Social Forms and Entertainments

A Budget of Queries.

Please answer the following questions for me at your earliest convenience:

In sending a wedding present, to whom should it be addressed? In meeting a bride and groom, not special friends, what should one say by way of congratulations? A reception is given for a new minister by one of the societies. If one cannot attend is a response necessary?

In passing around at a wedding what should one say to both bride and groom? If the bride fails to introduce the groom, what is necessary? —Miss Inquisitive.

Letters to be answered through the department are printed just as fast as space permits, and those inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply are answered immediately.

A wedding gift is always addressed to the bride.

Congratulations are extended to a bridegroom and best wishes to the bride. A public reception given by a church society does not require a personal response or a card. If a bride fails to introduce her husband just speak to him just the same, as under the circumstances she is quite excusable, and do not flatter yourself that "he" would remember your name for one minute. I am glad you enjoy the department, and it is kind of you to say so.

In Accepting Invitations.

Will you kindly give me an outline of accepting invitations to social entertainments, such as teas, receptions, etc., also the color and size of paper to use.—Margaret.

A cream-colored unruled paper of good quality, plain or adorned with monogram, crest or street and home number with envelopes to fit exactly is always in good form.

The wording of an acceptance depends much upon the way an invitation is framed. If very formal and in the third person, the reply, either an acceptance or a regret, is written in the same manner. If informal, the return reply is written in an informal manner.

Valentine Linen Shower.

I wish to give a Valentine shower on the 14th. Please tell me how to word the linen. What shall I have and how shall I decorate? I had thought of using cardboard hearts.—A. C.

For the invitations use your visiting card, with "Linen Shower for Mrs. B——," with day, date and hour written on it. Inclose in envelope to fit exactly and send by post.

Why not make a big heart of pink crepe paper and put all the parcels in, to be brought in by a small child dressed as Cupid? Of course, on February 14 nothing will ever take the place of heart decorations and place cards. Did you know you could buy these cardboard hearts, all sizes and at a very small cost? So much time saved. Before this age of keeping special days became general the few of us who always celebrated had to make all our favors.

I should serve heart-shaped sandwiches with a potato salad, ornamented with beet hearts, then heart-shaped ices with small heart-shaped cakes. Request each one to write a valentine to go with her parcel.

For a Surprise Party.

I have a sister who will be eleven this month. I want to have a surprise party. What would you advise us to do for amusement? Have to have it in the evening. What hour should it start, and what would you have for refreshments? I thought fourteen would be the oldest and nine the youngest. Would that be proper?

Would it be right for mother or me to write the invitations, and how would you word them?—M. E. G.

It will be perfectly proper for your mother to extend the invitations by writing informal little notes. I should have the hours from seven to ten. Not a moment later for young people of that age. Certainly include the nine-year-old. She or he will soon be 'leven. I should have a lovely big birthday cake, with ice cream, and if you like, cocoa and sandwiches, with nuts and candy. Why not have a peanut hunt? Carry lemons on a fork. Have a nail-pounding contest for the girls and a button-sewing contest for the boys. You will have no end of a good time.

The Kind of Stationery to Use.

I am the secretary of our club and the members have asked me to ask you if it is proper to send out invitations written on plain white linen paper? Is it all right to use colored paper? I received a large box of this as a gift, and though I prefer white, yet I am using this. But is it considered best form to use it or white?—Sarah.

Plain white unruled note paper is correct for invitations, and if your colored stationery is what you used to write to me it is in perfectly good style. Many people like a pale gray or bluish gray paper, and some like a deep cream, but white is always correct.

Reply to "Daddy's Girl."

I like your signature, for anyone who is "daddy's" girl is pretty sure to be just the very nicest of a child. From your description I should say that the gods had been unusually favorable to you in giving you not only sunny, golden hair, but a sunny disposition as well. Be thankful that you are good to look upon and a favorite, but when told that this is a fact just say, "Thank you, I am glad you think so." I do not see anything lacking in your wardrobe and think you are very fortunate to have so much.

