

SOCIETY NOTES

LIFE'S MAZY WHIRL

Not within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant has there been such a quiet summer socially in Lincoln, as the one just closing and, one might add, so cool a summer, which makes the unusual quiet difficult to explain. It is not that more people than usual are out of town, for the reverse is true. The members of the Country Club have had some gayeties, but the others, and they are many, have subsided. September will bring several weddings, and the shadows of other coming events are being dimly outlined.

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The marriage of Miss Clara Augusta Danielson, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Watson Bain, and Mr. John Philip Sheridan Neligh, was celebrated at the home of the bride's mother in Columbus, Georgia, Tuesday at six o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Neligh were both instructors for some time in the Lincoln public schools and they are spending their honeymoon here as guests of Land Commissioner and Mrs. G. D. Follmer. On Thursday evening chapter K of P. E. O. gave a reception in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Neligh at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Jones. The pleasant home was profusely adorned with asparagus, sweet peas and yellow cannas. Mrs. L. J. Dunn, assisted by Miss Elizabeth Smith and Miss Ida Johnson served punch. The chapter presented Mrs. Neligh with a dozen silver spoons with marguerites, the P. E. O. flowers, on the handles. About fifty persons were present. During the evening the following musical numbers were rendered:

Duet—"A Night in Venice," Lucantoni; Miss Amber Barnaby, Mr. Haydn Myer. a—"O Fair, O Sweet and Holy," Cantor; b—"O That We Two Were Maying," Nevin; c—"Slumber Boat," Gaynor; Miss Leta Trigg.

Waltz, Chopin; Miss Nellie Trigg. a—"The Night Hath a Thousand Eyes," Gaynor; b—"In the Dark, in the Dew," Combs; c—"Resolution," Thome; Miss Amber Barnaby.

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The following editorial from the Woman's Home Companion contains a valuable suggestion which club women might well follow:

"One must first have a love for a subject if he would come to any true knowledge of it. The proposition sounds simple, and is old enough in all conscience, yet one sees a tremendous waste of energy among women simply because they refuse to take this into consideration. The majority of women's clubs seem to think that they can obtain a knowledge of a subject by merely laying out a course of reading and assigning papers. 'The Influence of the French Drama on the Drama of the Restoration,' is given to a lady who never heard of Congreve, and who could not tell whether he lived at the time of Shakespeare or before. By a judicious use of the encyclopedia she gets up an article to fill twenty minutes, and which everybody, including the writer, forgets as soon as it is read. With equal temerity they tackle the Preraphaelite painters or the philosophy of Schopenhauer. One does not in the least want to discourage club-women. This is only a plea to them to select subjects they can get near to, subjects that have some appeal to them, subjects that they can learn about at first hand, and not be driven to that last resort of the lazy, an encyclopedia."

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From the New York Evening Post: "Veranda life has become so large a part of suburban and country house existence that its consideration is a distinct department of housekeeping. Many housekeepers change the whole tone of the decorations of these open-air living rooms as the autumn approaches. Gayer rugs, divan coverings and pillows are used, railing boxes have their midsummer flowers replaced

with those of the gorgeous hues of the fall blooms, and as October arrives with the hint of frost in the air, draughts are shut off with substantial screens, bamboo shades are lined, etc., that the use of these delightful apartments may be prolonged. In some country houses kept open very late, where the family grudge every moment indoors, a Franklin stove is set up on an upper veranda or loggia. In this way an open fire tempers the chill of the late November air that is yet desired in all its freshness. Many beautiful summer cottages are built with loggias out of the upper rooms. These are verandas inclosed on three sides, or perhaps, only two, and here the divan by day becomes the sleeping couch at night. Draughts are easily shut off by proper arrangement of hanging screens and the joy and benefit of sleeping in the open air are greatly appreciated."

and feel so little responsibility in the handling of such costly articles, their only excuse being (and, after all, it is no excuse at all) that they are quite unaware of the value of the glass, china and fine linen that they treat with so little consideration.

"You are distraught, madam," said a man at dinner, noticing that his hostess, next to whom he was sitting, was not listening to a word he was saying.

"Why, to tell the truth," she answered laughing consciously, "I cannot take my eyes off Professor Smith, who is so absorbed in demonstrating some truth that he is jabbing his fork right through one of my best napkins. If the poor man only realized what those napkins cost me, he would feel as uncomfortable as I do at ruining the set."

"Let me say something to him to stop it," said her guest, quite concerned at the situation.

"Not for worlds," answered the mistress of the house. "The mischief is done already, and I only hope he will remain unconscious of it!"

"Laying lighted cigarettes on the tablecloth is no uncommon act of carelessness which may burn a hole in a cloth literally worth its weight in gold."

"I will tell you an awful secret," said a young man to a girl, "if you will promise never, never to tell. I laid my

that the offending guest is generally quite unconscious of his offenses and perhaps sometimes he wonders why this season he has not been invited to Mrs. A—'s, where last year he made a long visit, not realizing that these trifles, seemingly 'light as air,' have prejudiced his hostess against him."

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To those who are on the fringe of society friendly recognition from one of the great fashionable leaders is an all important happening, and brings a sense of achieved ambition that is gratifying; but to those who, content with their excellent social position outside of what is known as the smart set, do not care to struggle to be otherwise than they are—gentlefolk born and bred—such distinctions mean absolutely nothing. To bring smart acquaintances naturally into the conversation, and to let her visitor, Mrs. B., know how much her debutante daughter was asked to the ultra fashionable houses, was labor thrown away by the hostess as far as her visitor was concerned. "For she absolutely does not know the difference," exclaimed Mrs. Parvenue afterward. "Would you believe that there could be such a want of knowledge among people one knows? But I give you my word that when I told her that my Ethel was going to dine at Mrs. Upperten's tonight, she actually asked, 'Who is she?'"

