IN SOCIETY

By Pandora

Green

EVERYTHING had a decidedly greenish tinge last week. "Saint Patrick's day in the mornin'" of course, was responsible for it. Aside from the day itself and the festivities that were held directly in connection with it, all the affairs of the week took on a Saint Patrick's day aspect, and the shamrock was everywhere in evidence, just as the George Washington hatchet was a week or so ago and the Valentine Cupid a little bit before that.

I was awfully glad to see Saint Patrick's day come. Lent or no Lent, folks are just bound to loosen up a bit when the band begins to play the [illegible] music and the little green sprigs make their appearance on men's lapels—somehow, there is always something quick and devilish about Saint Patrick's day that just won't mix with sackcloth and ashes.

After all, the week wasn't so worse, especially considering what we have been through here lately. Two or three really lively affairs took place, and a spirit of optimism seemed to prevail. A whole lot is going on under the surface, of course—little parties and tango chindigs and things like that that everybody is keeping dead quiet about, as if all the flames of torment would immediately descend if the parson should find out or a newspaper should print it—and Albuquerque people are not yet quite ready for the slow, creepy music that goes with the request to pass to the right of the casket, please, and observe how natural he looks.

And then, it isn't so long now until Easter. Three more weeks, to be sure; but we are considerably past the half-way mark, and the last half of a journey is always shorter than the first. Folks haven't yet begun yet to make announcements of what they are going to do right after Easter, but they are going to do it, all right, so we can all comfort ourselves with the reflection that the worst is over and that the daylight is shining ahead.

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After Samson had been delivered up to the Philistines, by the treacherous Delilah, the strong man's luxurious locks lay for awhile where they had fallen.

Then Delilah returned.

"What perfectly gorgeous puffs they will make!" she cried, ecstatically clapping her hands.

And straightway she took the hair to the city of Gaza.

♣ ♣ ♣

OVER HEAD AND EARS.

It's worse than the measles, the whooping cough and the smallpox rolled into one, so far as being contagious is concerned. Of course, I refer to the tangomania, the most advanced stage of which has hit our fair city like a thousand of brick.

Reading the stories from other cities of the extent to which the craze had gone, I put it down as the ordinary newspaper pipe dream or dismissed it with the reflection that the metropolitan city is always the place where people make the biggest fools of themselves and assured myself that it could never happen in Albuquerque. But bless your soul, it is happening in Albuquerque, and if things are worse anywhere else it is time to increase the supply of alienists.

I never have had any prudish objections to the tango—for what's the use? This is a great, big, free country, and the bulk of respectable people are very apt to do what they jolly well please, regardless of all the sermons that all the preachers in creation may deliver. Besides, the tango, like many other things, can be just whatever you make it, and danced in the right sort of way is not only unobjectionable, but beautiful.

In Albuquerque, however, the tango has ceased to be a fad and has become a disease. Folks have passed the point of being enthusiastic over it—they have gone stark, raving mad about it. And I never did like to see everybody get that way about anything. It really spoils the fun.

However, what's the use? From the ends of the earth the same story is told, and right here at our doors there is no difference. Our veracious Gallup correspondent in describing the annual Saint Patrick day ball in that delightful little city, tells us that "absolutely no ragging was allowed until after midnight," and intimates that after that hour the bridle was off and the limit was the bright blue sky. And from London comes the following story, which speaks for itself:

"The afternoon tango ball is becoming wearisome to the young unmarried diplomats. The dowagers of society were reluctant to take up the new dance, but the craze has become general among the old ladies who do not intend to forego quickly the new lease which it has given them on youth. Hence, the woes of the young diplomats, for the dowagers are giving countless afternoon dances to which they are all invited.

"It would be fatal to the social careers of the young men to disregard them. The diplomats are the selected victims, not only because they are the natural dancing men, but because they have their afternoon free.

"The dances have increased so that many of the diplomats attend one daily. One young diplomat complains that neither age nor weight can keep the enthusiastic dowagers off the floor and he declared if he in tangoing with a duchess weighing 200 pounds and who in years had reached almost the allotted span, is not earning his salary, he would like to know why not."

