

NEWS OF WOMEN FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

Fourth of Fortnightly Dance Series Eclipses All the Previous Functions

Season's Debutantes Attend Oraton Hall Affair in Full Force.

The fourth in the series of fortnightly dances, given last evening in Oraton Hall, was the most successful of all. The hall was prettily decorated in red and green, with large punch bowls at either end of the hall.

The patronesses were: Miss M. Antoinette Quinby, Mrs. William B. Kinney, Mrs. Chauncey G. Parker, Mrs. James S. Polhemus, Mrs. Gilbert Potts, Mrs. Robert Harris McCarter, Mrs. Schuyler B. Jackson, Mrs. Martin Dennis, Mrs. Francis Barkley, Mrs. Arthur H. Mackie, Miss Alice W. Hayes, Miss Agnes Gifford and Miss Isabella Ballantine.

Previous to the dance Mrs. Robert H. McCarter gave a dinner for members of the younger set at her home, in South Broad street. The table was decked with roses and ferns. Covers were laid for Miss Agnes Ritchie, Miss Dorothy Lee, Miss Eleanor McCarter, Miss Charlotte Smythe, Miss Helen Osborne and Messrs. W. Clark Symington, C. Osborne Wheeler, Irving Gifford, William Carter, Robert Ballantine, Bradley and Mr. and Mrs. McCarter. There were other dinner parties to precede the social evening.

Among the dancers were noted the season's debutantes, Miss Eleanor McCarter, Miss Dorothy Lee, Miss Agnes Ritchie, Miss Charlotte Smythe and Mr. and Mrs. George Green Lewis, with their guest, Miss Carlisle Walton, of Boston; Miss Bryce, of Morristown; Miss Katharine Howell Jones, of South Orange; Mr. and Mrs. Littleton Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Jasper E. Crane, Miss Edna Crane, Miss Cora Crane, Alan de Schweinitz, Miss Florence Elmore Murphy, Miss Helen Osborne, Miss Antoinette Quinby Scudder, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace M. Scudder, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. McCarter, Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Atha, Mr. and Mrs. E. Martin Philippi, Miss Louise E. Polhemus, Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Atha, Miss Irene Higbie, Miss Helen Higbie, Miss Elizabeth Osborne, Lewis Hay, Miss Grace Truitt, the Misses Dodd, W. Clarke Symington, Harrison Higbie, Gayle Young, Robert A. Bradley, Philip Hedges, Andrew Hedges, William Carter, Zachariah Belcher, C. Osborne Wheeler, Irving Gifford, Samuel A. Halsey, Edwin S. Lines, Jr., Alfred N. Dennis and George Barker.

TEA BY MISS MULLIGAN.

Cards have been issued by Miss May Mulligan, of 71 Washington street, for a tea to be held at her home Saturday afternoon from 4 until 7 o'clock.

CARDS AGAIN TODAY.

Mrs. George Green Lewis, of 257 Clinton avenue, is repeating this afternoon the card party she gave yesterday. Mrs. George Barker and Miss Osborne poured tea at the elbow of the games yesterday. The table was lighted by soft, shaded candles and decked with cut flowers. Among those who played were Miss Carlisle Walton, of Boston, and Miss Charlotte Smythe, who received with Mrs. Lewis; the Misses Adelaide and Matilda Dodd, Miss Helen Osborne and Miss Elizabeth Osborne, Miss Georgiana Haight, Mrs.

Harold Armour Dodge, Miss Eleanor McCarter, Miss Dorothy Lee, Miss Irene E. Crane, Miss Elizabeth Carter, Mrs. Pierre S. Ross, Mrs. Edward W. Scudder, Mrs. Littleton Kirkpatrick, Miss Florence Elmore Murphy, Mrs. Albert H. Atha, Miss Edna Crane, Mrs. B. Foster Wilkinson and Mrs. Sumner Shaller.

"CHOCOLATE" FOR MRS. BARTHMANN. Mrs. Harry Barthmann, of Berlin, Germany, will be the guest at a "chocolate" to be given by Mrs. Newton A. Bornstein, of 454 High street, Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Barthmann is visiting Mrs. Bornstein.

MISS AJWATER'S "BRIDGE."