MADAME MERRI.

Distinctive Designs Mark the Latest Fashions in Long Coats

In the two coats pictured, each one in its way is a novel expression of an old-time favorite. In one we may picture it in a grey brocade, accompanying a skirt of fine cloth or charmeuse, that is also grey, but picking up the deeper tone of the chinchilla fur, employed as a decorative detail on both coat and muff. The really refreshing part of the design is the hip-length of the coat. In addition to the bordering of fur, there are introduced three square motifs of Oriental embroidery, worked in with a rather heavy grey cord, the faint parti-coloring of the broderie relieving the monotony of the grey in a quite unobtrusive manner, so characteristic of the taste of the day. The picturesque value of the Robespierre collar speaks for itself, and it is so fashioned that there is a sufficient spring to allow of the front being mated and a really cosy warm neck-wrap provided.

Gentle advances are being made under such beguiling auspices as the quasi-Russian shaped coat, which forms the subject of the second illustration. For this, the suggestion of black and white is irresistible, the black velvet design standing in high relief, while the long line of the basque is broken by two lines of white fur.

Then, as a balance, black velvet is used for the under-sleeves and fancifully-shaped yoke, while an improvised note is supplied in a vest of yellow silk, of rather a lurid shade.

MRS. SIMMS' GUEST

Romance in City Girl's Visit to Wild and Woolly Cowboys' Camp.

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD.

"What's her name again, Mis' Simms?"

"Jessamine." Mrs. Simms went on kneading dough placidly, just as if she didn't know six separate and distinct male heads were looking into her two windows. Curly coughed and took a fresh start, urged to action by sundry surreptitious attacks on his anatomy from the rear. Time was fleeting, and Jager's Junction demanded an explanation.

"Why didn't you tell us she was coming?" This merely as a mild reproof.

"Didn't want to stir you all up, boys," smiled back Ma Simms. "Anyhow, she's just here on a little visit to me."

"Relative?"

"By marriage."

"Say, now, look here, Ma Simms," Gimpy Lane tried arbitration, "We've always treated you square, ain't we? Here we are located on the raw edge of nothing, so to speak, and you the sole female within sixty miles. Ain't we treated you like so many adoring and respectful sons for ten months?"

"I'd like to see you try any other methods, Gimpy." Ma Simms beamed at him pleasantly. "There's no credit at all to you for the way the place has settled down. I've labored over you, boys, like a mother, and I've fed you on wholesome food, but I'll not bring out Jessamine and introduce her to one of you, so you can go your ways. She don't care to meet you, she says herself. She came out for rest and study."

Curly suddenly vanished from sight, drawn backwards by the jealous and hasty actions of the two Dolans, whose view he obstructed. Immediately there rose a chorus of yells and shots such as only Jager's Junction could produce on short notice in this enlightened hour of progress and prequent trains.

Ma Simms tucked the edges of her last loaf under deftly, picked up the rolling pin, and sauntered forth.

In the dust of the road lay one Dolan. Curly was perched astride the younger one, his hair towsled like a frightened terrier, handing punches with short and swift exactitude. The eye of Ma Simms took in the tableau, and she pursed her lips.

Overhead, in the one little window above the restaurant, Jessamine looked forth for diversion. Chin propped on her palms, she stared down at the boys, serene and amused. She was cool and sweet and clean. Her fair hair was braided and wound in close, soft bands about her head. Her eyes were long and sleepy, most provocative eyes, and her nose was a bit tiptilted like the corners of her mouth.

"Go right inside, Jessamine," said Mrs. Simms, firmly. Jessamine met Curly's upturned glance with interest.

"They didn't hit me, Aunt Roxy," she said sweetly.

Hit her? Curly sprang up, and plucked his hat off the earth where the Dolans had danced on it. He bowed like a courtier to the Juliet at the upper window. He begged her pardon brilliantly for the idiotic and lawless practices which such coyotes as the Dolans forced upon a peaceful and progressive community.

