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FOR GRAVE AND GAY

The Week's Play Bills Promise Variety

IN THE THREE THEATERS

Emotional Acting in Redmond's—Opera and Comedy in Powers'—Varieties in Smith's—Notes.

POWERS'.

Monday and Tuesday....The Goudoliers
Friday....Gloriana

THE GRAND.

All week....Ida Van Cortland

SMITH'S.

All week....Vaudeville

IN THE POWERS'.

Friday evening the newly reconstructed comedy "Gloriana" will be acted in The Powers'. Speaking of the piece, George Goodale says in a recent review: "In the spring of 1883 Dion Boucicault brought out at the Star theater, New York, a version of a three-act comedy from the French. He called it 'Vice Versa.' The following summer Owen Fawcett took the piece on tour under the title of 'Dodging,' and produced it at the Grand opera house, Chicago, and also played a three nights' engagement at the old Detroit opera house. A version of the same play, with but slight changes, was acted yesterday afternoon and evening at the Detroit opera house. James Mortimer is the name of the 'author' on the program, and under the title of 'Gloriana' the play passed muster in New York and Chicago as an entirely new production. So much for the history of the piece. It is also fitting to say that 'Gloriana' is one of the brightest comedies of its class. There is not a dull moment in it and the fun is refined and clear-cut. The company which Manager Charles Frohman has intrusted with the play is satisfactory to a degree. William Morris as Leopold Fitz Jocelyn did his work in an easy, light comedy way that was in admirable consonance with the character. Charles Drake as the retired tanner, Timothy Chadwick, was a worthy representative of the English 'middle lower class;' George W. Barnum as the Russian diplomat, Count Evitoff, gave a finished and artistic portrayal of a difficult character; Jacques Martin as Spinks, the valet, played that unhappy person in a most happy manner. Miss Eleanor Merron as Mrs. Lovering (Gloriana) exhibited not only a charming personality, but rare skill as an actress. She is a new member of the cast, and a valuable one.

IN THE GRAND.

Tonight Ida Van Cortland will begin a week's engagement in the Grand opera house, giving the usual matinees during the week. Tonight, Monday night and Tuesday matinee, the beautiful drama, "Twixt Love and Honor," will be given; Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday nights "The Devil's Web;" Thursday matinee and Thursday night, "East Lynne," and on Friday night and Saturday matinee, "Among the Gypsies" will be played.

Of the company the Saginaw Courier of Tuesday last says: "Last evening the company appeared in an emotional four act drama entitled 'Twixt Love

and Honor.' Miss Van Cortland needs no commendation to Saginaw theatergoers, with whom she is a favorite, and as the heroine Ruth, a loving, faithful, though misguided wife, she fully sustained the good opinion previously formed of her. Carrie Kendall, as Dot, the maid, was a favorite with the audience. She is not only a good actress but a good singer as well, and in several vocal selections 'brought down the house.' Wilson Day, as Robert Dallen, the husband, did excellent work, and in some of the scenes was strong and affecting. George Kendall, as Kobe, the man of all work, showed himself a clever comedian, as the plain, simple and faithful servant, who combined with his other good qualities some shrewdness which enabled him to foil the villain, he enacted his part excellently. Little Ethel Day, is a child actress of more than ordinary ability. The balance of the cast made the most of the parts assigned them, and the performance was a pleasing one."

LADIES' LITERARY CLUB.

Clara Bewick Colby is a bright, brainy woman in the prime of life. She is highly educated, and when not on her mission of doing good to her sex, she lives with her husband in their beautiful home in Washington, D. C. She is well known as an editor of ability, owning and editing The Woman's Tribune. She is always prominent and popular in every great gathering of women in council, and logical upon every question under consideration. She is a remarkably good looking woman, her dress and personal appearance betoken the woman to be what she is—cultured, womanly and tender. In her public addresses she is never burdened by clumsy manuscript, but she has her subject so well in hand that her words flow smoothly and eloquently, and her well trained voice, while not being loud or harsh, is able to make the deaf to hear and to convince them as well, that her argument is true. She will speak in the Ladies' Literary club Tuesday evening.

