

IN THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Lillian Horne of this city, the youngest daughter, secretary, the officers being elected for life. Other officers are elected annually.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Moyle entertained at a pleasant card-party on Wednesday evening, the event being in celebration of their wedding. The rooms were prettily decorated with carnations and plumosa, the latter figuring also on the tables, each of which was decorated with a spray of the graceful fern. Refreshments were served and a delightful evening spent.

The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Lewis, Dr. and Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Sheets, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Burton, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Moyle, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gray.

Mrs. Guy Palmer has taken a cottage at Fort Douglas, where she will reside for the remainder of the winter.

Miss Rachel Pringle entertained a few of her friends Thursday evening at her home on Second street. The evening was spent in interesting games. Miss Maude Patrick and Miss Nettie Stewart were prize winners. Dainty refreshments were served.

Judge Bartch left on Tuesday for Washington.

Mrs. Julia Kimball entertained the Whist club on Tuesday.

Mrs. George M. Downing, Mrs. Robert Harkness and Mrs. Balchen occupied a box at the performance of "Robin Hood" on Tuesday.

The impression created by Miss

SHOWING THE NEW SLEEVE DRAPERY.



A reaction against sleeveless evening gowns has begun. This Paris model, made of cream mousseline de soie, has a scarf of blue panne velvet draped across the bust and falling low on the arm. This scarf is edged with a wide frill of lace. For arms not altogether perfect this is a boon as well as a novelty.

George H. Horne, Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Moyle, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Martineau of Logan, Misses Jennie Calder, Rachel Edwards, Faust, Emily Davis, Priscilla Smith, Ida Moyle, Louise Moyle.

Messrs. S. M. Barrett, Lyman Burton, Ray Van Cott, Prof. Toronto, Frank Moyle, Wilford Moyle, H. J. Faust.

The marriage of Miss Lona Stevens of Denver and Walter Druel of this city is announced to take place early in March.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Park entertained on Wednesday evening in honor of their sixth wedding anniversary.

Miss Florence Hartley left on Thursday for Los Angeles where she will visit with relatives during the next two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Treelze have for their guest this week Mr. W. T. Mansfield, of Tulelake, Colo.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Nook leave next Tuesday for Denver where they will visit with relatives during the next two weeks.

Mrs. J. A. Miner and Mrs. Mabel McCure sailed yesterday from New York to Liverpool. They expect to be absent three months.

Miss Hattie Jennings leaves next week for New York where she will be the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Willard Young.

Mrs. A. J. Pollock entertained at luncheon today. The table decorations were in red and green and were most artistic.

Miss Hattie Watson entertained at a pleasant salmon party on Monday night. The prize in the contest being won by Miss Florence Scholes. Those present were: Misses Tessie Williams, Sarah Smith, Claire Wimmer, Grace Scholes, Florence Scholes, Edith Hunter, Edith Rushton and Miss Youngberg. Messrs. Winslow Smith, N. Smith, Elias Woodruff, J. Armstrong, Geo. Morley, August Thomstorn, S. Chamberlain, John Morris, Lon Watson, George Bowers.

The Kensington club is a new social society composed of about eighteen young ladies, who meet each week at the homes of the different members. Yesterday the club was entertained at the home of Mrs. Will McDonald and a delightful afternoon spent.

Miss Josephine Botsford entertained at a pleasant party on Monday evening in honor of Mr. Judd, who is shortly to leave for the East.

This is also a reminder of something else, and that something is the marking of the graves of revolutionary soldiers by the Daughters of Illinois. In Bloomington alone there are twelve such graves that are marked. The reason that this has not been done in Chicago is because all names and records were destroyed in the big fire. "The only revolutionary soldier whose resting place in Chicago is known," said Mrs. Wiles the other day, "is buried in Lincoln Park. This grave was marked by a bronze by the Sons of the American Revolution, but the bronze was afterward stolen."

One way to get club members to work is to make them promise in black and white what they will do. This plan was followed by Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCullough, president of the Illinois Woman's Suffrage association, when she spoke the other day before the Chicago Political Equality League. Slips of paper were passed around and members were asked to write thereon what they would do for suffrage during the coming year. Some wrote that they would prepare suffrage articles for the newspapers in the smaller towns of the State, and still others made the written promise to give money.