"That's all right," said Jessamine. "I'm coming right down."

"You'd better stay there, Jessamine," Ma Simms insisted, seeing the mounting intention in Curly's eyes. "The boys are harmless and don't mean a thing. I've told them you wanted to be quiet and study."

"It had lots of effect," laughed Jessamine. And then she did a rash and feminine trick. She deliberately dropped her handkerchief from the window a crumpled square of linen, with an embroidered "J" in one corner.

Gimpy got it, being nearest, and defended his possession with a new short range automatic that even Curly thought well of. Gimpy's pony stood near, bridle hanging while it munched the clover around Ma Simm's dooryard. And war started in camp at that identical moment. Gimpy was in the saddle and racing for the foothills before the rest knew his intent. The rest followed—all save Curly, whose pony was grazing in the creek pasture below the blacksmith shop, waiting his turn to be shod.

When the rest of the crowd returned, perspiring and dusty from a nine-mile chase, but with the handkerchief preserved, and Gimpy's apology forthcoming, they found Curly and Jessamine hunting pink and white lady slippers down where Curly swore he'd seen some growing. Ma Simms received the handkerchief and the apology with a sniff and sent them all on their way, but Curly lingered until moon rise, and he carried back with him the memory of her voice, and the trick of those sleepy long lashed eyes that had a way of opening suddenly very wide, like an interested child.

After that he rode down to the Junction every night while the rest of the K-T outfit stayed out at the ranch. Some nights Gimpy rode in too, and brought his violin. Jessamine said she loved music. Curly sat on the doorstep to the lean-to, listening to the two of them, Gimpy playing, and Jessamine singing. He hated Gimpy those nights, and before Jessamine had arrived the two had been close pals. Sometimes now as he rode, knowing Gimpy's pony followed, he almost wished he had the nerve to face about, and dare him to a straight fight the way men used to settle such things. Then he would wonder whether she loved Gimpy, and how he could face her supposing he were to put a bullet through him.

So he took the straight path and rode down one night early. Gimpy was there before him. He saw him sitting beside her on the rough wooden bench under the eucalyptus tree. He saw that Gimpy was agitated. He leaned forward and tried to take her hands, but she pulled them away, and then Gimpy made a quick dash for her, and she laughed. Curly heard her laugh. He felt sorry for Gimpy. Even if she didn't want him, it wasn't kind to laugh. He knew a fellow like Gimpy was too good to laugh at. He turned and rode the other way a couple of miles, to make sure the game was an open one.

When he came back Gimpy was gone. And she looked so pretty and tender in the moonlight that Curly forgot the other man.

"I don't suppose you'd care for a fellow like me, Jess," he told her, standing with his back to the wall, head up, eyes pleading. "But I thought maybe you did, from the way you looked at me, and the way we'd talked, don't you know? It isn't much of a life out here for a girl, but my dad's sheriff down in Colorado, and he's made good, and going to run for county treasurer, and I can go back there any time, and step into the heir apparent's shoes. And mother'd love you like forty."

"But, you silly boy," said Jessamine, laughing. "I'm not a bit in love with anybody here. I just enjoyed having you boys come down and sing and play for me. I'm going back home next week, back to Chicago, and I'm going to be married. I hope you won't mind. I'm so sorry, you know."

"Mind?" Curly stared at her fixedly, at her lovely eyes and soft satin-smooth hair, and all the rare girl grace of her, and his heart hardened.

"I didn't know you were in earnest, Curly—" she began.

"Yes, you did, too," said Curly, firmly. "And you knew Gimpy was, too. You just led us on, and made fools of the two of us. And we used to be pals, too. Why, say, I'd almost have killed Gimpy for you. And you say you didn't know I was in earnest."

He stopped suddenly. Ma Simms stood in the doorway, arms akimbo, eyes keen and bright.

"Now, what's this nonsense, Jessamine?" she demanded. "Which one did you take?"