GONDOLIERS—POWERS.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings, Gilbert & Sullivan's tuneful opera will be given at Powers' by a company of society amateurs for the benefit of the St. Cecilia building fund. For the past two months they have been hard at work at rehearsals, and there is every reason to believe that the production will be the best—from an amateur standpoint—ever given in Grand Rapids. The work of the principals, as shown by rehearsals, is excellent, while the chorus is infinitely better than that carried by professionals. As nearly everybody in the production is well known in society, the performances will be more in the light of a society event than the operas heretofore given. The orchestra has been augmented for the occasion and a number of charming dances will be introduced.

Following is the cast:

CAST.

Duke of Plaza Toro....Andrew Fyfe
Duchess of Plaza Toro....Mrs. Andrew Fyfe
Casilda, the beautiful daughter....Mrs. J. H. Bonnell
Grand Inquisitor of Spain....H Parker Robinson
Luiz, the drum....Dr. S. D. Freeman
Giuseppa....Alva Curry
Marco....John D. Kramer
Giannetta....Mrs. Minnie Nichols
Tessa....Belle Chamberlain
Antonio....William Melnnes
Georgio....W. C. Wurster
Francesco....Huntley Russell
Fiametta....Mrs. Bert Hall
Vittorio....Mrs. Dr. Hosain
Inez, the foster mother....Miss E. Dishman

SMITH'S.

That Manager Smith is successfully feeling the public pulse is evidenced by the increased patronage that has been his since he began giving new bills each week. Patrons of the vaudeville pay to see new turns and faces, not the same stock company for weeks. Tonight the curtain will go up on an entire new bill, commencing with a curtain raiser called "Down South Before the War." Acrobatic and aerial turns occupy prominent positions in the olio, there is the Nicholas brothers, William DeBoe, trapeze and slack wire performer and that daring little artiste, Blanche St. Clair, whose work on the flying rings makes one's hair raise. Others on the list are Jessie Adams, wing dancer; Trueheart and Scofield, blackface comedians; Alice Dillon, serio comic, and Jackson and Boshell. The afterpiece is "Aunt Betsey."

GENERAL STAGE NEWS.

The new comic opera, "The Knickerbockers," by Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith, as given by the Bostonians in Boston Thursday night, is as agreeably Dutch as the "Fencing Master" is Italian and "Robin Hood" English. There is a tuneful song which the old Dutchmen in the piece light in their historic pipes and puff melodiously away; there is the song of the Dutch seaman, which has been described as antiquatedly rollicking; then there is an old-fashioned wooden shoe dance and a pretty spinning song for Miss Camille D'Arville. The praises of tobacco are sung during the opera in a very musical way, but it is reported that no particular firms will be advertised and smoking will not be permitted during the performance. No one has as yet claimed the music.

Most authors find difficulty in selecting names for their characters. Charles Dickens walked the streets of London, studying the signs over the shops. A Baltimore newspaper man has just found out that Edwin Milton Royle, the author of the successful comedy drama "Friends" got all the names for the characters in the play, from his professors and classmates in Princeton university. A well-known clergyman, and one of Royle's best friends, has shown some irritation because his name is attached to the villain of the play. The name of the young pianist was taken from General Karje, the well-known Polish patriot and professor of modern languages at Princeton university.

When the H. E. Dixey company left Pittsburg, Pa., last week, they left their trunks with the proprietor of the Red Lion hotel, in lieu of a $166 board bill. When the trunks were opened they were found to be empty. The hotel proprietor started after the company and caught it at Beaver Falls, where he got two orders—one for $83 on the receipts of one house at Newcastle, Wednesday night, and one for a similar amount on the receipts at Youngstown, Dec. —. The Dixey company have been having a bad season.

Edwin Booth left his own rooms at the Player's club on Christmas Eve, to hear the "midnight address" delivered by the new member, Grover Cleveland. Mr. Booth spoke slowly, and with profound feeling. His words were very few, but they produced a deep impression on his hearers, for he plainly intimated that the fellow-players who were there doing him such honor would, on the next Founders' night, drink at the solemn hour when the day, month, and year change, to his memory, not his health.

A San Francisco paper says: "Without bragging, it can be said without fear of contradiction, that there is no other city in the United States outside of San Francisco where the same amount of money can be taken in as did 'Ali Baba,' which during its engagement played nightly to an average of $1,700." The New York Manhattan opera house holds $2,600, and if "Ali Baba" comes that way, that is the average it will play to.