When Gallup and the court of St. James go crazy about the same thing, its useless to look for a remedy.

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He—I call Dale a lucky fellow.

She—In what way?

He—He fell in love with the first girl he married.

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VOTES FOR US GIRLS.

I suppose I am inviting all sorts of trouble and will be accused of dire treason and heresies, but somehow I can't get all het up over the big jump that the suffrage movement took in the senate the other day.

To be sure, I haven't any arguments to offer one way or the other—but in that respect I fancy I am not so very far different from the thousands of my sisters and brothers on both sides who have filled the air and the press with countless words for quite awhile past.

It just seems to me that women have been getting along so well during the time that they have relied for their rights and the privileges upon the chivalry of men—that so many advances have been made by them and their condition has been so vastly improved under the old order—that it is taking an awful chance to make a change.

Now get ready and throw something!

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Maud—Caroline is a great woman of fashion.

Beatrix—Does she neglect her children?

Maud—Oh, no! She hires nurses to do it.—Life.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE KEIMS' DINNER BRIDGE.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hahn of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Carr Keim gave a dinner-bridge last night that was one of the most pretentious and at the same time delightful of all the early spring season. It was the first affair to be given in the new home of the Keims, and set a brilliant precedent for other entertainments to be given later.

The entire house was beautifully decorated with flowers, the dining room presenting an especially artistic appearance. The centerpiece was a huge bouquet of daffodils, the deep yellow of this rich flower being preserved in the other decorations and also appearing, so far as possible in the refreshments. Miniature electric bulbs intermingled with the blossoms diffused a soft light and produced an effect that was in every way essential fairylike.

The guests were made up largely of the old and intimate friends of the Hahns. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Barth, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Vaughey, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Strong, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hahn, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nuding of Santa Fe, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Herndon and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Caufield.

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A lariat tightly binding his legs, the crazy steer was at last brought to earth by the ranchman.

"Humph!" it grunted, endeavoring unsuccessfully to rise. "Now I know where the idea for the modern skirt came from."

Indeed, the steer's efforts to walk were as funny as those of some women.

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MISS LOVELACE'S BRIDGE.

That it is possible to be merry even in these sober days of Lent and when a nasty cold wind makes you remember that spring is not yet here in spite of the fact that you had been fooling yourself into thinking it was, was abundantly proved Friday afternoon by the really charming auction bridge party given by Miss Laura Lovelace at her home in the Highlands.

The Lovelace home was decorated in a most artistic manner for the occasion, yellow and white being the prevailing color scheme, which was carried out not only in the decorations, but in the refreshments. Mrs. P. G. Cornish was the winner of the first prize, while Mrs. Hornby carried away the cut prize.

The guest list included the following: Mrs. P. G. Cornish, Mrs. J. E. Smithers, Mrs. H. G. Coors Jr., Mrs. Thomas Wilkerson, Mrs. Tom Danahy, Mrs. Isaac Barth, Mrs. Harry Strong, Mrs. H. P. Owen, Mrs. E. A. Mann, Mrs. J. C. Kircher, Mrs. F. C. W. Pooler, Mrs. David R. Lane, Mrs. M. W. Flournoy, Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Hornby, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Bert Skinner, Mrs. Benson Newell, Mrs. Leach, Mrs. John W. Wilson, Mrs. Sudam, Mrs. C. H. Conner, Mrs. P. J. Johnson, Mrs. Tast, Mrs. John McKee, Mrs. Kenneth Baldridge, Mrs. J. M. Fleming, Mrs. A. G. Shortle, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. Frederick Winn, Mrs. George D. Stateson, Mrs. J. Yrissarri Jr., Mrs. Roy Storme, Mrs. George C. Taylor, Mrs. Mead, Mrs. Paul Larsch, Mrs. H. P. Wanner, Mrs. H. C. Miller; Misses Grace Borradaile, Margaret Keleher, Eugenia Keleher, Jean Hubbs, Hazel Maloy, Talison, Anna Day, Mabel Williams, Alice Boyd, Irma Hill, Gladys Mandell, Julia Robertson, Sue Dobson, Gertrude Walker and Evelyn Everitt.