"What crass ignorance!" ejaculated her auditor, the sarcasm of whose tones quite escaped Mrs. Parvenue.—New York Tribune.

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Mrs. L. J. Dunn gave a small company yesterday afternoon in honor of her sister, Miss Blanche Enslow, whose marriage will occur next Thursday. The guests were principally the ladies who will assist at the wedding. Misses Lois and Bessie Burruss entertained the guests with charming music and a guessing game afforded amusement. Those present were Misses Blanche Enslow, Tempa Enslow, Burruss, Bessie Burruss, Ada Waugh, Florence Prescott, Gertrude Ewing, Edna Baker, Gertrude Kincaide, Claire Canon; Mesdames Martha Enslow, T. S. Allen, E. E. Bennett, C. M. Kincaide, C. S. Jones, Robert Beatty of Kansas City, T. B. Clawson of Red Oak, Iowa, I. G. Chapin and J. H. Auld.

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A little girl was spending the summer at a fashionable watering place, and one morning as she played upon the verandah of the hotel where her mother was stopping she heard a lengthy conversation upon the fashions of the day and the absolute necessity of stylishness in dress if one hoped to be a success in society. One lady went so far as to say that stylishness was far more important than beauty.

That night as the child said her usual prayer she added with great earnestness, "And, O dear Lord, do please make me stylish."—July Lippincott's Magazine.

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Happy indeed are they who are invited to hear the rehearsals which are of frequent occurrence at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Steckelberg, 1925 E street. There are violin solos, cello solos, piano solos, and best of all, trios, played by Mr. Charles Steckelberg, Mr. Henry Steckelberg, and Mrs. Joseph Wurzburg, artists all. These affairs are delightfully informal, charmingly musical, and thoroughly enjoyable. Those who are present once, eagerly hope for the second opportunity of being present at one of these evenings.

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Mrs. Eugene Tullis gave a luncheon on Friday in honor of her sister, Miss Alice Ingham of Chicago. The scarlet and cream of the university were used in decorating. The menu was served in five courses. Mrs. Arthur DeWitt, by her knowledge of palmistry, told the fortunes of the guests, who were Mesdames Arthur De Witt, Ralph E. Johnson, J. H. Pinkerton, A. G. Chapman, R. Ewan and the Misses Guile, Mabel Guile, Cora Schaeffer, Shively, Bertha Pinkerton, Edna Bowers and Alice Ingham.



Miss Elizabeth Scroggs, of Beaver, Pennsylvania, who is the guest of her brother and his wife, Doctor and Mrs. Joseph Scroggs. Miss Scroggs is an accomplished artist and is at the head of the art department in Beaver college.

Mrs. A. L. Hoover gave a pleasant card party Tuesday morning in honor of her cousin, Mrs. W. H. Knox of Kansas City, who was her guest. The house was adorned with many roses and nasturtiums. Six-hand euchre was played and after the games a luncheon was served by Miss Louise Hoover and Miss Hamer. Guests were Mesdames O. M. Stonebraker, R. D. Stearns, R. B. Suter, L. W. Garoutte, C. J. Guenzel, C. D. Mullen, G. A. Crancer, D. H. Muir, Perkins, A. R. Penny of Omaha, L. D. Munson, C. G. Underwood, T. J. Usher, F. B. Harris, Ingleman of Leavenworth, Kansas; C. F. Harpham, Louise Hamer, Myron Wheeler, H. B. Ward, Elias Baker, A. E. Kennard, C. C. Quiggle, Walter Davis, C. H. Rudge, W. H. England, Mary Witter, Albert Davis; Misses Muir and Hamer.

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The following from the New York Tribune, is true of the experiences not only of the wealthy who use thousand dollar table cloths, but also of those in moderate circumstances who entertain their friends. Not everyone who goes visiting so deports himself that his second visit is a welcome one to his hostess:

"CARELESSNESS OF GUESTS.

"When the cost is considered of every individual thing that is in daily use by the rich, and often its exceeding rarity, making any replacement in case of accident next to impossible, it is a wonder that guests are so careless,

cigar on the table while we were smoking just now, and burnt a big hole in Mrs. Midas' thousand dollar cloth. Isn't it horrible? No one else saw it, and as we all change places after you leave, it can never be discovered who did it, for I just covered it over with a plate and then took another place. I saw 'Dickie' M— take my seat,' he chuckled, 'and as he stayed there the rest of the time and talked to Mr. Midas, who was opposite, I trust he will have the credit of it!'

"Quite apart from the cost of the article that is injured or the trouble that it involves to replace it, every careful house mistress has a veritable love for her house furnishings. No one who has seen her affectionate little pat after she has finished her inspection of a well set out dinner table, with its snowy napery and brilliant glass and silver, or a faintly decked dressing table freshly arranged for some respected visitor can doubt it, and it seems too bad that the indifferent guest (for both girls and men alike are equally careless in such matters) should destroy her pretty accessories by sheer carelessness, leaving unsightly ink stains on the newly covered writing tables, tearing pieces out of the pretty blotter, dropping cologne on the highly polished wood of the bureau and thereby leaving great white blotches on the varnish, and many other iconoclasms that destroy the lares and penates dear to the heart of their hostess. It goes without saying