

pound of figs, one pound of dates, one pound of nuts, one pound of butter, one pound of flour, juice of one orange and one lemon, one-fourth teaspoonful of grated rind, one pound of sugar, eggs, ten whites and seven yolks, one cup of fruit juice and molasses.

Boil one pint of currants, one pint of raisins, and the figs until tender, chop fine. Grate one-third of the citron and slice the rest, chop half of the raisins and currants. Sprinkle the whole fruit with extra flour. Stir the butter and sugar together, beat the yolks well and add to the butter and sugar, then add the chopped fruit, a tablespoonful of all kinds of spices, the fruit juice and molasses, then sift in half of the flour, add half of the whole fruit, half of the eggs beaten stiff, then the rest of the fruit, the other five eggs and an extra cup of flour and a teaspoonful of soda. Mix well, bake three hours or more in a slow oven.

Mrs. M. I. Aitken gave a six-handed euchre yesterday afternoon, and Mr. and Mrs. Aitken gave a similar party last night. About sixty persons were entertained each time. The score cards were adorned with quaint Dutch figures done in water colors by Miss Gertrude Aitken. There were six different styles in these that each person at a table might have one different from the others. Two of the prizes were also Dutch paintings, the others were Dutch figures in burnt leather, holding 1903 calendars on their wrists. A two course luncheon was served after the games. The porch was illumined with Jack-o'-lanterns.

Delta Delta Delta celebrated Hallowe'en by initiating seven charming new girls into the mysteries and joys of the sorority. The ceremony was performed at the chapter house, and was followed by an elaborate banquet at the home of Miss Bertha DuTeil. The house was lavishly decorated with the tri Delta colors, silver, gold and blue, and with Hallowe'en emblems. Miss Chadwick presided as toast mistress and called for responses from both old and new members. The initiates were Misses Inez Crow, Bernice Whittier, Lila and Pauline Whitcomb, Alice Auld, Helen Lauer and Mabel Cox.

The Young Women's Christian Association kept open house Tuesday evening and more than two hundred members and friends called to spend a social evening and to inspect the new home of the association. Miss Martha Pierce, president of the association, Mesdames C. C. White, and S. D. Hyde, and Miss Bryan, members of the board, and Miss Stearns, general secretary, received the callers. The office, parlor and gymnasium were decorated with roses and carnations. Miss Woodsmall, the physical director, gave an exhibition in club swinging. Miss Morrow sang, and Reverend J. E. Tuttle talked on the relation of the association to the church and the community. Miss Lottie Ross, assisted by the young ladies of the gymnasium class served punch during the evening.

The freshmen girls of Kappa Kappa Gamma entertained the active members and a few of the alumnae at the home of Miss Elsie Fawell last evening. The house was decorated and lighted entirely with Jack-o'-lanterns having all sorts of curious and ludicrous faces. The girls bobbed for apples, told fortunes and enjoyed all sorts of Hallowe'en games.

The costumes were appropriate to the night and were varied in design. Doughnuts, cider, roast marshmallows and nuts, tempted the appetites of the guests.

Thirty-five young ladies were present.

The students of the Latin department of the state university were guests of Professor and Mrs. G. E. Barber Monday evening at Fraternity hall. Mr. and Mrs. Barber were assisted by the instructors in the department and their wives. The hall was decorated with university colors. College songs and a social time were enjoyed.

Not because it is expected that men and especially college men whose brains are busy with weightier matters, will read this article, is it used, but because the weaker sex is interested in all matters of dress and that worn by the college man most of all. It is from the New York Tribune:

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Oct. 11.—(Special.)—A leading Boston tailor was asked recently: "What styles will Harvard men follow in their clothes this fall?"

"Heavens," he said, "don't ask me, I don't set the styles. The boys do that."

What the tailor said was true. No fashion plate, however unique or fancy, ever produced the fascimile of a typical college man, and no merchant, whether a tailor, hatter, bootmaker or pipe manufacturer, was ever able to introduce a style here. The college men know what they want. They follow no one, and they dress in a manner peculiar to themselves. Their clothes, shoes, pipes, hats, collars and neckties are made after their own designs, and the submissive manufacturer bows in silent resignation to his fate.

This year Harvard men will assert their individuality in dress more than ever before. With "pancake" hat, low "dinky" collar, coat well moulded to the form, flapping bloomerlike trousers and flat Oxford shoes, the college undergraduate will be in a class by

will be the military style, without the flare at the hips, and will not permit its possessor to slump or carry himself awkwardly. He must walk erect and gracefully if he wishes to make a good appearance.

