

Social Forms and Entertainments



A June Birthday Party.

A little girl whom the gods had favored by permitting her to make her entrance into this mortal sphere on a sunny day in June always had her birthday celebration on the lawn. Each year this affair, which was always a costume or character party, was looked forward to not only by the participants in the party pageant, but by the grown-ups who were to view the scene.

The invitations requested the guests to come costumed as the flower designated. These notes were written in gold ink on pale pink paper, tied to a pink rosebud and delivered from a rose trimmed basket.

The girls came as "roses" in all their varieties. Then there were lily of the valley, violet, lily, daisy, pansy, black-eyed Susan, etc. The boys were sunflowers, bachelor's buttons, tulips, red carnations, and chrysanthemums. Jack in the Pulpit and Johnny Jump Up were also represented. Crepe tissue paper and cheap gauzes, tinsels and cambrics entered largely into the construction of the costumes worn.

Soap bubbles occupied the first part of the afternoon, the tennis court being the place selected for the contest. The girls blew the bubbles and the boys fanned them over the net; the opposite side tried to keep the bubbles from going over. The side getting ten bubbles over first won the prize. Then things were reversed and the boys "blew" and the girls "fanned." Glycerin in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a pint of water was used for blowing the bubbles, and the pipes had a rim of soap around them inside the bowl which causes the fairy balls to grow to immense size and the glycerin gives lasting qualities unknown to the plain soapy water. There were prizes for this contest consisting of flower-shaped candy boxes filled with candied rose-petals.

At five o'clock supper was served from a long table over which a canopy of paper roses had been made by putting up tall stakes at regular intervals from which these garlands were fastened; the roof was made by criss-crossing heavy wire and covering with vines. The roses were suspended by fine florist wire and the effect was excellent.

The refreshments consisted of minced chicken sandwiches, lemonade, sugar wafers, strawberry ice

cream, and a huge birthday cake in a wreath of pink roses. Pink candles in rosebud holders graced the cake.

A Jolly Bird Party.

This little bird guessing contest delighted the hearts of a party of school children. The oldest was fifteen and the youngest ten. The latter was awarded the boy's prize, which was a match scratcher, made by mounting a bird from Mexico done in real feathers. The invitations were decorated with sepla drawings of birds done by the young hostess. The questions and answers were:

A jolly out-door time?—A meadow lark.

What hunters sometimes do?—Kill-deer.

A quaint, old-fashioned name?—Phoebe.

Used in decorations?—Bunting.

From whom do you buy meat?—Butcher bird.

A color Quakers like?—Dove.

An unsteady light?—Flickers.

Material for summer trousers?—Duck.

A stupid fellow?—Booby.

A boy's name?—Bob White.

What friends do?—Chat.

Never seen in summer?—Snow.

An amusement for children?—Teeter.

What farmers need in harvest?—Thrasher.

What a dog does when happy?—Wag tail.

A colored tool?—Yellow hammer.

A celebrated artist?—Whistler.

The dining room had five or six cages of canaries suspended from branches of trees, and there was a cage over the table with trailing vines that made a most effective centerpiece. A doll's gift bird cage was awarded the little girl most successful in guessing. The places were found at the table by bird-shaped cards done in water color. With the chocolate, funny, fat bird doughnuts and bird cookies were served, and there were nests filled with candy eggs at each place.

Star Decoration.

A table decoration that elicited much favorable comment from the guests was a five-pointed star, made of tin, and filled with flowers. The place cards were star-shaped and bore appropriate quotations, such as: Look; how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.

Who can count the stars of heaven. Who sing their influence on this low world? Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels. Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven.

The ices and cakes were star-shaped and the hostess wore a beautiful jeweled star in her hair.

MADAME MERRI.

Dainty Summer Portiere.
Red bordered white twelling, held together with wide rick-rack braid, makes a pretty portiere to hang in a girl's room.

IN SYLVAN SETTING

It Was Only a Stage Scene, With Birds and Trees for an Audience.

By MARIAN JORDAN.

Jerry Wayland, gladdened by unexpected leave of absence, managed to catch the 10:30 train for Stillwater. He did not unfold the newspaper he had bought nor did he enter the smoking car during the hour's journey. He sat perfectly quiet in a corner of the seat, pulled his hat down over his eyes and dreamed of the glad surprise in Elinor Blaine's face when she saw him coming.

He was the only passenger to alight at the little red-painted station and he watched the dusty train crawl away among the scrub oaks before he turned into the narrow, wood-bordered path that was a short cut to the Blaine's place.

Birds sang in the tall trees and there were murmurings and scurryings of insect life among the dry leaves under foot, and the faint, elusive scents of the deep woods.