Jessamine covered her face with her arms, and cried silently. Curly was fumbling with his saddly straps.

"She's engaged to somebody in Chicago," he said, bitterly. "She threw both of us boys down."

"She ain't engaged to anybody, Curly," retorted Ma Simms flatly. "She's just told you that because she's afraid you and Gimpy will get into a shooting scrape over her. Jessamine, you look Curly in the face and tell him the truth, or I shall myself."

You'll fight and get hurt," faltered Jessamine, and in her voice Curly caught a new tremulous note that sent the blood leaping in his veins. He swung around on her, and pulled her arms down.

"Jess, say you wouldn't care, would you?" And somehow her arms went close around his neck, and Ma Simms went back into the house and shut the door.

IS THE PARADISE OF CATS

In No Other Country Is Pussy's Well-Being Studied More Carefully Than in Germany.

Germany is the paradise of cats. In no other country, except, perhaps, Egypt, where the cat used to be regarded as sacred, has pussy's well-being ever been studied more carefully than it is in the Fatherland today. In Germany people are not permitted to throw things at cats, even when the animals are preventing them from sleeping. The proper course to pursue is to pursue the cat; in other words, follow it home and thus having ascertained whom the serenader belongs to, to make a complaint which, if unheeded, can be followed by legal proceedings.

New German law has solemnly laid down the circumstances—and the only ones—under which a cat may be shot. A lieutenant named Klotz, who lives in Berlin, shot two and dire is the penalty that has befallen him for thus destroying eighteen lives. He has been fined $30, or $15 per cat, besides having to pay all costs.

A Teuton judge has decreed that the owner of birds or any bird lover in Germany who suspects a cat of having marked a certain bird for its own must wait until he catches the feline in the very act of pouncing on its prey. Then he may shoot it, but not otherwise. A cat may not be molested even if it is seen slinking away with your canary in its mouth. That is not conclusive evidence, according to the recent judicial decision.

In deciding the Berlin case, the judge severely condemned Lieutenant Klotz's action in massacring the cats without positive proof that they meditated the destruction of his raven. The learned magistrate held that the cats, having been "scatted" once could have been "scatted" again without recourse to bloodshed, and he incidentally laid down the law for cat-killing as set forth above. Whether the cats of Berlin laughed or not when they heard the verdict is not known, but it certainly was enough to make them.

THE COOPER INSTITUTE PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN.

From the negative now in the possession of Frederick E. Meserve, New York.

THURLOW WEED LINCOLN'S FRIEND

New York Editor and Statesman Shown to Have Had His Complete Confidence.

AIDED IN SELECTING CABINET

As Leader in Politics of the Empire State Mr. Weed Was Invited to Springfield to Talk Over the Coming President's Advisers.

New traits of the character of Abraham Lincoln, his appreciation of a compliment, his own estimate of his inaugural address and his insistence on telling the truth, even though it were not only unpopular but humiliating to himself, are revealed in a letter of a long correspondence between him and Thurlow Weed, first editor of the Albany Evening Journal, and for many years the Republican leader of the state.

The letter written by Mr. Weed has not been preserved, but it was in praise of President Lincoln's inaugural address and of his speech of notification. But the answer is in the possession of William Barnes, Jr., of Albany, chairman of the Republican state committee and grandson of Mr. Weed. In it President Lincoln expresses the opinion that the inaugural address will wear as well as or better than anything else he has produced.

It is not at all likely that the present generation will agree with his estimate of the lasting qualities of the address. Few persons now know, except in the most general way, what it was about, while his Gettysburg address has become one of the classics of the English language.

Mr. Weed was one of the strong personalities of the convention at Chicago which nominated Lincoln, the head of the New York delegation, and in charge of the campaign which had for its purpose the nomination of William H. Seward, generally regarded as the leading candidate.

The defeat of Governor Seward was a great disappointment to Mr. Weed, and as he was preparing to leave the convention city he was asked to visit Mr. Lincoln at Springfield. He did not do so at that time, but went to Iowa, where he had planned to rest, but on his way back to Albany he did stop and had a five hour conversation with the nominee of his party.