Despite the efforts of tailors to change a two years' style, trousers for the college men will be cut wide and flapping at the hips this fall. These are the easiest to wear. That is what they want them for.

This year, as last, college men will show a supreme contempt for the cold. Some will buy overcoats, the style of which it is impossible to predict, but the greater part will stride about college happy in the warmth which only perfect health and a good circulation can give a man. It will be the style to stand on the front platforms of street cars, breaking the December breezes on Harvard bridge; it will be the style to wear low shoes through slush and snow; it will be the style to stand more erect in walking, and to avoid the hand slapping, shoulder swinging stride which characterized the swagger man of last year. A few knit woolen stockings will be worn by the colder members of the fraternity to make up for the lack of leather over the ankles, but the tougher ones will face the cold in the open work hosiery of the summer and fall.

In rainy weather the college man will don his rain coat, which is long

the cut, the finish, the style. This seems hardly fair. If an order to help out a friend is given in kindness the same kindness should prevent criticism which might injure.

"I haven't a single thing I like this season," wailed a really kind hearted woman. "So many of my friends have gone into business that I have had to buy my season's outfit from them—a walking dress from one, a dinner gown from another, a hat from a third, and so on." This was said at a luncheon, and her audience was amused, but her friends would probably have preferred it if she had been less kind about her orders and more circumspect with her tongue.

An order for a single table cloth of fine Irish linen and hand woven lace, lately given through a prominent dry goods establishment of New York city, required the best part of a year to fill, and cost nearly \$4,000. The lace was fashioned to enwreath partially the position of each cover and to form a centerpiece. The monogram of the intended recipient appeared in one portion of this, and the family insignia at intervals throughout the lace. It was designed as a wedding gift. Lace as an embellishment of napkins is not yet numbered among the novelties in table linen, but a large importer in this line has placed an order for some as an experiment.

The N. O. K. club gave a party Saturday night at the home of Miss Sadie Thompson, 2732 O street, as a farewell to Miss Hattie Brown, who started on Thursday for her new home in California.

A guessing game, and an exhibition by the men, of their skill in millinery, occupied the time until dinner was announced.

The dinner was a delicious old-fashioned meal and was thoroughly enjoyed. The place cards were adorned in water-colors by Miss Kenagy.

Following beside the guest of honor, were present: Misses Ada McFall, Nell McFall, Thompson, Brown, Kenagy, Gertrude Kenagy, Ringer, Mary Ringer, Allen, Robinson, and Mrs. Burton Robinson, Miss Ida McFall, Messieurs Richards, De Noon, Bronson, Jones, Folts, Farrell, Persinger, Graves and Bennett.

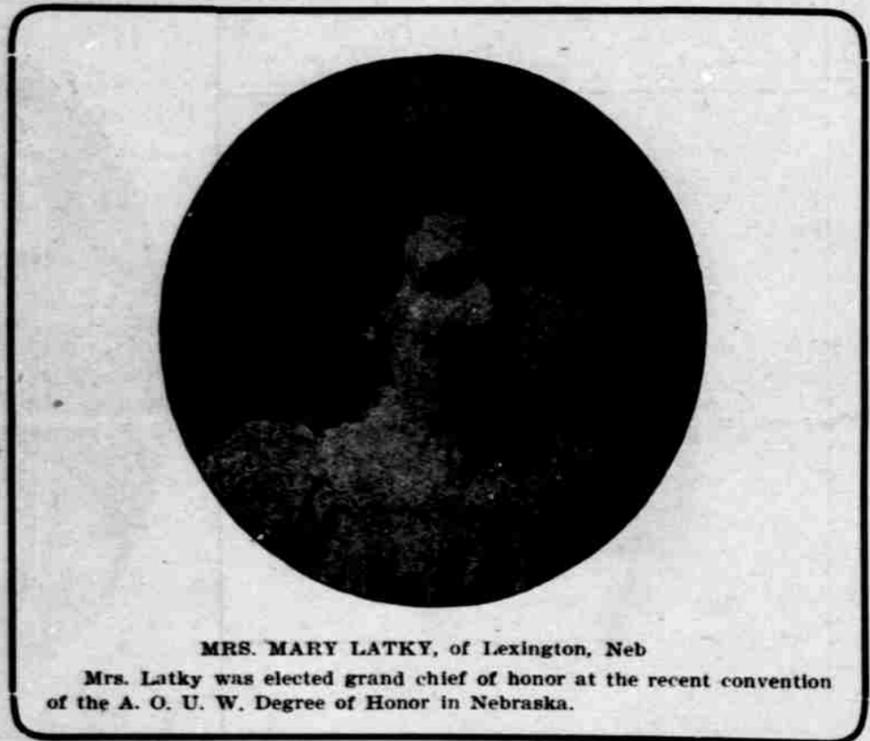
Thirty-five friends of Mrs. F. L. DeWitt were pleasantly entertained by her at a Kensington Tuesday afternoon. Miss Anna Hass received a bunch of roses as a reward for making more neatly than did the other ladies, a yellow muslin cap with black threa Mrs. Will O'Shea and Misses Ernst, Auld, and Robinson, contributed musical numbers. Mrs. F. Layton and Mrs. A. Haydn Myer assisted in serving a two-course luncheon.