Most of the chorus and minor people of the defunded Digby Bell Opera company are in New York, and all are profuse in their praise of Prof. Herrmann, who paid their fares to New York, spending over $500 therefor. The people state they were left entirely destitute by their manager.

Charles H. Hoyt, recently elected to the New Hampshire legislature, was a page in that body in 1871. Mr. Hoyt was born within a stone's throw of the state house, and his first play—"Silver Plume"—a wild western drama, was produced at White's opera house, Concord, in 1878.

Stuart Robson has made a great hit in his handsome revival of "Married Life" this week in Chicago, and he has decided to open his New York engagement at the Fifth Avenue theater, May 1, with Buckstone's clever old comedy.

The Metropolitan opera house in New York is still in the same condition it was after the fire, and its future is uncertain, owing to lack of concerted action by the stockholders.

Henry C. Miner and Nat Goodwin have entered into partnership and will build and conduct a new comedy theater in New York, of which Mr. Goodwin will be the star.

H. C. Miner's suits against Mrs. James Brown Potter has been settled by the payment of $1,500 in cash and $2,000 in notes indorsed by John Stetson.

John L. Sullivan has a soaring ambition. He is studying Dr. Bird's tragedy, "The Gladiator," and means to play the leading part before long.

Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown" will be played at the New York Madison Square theater for the 450th consecutive time on Friday, January 20.

"Yon Yonson" is playing to tremendous receipts in the northwest. Its gross receipts in St. Paul were over $5,000.

E. Leavitt has brought suit against Margaret Mather for breach of contract claiming $3,000 damages.

HOW TO BE PRETTY

Fannie Edgar Thomas Gives Some Practical

HINTS ON PHYSICAL CULTURE

It Is the Trained Complexity of Motion That Makes Grace—Women Should Train the Body.

MANY women hesitate to adopt physical culture through a false idea that naturalness means grace. "We do want to be graceful, but we hate affectation," they say. "What is natural and easy must be graceful. We become conscious, stiff and stilted once we meddle with nature and attempt to train ourselves into grace."

Never were hackneyed expressions more utterly false than these. The many unfortunate surprises from mirror and photograph camera ought to prove that to any intelligent person. Thought may imagine a position of great dignity and elegance. The reflection discloses one of extreme awkwardness that is frequently ludicrous. While thought must underlie all grace, it is not able to speak through stiff, untrained muscles.

Some people are born with natural grace and need little or no suggestion in this regard. With some a little thought and effort works marked improvement, while others, in order to attain any sort of satisfactory symmetry, must go into a regular course of training for development. Any one who would develop all her latent charm must pass through more or less of this.

Pleasing expression of the body is similar to harmony on a carefully tuned piano. When one portion of the body is keyed too high and another too low the result must be discord to the observer. This discord is awkwardness. Proportional tension or laxity of the body produces its music, which is grace!

Among women there is the comfortable clumsiness of ignorance, the lissom indolent grace of the skilled muscle and the great crowded middle land of effort without training, showing stiff, awkward angularity, self consciousness and nervousness, as displeasing to the eye as uncomfortable to the owner.

Were thought upon the subject all that were necessary, one lecture, with illustrations from everyday life, would be sufficient to produce an audience of absolutely graceful women, but unfortunately muscle must be made obedient to brain before it can fitly represent it.

By nature large minded, independent, enthusiastic, honest, sensible and dignified, American women as a class utterly misrepresent themselves to foreigners by untrained gaucheries of personal expression.

Observe in the next company of which you are a member the hunching of shoulders to ears, chests hollowed into furrows, contracted brows, turned in toes, spasmodic contortions of the face, supposed to be expressive; incessant jerkings of hands, arms and head; stiffening of limb joints into supposed graceful positions—all outward incongruities due to neglect of the laws of grace; bad habits of sitting, riding, walking, which distort or leave unaccented the shapely line of corsage, sleeve or limb, and which are chiefly the result of a nervousness born of the desire to please.

Skilled grace is always easy and comfortable. It makes a Bernhardt, a Salvini, a Lotta. Looking upon it each one imagines it easily attainable—till one tries! Unskilled motion is painful awkwardness. Half trained skill is conscious affectation—the most displeasing of all.

The stumbling block in the way of improvement to many Americans is found in their impetuous haste to show off, to rush into observation with half baked skill, as far from naturalness as from grace. Observers, disgusted, have been led to exclaim: "All this Delsartean work is affectation. I will have none of it."

