

## HOME GAMES AND CARNIVALS

New Ideas by Experienced Entertainers

## A LITERARY CARNIVAL

By Agnes Carr Sage

**E**ACH winter seems to find the charitable world more and more alert for fresh and novel ideas suited for philanthropic entertainments, and the plan of a "Carnival of Books and Book-Makers," recently drawn up in the "City of Churches," may offer some suggestions for a fair that may be varied and enlarged to an almost unlimited extent.

Popular authors and their works give the keynote to the affair, each chosen one being, as it were, the presiding genius of his respective department.

**T**HUS the refreshment-room, with its neatly-spread, flower-decked tables and tempting menu, might well do honor to Mr. Stockton—a little stuffed gray animal over the door immediately announcing "The Squirrel Inn."

The fancy-tables should be divided among different writers, one named for William Makepeace Thackeray being a veritable "Vanity Fair," with its bewildering collection of gay knickknacks. A second booth would be charming if built in Gothic style for Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," the wares being prettily exhibited on broad sills at the windows; while a third, glittering with gold paint or covered with gilt paper, would brilliantly represent Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "Golden House," as well as a veritable "paradise of dainty devices."

The aprons and iron-holders, the dusters and tins, the jars of home-made pickles and preserves, and all the other practical articles might fitly be domiciled in a structure quaintly modeled after a Knickerbocker cottage of olde New Amsterdam, and disposed of by Dutch maidens, garbed in the rainbow-hued petticoats, trim bodices and quilted caps of the early Colonial belles, and so paying a graceful tribute to dear Washington Irving.

There is little doubt that a candy-table served by a band of Palmer Cox's Brownies—half a dozen boys and girls dressed like these fantastic wee folk—would do a thriving business and attract a goodly crowd, while the color scheme should be further emphasized in the decorations and by a preponderance of chocolate bonbons, which, by-the-way, are the best-selling of all sweets.

**A** DOZEN books might serve as sponsor for the flower bower, but perhaps the most unique idea is to fashion it of sheaves of grain and the white lilies now so perfectly imitated in crimped paper, naming it after Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies." The subdued tints of the framework, too, would help to throw out to advantage the bright-hued blossoms there offered for sale. Not so new, but strikingly appropriate, would be Samuel Woodworth's "Old Oaken Bucket" for the lemonade well, if it could be arranged with rough stones, ferns and moss filling in the crevices, and graceful vines trailing over the rocks.

A prominent feature of our modern fairs is the mysterious package-table, where various things, of more or less value, are purchased blindly, and surely for this no one could choose a more fitting title than W. D. Howells' "World of Chance"; while the "Battle of the Books" might be waged at the counter where the attractive literature of the day tempts all purses, the name of the author, perhaps, proving a happy augury for "swift sales and swift returns" in the desired coin of the republic.

But no carnival of this sort should be without its cozy corner, where visitors can find comfortable seats, and where tea and chocolate are served, together with a dainty wafer or sandwich. This pleasant nook may be dedicated to the genial "Autocrat," Oliver Wendell Holmes, and here guests are bound to linger to rest awhile and enjoy a chat "Over the Tea-Cups."

Side shows help materially to swell the fund, and an "Old Curiosity Shop" would likely prove very attractive, whether the curios were veritable antiques loaned for the occasion, or whether it took the form of a burlesque art gallery, which is sometimes exceedingly clever. A blonde maid as Dickens' sweetest character, "Little Nell," might receive the admission money and sell the catalogues, while an aged man hobbling with a cane might describe the exhibit in a cracked and quavering voice.

Over each department should appear its selected name in fancy letters, and, when possible, a portrait of the chosen author.

## A FLOWER-GUESSING EVENING

By Margaret Gray Brooks

**D**URING the past summer I was invited to take part in a most bright and interesting entertainment, given at the country home of a friend who is the happy possessor of a large and beautiful picture-gallery. The invitations were for the afternoon, and when we had all assembled we were ushered into the picture-gallery, where we were surprised and mystified by a most novel sight. On the bronzes, marbles and picture frames hung white cards, similar in size to dance programmes; they were tied with dainty ribbons, each card having a number and question written upon it. The ladies were to guess the answers, which were the names of flowers, both wild and cultivated. Each guest was handed a card on which were numbers in rotation from one to thirty. A pretty, narrow ribbon held the pencil to the card.

