

## THE PARTY GALS.

He tore him from the merry throng  
 Within the billiard hall;  
 He was gotten up regardlessly  
 To pay his early call.  
 His thoughts were dire and dark within  
 Discourteous to taste:  
 "Ah, me, these social debts incurred  
 Are hard to liquidate."

His boots are slender, long and trim,  
 His collar tall and swell,  
 His hats were made by Dunlap,  
 And his coats were cut by Bell;  
 And symphony in black and white,  
 "Of our set" the pride,  
 Yet he lingered on his way—  
 He would that he had died.

His feet caressed the lonely way,  
 The pave gave forth no sound,  
 They seemed in pitying silence clothed—  
 West End ward he was bound.  
 He approached the mansion stealthily,  
 The steps looked cold and chill;  
 He glanced into the vestibule,  
 But all was calm and still.

He fingered nervously the bell,  
 His card case in his hand,  
 He saw the mirror in the hall—  
 Solemn, stately, grand—  
 Suddenly his spirits his rose,  
 The drawing room looked dim;  
 The menial filled his soul with joy  
 With "No! there's no one in."

With fiendish glee his stole away  
 His heart was gay and light.  
 Happy that he went and paid  
 His party call that night.  
 His steps turned to the billiard hall,  
 Blissfully he trod:  
 He entered, "What, returned so soon?"  
 Replied, 'She's out, thank God!'

Sixteen cues were put to rest  
 Within their upright beds,  
 And sixteen different tiles were placed  
 On sixteen different heads;  
 And sixteen men upon the street,  
 In solid phalanx all.  
 And sixteen men on duty bent  
 To pay their party call.

When the fairest of her sex come home—  
 At early dawn, I ween—  
 She slowly looked the cards all out,  
 They numbered seventeen.  
 With calm relief she raised her eyes,  
 Filled with grateful light,  
 "O, Merciful Fate, look down and see  
 What I've escaped this night!"

—Life.

*THE HERALD* is the brightest and most readable of the Chicago dailies and thoroughly deserves its enormous circulation, which is observable on every hand. *THE HERALD* has good agents here in Seacrest Bros., 113 North 13th, who are always ready to add to the list. Leave an order with them.

"77."

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## WOMAN AND GLUBS.

The popularity and fullness of women's clubs show either that women have much more time or greater patience than men. No body of men would meet once a fortnight and listen to two or three of their number lecture on some literary subject for three hours. The Round Table after an opening paper on some current excitement makes the discussion general and the sound of his own voice pronouncing his own ideas rests each one in turn.

It is quite another thing to listen to an amateur talker on Scott or Byron or some such author, who is of great importance in a general way but of none at all after two hours.

The patience is superinduced by a desire for culture, and culture is supposed to be a knowledge of men who write or have written books, when they were born, when they died, where they lived, whom they married or their various amatory episodes, etc. I begin to feel that the advantages of culture are slightly overestimated. Were we not just as happy before we knew so much? And were we not more pleasing in possessing the faculty, which we rapidly lose, of feminine inconsequence? Perhaps after a while we will have to give reasons when we change our mind and be confined by the same restraints that make the mental path of man so unattractive from a woman's point of view.

What preacher however eloquent and learned could prevent the disappearance of a congregation from under his nose if his services lasted more than an hour and a half. Even women would not stand it long and the second Sunday there would not be a cropped head in the church.

I used to think the sex had no "esprit du corps." Since becoming an habitue of woman's clubs I know better. Women will take anything from each other for the sake of each other and for culture.

I used to believe in woman's rights. I do still but in an abstract way. But by an inevitable law of nature before woman governors and presidents get very plenty I shall not be one of their subjects

SARAH B. HARRIS.

## USE FOR GARTER BUCKLES.

Miss Renyon writes from New York as follows: An inventive genius with a penchant for creating new things in feminine lingerie is indirectly responsible for a rather startling innovation in the way of birthday presents which is just now occupying the attention of vanity fair. The enterprising individual aforesaid has rendered that dainty article of milady's apparel, the jeweled garter, useless by inventing a stocking which bids defiance to gravity and requires no greater support than the shapely limb of the wearer. The result is that the damsels of fashion, who delighted in the jewel studded buckles which formed part of their wardrobes, find themselves possessed of a great quantity of jewelry for which they have no use, provided, of course, they avail themselves of the new invention, which is presupposed. Peculiar use is being made of these buckles by the more daring queens of society. Recalling that the highest order of knighthood in the bestowal of the Queen of England in the Order of the Garter, several dimpled darlings of the 400 have recently created a little order of their own and conferred the suggestive insignia of knighthood upon their best male friends.

I first heard of the innovation at the dog show, where several well known young men who move in the highest social circles of the metropolis, took me into the secret. One of them wore in his cuff link buttons fashioned from dainty buckles, which had evidently seen service for at least two years. He explained their presence by declaring proudly that he was the first man in New York who had received the garter. Being pressed for particulars he explained the situation as outlined above, and confessed confidentially that he had another set of cuff buttons at home of like origin. In each instance the buckles came to him as a birthday present, neatly done up in a jewel box, tied with blue ribbon and bearing the inscription:

"Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense."

On the reverse of the ribbon was the English translation, which the sender evidently thought necessary:

"Shame to Him Who Evil Thinks."

I am told that the custom has grown quite popular in the past few weeks, and that jeweled cuff buttons and scarf pins of this character will be all the rage during the spring and summer.