In her ideas of grace the English woman's manner is marked by an exaggerated repose; the Frenchwoman's by a crystallization of surprises; that of the Italian and Spanish by an indolent luxury of line and motion—the music of feeling.

It is not the simplicity of it, but the trained complexity of motion, that makes grace. In the bow of a Salvini there are a score of motions, yet to look upon it is the most simple and natural thing in the world.

Few pretty women get half the value of their figures on account of the stiff ungracefulness of the muscles. Untrained muscles do not grow beautifully wild, like children and flowers, but stiff and ungainly, without adaptability or expression.

The hand of a professional pianist, trained to habits of obedience to the brain, even in repose is speaking—full of expression. Compare it with that of the day laborer. Most of our bodies compare with the latter.

The first thing to do with the body is to "limber it up," to make the muscles absolutely pliable, but firm and strong, to make the different portions of the body individual or distinct from each other, to make all subservient to the dictates of the brain, and to make this obedience spontaneous and unconscious through habit.

Even a "busy woman" should devote at least fifteen or twenty minutes twice a day to the training of her form to make it straight, round and flexible.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

Virginia Penny, to Whom All Women Owe a Debt.

Forty years ago the occupations open to women were three—housework, sewing and teaching. They did not do much at teaching except in primary schools. About this time Virginia Penny, a gentlewoman born and bred, became interested in the industrial advancement of her sex. She became convinced that the glorious world of achievement held a future for ambitious girls as well as boys. She believed that the time had come for opening to women new avenues of self support. With this belief came the resolve that she herself would do what she could toward opening these new paths. Then she threw herself into the task with all the enthusiasm of a gifted woman. At her own expense she traveled throughout the Union, visiting factories, schools and commercial establishments. There were not many railroads in the country then, and no elevators at all in business houses to shoot you up ten stories in half a minute. Miss Penny journeyed by stage and wagon and climbed the staircases afoot. She met and braved insult, snub and sneer in getting information. Of these she took no note, but she did make careful note everywhere of wages, facts and possibilities—all that could bear on the question of woman's work. The information was written out in forceful, elegant English and published. It was issued once, I remember, under the title, "Five Hundred Occupations for Women." It opened the eyes of thousands to the opportunities that lay before working women and all around them. But this fine, strong book profited its author scarcely a dollar. She spent all her money in preparing it and lost her health besides. Happy working women are following in the paths she pointed out, some of them earning $3,000, $5,000 and $10,000 a year. Miss Penny is destitute. I found her the other day living on bread and coffee, and even that had given out, and she had tried to borrow twenty-five cents to buy more. She is sixty-five years old. We women must raise a fund to make Virginia Penny's last days comfortable, and we must do it at once. I will take charge of it unless some better way can be found. Any sums sent to me I promise to see faithfully turned over for her use. Address Eliza Archard Conner, 32 and 34 Vesey street, New York city.

When men go to dressmaking it is time for women to go into law and gospel.

I have heard of a society woman who studied law in order to make herself more brilliant and accomplished in conversation. It is better to know something, even from such a motive as this, than not to know anything at all.

When I see a girl stenographer going to her work about half past 9 in the morning, wearing white gloves, a bunch of artificial violets in her buttonhole, her hair curled all over her head in a way that indicates an hour's use of a hot iron, and wearing little toothpick pointed, peg heeled shoes, so tight that she cannot walk at all—only totter—I know that that girl will never be a successful business woman.

Mrs. Emma Beckwith lately gave a lively lecture before the Brooklyn Philosophical association on "Woman in Politics." Mrs. Beckwith is a strict Republican, but she says when she considers what man's "protection" has done for women it is almost enough to make a free trader of her.

The Roman Catholic college of St. Francis Xavier, in New York city, has made what really seems to me the most advanced step on the woman question that church has yet taken. This is nothing less than admitting women to its free post graduate course in moral philosophy. Father Halpin, vice president of the college and lecturer on moral philosophy, was the first to give his assent to the petition that women might attend. "I have no personal objection," he said. "It only lacks precedent." Archbishop Corrigan was consulted. He laid the matter before the superior of the Jesuit order and in due time sent an autograph letter to the brave young woman who had applied to him informing her that her request had been granted. A graduate of the Harvard annex is among the ladies availing themselves of this opportunity to obtain instruction from the accomplished scholar who lectures on moral philosophy. Bachelors of arts who take the course and pass examination successfully receive the degree of master of arts.