Miss Elizabeth Atwater entertained at bridge yesterday at her home, 1091 Broad street, in honor of Miss Faith Davis, of Washington, who is her house guest. Those present included Miss Emily Hildgorth, Miss Roberta Ward, Miss Hildegard Howard, Miss Florence English, Miss Inez Stengel, Miss Mabel Strompel, Miss Bessie Osborne, Miss Grace Wiggin, Miss Mildred Wiggin, of Orange; Miss Marie Robertson, Miss Madeline O'Neill, Miss Nina Bissell, of East Orange; Miss Margaret Moore, of Cleveland; Mrs. J. A. Becker, of New York; Miss Bessie Grover, Miss May W. Cooper, Miss Edith Dickinson, Miss Louise Vaughan, of East Orange; Miss Florence Schanze, Miss Helen Paul, Miss Hazel Ellis, Miss Margaret Dale, of Detroit; Miss Isabel Gregory, Miss Emma Martin, Miss Antoinette Martin, Mrs. Charles Hartshorn, Miss Emily Ward and Miss Stella Watson.

FOR WOMEN'S MEETINGS.

At the Public Library on Thursday at 3 o'clock there will be a meeting of women artists and those interested in artistic work, to arrange for women's meetings to be held at the Artists' Club rooms, in Academy street. The rooms are vacant during the afternoons, and several women have expressed a desire to make use of them. All who are interested are invited to attend the Thursday meeting.

MAX J. FISCH SURPRISED.

Max J. Fisch, of 72 Barclay street, was given a surprise party at his home Sunday night. A solid gold fountain pen was presented to him. The rooms were decorated with flags of all nations and the reception-room with flowers and colored lights. Jack Gerud and Samuel Weber, comedians, entertained the guests. William Bergen played various instruments. Among those present were Miss Hattie Newirth, Miss Dora Lowenstein, Miss Rose Balfour, Miss Sadie Fisch, Miss Mollie Jacobson, Miss Anna Ginsberg, Miss Elizabeth Barnard, Miss Pearl Schrier, Miss Hannah Fisch, Mrs. G. Fisch, Miss Jennie Magat, Michael Byock, Abraham Friedman, William Levy, Peter Fisch, David Armm, Max J. Fisch, David Horvitz, Samuel H. Osterwell, Joseph Gibian, Samuel Hollander, William Berger, Samuel Berger, Jack Gerud, Samuel Weber, Harry Lowenstein and Harry Baer.

SICK BENEFIT DANCE.

Success marked the eighteenth annual entertainment and dance of the Germania Woman's Sick Benefit Society No. 1, in Wiesemann's Hall, Ferry street, last night. There was singing by the Orpheus Singing Society and

Miss Mulligan Hostess at Tea. Other Society Notes of Local Interest.

many other organizations contributed to the program. Those in charge of the arrangements were: Mrs. Elizabeth Leyritz, Mrs. Lena Wiesemann, Mrs. Caroline Waag, Mrs. Theresa Giese, Mrs. Louise Shea, Mrs. Margaret Wenzel, Mrs. Theresa Gennan, Mrs. Christina Koenig, Mrs. Elizabeth Stelch, Mrs. Catharine Aab and Mrs. Josephine Buehler.

MISS FINK'S BIRTHDAY.

Miss Catharine C. J. Fink, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Fink, celebrated her 18th birthday anniversary in her home, 75 Delavan avenue, last night. There were vocal and instrumental selections and dancing. Among the guests were: Mrs. Paul Baudendist, Mrs. Louis Keller, Mrs. Adolph Fink, Mrs. Robert Richter, Mrs. Julia Schuck, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Weber, Frederick Weber, Mrs. Charlotte Steinkopf, Miss Elsie Keppeler, Mr. and Mrs. John Kenzie, Sidney Stevenson, Arthur Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. August G. Eckert and Mrs. S. A. Gottwalt.

COSTUME MUSICALS.

Plans are well under way for the costume musicals to be given by the members of the Guild of the Babes' Hospital in the interests of that institution, Thursday night, February 18, when the Hoyt Sister, of New York, professional entertainers, will give a program of fancy costume dances, songs and impersonations of stage celebrities, that will be sure to please the most particular.

