

## SOCIETY NOTES

## LIFE'S MAZY WHIRL

The Casino company has entered on its ninth month of success at that famous play house, the 250th performance occurring on the evening of Tuesday, December 23d. The Philadelphia company is now on tour to Newark, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and other large cities of America.

The Princess theatre seems likely to become the rendezvous of college men during the engagement of "Heidelberg," which begins Monday night at this house. Already so many requests have reached the Messrs. Shubert from representatives of various college clubs and organizations that, at the suggestion of Aubrey Boucault, a series of college nights will be arranged. Among the many student songs sung by Heidelberg students in two acts of the play are one or two, notably: "When all the World was Young," which has become very popular at American universities.

"Up York State" has returned to the Fourteenth street theatre for a brief run, and was succeeded on January 5, by "Jim Bludso," with Bob Elliott as the star. This play was put on successfully in Chicago last year, but has not yet been seen in New York.

"Foxy Grandpa" opened the West End theatre, the latest of the play-houses to be added to New York, and established a record for big business which no succeeding attraction is likely to demolish.

The scenes in Grace Livingston Furness' romantic comedy, "Gretna Green," Elizabeth Tyree's latest vehicle, in which she is to make her bid for stellar honors, are laid in the reign of George III, the action of the play commences in the summer of 1801, just after the legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland was effected on January 1 of that year.

Success continues to crown the efforts of the Herbert stock company, at the new Circle theatre, and many strong plays have been selected to follow "Young Mrs. Winthrop" and "Jane."

Charles E. Blaney's great spectacular production, "Haidee, Countess of Monte-Cristo," by J. R. Abarbanell, had its first performance at Blaney's theatre, Newark, on December 22. The play is a companion play to "The Count of Monte-Cristo," and is based on the author's story now running in the columns of the New York Family Story Paper.

The Keith bill for this week is a strong one. A feature which will be particularly interesting to the children is Gillett's Musical Dogs, an organization of trained animals which stands without a rival in this field of work. Charles Guyer and Nellie Daly, famous for their acrobatic comedy, and dancing with Matthews and Harris in their mirth provoking farcical absurdity entitled "Adam the Second," are the most conspicuous among those who will furnish the comedy of the bill of fare.

"Fad and Folly" at Mrs. Osborn's Play House begins its last two weeks' engagement. Blanche Ring in the rendering of "The Belle of Avenue A" and "She Reads the New York Papers Every Day" still continue to be two of the hits of the musical comedy. The skit on "Iris" is as amusing as ever and Harry Coner's burlesque of Oscar Asche as the villain, is quite one of the funniest parts Mr. Coner has ever portrayed.

HERBERT E. CLAMP.

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#### "NEVER LOOK AT THE CLOCK."

Mr. Edison has always been very jealous of his time, and expects his employees to be equally careful lest a single minute that might yield an important invention should slip by, says the American Exporter.

A year or two ago an old friend, whose son was just starting out in life, called upon Mr. Edison and presented him.

"My boy," said the friend, "is about to start on his business career. Now, I would like you to give him a few words of advice and a motto which he can adopt in his work."

Mr. Edison was very busy at the time with half a dozen engagements pressing, but, looking up at the big dial of the clock in the laboratory and shaking the young man's hand warmly, he said, with a smile that is peculiarly his own:

"Young man, the best advice I can give you is, Never look at the clock."

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"What on earth is the matter with Silliton's moustache?"

"He is going to a bachelor maids' party on Christmas eve and he has twisted the berries where they'll do the most good."

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Belle—What are you going to give Charlie for a Christmas present?

Lena—Oh, I don't know. My heart, I suppose.

Belle—You'd better give him something he can't break.

After the maelstrom of gayety caused by New Year's week, society has been almost becalmed. Only the presence in the city of Mrs. Herbert Marsland of New York and the contemplated departure of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Thompson for Brazil, have saved the devotees from the latter fate.

While the circle of which Mr. and Mrs. Thompson are conspicuous members rejoices at the honor conferred upon Mr. Thompson by the president, the members regret that it means separation, and the short time intervening before the departure of Ambassador and Mrs. Thompson will be filled with functions given in their honor.

The reception given today by Mrs. Marsland and Miss Marsland, for Mrs. Herbert Marsland, will be followed by various entertainments for this popular lady, who formerly resided here. Among these affairs will be a box party by Mr. and Mrs. John Dorgan at the "Prince of Pilsen."

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At the Marsland home, 357 South



Mrs. Herbert Marsland, a former popular member of Lincoln society, now residing in New York. Mrs. Marsland is now visiting her mother-in-law, Mrs. Thomas Marsland, and her sister, Mrs. Clinton R. Lee.

Twenty-eighth street, this afternoon, Mrs. Marsland and Miss Marsland received over two hundred ladies in honor of Mrs. Herbert Marsland of New York. Mrs. Marsland was charming in a gown of gray mousseline. Miss Marsland wore yellow organdy over taffeta. Mrs. Herbert Marsland wore a frock of soft white silk trimmed with sprays and bertha of duchesse, over a coral taffeta princess. The entire back was decorated in hand-painted pink blossoms, coral and diamond ornaments. She carried white carnations. Mrs. Clinton R. Lee, a sister of the guest of honor, who presided at the refreshment table, wore a stunning fagoted frock of cream duchesse satin and point lace. Mesdames C. E. Yates, John B. Wright, S. H. Atwood, T. L. Lyon, M. Scott and Miss Florence Randall of Omaha, did the honors in the drawing room, which was adorned with pink carnations and ferns. Red carnations and ferns adorned the ice room, which was presided over by Mrs. Clinton R. Lee, assisted by Misses Elma Marsland, Josephine Poynter and Catharine Lee. Punch was served by the Misses McLaughlin and Miss Gund. Miss Juliette Atwood admitted the guests.

