

SOCIETY NOTES

LIFE'S MAZY WHIRL

Dame Nature changes her garb with the seasons and it is always beautiful and gratifying to look upon, but not all the trees are dressed alike. Some wear yellow, some brown, some red, some green robes at this time of year. Fashions for women change too, but when a certain style of coiffure, a certain cut of gown, or a certain color, meets with favor, it is adopted almost unanimously by women who seem to have no individual taste. The fact that a thing is worn "in the east" is sufficient. When a box party at the Oliver filed in one night this week, it was noticed that three of the occupants wore gowns of the same color and cut similarly, and all wore black hats. Some one asked if a uniform had been adopted. Even those who consider the subject of dress as too trivial for personal consideration, admire a characteristic costume.

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Fan tan, a game new in Lincoln, but old in oriental countries, was the game play Thursday afternoon and evening at the parties given by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hellwig and Misses Gertrude and Grace Aitken, at the Hellwig home. Not only the game, but the decorations, were oriental in character. Japanese lanterns were strung across the ceiling, umbrellas were grouped around the chandeliers, and fans were artistically arranged on the walls. Chrysanthemums fresh from the flowery kingdom, and many ferns, added to the effect. The lunch cloths and napkins were Japanese and the score cards bore little Jap men done in water colors by Miss Gertrude Aitken, the deep purples, blues and reds being used. Little Japanese hair ornaments were given to the ladies as souvenirs and the prizes were Japanese figures painted by Miss Aitken. A light luncheon was served to which an oriental touch was given by tiny umbrellas standing in the glasses of ice cream.

In fan tan an individual score is kept, and the players who first throws down his last card is the winner and announces his victory by crying "fan tan." At these parties a first, second, and third prize were given besides a consolation, which all had a chance to win as a deck of cards was thrown around one at a time, to the players, and the one who got the last jack received the consolation prize. The charm of novelty added to the pleasure always experienced by the guests of Mrs. Hellwig and her sisters.

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The M. M. card club is composed of congenial people who always have good times at their meetings, but the acme of jollity was reached by them Saturday evening, when they were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Van Brunt, and Mr. and Mrs. Lee at the Van Brunt home. The house was very pretty, indeed, with red carnations and ferns for decorations. The score cards were hand painted autumn leaves. Six-handed euchre is played this season by the club, but no prizes are given. After the games a gong was sounded and a perfectly appointed railway lunch room, which bore no resemblance to Mrs. Van Brunt's kitchen, but such it really was—was thrown open, and the guests were served doughnuts, hot tamale sandwiches, cheese, pickles, and coffee, from a lunch counter. The hosts and hostesses, in white raiment, graciously waited upon their guests. The members of the club are Messieurs and Mesdames Clinton R. Lee, R. T. Van Brunt, D. A. Risser, C. H. Rudge, R. M. Le Gore, C. H. Warner, C. D. Traphagen, E. E. Spencer, M. W. Folsom, H. T. Folsom, I. G. Chapin, J. C. Seacrest, H. B. Ward, F. D. Cornell, Doctor and Mrs. S. E. Cook, Doctor and Mrs. R. H. Wolcott.

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A cheery new home, prettily furnished and tastefully decorated with autumn leaves, was the setting for a

housewarming given Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. F. L. De Witt. Thirty-two friends shared in the joys and festivities. High five was played for a time, and later there was lovely music by Mr. Haydn Myer, Mr. and Mrs. O'Shea, Mrs. Georgia Bell, and Miss Gertrude Ernst, and Mrs. J. A. Hayden entertained the company with recitations. A luncheon was served in two courses by Mrs. De Witt assisted by Mrs. Haydn Myer. Next Tuesday Mrs. De Witt's attractive home will be again opened to friends, this time for a kensington, when thirty-five ladies will be entertained.

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The average American has a very vague idea of the annoyances that lie in wait for the man "who would a wooing go" in old England, of the

day on account of the king's grand parade from Buckingham palace to the city. We had to abandon St. George's church in Hanover square for the same reason and because the boundary lines of that parish had been changed unknown to my fiancée. Had it not been so, then in order to have been married there my fiancée would have been obliged to take out the license instead of myself. When we discovered that she resided in the Westminster parish we had to abandon this on account of the king's parade. So we selected the Holy Trinity church in Sloanes square, which was our second choice, our first choice being St. George's in Hanover square, where my fiancée frequently attended service, but was not a communicant. We encountered considerable difficulty in adjusting arrangements for the Holy Trinity, but with the aid of a curate and a clerk of a vestry it was settled by my being obliged to take up a place of abode for fifteen days by renting a small room and depositing therein a small portmanteau, but am not obliged to even sleep there one night, nor do I intend to, but it requires all of this under the singular circumstances involved in this instance to comply with the London

granted as a special dispensation from the archbishop of Canterbury and in cases of illness, requiring affidavits from doctors, clergymen, etc., and is rarely done.