This beautiful "Flower-Guessing Game," seemingly difficult at first, after being thoroughly explained became very easily understood, and deeply interesting and enjoyable. It was new to every one present, and each had an equal chance. Our hostess explained by reading from card number one, on which the following was written—"My first wears my second on her foot." The answer, of course, "Lady's slipper," our hostess then told us to write on our cards opposite number one. Then reading card number two—"A Roman numeral," the answer being "Ivy" (IV), she asked us to put Ivy opposite number two on our cards.

**T**HE greatest amount of merriment was had as we gathered the questions which remained, from the marble headress of an Italian girl, the bronze arm of an Egyptian water-carrier, the frame of an etching. When the cards were collected we had a delicious luncheon on the wide piazzas, and after its close our hostess counted the correct answers on each card and it was surprising to see how many there were. One lady had twenty-six, and she received the first prize. The prizes, four in number, were most appropriate. The first was a large, fancy work-basket, in the shape of a half-blown rose, lined with pink satin, and filled with delicious bonbons. The second, a Limoges flower-bowl, was full of sweet peas, with "Fragrant Letters" painted on a white satin ribbon tied around the top. The third was a dainty piece of Dresden china: a flower-girl with her lap filled with forget-me-nots. The fourth, the consolation prize, was a bouquet of artificial flowers, one each of every answer tied with ribbons bearing the questions painted in different colors.

Before giving the party the hostess had received many of the questions and answers from friends who had attended a similar entertainment; many were her own, however.

**T**HE questions were simple, and the answers flowers that are all familiar. Below is given a list of those used:

3. The hour before my English cousin's tea.—Four-o'clock.
4. Good marketings.—Butter and Eggs.
5. A very gay and ferocious animal.—Dandelion.
6. My first is often sought for my second.—Marigold.
7. A young man's farewell to his sweetheart.—Forget-me-not.
8. Her reply to him.—"Sweet William."
9. The gentler sex of the Friend persuasion.—Quaker Ladies.
10. Its own doctor.—Self-heal.
11. My first is as sharp as needles, my second is as soft as down.—Thistle-down.
12. My first is a country in Asia, my second is the name of a prominent New York family.—China Aster.
13. My first is the name of a bird, my second is worn by cavalymen.—Larkspur.
14. A church official.—Elder.
15. A very precise lady.—Primrose.
16. A tattered songster.—Ragged Robin.
17. My first is sly but cannot wear my second.—Foxglove.
18. The color of a horse.—Sorrel.
19. A craze in Holland in the seventeenth century.—Tulip.
20. My first is an implement of war, my second is a place where money is coined.—Spear-mint.
21. A disrespectful name for a Physician.—Dock.
22. Fragrant letters.—Sweet Peas.
23. My first is a white wood, my second is the name of a yellowish Rhenish wine.—Hollyhock.
24. What the father said to his son in the morning.—"Johnny-jump-up!"
25. My first is a facial expression of pleasure, my second a woodsman's means of livelihood.—Smilax.
26. An animal of the jungle is my first, my second is the name of a tall, fair lady.—Tiger Lily.
27. My first is made in a dairy but is seldom served in my second.—Buttercup.
28. My first wears my second on his head.—Coxcomb.
29. A close companion.—Stick-tight.
30. A fashionable evening shade for dresses.—Heliotrope.

## A FLORAL LOVE-STORY GAME

By Catherine Young Glen

**T**HE following little "Floral Love-Story," original with the writer, has proved itself more than a success for an evening entertainment. Let the hostess make as many copies of the following verse as there are friends to be entertained, leaving blank all the names of the flowers that are in parentheses, and indicating by dashes where they should be filled in. These verses, written or printed on any nice paper or cards, with pencils attached by ribbon, should be distributed as soon as all the guests have arrived, and a reasonable limit of time set for the filling out of the blanks.