The Hoyt Sisters have often appeared at New York society functions. They were the entertainers at a reception given last week by Mrs. Nichols in honor of Miss Margery Gould. Tickets have been selling rapidly, and it is expected that a substantial sum will be realized, which will be put to good use in the ever-growing hospital.

Miss Matilda Dodd is chairman of the entertainment committee. Other active workers are Miss Crane, Miss Florence Elmore Murphy, Miss Henrietta Bigelow, Miss Helen Osborne and Miss Katherine Young. A number of the young men will act as ushers.

WOMAN'S PRESS CLUB.

At the business meeting of the New Jersey Woman's Press Club in the Free Public Library yesterday afternoon it was decided to publish a club woman's calendar some time in the summer, with an appropriate quotation for each day in the year. The advisability of issuing cards of membership to those in the club was discussed, but no action was taken. Plans were discussed for future social affairs and ways of broadening the club's interests. There was a large attendance of members from the Oranges, Jersey City, Hoboken, Elizabeth and this city.

Miss Ada D. Fuller, of Jersey City, presided in the absence of the president, Mrs. William C. Ward, of East Orange.

WHIST POSTPONED.

The charity whist which was to have been held tomorrow night at the home of Mrs. Parsonnet, 134 West Kinney street, has been postponed until a week from tomorrow night.

CREAM CHIFFON EMBROIDERED IN SILVER MAKES THIS GOWN BEAUTIFUL



A "perfect dream of a gown" is here, with delicate, of soft cream messaline satin, gracefully draped over the bust in a suggestion of the surplice fashion and with a long clinging skirt which ends in a good-sized train. Over this is worn a robe of cream chiffon, embroidered in silver and pale green threads, with panel effects in the front, adorned with pale green and silver fringe and tassels. The tight sleeves end at the elbow and are covered with closely shirred chiffon. Above the shirred draping is a yoke of fine baby Irish lace. The gown gives an effect of exquisite simplicity, though a close inspection shows a studied elaboration of detail. The correct collar for such a robe should be in the low, Greek style, with bands of silver gauze.

White silk waists are banded with colored silk. Simulated silk button-holes are used to further the trimming note.

HEART TO HEART ADVICE ON THE ROAD TO TOMORROW By Margery Doon.

Dear Margery Doon:

I am a girl of 18. I met a young man of 20 at a dance. He called at my home and asked me to go to a dance, but I found out the other day that he went out with other girls, so I did not accept his invitation. Kindly let me know if it would have been proper to go with him. CONSTANT READER.

There was no reason why you should have refused. A young man may have as many girl friends as he cares to cultivate, as long as he is not engaged, and a young woman has the same privilege with regard to young men. Surely you did not expect him to give up the society of all his girl friends just for the sake of escorting you to a dance.

About Time He Proposed.

Dear Margery Doon:

I am a girl of 20, and have been keeping company for the past two years with a gentleman 25 years of age. He invites me to a great many places of amusement and seems to care a great deal for me at times. He has never spoken of matrimony, and he is so much older than I I would like to know if you think my time is being wasted, or if he really loves me. This is a serious matter to me, so will you please let me have your opinion as soon as possible.

WAITING. A man of thirty-five would hardly give all of his time to a girl unless he loved her and wanted to marry her. Only very young men do things of that sort. But it certainly is high time he proposed, if he has been monopolizing your time for two years. Why do you not pretend a great interest in some one else? If he objects you will then have

an opportunity to say that he has no right to object, because he is not your fiance. This will give him an opportunity to ask for your hand, if he intends to. If he does not speak of marriage very soon I would advise you to give up his companionship and try to forget him, and next time try to give your love to some one nearer your own age.

Sometimes She's Nice and More Times She's Mean.

Dear Margery Doon:

Please give me your advice. I am a young man of 23, and in love with a girl of 18. At times she seems to care for me very much, and then all of a sudden she will not look at me at all, going to dances and parties with other young men. When I write she will not answer, and then all of a sudden she will call me on the telephone and invite me to call. I can never depend on her, and if I talk of love she only laughs. Will you please tell me how to act so as to find out if she really cares or not, as I am all at sea.