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TO MRS. DODGE.

The bridge party given by Mrs. F. P. Woy, Monday evening, in compliment to her mother, Mrs. R. S. Dodge of Sparta, Missouri, was one of the most delightful affairs that has characterized the Lenten season.

In the decorations of the Woy home Saint Patrick was not forgotten, and the fact that his natal day was near at hand was attested in the shamrock and the touch of green that predominated—a color scheme, by the way, which was not only timely and appropriate, but highly artistic.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ilfeld, Mr. and Mrs. Amado Chaves, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Bennett, Mrs. Margaret Medler, Mrs. Joseph Brown, Mrs. James Horner and Mrs. Frank Wilson.

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MRS. VAN DEINSE'S BRIDGE.

A very pretty auction bridge was given yesterday afternoon by Mrs. A. F. Van Deinse to a small party of friends. Like everything that Mrs. Van Deinse gives, it was thoroughly enjoyable and elegant.

Those present were Mrs. Arno Huning, Mrs. R. S. Dodge, Mrs. F. P. Woy, Mrs. E. W. Dobson, Mrs. James Horner, Mrs. Bert Skinner, Miss Jean Hubbs and Miss Sue Dobson.

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TEA AT CASTLE HUNING.

A "cafeteria tea" is what they call it, and from the way it has been described it sounds awfully good. Anyway, it is to be given at Castle Huning and is to be for the benefit of the Presbyterian church, so it is impossible to go far wrong in giving it hearty support. I almost forgot to add that it will be next Friday afternoon from 3 o'clock until 7.

Everything will be made by electricity—that is, everything except the ice cream, and I'm not certain they won't have an electric motor attend to that. The menu will consist of creamed chicken, hot waffles, hot biscuit, toast, tea and coffee. If that isn't enough to make one leave his happy home I don't know what is.

The cafeteria part comes in—oh, well, everybody knows what a cafeteria is, so what's the use explaining. You just get your plate and knife and fork and napkin and go up and ask for what you want. It should be jolly good fun, and as it is for an awfully good cause, there is no doubt that it will be an unqualified success.

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SAINT PATRICK O'GRADY.

To think of St. Patrick's day in connection with Police Captain O'Grady, or to think of Police Captain Captain O'Grady in connection with St. Patrick's day, requires no violent mental effort. In fact, it comes easy—just as easy, for instance, as to think of Charlie Catron in connection with speeding an automobile.

Comparatively few, however, even of his intimate friends, were aware until the other day that in pinning on a sprig of shamrock on the morning of March 17, they have been celebrating the birthday of Captain O'Grady as well as that of the late lamented Saint Patrick.

Mrs. O'Grady was one of those who did not forget that there were other reasons for celebrating March 17 as a gala occasion than that it was Saint Patrick's day. She let a few friends in on the secret, and the result was that there was a real surprise party at the captain's house along in the afternoon—a jolly little party that had a jolly little time because its members were killing two birds with one stone—honoring the dead Saint Patrick and the very live Captain O'Grady at one and the same time.

It was decided that from now on the 17th of March shall be celebrated as Saint Patrick O'Grady's day.

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CHILDREN'S PARTY.

In honor of the fifth birthday of her wee son, Neil, Mrs. Thomas Wilkerson entertained a number of small folks Tuesday afternoon at her home. It was a delightful children's party, and needless to say, all the tiny tads had the time of their gay young lives. The decorations and favors were suggestive of St. Patrick, on whose natal day the party was given.

Those present were Marcella Reidy, John Reidy, George Reidy, Charles Rice, Lucian Rice, Lawrence Milne, Margaret Shortle, Louis McCrea, Bruce McCrea, Elizabeth Tast, Ruth Mann, Louise Mann, Ben Barth, Fred Nohl, Glenn Morgan and Lynn Leach.

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Mrs. W. W. Childers, who has been quite ill in Los Angeles, underwent an operation last week, from which she is reported to be recovering nicely. Mrs. Childers, who is the mother of Mrs. E. J. Alger, was a resident of Albuquerque for many years.