A girl sometimes fancies she is dying of a broken heart when it is simply a case of anæmia. Girls with plenty of rich red blood never die of a broken heart. When we fancy ourselves passing through a profound emotional experience of any kind it is a good plan always to ascertain whether we are not merely anæmic.

The voting women of Boston are not falling off in numbers as much as they were. This year 10,000 of them registered, a gain of almost 4,000 over last year.

I always like to recall an extract from Mrs. Potter Palmer's strong and graceful little speech at the Columbian celebration in Chicago: "Even more important than the discovery of Columbus is the fact that the general government has just discovered women. It has sent out a flash light from its heights so inaccessible to us, which we shall answer by a return signal when the exposition is opened. What will be its next message to us?"

It is reported that a woman has been elected road overseer in Clay county, Kan. If she is one of the many women who are kept closely at home on the farm for six months of the year because of almost impassable roads, she will make good use of the opportunities afforded by her office.—Woman's Journal.

It is better to teach a woman how to earn money enough to buy a new dress than to tell her how to make over an old one.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

The Same Old Things.

"How did you enjoy the sermon?" asked her husband as she returned from church.

"Oh, not much. No one had on anything new."—Washington Star.

Wasn't He Right?

"Did you enjoy yourself in the country, Johnny?"

"You bet. And the funniest thing I seen was the hired man churnin' the cows."—Indianapolis Journal.

ALL OF THEM FAIR

Women Who Grace the Legations at Washington.

FROM THE FAR SUNNY SOUUH

Margaret Manton Merrill Describes the European and South American Ladies of the Diplomatic Corps.

The ladies of the diplomatic corps in Washington may be divided into three distinct classes. Those coming from the empires of Japan and China are so thor-

LADY PAUNCEFOTE.

oughly unlike all the rest, belonging as they do to the Mongolian race, that they live a life apart. Their manners, customs and ways of living are not at all like anything either American or European women are accustomed to. Then there are the American women who have married foreigners. While each of them has spent most of her time abroad, yet there is still a something that divides them from the others, and they announce the fact that they are Americans with a certain degree of pride that seems wholesome and quite as it should be.

The few remaining ladies of the legation who are natives either of Europe or South America are in a way different from all the others. The one who holds first rank among them since the going away of Baroness Fava is Lady Pauncefote, wife of the British minister. She is a charming type of the English matron. Although her daughters are all grown to womanhood, she has lost none of the freshness of her youth. There is not a thread of gray in her brown hair, nor scarcely a wrinkle in her comely face, and her figure, like that of most English women, is wonderfully well preserved. Whether it is her residence in America, or whether it is her natural manner, she certainly lacks much of the reserve common to English women.

MME. MONTT.

There is not a trace of coldness or hauteur about her. She is gracious and kindly and makes the British embassy a most delightful place for guests and callers.

Lady Pauncefote was educated in England and France. She is a descendant from one of the oldest and noblest families in England, and her bearing has the unmistakable stamp of inborn refinement. She gives during the winter a series of dinners, and any one bidden to one of these delightful affairs is very much favored. There are three young ladies in the family. All of them more or less resemble their charming mother.

Mme. Montt, the wife of the Chilian minister, is a native of Valparaiso. Senor Montt was born in Santiago, and it is in that city that the minister and his wife have their home, which is said to be very beautiful, surrounded by picturesque gardens and commanding a view of mountains and sea. Mme. Montt has only lived in America a little more than a year, but she likes it, she says, "because it is not only beautiful, but so big. My country is beautiful," she said enthusiastically, "almost as beautiful as this. But it is such a narrow country. Over there lie the mountains, and here are we, and yonder is the sea. That is all. But it is so pretty when the sun goes down."

MME. LOTTIN.

Mme. Montt is one of those fair women who always keep the look of childhood. She is something of an artist and a very good musician. Her enthusiasm is boundless. She is pleased with everything in Washington. She never gets tired of the receptions and balls. "There are always new people there," she says, "and they always do such funny things, and they say such funny things, and I am much amused." She speaks excellent English.