UNCERTAIN. I think she cares for you in a way, but has an idea that there is nothing like popularity. Why do you not give her a little of her own medicine? When she calls you up after one of her lapses, be very friendly, but tell her with polite restraint that you are sorry you cannot accept her kind invitation on account of an important engagement. Then call on another girl on the next day. If she cares for you even a little the idea that another girl is winning you will make her change her tactics suddenly.

AUNT MATTY'S MENU

WEDNESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Grapes
Hominy and cream
Bacon and eggs Hot rolls
Coffee

LUNCHEON.

Bean porridge Croquettes
Hash on toast Fried potatoes
Sweet tomato pickles
Canned raspberries, sugar cookies

TEA.

Cream of pea soup
Broiled steak
Mashed potatoes Gravy
Canned string beans Olives
Fruit salad

THE MENU RECIPES.

Bean Porridge.

After once making baked bean soup it will be tried often. Moisten a cup of snare and put through a pure sieve; add a minced onion and cook in a pint of water or stock until tender, adding water as needed. Then proceed as for any cream soup, making the beans for the base. Bean soup needs to be nicely seasoned and served with a quarter of boiled egg in the centre of each dish and a sprinkling of parsley.

Fruit Salad.

Yolk of two eggs, one-third cupful vinegar, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one-half tablespoonful mustard, boil until thick; when cold add one cupful whipped cream. Fruit—Five good sized

apples, two oranges, ten cents worth walnuts. Any fruit that you prefer can be used with this dressing.

Bryan Cake.

Two cupfuls of sugar, half a cupful of butter, two eggs, one cupful of cream, three cupfuls of flour, one teaspoon of cream tartar. Mix thoroughly.

NEWS FOR SHOPPERS

At L. Bamberger & Co.'s there is a sale of linen centrepieces with German and French Chlury lace borders. The prices are remarkably low.

A special sale of tapestry portieres in many desirable shades with plain or fringed ends, is being held at Hahn & Co.'s.

Those who travel south to escape the cold weather would do well to inspect the assortment of summer slippers and Oxford ties at L. S. Plaut & Co.'s.

Valentines and post-cards of all kinds are being sold rapidly at the W. V. Snyder Company's. This firm has also a fine display of dinner cards and favors.

An advance assortment of spring flowers and foliage is displayed in the millinery department at the David Straus store.

Wide taffeta ribbon of a heavy quality, suitable for little girls' hair ribbons, may be purchased at Lissner's.

"The Case of Lady Broadstone"

First of Serial of Great Fiction Offerings to Appear Exclusively in THE EVENING STAR. Start Reading This Today.

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SYNOPSIS.

Eva Petherby, daughter of John Petherby, a millionaire, loves and is beloved by Don Stuart, a manly youth, and chum of Eva's brother, Stuart asks her father for the girl's hand, but is forbidden the house. Less than a year later the broken-hearted girl is forced into a marriage with Lord Broadstone, a dissipated scoundrel, the black sheep of his family. He has been in America and married there, but on the eve of his wedding to Eva assures her father his first wife is dead. Lord Broadstone about to take place when Gilbert Dorrisson, Lord Broadstone's cousin, writes to the latter that the American wife, whom Broadstone had tried to poison, is still alive. Nevertheless, the wedding takes place. Gilbert Dorrisson meets on an Atlantic steamer Mrs. Self, a Polish, a rich American widow, who in reality is Lord Broadstone's first wife, although Dorrisson does not know it.

On shipboard Dorrisson makes his court to Mrs. Petherby, and in London he proposes to her. She tells him that he has her love, at the same time informing Dorrisson that her money in a New York bank has been exhausted.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"You have spent a thousand pounds in a fortnight!" he broke in. "The only thousand pounds you had?"

"I knew you would come to me, Gilbert. You are not angry? You said nothing could shake your love."

He was already congratulating himself upon his escape; and his pale face was set and resolved as he folded up the letter very precisely and returned it.

"It is not for me to be angry," he answered. "What can I do for you?"

"My dear Mrs. Petherby, I am not rich enough to marry anyone who can spend that sum of money in a fortnight."

