

SOCIETY NOTES

LIFE'S MAZY WHIRL

let again before the six weeks of his engagement are over. This will be the last time Mr. Sothern will be seen as Francis Villon in this city in some time as he appears in a new play next year.

"Romeo and Juliet" is presented at Mrs. Osborne's playhouse to large and critical audiences. The delightfully Shakesperian atmosphere of the production, enhanced by copying the surroundings under which the play was originally produced by its immortal author, delight the cultured patrons of this cosy theatre, which seems bound to become prosperous under capable management.

At Wallack's "The Sultan of Sulu" continues to draw very strongly and will undoubtedly run the season out there.

At the Princess Amella Bingham in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" is again adding to her laurels by some very clever acting.

Clyde Fitch's "Barbara Freitchie" was presented admirably by the American Stock company at the American

Visitors in the city have kept various small coteries busy with the pleasant events given for them this week, and Miss Barber's approaching nuptials have been the cause of functions among the Pi Phi members.

Miss Grace Harrison has been the guest of honor at several parties given by her friends. Miss Harrison goes next week to be the guest of Mrs. Homer Honeywell for a few weeks, and it is said that other parties will be given in her honor.

sleighs, taking them home as souvenirs.

"My bill for those sleighs alone was \$35. Here's another instance and even a more serious one for me. I arrived very late at one of the teas given just before Ash Wednesday, and on reaching the dining-room for a cup of something hot, found only a few persons there. Even the serving brigade had thinned out, and except for the girls at the punch bowl there was hardly a soul in sight, and nobody at the large, round center-table, beautifully trimmed in pink roses and

as well as I that they were either a part of the catering supplies or else from the hostess's own store of china and glass.

"Now, hear my sequel to this story, which is positively tragic, so far as I am concerned: As I bade my adieu that afternoon to Mrs. H., I spoke of the table, quite the handsomest of the season, and I suppose my mind rather dwelling on the plate episode that I had just witnessed, referred to the little dishes and asked where she got them, to be informed that they were a set of six which her sister had sent to her from Vienna at Christmas, and that she prized them very highly, as they were of a new variety of opaque glass.

"I thought no more of the affair until we were all at the Southern a few nights ago, dining with a man who gives many and frequent entertainments. This craze for souvenirs came up, when one host told what befallen him at a ball which he gave during the holidays. One of his most treasured Christmas gifts was a trio of dainty cupids in French china, and very exquisite workmanship, which a charming New York girl whom he had often entertained had sent to him as her remembrance. The night of the ball, as he strolled through the rooms just before his guests arrived, it struck him that he would hang those lovely cupids under the main chandelier, where everybody might see and enjoy. Accordingly, he tied them on with ribbons, and the result was indeed a pretty one.

"Late that night, remembering his beloved cupids, he went to get them, only to discover that they were gone—stolen—the gay ribbons neatly severed as with a pocket knife and only an empty spot in the overhanging smilax.

"After our host had finished telling this mournful tale Mrs. H., who was a dinner guest as well as myself, sitting just opposite me, straightened up, drew her lips together and remarked that she, too, had suffered in like manner, proceeding to relate the story of her pink plate, which, as you know, was by no means new to me.

"As she stated the facts I caught her eye several times, but thought nothing whatever until she wound up with the pointed remark:

"But the worst part of the whole is that these people who commit such petty thefts are our friends—those whom we meet every day in society—and our hands are tied. We would like to love them jalled, but we don't dare. And she fixed another basiliskian glare on me that actually turned my blood cold.

"For I know exactly what was in her mind. You see, she discovered her missing plate just after my departure that afternoon, as I was among the last guests. She instantly remembered that I had been in the dining-room almost alone, and that I had also admired the plates and spoken to her about them. So, reasoning shrewdly, as she imagined she had put two and two together and fixed the guilt on me.