Suddenly the tall trees thinned to cleared land, and beyond lay the green canopies of a hundred apple trees. It was the Blaine orchard. Here Jerry would hide and imitate the call of the wood thrush—many a time during the past two summers had he lured Elinor from the house with his magic fluting—and she had confessed that sometimes she had been deceived by the actual brown bird himself.

The brown trunks of the apple trees made long golden-green aisles of the orchard. As Jerry stepped softly along the springy turf he glimpsed a touch of the pale color from the house and he saw that Elinor herself was coming to the orchard. What luck!

The low branches of a tree tempted him, and he swung up until he was quite hidden in the green foliage. From his perch he could see Elinor's golden hair glinting in the sun. Presently she was in plain view, stepping slowly down one of the green aisles toward him.

What a picture she made—her delicate blonde beauty enhanced by the pale blue muslin gown she wore, with its round neck and short sleeves edged with a foam of dainty lace. From pink ribbons she swung a white leghorn hat laden with pink roses and her little white-shod feet looked like white mice. This was Jerry's thought.

He wondered if she was thinking of him—at least she should have been, he argued—for her lovely head was slightly lifted and her blue eyes were dreamily fixed on the vista beyond.

Before Jerry could flute the first thrush-like call Elinor had paused and with glad eyes and tremulous smile fixed straight ahead, she waited.

Jerry craned his neck, and as he hastily drew back, his mind in a tumult, his heart hammering in jealous despair.

A man was coming—such a man, too! He was handsome than homely Jerry Wayland; a man dressed in white serge, with a white Panama hat tilted back on his dark curly hair and his white teeth gleaming beneath a tiny black mustache. As he drew nearer Jerry noticed with another pang that the stranger wore a lavender silk scarf and lavender socks.

The two—the girl waiting and the man slowly advancing with love-light in his eyes—made a picture in the sunlit orchard.

At last they met and the man gathered the girl's hands in both his own and lifted them to his lips.

"French!" muttered Jerry dazedly. Elinor hung her head shyly.

"I thought you would never come, Paul," she said in her low, sweet voice. "Dear heart," he kissed her hands once more before he reluctantly dropped them. "You were waiting—for me?"

"Yes," she sighed.

"And you meant what your letter said—that you care for me—there is no one else?" he asked softly.

"There is no one else," she returned.

"There never has been—another that you loved?" he persisted.

"Never," she said, turning her blue eyes trustfully to him.

There was a fallen log nearby and Elinor sat down upon it, instantly forming another picture of beautiful innocence. Paul reared one foot on the log and bent gracefully over her.

"Dearest," he said, holding the little hand she lifted confidingly to his, "if your father were not so obdurate, I would be the happiest man in the world."

Elinor sadly shook her head. "He is cruel," she faltered.

"Of course, I am penniless, but I am young, and I have two strong hands, to conquer worlds for you!" cried Paul with sudden passion, "and yet—yet your father holds to his promise that you shall marry—that—that—what shall I call him?" he asked brokenly.

"A mercenary ape," framed Elinor's sweet lips.

"That you shall marry a mercenary ape," went on Paul angrily. "What can he offer you save a broken life—a burden of debts and, oh, my darling, we cannot permit the sacrifice. You must be my wife—promise me that you will break all bonds and come to me."

Elinor's golden head slowly inclined toward Paul's outstretched arms. He knelt behind her and his arms closed around her.

"You will be mine?" he murmured.

"Ah, yes—I cannot—cannot marry him!" shuddered the girl.

"Will you come to this orchard to-

night—meet me here at the end of the lane—and fly with me—to be my own dear wife forever?"

"I will," answered Elinor solemnly. Jerry Wayland, white and shaking, leaned against his frail support in the tree. It is given to few men to witness the love scenes between a faithless sweetheart and a more successful rival. What agony endured during that brief interview!

So Elinor Blaine did not love him after all! Their wooing had become a mockery in her eyes—she considered him a "mercenary ape." Of course he had not much beyond his very good salary, but Levi Blaine's daughter was far from being an heiress. If they thought that he had been tempted by the fine old farm and orchards, why—Jerry swallowed hard. Suddenly the song of a thrush thrilled from a distant tree. Jerry looked down with miserable eyes.

The man and girl had been speaking in low, tender tones, but the song of the thrush stilled them. There was a tense silence until the last beautiful note had died away. Elinor had somehow stiffened to attention and Jerry saw her stealing a startled glance toward the end of the orchard whence he had entered.

"She is afraid of me—thinks I may be near—that will relieve her mind," ended Jerry bitterly as the shy brown bird whirred away towards the woods. "Ah, here comes your father. I must go. He will only make it worse for you if he finds me. You will be ready tonight? You will meet me here at eleven?" whispered Paul, hastily.