Repentance

A CHASTENED mood fair Phyllis shows,
For in her limousine bouquet
The violet supplants the rose;
Her evening gown, of saintly gray,
Is slightly less decolletee,
And modifies to some extent.
The flash of hose discreetly gay—
Fair Phyllis is observing Lent.

For charity sweet Phyllis sews,
And churchward oft she wends her way,
Though now and then, of course, she goes
To the dansant or cabaret;
And though at bridge she's known to play,
Her gains are to the orphan sent;
She smokes no more than thrice a day—
Dear Phyllis is observing Lent.

—Corinne Rockwell Swain in Life.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

The meeting of the Woman's club Friday afternoon set a new high water mark of artistic success, and will be talked about for a long time by those who were so fortunate as to be present.

Dancing—a subject of very vital present interest—was the theme of the meeting, and its treatment was such as to make a substantial contribution to the knowledge of the members, aside from the appeal that it had to their appreciation of the beautiful and artistic. The historic side of the subject was given especial consideration, and the paper read by Mrs. Keith, who for years has made an intimate study of dancing in all its phases, was received with the most cordial and enthusiastic admiration.

Special mention should be made of Miss Ruth Stateson, whose dance, the "Dixie Belle," elicited unstinted praise. The peasant dance, by a number of ladies, also was an unqualified success. The music, furnished by Miss Pauline Borradaile and Professor di Mauro, had much to do with the complete success of the meeting.

The program as rendered was as follows:

Poets and Peasants—Mrs. Herbert Gailes and Professor di Mauro.

Paper on Dancing—Mrs. Keith.

French Peasant Dance—Mrs. Roy Strome, Mrs. H. Gailes, Mrs. Ed Sackett, Mrs. R. Hutchinson, Mrs. I. Singer; Misses L. Treffenberg, R. Mahuram, Ruth Stateson, A. Heacock and E. Perry.

Dance, "Dixie Belle"—Miss Ruth Stateson.

Dance of the Nile—Miss Anna Myers.

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SAINT PATRICK DAY DANCES.

There war, of course, the usual number of Saint Patrick day dances. Somehow, there seems to be something in the very air on that day of all days that sets the music to jiggling and the feet to keeping time, time, time. Saint Patrick's day without a dance would be like—oh, well, you just can't think of anything to compare.

Here in Albuquerque the university affair at Colombo hall and the trainmen's ball at the Masonic temple were the principal events in honor of Ireland's patron saint. Both of them were delightful affairs and furnished some great fun to a lot of awfully nice people.

Over the state also, there was a general observance of the day with dances, the annual ball at Gallup capping the climax of jollity over a series of similar events for many years. The Saint Patrick's day ball in Gallup has come to be the one big social feature of the year in that city, and reports have it that this year all former records were eclipsed.

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Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The Girls' club Wednesday afternoon had a session of physical training and games, an affair that is given once a month. This week a sewing lesson will be given by Miss Bright and the personal accounts, kept according to rules given at the club, will be inspected. One Wednesday a month is devoted to picture study. Small copies of the pictures are given each girl, who mounts them and keeps them for herself.

One of the most instructive evenings that Las Amigas has spent was enjoyed last week when Mrs. Pierce talked informally on the subject, "Some Law Every Woman Should Know." A request has been made to Mrs. Pierce to repeat this lecture in the near future. On Thursday, Las Amigas will have a business meeting, at which it is most important that every member be present. This will be followed by an old fashioned spelling bee and refreshments.

Last Friday night the Setawa camp fire entertained most beautifully the Ah-Haith-Yin-Na camp fire with its guardian, Mrs. Christy, at a camp fire at the Y. W. C. A. residence. Honors were awarded and camp fire songs were sung. Special features were a piano solo by Le Clair Cavanaugh, a duet by Eileen Mordy and Winona Dixon and a vocal solo by Grace Stortz. Decorations were appropriate for Saint Patrick's day and delicious refreshment were served. Miss Alice Boyd and Miss Pauline Madden were special visitors.

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THURSDAY MUSICAL CLUB.