Another way to get club women to work is to have them take a pledge on becoming a member to that effect. Though a real wide-awake woman will work for her club, pledge or no pledge, there are others, no doubt, to whom the pledge is a sort of reminder. The Oseoli club of Highland Park has a pledge, for instance, and it reads: "I promise active participation in the work of the Oseoli club and unfailing devotion to its interests as long as I am a member."

That important topic, the reorganization of the general federation, is to be considered by the national committee of fifteen some time in February. Mrs. Horace Brock, chairman of the committee, has called a meeting to be held at Lebanon, Pa., and the time, though rather indefinite, will probably be the last week in February. In the meantime club women everywhere are writing up the pro and con sides of the question. From the newspapers and journals devoted to club women it appears that direct representation of the individual club seems to be growing in favor.

FEMININE FLOTSAM.

Chicago's Doll Dressmakers.

Little Jenny Wren in "Our Mutual Friend" found the vocation of doll dressmaker vastly more trying than does the modern seamstress of dimmed garments. She scours about on the bleak winter nights peering at the fine ladies who came from the opera, and then ran home as fast as she could to "cut out and baste, to follow out a bit here, to slope away there." Not so the industrious young woman who has followed in Jenny Wren's professional wake. She sits in a comfortable home with an up-to-date fashion book before her, and inspired by its elaborate and dainty pictures, she makes bewilderingly beautiful garments that ever a dolly wears.

Seamstresses of this class are not numerous. There are half a dozen in Chicago, and even these are hid away so carefully—skirting only for the women who know of their skill in this unusual profession—that it is almost impossible to get track of them. As yet the Chicago directory has not classified the names of these manufacturers of dolly wardrobes, and they are to be found in a haystack. One young woman says that every year she dresses several hundred dolls just before Christmas, and that the work is remunerative, as the little garments are sold for two or three times as much as the materials. The women who are willing to pay well for having their children's dolls dressed according to the latest styles. The average doll baby in the shops is dressed according to cut-and-dried rules and regulations, the skirts often being skimpy and the waists long and unbecoming.

The undergarments of these made-to-order wardrobes are usually of fine muslin trimmed neatly with Valenciennes lace or ribbon. A bit of stuff stockings are of silk, and the shoes are those absurdly small little things that had little girls lose before Santa Claus has got out of calling distance. The petticoats can be made particularly elaborate and dainty. They are to be seen often it is only a bit of lace or edging that furnishes the furbelows. Dimity, muslin or china silk is used largely for the dresses, which are made fluffy and soft and much like the frocks worn by little tots of 3 or 4. They reach to the knees and stick out so that dolls' petticoats resemble a big cabbage rose, so many layers of silky, soft materials are there. Berthas of lace and ruffles little make effects. The bodice part of the dress, which of course buttons in the back and is made to be removed according to the sweet will of Miss Dolly's fond mamma.

But it is in the hats that the dainty doll dressmakers excel. A bit of stuff forms the foundation, and this is perked up here and scraped down there, and covered with sprays of mull or silk, and—lo! the first thing one knows is that it is a French little chapeau like which—in reality—truly—size—would bring a pretty penny to a swell milliner. Frills go about the brim and little towers of chiffon or flowers rise up on one side in a most coquettish way.

The doll babies in caps and long skirts are particularly interesting. These are toggled up in knit booties and flannel pinning blankets, just like the real babies that the stork brings. The skirts are made after correct dress reform style and the small shoes are works of art. Often a tiny rattle or nursing bottle is added to the outfit and these trifles invariably excite shouts of glee and admiration from the youngsters who are lucky enough to receive such choicest gifts.

Character dolls are seen in large numbers in the shops, but the doll dressmakers frown upon them. Nothing will ever take the place of the little girl who is a truant of bisque and kid, they say. Even a doll so related uninteresting and disappointing. Nap

dolls, bicycle girls, football players, pierrots, ballet dancers—these are the toys of the moment—not the beloved little companions that go to bed with their small mothers every night and receive a friendly kiss as sure as the morning dawns.