The cards should be collected as soon as the time expires, and two persons be delegated to compare them with the key. To the one who has the greatest number of correct answers may be awarded the first prize; to the one who has the least, a "booby" prize.

A handsome bouquet of flowers is a graceful first prize; a package of mixed flower seeds may be presented to the unfortunate "booby," with an injunction to plant them, and thus extend his acquaintance with the floral kingdom. Or the gifts may be left entirely at the hostess' discretion. The following is the "Love-Story," in which the indication by context, and the necessity of rhyming the words will call most of the flowers to mind.

## A FLORAL LOVE-STORY

Fair (Marigold) a maiden was, (Sweet William) was her lover;  
 Their path was twined with (Bittersweet), it did not run through (Clover).  
 The (Ladies' Tresses) raven were, her cheeks a lovely (Rose),  
 She wore fine (Lady's Slippers) to warm her small (Pink) toes.  
 Her (Poppy) was an (Elder), who had a (Mint) of gold,  
 An awful old (Snapdragon), to make one's blood run cold!  
 His temper was like (Sour Grass), his daughter's heart he wrung  
 With words both fierce and bitter—he had an (Adder's Tongue)!  
 The lover's hair was like the (Flax), of pure Germanic type;  
 He wore a (Dutchman's Breeches), he smoked a (Dutchman's Pipe).  
 He sent (Marshmallows) by the pound, and choicest (Wintergreen);  
 She painted him (Forget-me-nots), the bluest ever seen!  
 He couldn't serenade her within the (Nightshade) dark,  
 For every (Thyme) he tried it her father's (Dogwood) bark!  
 And so he set a certain day to meet at (Four-o'clock),—  
 Her face was pale as (Snowdrops), e'en whiter than her frock.  
 The lover vowed he'd (Pine) and die if she should say him no,  
 And then he up and kissed her beneath the (Mistle-toe).  
 "My love will (Live-for-ever), my sweet, will you be true?  
 Give me a little (Heartsease), say only 'I love (Vew)!'"  
 She faltered that for him alone she'd (Orange Blossoms) wear,—  
 Then swayed like supple (Willow), and tore her (Maidenhair)!  
 For (Madder) than a hornet before them stood her Pop,  
 Who swore he'd (Cane) the fellow until he made him (Hop)!  
 Oh, quickly up (Rosemary)! She cried, "You'll (Rue) the day!  
 Most cruel father! Haste, my dear, and (Lettuce) flee away!"  
 But that inhuman parent so plied his (Birch) rod there  
 He settled all flirtation between that hapless (Pear).  
 The youth a monastery sought, and donned a black (Monkshood)!  
 The maid ate (Poison Ivy), and died within a wood.

## A "RILEY" ENTERTAINMENT

**A** "RILEY" party was recently held by one of our church charity organizations. It proved a decidedly unique affair and quite a profitable one also. The decorations of the church parlors consisted mainly of paper, which was most artistically entwined about pillar, post and picture. A large picture of James Whitcomb Riley was placed upon the wall facing the entrance, and over it in pasteboard letters,

"When the frost is on the pumpkin,  
 And the fodder's in the shock."

Almost all the young people who had gotten up the entertainment were dressed to represent Riley's characters, and several of the most important presided over the booths. At one, which was literally covered with paper flowers, "Lizabeth Ann, she can cook best things to eat," sold cakes and pies. At another Riley's poems and photographs were sold, and at still another "The raggedy man! He works for pa," knocked down apples from an improvised apple tree as fast as he could sell them. And among the purchasers were "Little Orphant Annie," "Granny's come to our house," "The fishing party," "Max and Jim," "Pa and ma and me, all three," and many others.

While all were busy buying and tasting the good things,

"The old band' marched in—  
 And stylisher and grander tunes; but  
 Somehow—anyway  
 I want to hear the old band play  
 Sich tunes as 'John Brown's body' and  
 'Sweet Alice,' don't you know?  
 And 'The camels is a-comin'' and  
 'John Anderson, my Jo.'"

And the impromptu band played them. Later in the evening some of the Riley poems were recited.