"I am in a dilemma, for I can't mention the matter to her without telling her who really did take the plate—one of her most cherished and intimate friends, by the way, who is constantly at her house, and who, I have no doubt, has coveted the little piece of glass for many a long day; and I surely don't want to be thought a thief by anybody. So there I am, and what to do I don't know. Even if I did up and tell Mrs. H. exactly what happened and who now has possession of her glassware, she wouldn't believe me, in all probability, for the other woman is, as I said, a very old and intimate friend, while I have only lately made Mrs. H.'s acquaintance, and—woe is me—this fatal afternoon was the very first time that I had ever been invited to her house. Isn't it an awful dilemma?"

And I agreed most heartily that it was.

The musicale given this afternoon by Mrs. Clinton R. Lee at Walsh hall was a delightful society event, and the largest function of the week. The program was given by Mrs. Marsland, reader; Miss Emily Perkins, pianist; Miss Elma Marsland, soprano.

The readings which Mrs. Marsland has given at the homes of her friends, since she has been in the city, have given but little idea of her marked ability, but her work this afternoon proved her to be possessed of unusual talent in this line. Her first selection, the monologue, was chosen to show versatility, brilliancy; the second was a rhythmic composition in which the reading is in accord with the rhythm of the music. Her third number was a poetic monologue. All of the readings had musical accompaniments, the first two of which were sympathetically played by Mrs. Lee.

Miss Perkins' solos were played with that poetry, style and grace, which always characterize her performances.

Miss Elma Marsland is one of Lin-



Photo by Townsend.

Lucille Foster, seven years old. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Foster.

theatre last week, and is succeeded this week by "The Sporting Duchess." There is no more comfortable or popular place of amusement in town than this handsome theatre. HERBERT E. CLAMP.

Mrs. Woodby—There's nothing like a college education to open the way to exclusive society. Since my son started to go to the university he's gotten into the Four Hundred. Mrs. McGinty—My son's doing even better at college. He's on the nine.—Philadelphia Press.

Ella—Mother doesn't want me to marry.

Stella—Does she say so?

Ella—No, but she tells everybody that at my age she looked just as I do now.

Mamma—Don't be so selfish. Let your baby brother play with your marbles a little while.

Tommy—But he means to keep them always.

Mamma—Oh, I guess not.

Tommy—I guess yes, 'cause he's swallowed 'em!—Philadelphia Press.

The following is from a St. Louis paper. Can it be that such depredations as are recorded actually occur?

"It has come to such a pass that no woman who gives functions often feels like putting any unusual outlay of expense into her affairs, since the depredations which she discovers after the evening is over are so numerous and so costly as to absolutely discourage her. And such depredations are, too, from her guests, whom she considers gentlemen and ladies, and as such has invited into her house.

"Let me give you an example: I gave an evening card party in January, shortly after the holidays, and during a snowy, cold week. Wishing to present some kind of novelty in the supper, I finally decided to serve the ices in tiny red sleighs. These I obtained from my caterer, who ordered them especially from New York, and, as they were quite expensive, he agreed to take back all those that were not spoiled!

"You may imagine my horror when my guests came to say good-night to see that every single woman, and not a few of the men, bore in their hands the little

mignonette, on a cloth of handsome Battenberg and satin.

"While I stood nibbling a few salted almonds and admiring the decorations, up came a little woman, who had been one of the 'walking delegates,' those invited by the hostess to come without hats and to see that everybody is properly served and entertained.

"Aren't these dishes perfect dears," she said, picking up the small lozenge-shaped receptacle in an opaque glass of rose pink, from which I had, just the moment before, abstracted the last salted almond.

"I think I'll just take one as a souvenir," suiting the action to the word and wrapping her handkerchief round it. "Mrs. H. (naming the hostess) didn't give us anything for assisting, anyway. Perhaps she meant these dishes. I see there are five more. I must tell the other ladies," and away she went.

"Now, can you imagine any more daring or outrageous theft than that? And the woman actually tried to excuse herself to me by that story about Mrs. H.'s intention to make the little pink glass dishes souvenirs, when she knew fully