In line with the rage for dancing which seems to have completely saturated the whole social fabric of Albuquerque, the meeting yesterday afternoon of the student department of the Thursday Morning Musical club was given over to a discussion of dance forms—a subject which had been taken up at an earlier meeting and which was continued at this.

Mrs. Mabel Stevens Hinoe had charge of the meeting, and read an exceedingly able paper on dance forms. The following program was rendered:

1. Polonaise, A major—Chopin. Helen Goetz.
2. (a) The Plague of Love—Bruno Huhn. (b) Lady, Let Me Believe—Tosti.
3. Murmuring Zephyrs—Jensen. Jessie Venable.
4. Tarantelle—Delacour. Esther Harlan.
5. Romance (for left hand alone)—Spindler. Le Clair Cavanaugh.
6. (a) My Dear—Ball. (b) Caro Mio Ben—Giodoni. Mrs. D. R. Lane.
7. Marche—Hollaender. Eleanor Hyde.

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BIRTHDAY DINNER.

A dinner Friday evening by Mrs. Byron Henry Ives in celebration of the birthday anniversary of Mr. Ives was one of the most pleasing affairs of the week just gone.

The Ives home was beautifully decorated for the occasion, the large birthday cake in the center of the table surmounted with tiny candles and surrounded by bouquets of daffodils being especially effective. The rooms were fragrant with Richmond roses.

The guests included Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Strong, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Hickey, Dr. and Mrs. M. K. Wiyder and Dr. and Mrs. B. H. Briggs.

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DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON.

The lyceum course put on by the Woman's club this season has gone far enough to make it safe to assert that financially, as well as artistically, it is a most pronounced success. The entertainments, which have all been of the very highest order, have furnished variety and charm. Not one has been poor and more than one has been really brilliant.

The final entertainment of the course, Dr. Woods Hutchinson, comes to the Elks on the 26th, and by all the rules he should be the best drawing card of the entire series. This is so for the simple reason that Dr. Hutchinson is today one of the best advertised men in the United States. Along with Dr. Wiley, who invented pure food, he is known to practically every man, woman and child who reads current magazine literature. When you stop to think of it, that number makes up quite a few; and therefore, as has been previously remarked, if advertising counts for anything (which it usually does) the capacity of the Elks should be taxed to the limit to accommodate those who will want to hear this lecture.

Then again, Dr. Hutchinson is an expert on a subject of vital interest to every mother's son and daughter of us. He knows exactly what ails you and just what will cure you; and as it is impossible to convince the average person that something doesn't ail him, it is safe to assume that the doctor will have an entirely sympathetic audience. Along with it, he has a gift of facile English which, while it won't cure the rheumatism, will go a long way towards carrying conviction that he knows what he is talking about. If he can talk only half as well as he writes, he will be the best attraction that has been in Albuquerque in many days.

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PHILOMATHEAN EXERCISES.

The program rendered Friday afternoon by the Philomathean society of the High school was one of extraordinary merit, even for that organization, which is given to putting on good and sprightly entertainments. The musical numbers were splendidly rendered and the elocutionary efforts were up to the high standard which the society has always maintained. The playlet, "A Lucky Sixpence," was given in such a way as to leave little room for surprise that amateur theatrical talent is so abundant in Albuquerque and is so early developed to a high stage of perfection.

The program of the entertainment was as follows:

Piano solo for left hand, La Clair Cavanaugh.

Reading, "At the Butcher's," Isabelle Morgan.

Violin solo, Irene Partch.

Reading, "By Telephone," Nellie Crawford.

Vocal solo, "A Perfect Day," and "A Little Dutch Garden," Hortense Switzer.

Play—A Lucky Sixpense.

Scampwell, an adventurer, Chaves Armijo.

Charles Heartyman, the nephew, George Pratt.

Josiah Heartyman, the uncle, Pedro Osuna.

Joe Baggler, the porter, Adolph Barreras.

Miss Starcher, the governess, Mattie Szymanski.

Julia Heartyman, Fay Zearing.

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PICNIC ON THE MESA.