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Tact and ready wit are difficult to acquire and many well-meaning, but awkward persons will sympathize with the blunderers of whom the New York Tribune tells:

A "break," in the ever changing vernacular of social parlance, signifies some unfortunate chance remark that either refers to or suggests some subject best to be avoided. Every one knows how often such "breaks," as they are called, occur, and how there seems to be some perverse fate that makes one go out of one's way to talk of topics that must necessarily suggest the one forbidden. If there is any one at the table, for instances, who has some personal defect, the imp of perversity will probably cause the most tender hearted person present to drag that particular misfortune into the conversation by alluding to some one who is similarly afflicted. Or if there is some family skeleton which must not be spoken of, it will always be brought forward by proxy.

"I am the most unfortunate individual in the world about such things," complained a young man recently. "It is simply impossible for me to steer clear of an unpleasant topic. It is like a lodestone to me, and I am drawn in its direction whether I will or not. The other day I went with a house party to the M—'s, who are all abnormally fat. 'Now, Bill,' I said to myself, 'remember, not one word about corpulency!' But in spite of all my efforts I managed to drag in the subject several times. To my horror, I heard myself mention Barnum's fat woman to Mrs. M—, speak of someone's death from fatty degeneration of the heart when conversing with Mr. M—, talk admiringly of Miss Slender's figure to Miss M— and allude to the disadvantage of carrying weight to young M—, who nearly broke his heart at college because he grew too heavy to compete in the games. There was a perfect fatality about it, and I am sure they must have thought I did it all on purpose."

"It was worse with me," laughed the young woman to whom he was speaking. "I went to stay with some people whose prominent family trait was a remarkably large nose. Like you, I resolved before-hand never to mention the defect, but the prohibitive word so preyed on my mind that, on one dreadful, never-to-be-forgotten day, I said to my host at the table, 'Please give me some—nose!' I intended to ask for salt, but the awful word got ahead of it and slipped out of my mouth quite clear and distinct. I was too much horrified to pass it off, and grew red as a peony, feeling ready to cry, but Mr. A— burst out laughing. 'I know exactly how it happened, dear child,' he said, 'and you mustn't mind it a bit.'"

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Even persons whose tastes are educated to enjoy the best there is in music sometimes enjoy the more frivolous style, just as literary people sometimes enjoy that written in a lighter vein. The persons who were so fortunate as to be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curtice at their musicale Thursday evening, were thoroughly delighted with the masterly performance of the two colored musicians, Mr. Carder of Lincoln, and a pianist from Chicago, who gave a program of rag time music and coon songs. This rollicking music was preceded by several serious selections. Mrs. Curtice played a violin solo, "A Simple Confession," by Thome. Mr. Will O'Shea contributed a cornet solo, "Till Then Dear Heart," by Louis Tocaben. Mr. George Johnstone, whose songs are a welcome addition to any program, sang "A Rose Fable," and Mrs. Will O'Shea played "Pierette," by Chaminade. Mrs. O'Shea has recently returned to Lincoln after an absence of several years, and few people have had an opportunity to hear her play, those who have been so privileged, pronounce her a valuable addition to the list of local pianists.

Mr. O'Shea exhibited his exceeding



CECILIA BLAIR WARD,

CHARLOTTE BALDWIN WARD.

Five years.

Three years.

Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Ward, 1520 D street.

thorns which concealed themselves under the otherwise uncrumpled rose leaves in the path of Mr. C. E. Hochstetler when he went in quest of his marriage lines and the church in which the happy event is to take place next Saturday, as the following personal letter will give interesting proof, says the Kansas City Star:

"We have set the date of our marriage for Saturday, 9:30 a. m., October 25, at one of the most fashionable churches in London for weddings, Holy Trinity, Sloanes square. The Rev. Mr. Win Haley will officiate. We shall leave Victoria station for Paris by the 11 o'clock a. m. train, same day, where we shall spend our honeymoon. The Holy Trinity is about the smallest parish, but wealthy and most fashionable, so much so that ladies and gentlemen are permitted and do attend Sunday night services in evening dress. We have had a hard time to select a church, as you cannot be married in a church nor obtain a license unless your place of abode has preceded the date of the license by fifteen days, affidavit on oath must be made by either one of the contracting parties to that effect, then upon payment of \$10.62 a license will be granted. I found that I was in St. Paul parish. We could not use any church in that parish for the reason all thoroughfares would be blocked on that

marriage law. Plain service by license, which fee includes all church charges, is 1 pound 14s 0d, or about \$8.50 (organ or choral service not included), but in addition to the church charges you are expected to give each of the clergymen a fee of 2 pounds or more. I first visited an American embassy, when I received the initial marriage license information from Mr. John Ridgely Carter, second secretary, then visited the vicar general's office, after which I met the vice-American consul, who gave me the information as to how British subjects who visit America for a short time are dealt with by an American custom house. My fiancée was born and has always resided in England."

Mr. Hochstetler adds the following facts concerning the fees for London marriages: Poor people and communicants pay 1s 6d (thirty-two cents) to the church. No license required, but the bans are read in church for three successive Sundays to qualify. Easter Monday is free marriage day, and at but one place in London—Little Red church in Bethnal Green road—they marry them off in wholesale lots. It is a happy day for the "costers." So you will observe that London weddings are to wit: When bans are read, thirty-two cents; free, no charge, Red church; regular license, \$10.62; special license \$15.00. The latter can only be