"Yes, yes, go, dear one—he is coming!" cried Elinor fearfully, glancing over her shoulder.

As Paul went in graceful haste back along the way he had come, there broke a loud clapping of invisible hands all about him.

"Splendid, Elinor—it was great!" "Good!"

"Brava!"

"Thank you, good people! Now, gallery gods, prepare for the second act of 'Another Love.' My angry father cannot appear because George Hurst's motor car has broken down ten miles away and George says the angry father scene will have to wait until he can get an ox team to tow him into town." Elinor stood beneath Jerry's tree while she spoke and to the young man's amazement the surrounding trees gave forth an audience of half a dozen young men and women, who proceeded to rehearse what appeared to be a comedy for the benefit of the Village Improvement society.

At last, when the final act came to an end, Elinor stood there alone, the others dispersing. Even the handsome Paul, who off the stage answered to the humble name of Peter Smith, had gone away with evident absorption in another girl, and still Elinor lingered.

Suddenly she said, sweetly: "Do come out of that tree, Jerry, dear! It must be frightfully uncomfortable up there. Oh, you bear!" she cried as Jerry gathered her up in his strong arms.

"You knew I was up there?" he asked, dizzy with renewed happiness.

"Of course. Sam Waters telephoned from the station that he was sending your luggage down by the stage—and ever since I've been in the orchard here your tan shoes have been dangling in full sight."

"Darling!" cried the relieved Jerry. (Copyright, 1912, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A Unique Club.

One of the oldest of social clubs ever established in London was the Everlasting club, limited in membership to 100. The members divided the day amongst them in such a way that there were always some members present upon the club premises. The clubhouse was burned down at the time of the great fire of London, when the only remaining member of the premises was nearly burned to death because he had refused to leave before he had emptied all the bottles on the table. The fire for lighting the members' pipes was never allowed to go out, an old woman being kept solely for the purpose of attending to it. During the 50 years of its existence the members smoked 50 tons of tobacco, drank 30,000 butts of ale, 1,000 pipes of port and 200 barrels of brandy, besides other drinks.

For Street Car Riders.

In Dusseldorf, Germany, a campaign of education has been started for street car riders, the idea being to facilitate the service and to avoid many of the dangers to which passengers often expose themselves unnecessarily. Fifty per cent. of the accidents are due to persons alighting or embarking while the vehicle is in motion and for the purpose of demonstrating the proper and approved methods of performing these operations a moving picture exhibition has been devised. The result of these demonstrations has been very satisfactory and a great improvement in the condition of affairs has been noted.

Elevated Reservoir.

According to the London Financial Times, the largest elevated reservoir in the world is about to be erected at Caballito, near Buenos Aires, in connection with the sanitary improvement schemes of the Argentine capital. It will consist of three tiers of wrought iron columns imbedded in heavy concrete foundations. The total capacity will be sixteen million gallons, and the structure will be 125 feet high, from the base of the columns to the top of the roof. It will contain 15,409 tons of iron and steel. The contract has been awarded in England.

PROMINENT PEOPLE

REPRESENTATIVE JOHNSON'S BIG DISTRICT



Representative Albert Johnson, the newly elected representative from the Second district of Washington, has more coast line to look after than any other man in congress. It is laved, or whatever the word is, by the waters of the Columbia river, the Straits of Fuca, the Pacific ocean and Puget sound to the aggregate of 1,000 miles; and the job of macing light-houses, revenue cutters and so on out of congress for that tubful of drink is some job, believe Johnson.

Other natural wonders in the Johnson district include two forest reserves, the Olympia and the Rainier, the latter flock of segregated lumber coming in only in part. In the heart of the Olympia reserve is a national monument created for the protection of the Roosevelt elk, or, as the highbrows put it, the cervus Roosevelti. Yes, of course, they're named after T. R. You have to whisper this, though, when Johnson's

around, because he's very standpat. Taking a header into statistics, Johnson's district comprises more than 20,000 square miles, an area as big as that of half Ohio and equaling the territory of three or four New England states. It includes the Olympic peninsula, which takes in the big city of Tacoma and a good part of southwest Washington.

However, out of all the territory that Johnson embellishes in Washington, one-third is in forest reserve; and the lands held by the government cut up the country so that at the last election it took a week to get all the returns assembled.

MRS. AVA WILLING ASTOR IN LONDON

Mrs. Ava Willing Astor is in London again looking younger and more festive than ever. She is wearing charming neutral tints, presumably for the late millionaire, her divorced husband, who went down in the Titanic. It is considered very good taste on the part of Mrs. Astor to do this, for there were very few women who would have marked that sad event in the circumstances. Those who know her best, however, say that in her heart of hearts she was very fond of the dead man, though after the divorce she tried to hide the fact that her pride was so wounded.