PROFESSIONAL TRUNK PACKER.

Miss Blanche Minton Tells How She Got Her Start in a Big Hotel.

"Packing trunks for a living is not an original idea with me," said Miss Blanche Minton, looking up from her seat on the floor beside a huge Saratoga which she was busy filling.

"Of course the incentive was the necessity of making some money, and I was casting about in my mind how to begin, when I read a newspaper article about a 'bride's assistant.' One of her duties was packing the trunks and her method was such a good one that I thought what a fine thing it would be if everybody would pack as she did. Then I remembered how the majority of people disliked to pack, and in some way my thoughts traveled to the people in a palatial hotel just down the street from where I was boarding, and in less than half an hour after reading the article about the 'bride's assistant,' I had decided as to a profession."

"Having made up my mind, I at once set out to offer my services to the manager of the hotel. I told him my plans about packing trunks for guests of the hotel, and asked him to recommend me. He advised me to have some cards engraved, stating my terms, and said he would see that they were kept in the office and distributed among the guests who would most probably need my services."

"To make a long story short, I followed the manager's advice and in less than an hour after having my cards in the office a bell boy from the hotel called at my boarding house, and gave me my first order for packing the trunks of a party who had been called away unexpectedly. They hadn't time to wait, it seems, and left, directing to have their trunks sent after them. There were seven trunks in all, huge affairs that took me the entire afternoon to pack them and schedule their contents in the 'bride's assistant.' But when it was finished, and I received \$1.50 for my afternoon's work, you may be sure I was pleased."

"The next day I had some more orders and by the end of the first week I counted my work a success, for the manager not only advised me to secure an assistant, but insisted on my coming to live in the hotel where I could be more easily reached. It is needless to say I again followed his advice, and am now living at the hotel with a younger sister as my assistant."

"I pack the trunks while she sits beside me and looks down at the little books (one of which I attach to each key and deliver to the owner) the contents of the various compartments. I not only tell in what division of the trunk the things are located, but I clearly as possible. I make a point of packing all trunks very neatly alike, so that any one who has unpacked one of my trunks will be able to judge about the locality of their various belongings in other trunks I may handle for them."

"My charges, of course, are according to the size of the trunk. For those under thirty-four inches in length I charge \$1.50, while for all above that size it is \$2.50. Steamer trunks and hand bags and dress suits I make up under the head of small trunks, and are really about as hard to fill."

"I have earned as high as \$25 a day, but it was hard work, and I do not care to be so hard very often. Of course with my sister's assistance I can work more rapidly, and consequently we are in greater demand than ever, for when people want their trunks packed they want it done as quickly as possible. Every one of my customers who has spoken of my work to the hotel managers have always commended my celerity. Another thing, I always use quantities of light blue and pink tissue paper; it tends to give the impression of care and refinement, and every one finds agreeable in connection with their belongings. These two points are about all I have added to the method of trunk-packing described in the newspaper article to which I have referred. I use no boxes, and my very large trunk should not need the services of a hotel-packer. Comparatively few men and women travel with their servants, while I am yet to meet the individuals who were not loath to pack their own trunks."

NEW USE FOR OLD CASTOR.

An Improved Flower Stand That Evoked Favorable Comment.

A woman with a small income and an inventive mind, who has been noted, as is shown by an incident which occurred lately in a nearby town. Friends were coming unexpectedly to luncheon, when the housewife remembered there was nothing in the house that would do for centerpiece. Then she thought of an old silver castor, stowed away in the attic. It had six compartments and a handle, all of which were easily removed, and then the rest was cleaned to a state of brilliant elegance.

From the woods were brought maiden-hair ferns and partridge berries, with their green vines. These were arranged in three tiny pots, with moss to cover the crevices, and then the old castor was fit for any company.

"How quaint and pretty!" exclaimed one of the guests. "Is it an heirloom?" "Yes, it is very old. I believe it was used for a flower stand in the past, and the guests thought it must date back to the time of Queen Bess, when such things were very fashionable."

