that it is to be an "Art Exhibit." At her pleasure the hostess passes around her catalogues. These need be only a piece of ordinary note paper, with the numbers of the exhibit, and a blank margin for the guests to insert the proper titles, which they are to write opposite their respective numbers on the catalogue. A prize may be awarded for the most complete and accurate titling of the various exhibits.

At an evening party given recently fifty curios were displayed for proper cataloguing. To give the readers of the JOURNAL help I give the titles on the catalogue and the exhibits in fact:

1. Leatherstocking—A stocking made of yellow leather.
2. A Drive Through the Wood—A piece of wood with a nail driven through it.
3. Something to Adore—A key.
4. White Jacket—A white jacket.
5. A Perfect Foot—12-inch measure.
6. Can't be Beat—Hard-boiled egg (opened).
7. Little Bright-Eyes—Tray of eyes without hooks.
8. Last of the Redskins—Red apple skins dry.
9. The Light of Other Days—Old lantern.
10. Rose of Castile—Rows of Castile soap.
11. A Swimming Match—Match in bowl of water.
12. The Flower of the Family—Some flour.
13. Going to be Licked—Some stick candy.
14. Cause of the American Revolution—Tacks on tea in a saucer.
15. Study of a Head—A head of cabbage.
16. Down by the Red Sea—Some down on a card next to a red C.
17. Olivette—An olive seed.
18. An Ancient Roman Orator—Row of little girls in paper (Cicero—sissy-row).
19. What a Blind Man Saw in Europe—Nothing on the mat.
20. Sweet Sixteen—Sixteen lumps of sugar.
21. Peace-Maker—Scissors.
22. The Horse Fair—Oats.
23. Weary Travelers Around the Camp-Fire—Old slippers around bottle of camphor.
24. The Old Mill—Old coffee-grinder.
25. The World's Fair—Pictures of women.
26. Partial Portraits—Half-hidden photographs.
27. Maid of Orleans—Taffy.
28. Book That was Never Read—A blue book.
29. Gentle Breezes—Skeins of zephyrs.
30. Open to Amendments—Worn stockings.
31. Charge of the Light Brigade—Gas bill.
32. "For Sale"—A piece of ducking.
33. English Poet—(Shelley) string of peanut shells.
34. Links of Mystery—Sausage.
35. Great American Desert—Pie.
36. Bust of a Great Commentator—A big, burst baked potato.
37. The House the Colonel Lived In—Empty walnut shells.
38. The Tax Collector—Tack puller.
39. We Two Alone in Europe—A wee figure two all by itself in a piece of rope shaped like a U.
40. Rose in Bloom—Vase holding full-blown rose.
41. Quiet Heart—A huge red heart.
42. Lines Left Out—Invitation with two lines left out.
43. Bread and Cheese and Kisses—Plate holding bread, cheese and some sugar kisses.
44. The Mouse Trap—A trap with toy mouse caught in it.
45. Golden Butterfly—A large yellow satin butterfly.
46. The Black Sheep—A toy sheep made of black wool.
47. Bridge of Glass—A bridge formed of tumblers.
48. Back to Back—Two pictures back to back.
49. What Will He Do With It—A toy mouse holding a toy fish.
50. After the Ball—A toy kitten behind a ball.

A CONUNDRUM SALAD

BY CLARA L. ROLPH

MOST of us know the game that has been called a "Literary Salad." But it may be well to describe it, or its modifications, briefly.

First, a large bowl is filled with quotations from fairly well-known authors. Each quotation is inclosed in a small envelope, and numbered on the outside, the numbers corresponding with those in a book containing the authors' names. On the top of this bowlful of envelopes are laid lettuce leaves cleverly made of yellow-green tissue-paper; each person taking part in the game draws out an envelope, reads the quotation, and gives the name of the author, or tries to guess it. The envelopes are often pasted to the under sides of the lettuce leaves, making a pretty effect. At fairs this diversion has been made useful by charging five cents each time a quotation was selected, badges of ribbon being given for a certain number of victorious guesses, etc. As a mere game it may be varied by imposing forfeits for failure. It is often found that in the excitement and ambition of the fray the lettuce leaves are tossed aside; the game continues to be "literary," but ceases to be a "salad." So there follows the device of using separate lettuce leaves, and the little papers are simply folded and numbered, and pasted on by one end.

THIS is what might be described as "Literary Salad, Senior"; but in case of the children wanting to play, it is discovered that it is beyond most of them. Some few quotations are familiar, and certain names make very safe guessing. It has been said that a good way to win is to take five papers at random, and to say "Shakespeare" each time, and that success follows three times out of the five. But on the whole, it is tiresome work for the youngsters, and necessity, as usual, produces invention. Some one proposes: "That the children make their salad of conundrums." This, if tried, will prove a great success. Every one knows some really good, clever conundrums; some of us have collections of them. It will be found possible to accumulate them by hundreds.

Put the conundrums on, or rather, under the salad leaves, and write the answers in a book numbered correspondingly. Let a trustworthy juvenile have charge of the book. The price may be reduced to three cents, if necessary, but five cents is a convenient sum; perhaps "two-for-five" may be insisted on. The collecting of the conundrums will in itself be an amusement.