It was that conversation that began a friendship that lasted through the life of Mr. Lincoln, and this last letter was one of many that passed between the men. They were ordinarily in relation to national matters, but not infrequently the personal element crept in.

They did not meet again until after the election, when Mr. Lincoln invited the leader of the party in New York to Springfield to talk over the make-up of a cabinet. Although Mr. Weed had selected governors and their cabinets in New York state, this was the first time he had ever been asked by a president for assistance of that kind, and he told Mr. Lincoln so. They discussed men under consideration, but Mr. Weed admitted in his autobiography that the men were Mr. Lincoln's selection, and when he objected to this one or that one the president-elect would turn the conversation by one of his inimitable stories.

Some of the letters showed that Mr. Lincoln had a grasp of political detail with which he had not been credited. After his election and before his inaugural he used Mr. Weed to convey to a convention of editors his view on secession, and in one and another the correspondence was kept up even during the trying days of the Civil war.

TOOK LINCOLN'S PLACE IN ARMY

Young Pennsylvanian Sent to Do Duty From Which President Was Debarred.

GRAVE AT STROUDSBURG, PA

J. Sumerfield Staples the Name of the Substitute Who Was in Person at the Front While Great Statesman Ruled at Washington.

Abraham Lincoln had a substitute who served as a defender of the Union through the bloody and epoch-making period of the Civil war. This assertion has been made many times before. It has aroused bitter controversy in various quarters; it has given birth to columns of print, both in support and denial of its truth.

The exemption of the president of the United States from the taking up of arms, or serving on an actual field of battle, is provided for by a special statute drawn up to meet such a contingency. But there is nothing to prevent the nation's chief executive from sending forth a substitute to fight in his place, although Lincoln was the only occupant of the White House who ever took advantage of this fact, writes Prof. Bernard J. Cigrand. The man who represented in his person that of the martyred president was John Summerfield Staples, whose body lies at rest in a little cemetery at Stroudsburg, Pa. The tombstone above his grave, photograph of which is here reproduced, testifies not only to Staples' war record, but states in granite letters the fact of his having served as Abraham Lincoln's substitute. The inscription in question reads as follows:

"J. Summerfield Staples,
a Private of
Co. C, 176 Regt., P. V.
Also a Member of the
2 Reg. D. C. Vols., as a
Substitute for
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
Died Jan. 11, 1885.
Aged 43 Years, 4 Mos., 25 Days."

His grave also bears the G. A. R. marker, a metallic star upon which the words "Post 150" appears. A small American flag flutters in the breeze, but the outside world seems little informed as to the career of this patriotic and distinguished soldier boy.

J. Summerfield Staples.

There are several people still living in Stroudsburg who knew Staples and remember that to him belonged the unique distinction of representing Lincoln on the field of battle. Among their number are J. T. Palmer, postmaster and principal of the public school; C. L. Drake, editor of the Stroudsburg Times, and Representative A. Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania. It was characteristic of Lincoln that he kept the matter from the public press, and a like modesty seems to have imposed silence on the young soldier.

One does not have to make a very exhaustive study of Lincoln's character in order to understand the motive which led him to send a substitute to represent him in the scenes of the bloody drama then being enacted throughout the land. His conscience was not of that easily-satisfied variety which contents itself with allowing things to remain as they are, without indulging in exertion for the common good. His was the hand which was steering the Ship of State through tempest and crush of hostile guns, yet great as was the task assigned him, he perceived with the eagle eye that watched the course of action, a post still unfilled, an unoccupied niche where a combatant could be placed to strike in behalf of the Union. To that post he resolved to appoint a representative, that he might be practically in person—as he was already in spirit—on the red field of carnage. It was done quietly, in that simple, unostentatious manner that distinguished all of Lincoln's acts, whether in official or private life. He never played to the gallery, and the verdict of his own conscience was all he cared about.