The marriage of Miss Mae Burr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Burr, and Mr. John Meadows of St. Joseph, will be celebrated Wednesday, December the tenth, at Holy Trinity Episcopal church. A large reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Burr will follow the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Burr of New York city will arrive a week or two before the wedding and will spend the month of December here.

American women first wore and made useful, the shirt waist, after which it was adopted in Europe, and now the short skirt, which has been for several years indispensable in this country, has crossed the pond and has been adopted in Paris and other cities. Paris and London set the fashions for dressy occasions, but America is gaining the leadership in practical styles.

Miss Blanche Hargreaves entertained a club of girls and a few young men informally Wednesday evening. Cards were played and dainty refreshments were served. Following were present: Misses Mabel Hays, Vine Gahan, Eleanor Raymond, Laura Houtz, Edith Locke, Bates; Messieurs Richards, Joyce, Marley, Edmiston, Shedd, Bartlett and Clark.

Mrs. Ode Rector entertained the Strollers this week.



MRS. MARY LATKY, of Lexington, Neb
Mrs. Latky was elected grand chief of honor at the recent convention of the A. O. U. W. Degree of Honor in Nebraska.

himself. Outsiders will look upon him as an eccentric freak; mothers will shake their heads sadly as they watch him; the poor chap in ready made clothes will envy him, and he himself will be supremely happy.

Every typical man in Harvard today dresses in the manner described above. The "pancake" hat is a low, wide brimmed affair, setting on his head like a lily pad on a mill pond. Gray is becoming the popular color, although many of the hats are black. Narrow bands have replaced the wider ones of last fall, and the brims are slightly turned up at the outer edge.

Below the hat is a pipe. This year it will be a short, straight stemmed pipe, with a hard rubber mouthpiece and plain silver or black wood. Silver will not be worn, ornament and amber will be avoided, and had taste.

The collar is even "dinkier" than it was last year. A few wing collars will be worn, but the popular article will be the low, comfortable piece of linen which comes together tightly at the front and just displays the tightly knotted necktie underneath. This necktie will, with few variations, be of black. That is the tastiest color, and college men are rarely seen wearing anything else.

Studied negligence will be avoided in coat and trousers, as well as in every other article of dress. There will be less of a tendency toward "swagger," and more cleancutness and sprightliness in dress. The coat will lose the greater part of its padding and will be shaped more closely to the form. It

and lose and comfortable. Some will wear conspicuous yellow oilskins, to show that they own yachts, and not a few will be clad in policemen's rubber rain coats, to show that they despise appearance and care only for being dry.

This year as last, the mustache will be popular at Harvard. This is particularly true of seniors. The hair will be worn short. When the student is not showing his clothes on the street-cars or in the college yard he will be either drinking chocolate, eggs or milk, or a "horse's neck," or he will be entertaining his friends in his heavy antique furnished room. The furniture here will be quaint, awkward and old fashioned. The more quaint and bulkier it is the better he will be satisfied.

The following plaint recently published in the New York Tribune will probably be endorsed by many fellow sufferers over the country:

"Deliver me from my friends," exclaimed a reduced gentlewoman who had gone into trade. "I can reconcile my enemies," she continued, "even win golden opinions from strangers, but my friends bid fair to ruin me."

It is sad, but true, that friends are generally the worst props that a fashionable woman can lean on in misfortune. They mean well, but they criticize sharply, and one would have to be an angel to please them. If they order a gown from a friend who has taken up dressmaking, they first announce that they feel obliged to give the commission, and then they cavil over the work,