The following examples will suffice:

- When is it easy to read in the woods?
When autumn turns the leaves.
- Why are the Western prairies flat?
Because the sun sets on them every night.
- Which is the largest room in the world?
Room for improvement.
- When is a cup like a cat?
When you're teasin' it.
- Why is it dangerous to walk abroad in the country in the spring-time?
Because the grass is putting forth blades, every flower has a pistol, the trees are shooting and the bulrush is out.
- Why is a washerwoman the greatest traveler on record?
Because she crosses the line and goes from pole to pole.
- Why is sympathy like "blind man's buff"?
Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow-being.
- If you throw a white stone into the Red Sea what will it become?
Wet.
- Why is a cat on a steeple like a ball?
Because she looks round.
- Why was Eve not afraid of the measles?
Because she'd 'Adam.
- Did Adam think Eve High or Low church?
He thought her Eve-angelical.
- Why are horses in cold weather like meddling gossips?
They bear idle tails (tales).
- Why is a dandy like the cassia-tree?
The bark is worth more than the body.
- What is the difference between a duck that has one wing and one that has two?
Merely a difference of opinion (a pinion).

A FAD PARTY

BY GRACE THOMPSON

TO the hostess who longs for something new in the way of entertaining without the need of Fortunatus' purse, the following description of a "Fad Party" may prove of interest. Cards were issued as for a regular dance, only in small

letters was written on a lady's card: "You are requested to wear in your hair some token signifying your pet hobby." And for the gentlemen the cards intimated that the token should be worn in the button-hole, like a *boutonnière*.

AT the hour appointed the young guests poured into the reception-rooms. The first maiden I noticed wore in her fair hair a mask. A young man with a mask attached to his coat sighted her with glee and pretty soon, through the hostess' medium, the young folks were conversing with enthusiasm upon what was to both an unending object of diversion. Then glided past me a girl who displayed in her shining brown locks a tiny dainty book. She was not long without finding a kindred spirit, though I regret to record there is as much difference in books as there was in their opinions respecting them. Perhaps, however, that would enlarge their views and open their minds to new delights. An ambitious but stay-at-home little friend showed the desire of her heart in the display of a tiny globe. "Just like you women," says a gruff, masculine voice, "want the whole earth." But pretty soon her desire for travel was being heightened and partly satisfied on hearing of the wonders of far countries from one who proudly bore the small representatives of flags of all nations. An elderly bachelor, much liked of all, was more admired than ever when the pretty flag of his "own, his native land" was found resting on his immaculate coat. I felt that one of the sterner sex had endeared himself to me when he bore without murmuring the weight of a three-inch metal figure of Napoleon Bonaparte. "We think the same," I said to him, extending my hand with a smile meant to be at once alluring and encouraging. "Flowers," said he, with a doubtful glance at my not uncommon hair adornment—a single enamel violet. "Don't you know," I said, "that was the emblem of the adherents of Bonaparte?"

ONE sweet girl wore two small rapiers crossed—"Because I am so fond of quarreling," she said gayly. Another girl, noted for her taste in dress, had the suggestive emblem of three tiny parcels tied with a string, each with the name of a dry goods firm printed on. "Yes," she acknowledged, "shopping is a passion of mine." However that may have been she had plenty to say on other subjects. Camping out requires much purchasing, and the young man who bore the folded miniature of a tent found her very interesting. Then the girl with the toy whip and spur was seen talking with an absorbed air to the young fellow whose favor, always *petite*, was a red and white jockey cap. One cavalier was quite up to date with a map of India pierced with a quill, though it required some guessing to know that Rudyard Kipling was intended.

ANOTHER, whose passion was bicycling, used the badge of his club—a pretty silver toy bicycle. One youth dared to flaunt a fan from Jap-land, which should properly have adorned a lady's dark hair. It slanted from his coat at an angle of 45°, and there was laughter when it was discovered he had affixed the two decapitated heads of little china dolls behind. I could dwell on many more, but will curtail this account and only mention briefly some others I noticed. Men represented their different hobbies in the following manner: Shooting, a miniature gun; boxing, a glove, which made one think of emery cushions; rowing, an oar, the work of ten minutes; writing, a pen, with a wee black bottle dangling from it; tennis, a racket; skating, a silver skate; gardening—which also found an advocate in a graceful girl—a spade and rake. A quaint conceit was a very small Dresden cup and saucer, which showed its girl wearer to be—not a tea-drinker, but a lover of old china. Another was not ashamed to elevate a homely wooden spoon and wee silver pepper-box to the dignity of a head-dress as a sign that cooking was her favorite recreation. A box, one inch by one and a half inches, covered with thin glass and filled with crystallized violets, made one's mouth water, but by-and-by the dainty little gourmand favored a few with a sweet flower. A golden fish at the end of a fine chain frisked happily with every motion of a fair disciple of the rod. The inevitable paint-brushes were there, and music was represented by a golden harp, which the fortunate wearer had inherited from the days of large brooches. The guests all having had a chance to discuss their favorite fads, went away satisfied that the evening had not been misspent, and the hostess felt that her "Fad Party" had been a success.