With the coming of the first touches of spring—the time of the year when the warm, lazy days are just frequent enough to give a foretaste of the good old summer time, the picnic on the mesa has again sprung into vogue as a means of pleasurable diversion.

A delightful little affair of this kind was given last Sunday evening by Mr. Robert Dietz. A string orchestra taken along by the host, furnished musical inspiration, and with an orchestra along, it is not difficult to imagine that the irrepressible tango came into its own—for even on the mesa it is possible to find a place where the tango may be performed. Later, supper was served—a supper which lost nothing of relish from the fact that it was partaken by a jolly company in the outdoor air of a balmy spring evening.

Mr. Dietz's guests included Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Jamison, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Woolsey Jr., Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Chadbourne, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Brooks, Mrs. Tyner, Miss Kathryn Strickler, Miss Barbara Johnson; Messrs. Hugh Calkins, James Mullen, Arthur Ringland and Harland Scarrett.

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SEWING BEE.

The sewing bee, the favorite pastime of Lenten days, was the vehicle used by Mrs. F. C. Bakes for the entertainment of a small and select party of friends at her home on University heights Friday afternoon in compliment to her mother, Mrs. John E. Bakes of Indiana. A charming evening was enjoyed by the guests of Mrs. Bakes and refreshments of rare daintiness and toothsomeness were served.

Those present were Mrs. W. W. Strong, Mrs. L. G. Rice, Mrs. Leslie Rice, Mrs. D. R. Boyd, Mrs. W. J. Hyde, Mrs. Frank E. Tull, Mrs. C. E. Lowber, Mrs. C. E. Hodgin, Mrs. John Collins, Mrs. Harmann, Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. John E. Bakes.

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NOTES OF SOCIETY.

The arrival of Mrs. Nathan Eisemann of Boston, for a visit to her mother, Mrs. Hildegarde Grunsfeld, Friday, was an event of more than usual importance, as Mrs. Eisemann enjoys a social eminence in Albuquerque only equaled by her wide personal popularity. Mrs. Grunsfeld will be at home informally for Mrs. Eisemann this afternoon from 3 to 7 o'clock, at her home, 610 West Copper avenue.

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Mr. Burrage of New York, is visiting at the home of W. J. Lightborn on West Central avenue.

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The Queen Esther club of the First Baptist church will give a musicale at the church next Friday evening. Some of the best talent in the city will take part.

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Announcement has been made that Mr. Charles H. Treffenberg has taken full charge of the Monday night dancing class of Mrs. A. F. Keith at the Woman's club, and will conduct an up-to-date academy, giving individual instruction in the tango and hesitation waltz.

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There will be a meeting of the Parent Teachers' association Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the First Ward school building.

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Mrs. C. O. Clarke and daughter, May, spent several days last week visiting friends in Raton.

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Mrs. Ralph Whitesides left last week for Clifton, Arizona, where she will join her husband.

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The Ladies of the Maccabees enjoyed a delightful social afternoon Tuesday last in Odd Fellow's hall.

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Mrs. Frank Ackerman left last week for El Paso, for a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Bronson.

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Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nuding of Santa Fe, are in the city for a visit to Mrs. Nuding's mother, Mrs. W. H. Hahn, is a guest of the W. W. Strong's.

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Mrs. Noa Ilfeld has issued invitations to a musicale to be given at her home next Thursday afternoon.

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Mrs. Frank E. Tull entertained the Highland Bridge club yesterday afternoon.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the copartnership heretofore existing between R. Michaels and A. Michaels, trading as dealers in general merchandise in the city of Albuquerque, N. M., under the firm name and style of Michael Bros., has been dissolved, and the business will be continued by Mr. A. Michaels, to whom all bills and accounts owing to the firm shall be paid, and all claims against the firm may be presented.

A. MICHAELS.
R. MICHAELS.

Dated this 7th day of March, 1914.

To the Southwest

SUCH radiant pictures fill my soul with praise;
Red walls of rock and mountains sharp and blue;
Dust all of gold when sunlight glances through;
Canyons, deep-cleft, where drifts the purple haze.

And with the vision still the mystery grows,
Whence came the color, whence this light of gold?
Ye Desert People, wise in all things old,
Tell us the secret that your sun priest knows.