"By her bag you shall know her," says the Chicago Journal.

"It's not at all new for a woman to carry a bag as an accommodation for her money and kerchief and keys and cards and random notes on scraps of paper. The wonder is that a woman doesn't carry three or four bags, classified, since she hasn't a series of pockets conveniently located in her clothes, after the manner of man's habiliments.

"A woman shows her taste as well as her practical sense in the quality of her bag. That is, if she has money enough to meet the demands of her taste.

"There has been a run on the chate-laine and wrist bag—the latest is the opera bag.

"Heed, you are not geared right up to date when you go to the theatre as well as to the opera if you haven't an opera bag. In it you should carry a handkerchief, purse, small mirror, anything that you may need at the play or opera—except opera glasses.

"Opera glasses still are carried in their special bag.

ing the evening. Walt's orchestra played for the dancers. Guests were Misses Archibald, Archibald, Meeker, Whitmore, Morris, Stuart, Stuart, Dolson, Marshall, Barber, Nicholson, Howell, Killion, Flske, Piper, Cooper, Meyer, Meyer, Hammond, Hamilton, Woodford, Cline, Bignell, Mackin, McPheely, Jussen; Messieurs Gould, Hansen, Kees, Horn, Whitmore, DeLacy, Vanberg Fawell, Funke, Sizer, Shidler, Shock, Greenwald, DePutron, Brown, Peters, Hopewell, McGeachin, Adams, Kimball, Hurts, Ledwith, Miles, Jenne, Jenne, Fisher, Raymond, Dorrington, Campbell, Carpenter, Norval, Culbertson, Farney, Huges, Hupp.

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One of the most beautiful parties of the season was the reception and dance given Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Marshall and Mr. and Mrs. William Morrison, for Mr. and Mrs. Rollin Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Burr, and Mr. and Mrs. John S. Meadows, at Fraternity hall.

The dancing-hall was beautified with palms, the parlors with palms and roses. Oriental rugs were on the floor in the dining room, and the well-known exquisite taste of the two hostesses was displayed in the adorning of the table, which was in red. The centerpiece was of ferns and poinsetta. The table was crossed by broad satin ribbons terminating in bows. The red candles were in silver candelabra, and had red shades.

The mothers of the two hostesses, Mrs. White and Mrs. Tukey, both of Omaha, poured coffee. A supper was served by waitresses.

Two hundred persons were present and handsome costumes were strongly in evidence. Mrs. Marshall's toilette was a lovely one of lavender crepe de chene; Mrs. Morrison wore white china silk figured with American beauties, and veiled with chiffon; Mrs. Burr's dress was similar; Mrs. Miles was charming in black spangled net, and Mrs. Meadows wore her wedding gown of tuckered and shirred chiffon with garnitures of point lace.

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Is the cigarette habit growing among women? A woman who has the entree of some of the finest homes in some of the large cities, tells me that it is not unusual to see hostesses offer cigarettes to their callers, both men and women, and smoke them themselves. The following "from over the teacups," in the Chicago Journal confirms this statement:

Is it possible!

It is told by a woman right in the smart set that at a luncheon given by a prominent leader of society, cigarettes were served with the coffee.

Think of that!

More, this woman said:

"Oh, it isn't at all unusual for women of the leisure class to smoke cigarettes while chatting with each other in parlors. Don't for a moment think that this is done in any reckless or adventurous spirit—not at all. It is simply a custom and a matter-of-fact sort of thing. These women would resent any imputation of a 'fast pace.' They are women of fashion and social attainment. They smoke cigarettes as calmly as they powder their faces.

"Yes, the habit is growing. Why not?—since it is rather fascinating and is sanctioned—oh, not by public approval, but by the women themselves who set the example of what is correct social form."

Well!—surely the nature of things must be changing when women serenely say to each other:

"Have a smoke?"

And just as if they were saying:

"My dear, you'll have a cup of tea, it's so refreshing."

Another woman who knows how it is herself to smoke a cigarette, says:

"A smoke is so reposeful, calms the nerves, and at the same time is a source of brain-inspiration. It's a surcease—and since there's no harm in it, why shouldn't a woman have the privilege of the 'smoke,' the same as a man?"

True, this is the age of "equality"—but, are there not some rights and privileges that women would be better without?—and without them are they not greatly more attractive and womanly and healthier and sweeter and better attuned mentally?

Not at all criticising man's habit of "smoking"—you know there are a heap larger "faults" set to his account—is a woman as much soothed as inebriated by the cigarette habit?

All the argument that women are equal with men in a general sense, stared in the face, there is still a good deal of substantiation to fall back upon that her superiority in sensitive and delicately attuned organism, physically and mentally, is not equal to the strain of some of the customs of men.

"The opera bag is quite another matter.

"These bags are made of rich silk, the heavier the more elegant. The shape is usually square. Persian and pompadour silks and the gleaming oriental brocades are popular fabrics for this use. The lining is usually a plain satin. The finish is artistic and exquisitely exact in cordings and mountings.

"If you are handy with your needle you can make an opera bag at a quarter the high price you are asked for these accessories in the shops."

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A delightfully pleasant dancing party was given at Walsh hall Wednesday evening by five young ladies of Pi Beta Phi whose homes are in Falls City.—Misses Miles, Slocum, Holland, Heacock; and Kate Heacock. All of the sororities and several of the fraternities were represented among the guests. Mrs. Archibald and Mrs. L. A. Stuart chaperoned the party. A red color scheme was carried out in the decorations of the parlors, pillows and rugs added to the attractiveness of the rooms. At a table covered with lace dolies and trimmed with smilax, Mrs. Martin served punch dur-