Like a few other smart Americans in town she went promptly to see the Connaughts, but it appears she got further than the rest, as she was admitted to the bedroom of the duchess. There is the greatest excitement as to whether her son, Vincent, will put in appearance here this summer. It is said his mother has a very charming little maiden of great distinction in her eye for him, as she is pining for him to marry a British girl of title. He is reputed very difficult to manage and does not welcome any interference with his matrimonial affairs—at least, so says his mother, who admits to having her hands full in regard to his future. Frankly, she says she will have no real happiness until she sees him settled down satisfactorily out of the reach of fortune hunters.



SENATOR THOMPSON'S LUCKY STAR



The new senator from Kansas, William H. Thompson, is one of the youngest-looking men in congress, and any one not familiar with his face might think him his own secretary. With an almost boyish face the senator combines a happy disposition and that rare quality which is supposed to belong exclusively to the feminine sex—intuition.

He tells himself of many remarkable events in which he has on several occasions had narrow escapes from fatal accidents. Once, when traveling with his family, he was detained in a small town which boasted of a frame hotel. Mr. Thompson felt that such a building was unsafe, hired an auto, drove his family forty miles home—and that very night the hotel was burned to the ground.

Another time when he was boating with his wife on Yellowstone lake, when the boat caught in the strong current and was rapidly floating toward the

famous falls, which have a drop of several hundred feet—in fact, are higher than Niagara. By chance a log, which was drifting ahead of them, snagged in the piles of a bridge and the boat jammed against it, holding them secure till persons on the bridge above dropped a rope by which they were rescued. So Senator Thompson is a firm believer in his "star" of fate being a lucky one.

MRS. HOUSTON, WOMAN OF DISTINCTION

Mrs. David Franklin Houston, tall and splendidly proportioned, the wife of the secretary of agriculture, is one of the most impressive-looking women in the new circle of executive hostesses in Washington. A native of Texas, she seems to breathe the spirit of the great land of the Rio Grande, and she has many claims to distinction.

"Although my husband has lived in many states," said Mrs. Houston the other day, "my life has not been so varied. Austin, the capital of Texas, is my birthplace. I was married there and remained until five years ago, when we went to St. Louis. University life is an excellent training for social duties, no matter how wide the scope, and I feel familiar in my present environment, though this is my first residence in Washington. In Austin and in St. Louis our faculty life was filled with pleasant events and we had to plan our days carefully to fit in all that was requisite. I see it is much the same thing here and I anticipate keen enjoyment when I am entirely accustomed to the routine."

Mrs. Houston, though regretful at spoiling a pretty romance, is the authority for the statement that she never studied under her husband at the University of Texas.



Three Costumes That Are Worthy of Special Notice



The costume at the left is a design suitable for navy serge, and will be found useful for everyday wear.

The skirt wraps over in front from left side in a point where it is trimmed with two buttons and braid loops.

The coat is cut with the points of front wrapping over from right to left; there is no collar, but the blouse collar of white silk, hemmed at edges, lies over the neck of coat; cuffs of the same are tacked in the wrists of sleeves, and can be easily removed.

Hat of mauve fancy straw, trimmed with mauve and white ospreys.

Materials required for the costume: Five yards 44 inches wide, 4 1/2 yards lining silk for coat, 4 buttons.

The next shows a pretty indoor dress. The skirt is in honey-colored fine cashmere. It has panels front and back, the sides being draped up under them; buttons and loops trim panels.

The smart coat is of satin the same color as skirt; it is cut Magyar. The fronts below the bust are cut

away to show a full vest of broche which matches the collar; buttons trim front and basque, and lace ruffles finish the sleeves.

Materials required: 2 1/4 yards cashmere 46 inches wide, 1 1/2 yard satin 42 inches wide, 20 buttons, one-half yard broche 22 inches wide, 1 1/2 yard lace 4 1/2 inches wide.

In the last a smart costume of striped and plain material is shown. The skirt is in hazel brown and black stripe, the wrapped seam up center front and back being piped with black.

The blouse coat of plain is cut with long shoulders, to which the sleeves are cut in wrapped seams; the collar and cuffs are of the stripe.

Togue of swathed tulle in a pretty shade of mauve, trimmed with a feather motif.

Materials required: 2 1/4 yards 44 inches wide, for skirt, three-eighths yard satin 22 inches wide on the cross 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide for coat, 2 yards silk 42 inches wide for lining.