Open our hearts in sympathy and love;
Show us how Nature holds the just, right way;
Teaching her child to rev'rence and obey,
Faith to keep always with the Ones above.

See, from the cleft beyond yon red wall's pride,
Rides a wild horseman-spirit of the plan.
How all the world is there for him to gain,
Hopes and achievements lying side by side!

Or here another picture, full as true:
An Indian resting by a sunlit wall,
What matters strife, content is best of all,
Peace, and sure faith that skies are always blue.

Oh, land of beauty, mystery and youth,
Your reds and purples set my blood on fire,
Your tawny mesas fill me with desire
To fare still further in the search of truth!

The night slips down and reds and golds turn gray;
Yet in the sky the glittering star fires burn;
Earth's light and color now to heaven return;
All rests secure till dawns another day.

—ELEANOR HOPE JOHNSON.

Santa Fe Society Notes

MISS Johnson, the poetess who wrote the above beautiful apostrophe to the Southwest, was a student of the Summer School of American Archaeology, and described it with a sympathetic touch all her own, in the Outlook. She is a resident of New York. Speaking of Santa Fe's literati, Miss Ruth Laughlin, who is helping to "lift" archaeological treasures from the tropical jungle at Quirigua, northern Guatemala, has had an article on Old-New Santa Fe accepted by Popular Mechanics and another article by the Overland Monthly. Her descriptions of the tropics and of the Maya cities contained in the letters she is writing home are classics and arouse the desire to visit that mysterious realm occupied by the great Maya culture for so many centuries. Another Santa Fe author, William Mackay Caldwell, has had his novelet, "The Honor of a Gentleman," a tale of Christmas eve, accepted by Scribner's. He has also dramatized in collaboration with Sylvanus G. Morley of this city, his novel, "A Pagan of the Mesas," the scene of which is laid in Santa Fe and at Tesuque, one act being enacted in the Palace of the Governors, another in front of the Fonda and the last act in the Church of Guadalupe.

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MUSICALE AT EXECUTIVE MANSION.

The hospitable executive mansion was brilliant with lights and gay with guests on Friday evening, when it was thrown open to the Woman's club for the rendition of a concert that won praise for the artistes who rendered the program and the host and hostess as well as the patronesses of the affair. The program was a select one. Professor I. L. Tello excelled even himself in his renditions on the violin. Miss Abrahamson and Miss Fischer won applause and justly so, for their vocal selections, and Mrs. Charles E. Doll as a pianiste.

The program was as follows:

1—Concert No. No. 2 Op. 22, H. Wieniawski.
(Three movements.)
1—Allegro Moderato.
2—Andante non tropo-Romanza-Allegro con fucoo.
3—Allegro moderato.
2—Samson et Delila—"My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice"—C. Saint Saens.
"I Know a Lovely Garden"—G. D'Hardelot.
3—Sonata No. 2 Op. 13 in G—E. Grieg.
(Three movements)
1—Lento Doloroso-Allegro Vivace.
2—Allegretto tranquillo.
3—Allegro animato.
Duo. I. L. Tello and Mrs. Charles E. Doll.
4—Spring Again .... E. Wright
Beauty's Eyes .... P. F. Tosti
5—Romance .... G. Svendsen
Scene from the Czardas No. 4 Op. 22 .... J. Hubay
Concert Romantic .... B. Godard
(Third and Fourth Movement)

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Mrs. Spitz entertained last week in honor of her sister, Mrs. Dreyfuss of Denver, who returned home a few days ago after a visit of two weeks in Santa Fe. The Misses Spitz gave an at home on Thursday afternoon which proved to be a delightful social event.

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John K. Stauffer, former manager of the Santa Fe Daily New Mexican, returned home on Friday evening with his nephews, John and Paul Walter, after an absence of over a year in Los Angeles, where Mr. Stauffer held a responsible position in the circulation department of the Times and his nephews were high school students in the junior and freshmen classes respectively. A delegation of Santa Fe high school boys greeted the latter at the depot upon their return.

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A SPRING TIME IDYL.