Mme. Lottin, the wife of the military attache of the French legation, is one of the most beautiful as well as the most charming women in Washington. She is very young and has all the chic and taste that seems to belong by right to the women of France. She is enthusiastic; all Frenchwomen are that. But Mme. Lottin is unsparing in her praise of America and American women. "They are so charming," she said, "and so kind to us who are foreigners."

Mme. Yrigoyen, the wife of the first secretary of the Peruvian legation, is another pleasing South American. She is a native of the capital city of Peru, Lima, as is also her husband. Mme. Yrigoyen does not speak very much English, but she is very eager to learn the language. "When I came," she said, "I learned to say 'Talk to me,' and I say it to all people I meet, for to me the English tongue is music. I like it, but I cannot say it well. I am like Æneas. Virgil wrote of him, you know. My voice is tangled in my throat when I try to say English words."

The social life of Peru, Mme. Yrigoyen says, is very formal, and after living in Washington it will not be pleasant to go back to so much formality.

The wife of the Spanish minister, Mme. Suarez, is a typical daughter of Spain. She has soft black eyes and an olive skin, with a voice that seems to have been made to accompany the guitar. She is a very accomplished pianist, and her music and her babies occupy her attention almost to the exclusion of society, for which she cares very little. She was born in Madrid and educated there. Mme. Suarez cannot forbear to wonder

MME. SUAREZ.

that Americans, "who are," she said, "so clever in most things, should be so ignorant of Spain. You judge of us," she says with fine scorn, "from the dancers of the concert halls who come over here to amuse you, and that is not fair. We are not a nation entirely given over to lace mantillas, mandolins and moonlight, with here and there an occasional stiletto. Ours is one of the greatest commercial countries in the world. We have wealth and power and great men, and we have castles, too, that are not chatteaux d'Espange.

"Come and see us," said madame hospitably, "and"—this she added with a touch of rebuke—"learn something of the truth about us. You Americans should remember that Queen Isabella was a Spaniard, and she sacrificed her jewels that your country might be found. Was not that a great deal? I admire America very much, and I like your women, but I like my own country, too, and I wish that it was better known and understood. There is no such scenery in the world," continued Mme. Suarez, "as that seen in the mountains of Spain. Our people are born artists and

FRAU MUTZENBECHER.

musicians, because they are born with beauty and song around them everywhere."

Mme. Norighian, the wife of the first secretary of the Turkish legation, also lives in Washington. But the environments of her country are still about her. She does not mingle at all with the outside world.

Mme. Peraza, the wife of the Venezuelan minister, is a newcomer in Washington. She has not yet learned to speak the language, nor has she grown accustomed to American ways. She thinks, however, that she will like them. She says submissively that she means to try. She, too, is young and pretty and seems a great favorite with her people.

Frau Mutzenbecher is the pretty little wife of one of the attaches of the German legation. Hers is beauty of a very dainty type. She resembles a New York debutante. Her manners are very sweet and winning. She said through the interpreter that she would be very willing to talk if she only knew how.

There is no more interesting sight in Washington than to see these ladies from the various countries in attendance at the White House receptions. Nearly all of them are beautiful women, and though they lack something of the vivacity of their American sisters it is more than accounted for by their charm and grace of manner.

MARGARET MANTON MERRILL.

An Exception.

"You Americans are never still. It's hurry and bustle all day with you," said the foreigner.

"Never still, eh?" retorted the American. "I guess you never saw one of our hired men at work."—Harper's Bazar.

GAY AS COULD BE

Society Held High Carnival Last Week

IN ROUNDS OF MERRYMAKING

Parties, Balls, Receptions and Other Functions Crowd the Passing Nights—Personals.

Another brilliant week has ended. Society has had about all it could attend to with parties. Many of these events have been very "swell" and local nabobs, with their sons and fair daughters have turned out, one and all. There has been a falling off of weddings. It appears to have been considered that the proper time to marry is just before Christmas, or during the holiday week. Indications now point to a delightful season of society pleasures from now until Lent. After that, one will have a chance to remain at home evenings occasionally and catch up with the current literature.

Last Monday night the ball was set rolling by the Wonderly fancy dress party. As heretofore described, this affair was gorgeously gay. On Tuesday evening Miss Jessie Sisson gave a party in honor of her friend, Miss Fawsett of Kalamazoo. The only lull in proceedings was on Wednesday evening, and then many of the gentlemen took the oppertunity to see Jim Corbett. Thursday night the Peninsular club's annual reception and ball took place. Friday night the banquet of the Alpha Delta Phi was held at the Peninsular club, all of which events have been described in detail in THE HERALD.

