The Social Realm

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THE OLD TIMES.

The song I dare not sing, for fear
Lest failing suddenly,
The sounds of weeping, should replace
The tones of melody.

The name which ever in my heart
Must still, unspoken be;
The summer flowers, the song of birds
All tell, all tell of thee.

Wander in the woods and pluck
The wild flowers from their bed;
Which oft in love, I've garlanded
Around thy beautious head.

Beloved, heaven's coronals
Adorn thy sainted brow,
And the sweet strains of angels
Are the songs thou hearest now.

The new name of God's chosen ones,
Who bravely overcame,
Now takes the place forever,
Of the dear familiar name.

Send one ray from the glory
To ease my spirit's pain;
For my human heart is yearning
For the old times back again.
—Charlotte E. Nelson.

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Empire costumes are the rage in Paris.

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New is the moire effect in very sheer stuffs and exceedingly chic frocks they make, too.

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The vogue of the princesse gown and the clinging upper skirt lines are filing the over-plump women with anxiety.

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Figured radiums in small close flowered designs are predominating among some of the most exclusive importations.

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White surah, a twill surah with high satin finish has been well liked this winter and promises to figure again this spring.

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Clair de lune silks finely striped in all the delicate pastel shades are among the loveliest of the regulation summer silks so far.

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Ottoman silk has been revived, with a chiffon softness of course, and is being used for handsome frocks in connection with heavy laces.

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White net is unusually popular of late and many of the younger members of society are wearing simple little frocks of this dainty material trimmed with shirred or plain white satin ribbon.

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To accomplish the clinging robes which are the fetish of the hour, Parisians have been going to all sorts of extremes in doing awy with all possible under fulness, even to leaving off petticoats.

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The pronounced vogue of the rather heavy satins, such as duchess and chiffon faille militated against the gossamer silks which were somewhat of a disappointment to the manufacturers this winter.

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The very newest and smartest thing in the spring season's long list of fads and fancies is the lingerie parasol. They are lovely beyond description and as costly as they are beautiful. They are covered with hand embroidery and a bewildering maze of frills and furbelows.

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"New Department."

After today there will be added to the Times society page a new department. After much research and the offer of an exhorbitant salary we have at last secured the services of an able editress, who will write under the name of "Betty Fair Facts," and the new department will be called "Aids for the worried." The best of advice will always be given, although we will not always advise this advice to be taken because knowing personally the new editress it may be sometimes of the "shot gun variety" and interfere with law and order. No personal replies to letters will be written, and all correspondence will be answered in time. Address Miss Betty Fair Facts, care of the Evening Times.

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It is said that the young king of Spain is very much in love with his bride to be, Princess Ena, the young Princess of Battenburg, and it will indeed be a love match based on strong mutual affection.

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It's "Alice blue" and the "Longworth tie" now, to be up-to-date.

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Man is inclined to take woman as he finds her, when she is pretty, and I wouldn't have supposed that in the ballroom, where she looks her best, he would be in any sort of doubt about taking her as he found her and putting his arm around her for a waltz. For years uncounted the masculine hand has found its place at some point on the feminine backbone below the lower ribs and above the hip joint. But this winter the new style of Empire gown puzzles him as to his dancing partner's anatomy by obliterating her waist and leaving him in doubt where to locate his palm. Is he to follow his habit, or the evidence of his eyes? The apaprent belt level used to be just above her hips. Now it seems to be just under her shoulder blades.

Another whim of fashion this season is the short sleeve for all manner of garments. The weather boss is good to us here by keeping the temperature up, else we might have chilblains on our elbows; and as it is the suffering from exposure is acute. Long sleeves to the wrist are not seen on women at all smart. Most of them barely turn the elbow, and many stop a short way above it. These abbreviated sleeves are an excuse for any amount of fussy frivolity in the way of frills and flounces, which, in connection with the long mousquetaire gloves, suggest legs and feet rather than arms and hands. At a formal luncheon for women only, when the guests took their seats and rested their fore-arms on the table, upon my word the upper limbs of the ladies suggested the lower ones of a ballet. And the illusion took on a wicked aspect from the gap of bare skin between the tops of the stockings—beg pardon, I mean the gloves—and the lingerie above.—Ex.