"Flora and Fauna of New Mexico" is a formidable, if not forbidding title, but Mrs. Addison Hall of Albuquerque, in a paper she prepared for the art and literature department of the Woman's club which met in the Palace of the Governors on Thursday afternoon, transformed her theme into an idyl that brought a poetic message from the deep forests, the open mesas, the shadowy canyons of the Sunshine state. Miss Brown of the Presbyterian Mission school, read the paper before the well attended meeting and emphasized its beauties with the appreciation of one artist for another. She opened the program by the masterful rendition of "The Miserere," from "Il Trovatore," and closed it with "The Gondolier," by Liszt, a selection that seemed to breathe the very spirit of the woodland symphony she had just concluded. Mrs. R. J. Palen presided over the meeting. Officers were nominated to be elected at the next session.

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TREASURES OF ANOTHER AGE.

Director Edgar L. Hewett, who returned this week from Guatemala, where he had charge of the archaeological party that is rescuing the prehistoric Maya city of Quirigua from the pitiless grasp of the jungle, brings tidings of the discovery of another stela, one of those huge, wonderful monoliths, whose hieroglyphics throw much light on the chronology of the prehistoric days of the western continent. He also speaks of a temple that is being excavated as well as other discoveries and brings with him a number of bibliographic treasures for the museum library, books that date back 300 to 400 years, and that are typographical wonders.

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ST. PATRICK AND BRIDE.

Mrs. Howell Earnest entertained at bridge on St. Patrick's day. There were three tables. The score cards, the bon-bons, the artistic touches on all sides, all bore the color made famous by Ireland's patron saint. It was a dream in green and there wasn't a dull moment from beginning to end, as behooves any entertainment on the saint's day of the jolliest people on earth.

AN AMBITIOUS PROGRAM.

The study class in archaeology will meet on Thursday, March 26, at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon. The topic is "The Americas," and there will be four reports covering South and Central America, North America, east of the Mississippi, and the people of the northern plains and woodlands. The April study is on "The Earliest Americans West of the Mississippi."

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A JUDICIAL DINNER.

Governor and Mrs. McDonald entertained at a recherche dinner at the executive mansion on Thursday evening at which the color scheme was green and yellow carried out beautifully in blossoms, the jonquils predominating, and in ferns and palms. Candles, cakes, place cards, etc., appropriately fitted into the same color scheme. Covers were laid for fifteen, the guests being Federal Judge and Mrs. William H. Pope, Supreme Justice and Mrs. Clarence J. Roberts, Supreme Court Justice and Mrs. Frank W. Parker, Attorney General and Mrs. Frank W. Clancy, Adjutant General and Mrs. Harry T. Herring, former Mayor and Mrs. Arthur Seligman and Mrs. T. A. Spencer.

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HER SECOND BIRTHDAY.

Complimentary to their little daughter, Corinne, Mr. and Mrs. Arrighi entertained at dinner and with a children's party last Sunday, it being Corinne's second birthday anniversary. The decorations and favors were all suggestive of the month of violets.

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CHOICE MORSEL FOR THE GOSSIPS.

"It is an old, old story
And yet its ever new."

A young business man of Santa Fe is suddenly among the missing. They tell the reason at the club. He was escorted to the depot by an enraged husband who kept his hand on a shooting iron in his hip pocket, as he accompanied the young man to the station. There is a divorce as a sequel, so they say, and "so they say," covers a multitude of gossip which isn't so.

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IN CHURCH WORK.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church, was the guest on Friday afternoon of Mrs. Henry Dendahl, one of the younger matrons of the congregation. The Woman's auxiliary and Guild of the Church of the Holy Faith met at the rectory, Mrs. Leonidas Smith, also a recent bride being the hostess.

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LOOKING FORWARD.

A military ball is to be one of the first great social events after Easter. Company F announces the first dance of the season for Tuesday evening, April 14, at the National Guard armory.

A pain in the side or back that catches you when you straighten up calls for a rubbing application of BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT. It relaxes the contracted muscles and permits ordinary bodily motion without suffering or inconvenience. Price 25c, 50 and $1.00 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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