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ALPHA CHAPTER OF PHI KAPPA PSI.

(See page six.)

SOCIETY NOTES

LIFE'S MAZY WHIRL

That the social season is drawing to a close is indicated by the fact that clubs are already holding their "last meetings." The M. M. card club, the Jokers and La Veta whist club, have all closed their season, and others will follow their examples soon.

Dinners are a popular form of entertainment at present. An invitation to a dinner has always been considered the greatest social compliment that could be paid to one, and regrets after a dinner invitation are rare indeed. The Ward dinners and that given by Doctor and Mrs. Hoover were conspicuous successes of this week.

From the New York Tribune is taken the following article, which shows to what lengths the indulgence in social pleasures on the Sabbath is carried.

"I never thought to see card tables put out in your drawing room on a Sunday afternoon with five o'clock tea!" exclaimed a horrified woman of advanced years, who felt compelled to speak her mind to her grandniece, whom she was visiting. "You say people are so much broader minded nowadays? Well, all I can answer is, that I was not brought up to consider the broad way the right way. It was the narrow path we were told to choose. Perhaps," she continued, "you may remember where the broad road was said to lead to!" And feeling that she had the better of the argument she marched from the room.

There has been such a revolution in regard to oldtime prejudices of late years, and opinions have so diametrically changed in regard to what is conventionally right or wrong, that it is no wonder that those who consider the letter of the law to be infallible, and cling to the traditions in which they have been brought up, feel that people are becoming very lax about many matters which used to be deemed all important, and wonder where it will all end. Sunday card playing is, it must be confessed, somewhat startling even to the unprejudiced members of the older generation, while to those who have always looked upon cards more or less distrustfully, even on week days, to play cards on the Sabbath seems a positive desecration.

"And yet," said a liberal woman, whose grown sons, after dutifully accompanying her to church in the morning, were wont to ride or play golf in the afternoon for exercise, or liked to return home at dusk for a cup of tea and a rubber before dressing for dinner, "what possible harm is there in it? When they first asked me if I minded, I felt inclined to say 'Yes,' which would have, of course, ended the matter; but I feel very glad now that I stifled my prejudices and did not object. My boys are hard working young lawyers, and I feel that their Sundays are good for their souls, minds and bodies, yet I know that many of my friends think that I commit a

positive sin in allowing cards to be played on Sunday."

"It is very hard to know what is right nowadays!" said a conscientious young matron. "Like all American men, my husband is overworked, and I feel that any innocent recreation that will entirely divert his mind is most beneficial, if not necessary. He enjoys his game of cards, so why should he not have it? and yet I feel that if my good mother came in and found us playing cards Sunday afternoon she would be terribly distressed, and feel that we were absolutely wicked."

"My dear," said the older man and relative to whom she was speaking, "true religion has nothing to do with such things. My brother, who was the best man I ever knew, thought that to play cards at all was immoral, and I know a sweet saint today who plays her game of piquet every evening of the week, without exception. If we keep to what is really true and right, such things are very immaterial."

If Paris is the home of styles, New York is the home of fads—wise and foolish alike, says the Daily News, and the woman who would be fashionable must needs keep one eye on the Boulevard, the other on Fifth avenue.

Even in England, where innovations are looked at askance, the "window-

pane" is being taken up, one writer explaining that the trick has been learned from some American girls who have recently gone over. That the trick will probably "catch on" in England is admitted by this writer, who pathetically adduces the reason: "for things American seem to be in the ascendant."

"I met some of Uncle Sam's daughters the other day wearing monocles," she writes, "and when someone suggested surprise, they said, 'Why, don't you know, it's just the cutest and latest thing on the other side.'"

And so it is, if one may judge from what usually proves to be a sure indication—i. e., the big stocks being laid in by our big shops.

Five dollars, and even as small a sum of three dollars, will pay for a monocle, while, on the other hand, there are richly jeweled, artistically designed ones that fetch fifty, seventy-five and even two hundred dollars.

Only the most audacious of the fadists go so far as to wear the glass actually stuck in the eye.

Most women who use it have a dainty little handle of gold, set with jewels, by which to hold it up, while others even go to the extent of having gems set in the rim in which the glass is inserted. Some people have a round glass, while others have a square one. They are very much like the old "quizzing" glasses of the time of our grandmothers, or great grandmothers, and while some people undoubtedly do use them because they need them, there are a good many women who use an eyeglass simply because it is the fashion. There were attempts made some three or four years ago to make the eyeglass fashionable.

Instead of the man's plain silk cord, women wear fine chains made of gold or silver or gun metal.

Some attribute this monocle fad to the

influence of Prince Henry of Prussia on the occasion of his recent visit. But why the poor, innocent Prince should be blamed, the Lord only knows, for he is guiltless of wearing a monocle.

But who ever is to blame, the fad is here, and, to all appearances, is here to stay.

A handsomely appointed progressive dinner was given by Doctor and Mrs. A. L. Hoover Tuesday evening at the Lindell hotel. A table with thirty-one covers was laid in the ordinary. The color scheme was red. A large basket of American beauties was in the centre. On either side of this were large bows of wide red satin ribbon, and beyond these were pots of red azaleas encircled with garlands of ribbon. Red candles in silver sticks illumined the table. The buffet was lighted by red candles in brass candelabra. The dinner was served in eight courses. At the end of each course the ladies' cards were taken up by Misses Louise Hoover and Claire Canom, and taken to the men, who each drew one and thus were partners found for the next course. After the banquet the guests were entertained in the parlors with piano music played by Miss Maude Risser and Miss Claire Canom. Invitations were extended to Doctor and Mrs. H. C. Swearingen, Doctor and Mrs. C. F. Ladd, Doctor and Mrs. A. D. Wilkinson, Messieurs and Mesdames George Clark, D. A. Risser, W. E. Jakeway, F. B. Harris, C. C. Quiggle, A. A. Scott, S. C. Hoover, Harry Reese, Senator and Mrs. Beghtol of Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Keiper of Norfolk, Mesdames Leese, L. M. Knotts, Helen Knotts of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and Louise Hamer, Misses Risser, Canom and Hoover, and Judge M. B. Reese.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Ward gave a progressive dinner of thirty covers on Thursday evening. Ten guests were seated at the dining table, the others at small tables in the different rooms. One table was adorned with daffodils, one with violets, one with red roses, another with pink carnations, and one with white hyacinths and ferns. The chandeliers were entwined with Alabama smilax, and bouquets of flowers were attractively arranged in the house. The place cards were artistic gems, done in water-colors. On the front page of each was the raised letter "W." and the name of a guest, and on the inside pages were quotations from Shakspeare. The dinner was served in six courses. After-dinner speeches were made by some of the guests.

Last evening Mr. and Mrs. Ward gave a dinner in honor of the birthday of Mrs. Ward's mother, Mrs. Charlotte Robertson. The decorations were similar to those of Thursday evening. Covers were laid for twenty-six.

Mrs. Harriett Curtice has issued invitations to the marriage of her daughter, Miss Estelle Curtice, to Mr. Frank Staples Oliver, to occur at Mrs. Curtice's home in San Francisco, California, next Thursday evening at half after eight o'clock. Miss Ora Young, a cousin of the bride, will be maid of honor. Miss Joy Webster, who is traveling in California, will be present at the wedding, also Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Barnes, who formerly resided here. The bride is the



MRS. MARK W. WOODS.

One of Lincoln's best known vocalists.