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An exchange says when the new Japanese ambassador comes to Washington his romantic history will appeal strongly to the American lover of romance. The wife of the ambassador is not a Japanese, but comes of an autocratic German family and she suffered social ostracism in her own country when she married an Oriental. When she first met the ambassador he was under secretary of the Japanese legation at the court of Berlin and her father was a minor court official. The marriage was a love affair and the old Kaiser would not allow her to be received at court and her husband was recalled to Japan. He has become useful to the emperor and now occupies one of the highest honrs in his power, that of Japanese ambassador to America. His name is Viscount Aoki, and it will be watched with interest how the German legation will receive the viscountess. There will be no doubt of her reception by the Americans.

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The ladies of the Eastern Star and their friends will dance en masque in the Masonic Temple tonight. Some novel and etxraordinary costumes will be worn.

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Mrs. Don Moore is entertaining at cards at the residence of Mrs. Merrill this afternoon.

Vance Nelson of the Great Northern offices spent Sunday in Breckenridge with his brother, A. T. Nelson.

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The ball given last evening by the Ladies' Auxiliary and the Order Railway Conductors in Elks' hall was attended by at least sixty-five couples. A number of out-of-town guests were present. Hall's full orchestra furnished the music. A splendid supper was enjoyed and everyone present voted the railroad lads and lassies the most royal of entertainers.

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Tonight is the Eastern Star masquerade, the Foresters' ball, Louis James at the opera house, and numerous smaller functions.

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The Bridge Whist club was delightfully entertained on Monday evening at the residence of Prof. and Mrs. J. Nelson Kelly. They were invited first to a six o'clock supper and the remainder of the evening was devoted to "bridge." Mrs. William H. Burr and Mr. Jeffrey LeBeau carried off the first prizes, while Mrs. Jeffrey LeBeau and Mr. J. Walker Smith carried off the honor prizes.

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Mrs. D. Fordney entertained a large company of north end ladies at her home last evening. Miss Lummess and Mrs. Boise contributed musical numbers. Dainty refreshments were served and a delightful evening was spent.

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On Monday Mrs. George S. Thomas entertained at a "thimble bee" all the young ladies from the university whose names begin with 'S." Mrs. Burroughs added very much to the enjoyment of the afternoon by giving a number of readings in her usual charming manner. Dainty refreshments were served.

An Incident of Lincoln.

When Lincoln was on his way to assume the office of president, the train was delayed at Freedom, Pennsylvania, by an accident to a freight train that was a little way ahead, and while he was there, I saw him again. Some things happened that I have never seen in print. He was accompanied by Major Sumner, whom I knew as commander of the United States troops in Kansas, in 1856, and Colonel Elmer Ellsworth, of the celebrated regiment of zouaves. Neither Major Sumner nor Colonel Ellsworth was tall, and, as they stood beside Lincoln on the rear platform, while he made his address, they looked shorter than they really were. At the close of Lincoln's short speech, a coal heaver called out: "Abe, they say you are the tallest man in the United States, but I don't believe you are any taller than I am." Lincoln replied: "Come up here and let us measure." The coal heaver pressed his way through the crowd and climbed on the platform, where Lincoln and he stood back to back. Turning to Colonel Ellsworth, Lincoln said: "Which is the taller?" Colonel Ellsworth, being so much shorter, could not tell, so he climbed on the guard rail, and, putting his hand across the top of the heads of the two men, said: "I believe they are exactly the same height." Then Lincoln and the coal heaver turned around and faced each other. The crowd shouted loudly when Lincoln took the black, sooty hand of the coal heaver in his and gave a hearty handshake to the man who was his equal—in height—Thomas H. Tibbles, in Success Magazine.

Perplexing.

Wiseman—Here's an account of another hunter lost in the woods. Every hunter should carry a pocket compass.

Dumley—Why? How would that help him?

Wiseman—Help him to find his way, of course. You see, the needle of the compass always points to the north.

Dumley—Yes, but suppose he wanted to go east, south or west?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Incidental.

"The new congressman seems to be a good, amiable sort of fellow, but I wish he wouldn't put on that forced, mechanical smile when he shakes hands with his constituents."

"You mustn't mind that. It's merely one of the contortions incident to the struggle he thinks he has to make to hold his job."—Chicago Tribune.

Never hit a man when he is down—unless all his friends are down.

Contentment.

De sun he keeps a movin'
Across de sky all day;
De moon will come a sailin'
When de sun done gone away;
De wind it keeps a blowin'
An' de clouds fly east and west.
I's glad dat I's a human
'Cause I gits a little rest.
De sun he cast my shadow
An' de moon she gives me light
An' the wind jines in de chorus
When I's singin' day or night.
Dey all has special talents.
I admires 'em every one,
But it takes a human bein'
When's dar's loafin' to be done.
—Washingotn Star.

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