Requesting and Extending Invitations.

If you know that the friend whom you are inviting is a visitor staying with her, you should by all means include the visitor. If you cannot at the time invite your friend's guest to your dinner or luncheon it would be better to defer your invitation to some other time when she has no one with her. You may request an invitation for a dance for a stranger in town, for a young relative, or for a young man who dances whose acquaintance you know would be agreeable to the prospective hostess. For card parties, luncheons and dinners, you can never request an invitation, even for a guest staying in your house. You can only let your hostess know that you have a visitor, thus leaving her free to do as she sees best to her. You are at liberty to take your guest to an afternoon tea, to a large evening reception or to any affair to which the number of guests is evidently unlimited, without previously notifying your hostess. You cannot ask a hostess for an invitation for a resident of the same city unless this person is a new-comer. For most social events you can freely ask an invitation for a new arrival, but for a long time, and often it is better to ask one for a married couple—Leah Lancelotti in Woman's Home Companion.

Cruelty to Daughters.

It would probably astonish the majority of men who would regard their daughters so jealously from all hours, to hold "drudgery" to be accused of cruelty, and yet it has been very justly claimed that there can hardly be a mother who is not guilty of some greater cruelty on the part of her father toward a daughter than for her to relieve the daughter from all active participation in home duties.

To keep their hands fair and delicate, to spend their time in idleness, to be idle—this will work very well for a few months or years, but what is the after consequence? asks the conscientious mother.



This long peach colored satin evening cloak is cut in circular form and trimmed with two kinds of lace. Heavy guipure is used for the two wide bands which completely encircle the cloak. These are framed in ruffles of cream mousseline de soie. Wide ruffles of point applique are used as cape over the shoulders, terminating in the center of the back beneath a box pleat of the satin. A same lace is used inside the high medall collar of sable. Two bands of sable finish the trimming of this magnificent garment. The lining is cream colored brocade.

greater than yours—it is the Creator Himself—who has imposed upon her a destiny from which it is impossible for you to withhold her if you would.

The fairest child cannot always remain a child in age or in stature. Will the child in its place, be or become an individual whom the written name indicates, and must be so recognized by all the company present. Each person reads the name on every slip except her own, and what that one may be regarding every slip, she may marry "just the nicest husband in the world;" her bridal presents may be unsurpassed in costliness and splendor; her tour of Europe and her year of boarding are complete; her housekeeping and her misery, and the misery of her husband and household now begin. And why their misery? Because for this most important function in domestic economy, no one in your ill judged tenderness, have left her wholly uneducated.

No hired help can ever make up for the lack of mistress of a household. A mother who has allowed her daughter to grow up uneducated in the mysteries of housekeeping has been guilty of an unkindness toward her own child which will be life lasting in its unhappy influences. Many mothers will be ready to meet this argument, of course, with the excuse that there will be plenty of time "later" for the study of housekeeping; but the "later" is very apt to prove too late for the thorough knowledge that will insure home happiness.

GUESSING YOUR OWN NAME.

An Amusing Game for a Party of Young People.

It is called "A Hidden Character Party," and when giving one send out invitations ten days in advance, so that a special number of guests will be on hand. Not-a-copied slip should be filed, making at least some twenty-five persons to be reckoned on for this unique amusement.

Previous to the arrival of the guests the hostess with her assistants writes on a number of long strips of stout white paper the names of some celebrated people, either men or women. Each

slip is provided with a pin, and as the guests appear the deputy appointed stands at the entrance of the drawing room and fastens a slip securely upon the back of each person. From the very moment the guest enters the room, slip is in its place, be or become an individual whom the written name indicates, and must be so recognized by all the company present. Each person reads the name on every slip except her own, and what that one may be regarding every slip, she may marry "just the nicest husband in the world;" her bridal presents may be unsurpassed in costliness and splendor; her tour of Europe and her year of boarding are complete; her housekeeping and her misery, and the misery of her husband and household now begin. And why their misery? Because for this most important function in domestic economy, no one in your ill judged tenderness, have left her wholly uneducated.