NEW YEAR'S HOP.

Fifty Couples Begin the New Year With Merry Dancing.

Few pleasanter hops have taken place in this city than the New Year's hop given by Misses Gage and Benedict at Grand Rapids Guard armory last Monday evening. The assemblage was a most congenial one, and the hostesses succeeded, as usual, in making things agreeable for all. Some fifty couples were present, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ed Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Al. Brower, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Holt, Mr. and Mrs. George Stetekee, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Stetekee, Mr. and Mrs. Walbridge, Misses Minnie White, Saila Burlingame, Anna Ashley, Hess, Stevens, Phillips, McGowan, Bunnell, White, Phillips, Formby, Ewing, Eliza Formby, Muir, Judd. Messrs. Fred Slaght, Heber Northrup, Post, Heber Knott, Charles Paine, Corl, Kutsche, Wykes and Dr. Roberts.

Braun's orchestra furnished music for the dancing. The next hop will be given St. Valentine's day.

RODE TO ALPINE.

East End Choral Society Enjoy a Sleighride.

Monday evening the East End Choral society enjoyed a sleigh ride to the residence of Perry Dowling in Alpine township and gave a concert in the Alpine church to a large audience. The society was taken out and brought back in sleighs furnished by Perry Dowling and Henry Hill. At Mr. Dowling's residence an elegant supper was served them. Those who took part in the concert were Misses Hattie Orser, Ida Foote, Flora Heistand, Carrie Kinsey, Lottie Kinsey, Mrs. Nettie Hunt, Mrs. John Strong, Mrs. G. A. Horner, Mrs. Cargill, Lena Mead, Mrs. C. De Ruyter, Eva Coleman, Myrtle Foster; Messrs. George Murphy, Charles L. Brown, C. De Ruyter, H. Van Dugteren, Walter Brown, Fred Cogshall, Harry Ballard, A. J. Alles, Will Nourse, James Fyfe, D. J. Winton.

ALUMNI BANQUET.

High School Graduates Eat, Drink and Are Merry.

About two hundred tickets were disposed of for the alumni banquet of Wednesday evening and every class from '60 to '92 was represented by at least one of its members. It was fully 10 o'clock before the doors of the dining hall of the New Livingston were thrown open, disclosing admirable arrangements for the finest kind of a banquet. At each plate was a boutoniere of carnations, and the menu card and toast list were much admired.

Much of the success of the affair may be attributed to the efforts of Dr. Manning A. Birge and Messrs. Will Morster, Glen Holmes and W. J. Gouldsbury.

Entertained Her Friends.

Miss Dora Morse gave a delightful party at her home, No. 787 Fifth avenue, to the clerks of the register of deeds' office, Wednesday evening. Beside these a number of other friends had been invited, and there were present in all about thirty people. Pedro was played, the first prize being won by Miss Anna Cox and Mr. Ormsand. Mrs. Bert Hine and A. L. Skinner carried off the boobies. After this came music and dancing and a general good time. Those present from the register's office were, Ex-Register of Deeds Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hine, Miss Anna Cox, Miss Belle Munsnaw, Miss Nellie Vandenbergc, Miss Lyon, Mrs. Hedges, Miss Eva Harmon, Miss Minnie Solomon, Miss Stebbins and Mr. Mark Skinner.

Palmer-Hughes Luncheon.

Mrs. Walter H. Hughes and Mrs. Mary S. Palmer gave a charming luncheon at the residence of Mrs. Palmer, South Prospect street, on Wednesday, from 12 to 2 o'clock in the afternoon. A pretty novelty in the way of floral decoration was introduced in the form of dishes of pink begonias placed tastefully about the tables. Smilax also formed a part of the decorations. After 2 o'clock a reception was given. About 225 women appeared during the course of the afternoon, about eighty of whom were there in time for the luncheon.

Their Silver Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Wilinski of No. 225 Jefferson avenue, celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary Thursday evening. The couple were married in Chicago, and for the past sixteen years have made this city their home. The house was decorated with flowers and Mrs. Lovejoy's Mandolin orchestra furnished music. Those who