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If a lady personates Marie Antoinette, she is addressed as if she were the unhappy queen. Questions are asked regarding every slip, she may marry "just the nicest husband in the world;" her bridal presents may be unsurpassed in costliness and splendor; her tour of Europe and her year of boarding are complete; her housekeeping and her misery, and the misery of her husband and household now begin. And why their misery? Because for this most important function in domestic economy, no one in your ill judged tenderness, have left her wholly uneducated.

No More Old Maids.

The tradition that if one does not wish to marry, one must become what used to be known as an old maid, is now quite obsolete. A woman in her 30s, whether married or single, is at her prime, and no one knows it better than she does. Her age is a distinct gain, not a loss; an asset, not a deficit. She is quite conscious of the advantages, and is on the whole, rather proud that she has outlived her experience.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

BURIED GOLD IN THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.

Tales of Old Residents Indicating That Captain Kidd Banked His Gains There with Mother Earth.

Of the many hundreds of health and pleasure seekers who visit the Bermuda Islands few take the trouble to wander among the islands and talk with the inhabitants about the past of the colony. It would be safe, however, to state that among the 6,000 white and 9,000 colored people who inhabit the islands not one can be found who has not heard stories of the finding of treasure, buried in the soil many years before and unearthed by some lucky finder.

Much treasure, according to well authenticated accounts, was buried by the pirates who made the ocean a dangerous highway for the rich Spanish galleons and other merchantmen. During the civil war Bermuda was the favorite hiding place for blockade runners. Officers and crews were provided well with money. They came to the islands with large sums, and left on their hazardous expeditions without them, says the New York Press. And for hundreds of years previously pirates and freebooters had made the islands of St. George and Hamilton their favorite resorts for rest and repairs, as well as utilizing the ground for safety vaults for their bloodstained treasures.

Captain Kidd, while sailing the high seas under a letter of marque from England, was captured and hanged at Tyburn in 1701. His plunder was not captured with him, but from the fact that he was a frequent visitor to the islands, and these islands being the most likely of all places, and so populated only sparsely at that time, it is more than reasonable to suppose that he buried his treasure here.

Alexander Smith, banker and merchant, of St. George, commissioned of the search and the secret leaked out. "It is not often that we talk of these things. There seems to be a cloud of secrecy about all of it, but there is not the least doubt that a great amount of treasure has been found within my recollection. I have the best of reasons for believing that Kidd buried his wealth somewhere about these islands, and in all probability, here in St. George and within a stone's throw of my residence."

"I was a boy of 15 when I first heard of a letter having been received from Germany, signed by an unknown man, and directed to Postmaster Taylor. This letter stated that a relative of his, a German, had buried a large sum of money and jewels at a spot indicated on the map, which gave three bearings from a central point—a tree on a hill—described as accurately as the wind could, on the island of St. George. He desired the postmaster to dig at this spot, close by the tree, if still standing, and if the treasure could be found there the writer was to have half the value of all riches found, the other half to go to the finder."

"Many other people besides myself knew of its receipt after an unsuccessful search was made, but at first it was kept secret. If the contents of that letter had become common property every man and many women in Bermuda would have been upon the spot in a few hours with picks and spades and eved dustpans, hard at work building hills with the soil near the tree. The postmaster made a thorough search on what he thought might be the right spot and failed to find anything. Then he abandoned the search and the secret leaked out. Mr. Taylor retained the letter, and I am informed that it is among the effects left after his death, his widow being a resident of Brooklyn at this time."

FOUND SOMETHING.

"The postmaster certainly had made a miscalculation, as Fort George had not been built when the chart was made and the hill was all open country, with many cedars growing there, any of which might have been that under or beside which the treasure rested. And so thought many people, among whom was a poor Swede, Severign Hailer, who lived in St. George. With his wife and children he occupied a small house on the easterly side of the hill upon which stood Fort George.

"This man heard something of the contents of that letter, and took his bearings with great care, preparatory to his operations near his own house. In 1872 Heller got permission from the Colonial government to make a road from the main road up the hill to his house. This was a blind, for he needed