"Well, but you are an adventurer," she shrugged her shoulders, and her diamonds sparkled and scintillated. Then with a laugh: "I suppose I am."

"You can't expect me to marry you in that case?"

"But what can I do? Without money, without friends—I am a desert meadow—without even means to get back to the States. Mr. Dorrisson—Gilbert! Surely you won't—oh!" and she sank back in her chair apparently in great distress. Her dejection touched him slightly in spite of his disappointment. He was willing to help her if he could. And then an idea occurred to him.

He sat down again and said quietly: "Let us talk it over. Of course, marriage is out of the question, but I can help you if you really can get rid of these debts."

"I can do that—my jewels will do that," she answered. "Show me."

"I can help you to make perhaps enough money to enjoy legitimately some of the things you have had here."

"I will do anything in the world for money," cried Sadie, with excellent simulated desperation.

"You can keep a secret?"

"Have I not kept this? Did anyone on the 'Aronia' suspect?"

"Well, there is a secret involved. You have played your part so well that you could play another—this time with me to help you. There is a man I know who has lately married a girl with a huge fortune. He has been already married—unknown to her—and the first wife is living. The man and wife have not met for many years. If you will play the part of that first wife, there is a fortune for both you and me. You say you have come to the end of things with this—'and he waved his hand about the room—and will do anything for money. Well, here is a chance of making enough to do all this in earnest."

in your appearance. You and she may not have been unlike each other years ago."

"Oh, it is horrible!" sighed Sadie. "But I must have money."

"I have her likeness with me. I have often meant to ask you whether you had ever seen her. This is the first time."

It was a photograph of—herself!

The room seemed to reel with her. But in a moment she had regained self-possession and rose.

"Mr. Dorrisson, you have made the mistake of your life. I am no black-mailer—not even an adventurer. I have just fooled you with this letter. My bankers are Morgan, and my anxiety about poverty just a fairy tale. I have made it my business to find out a great deal about you since my arrival in London, and you may hear of me again. This was just a play-acting test. Go, please, and take with you this knowledge—there is one woman in London who knows you for the paltry scoundrel you are."

Too dumfounded to reply, Dorrisson left the room at once; and Sadie sat down to think over the strange knowledge so strangely gained.

CHAPTER V.

Dorrisson's Blank Cartridge.

GILBERT DORRISON felt his debt keenly. Never in his life before had he had to drain such a cup of humiliation, and the taste rankled and enraged him beyond measure.

The disappointment was bad enough. He had had the golden apple of fortune in his very hands, only to have it torn from him with degradation and insult and without even a faint hope of recovery.

But the disappointment was not by any means the worst. He had been out-juggled that in his folly he had let the mask of his hypocrisy be snatched away. Had the skin been torn from his flesh the pain and smart could not have been worse. All through the night he winced at the remembrance of Sadie's contemptuous glances, and shrank under the lash of her bitter words.

He looked into his affairs that morning, and not without some uneasiness saw that he must have some five thousand pounds to meet immediate needs. The money-lenders had closed their cash-boxes, and some of them, in deed, were pressing for repayment.

He had for some years spent a great deal more than his income, and had lost considerable sums in stock exchange speculations. As the hole to the Broadstone title and estates, he had never had any difficulty in raising money up to the time of his cousin's marriage, and his debts ran into a good many thousands.

The marriage had made a difference, of course. The money-lenders had closed their cash-boxes, and some of them, in deed, were pressing for repayment.

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mean, we have always loved each other so much. You see, in the old days at Petherby I was so dependent on him for heaps of things."

"I understand," he replied, meaningly.

"Don't tell Bertram I said anything like that. But I—"

She faltered and stopped. Then with another wistful smile she added: "I am afraid I am always saying things I ought not, except to Jack, of course; but he understands."

"I hope I understand, too, Eva. But I wish with all my heart you were happier. You deserve it; on my soul you do."

Eva tried to restrain a sigh, and to cover it with a smile. "I don't know that I am unhappy, except that I have one little bother now. I am losing my maid, and she has been such a companion that I shall miss her. One gets so used to people about one. I know I'm very selfish."

"I wish I could think that was your only trouble," declared Dorrisson earnestly, and with a steady look that somewhat disconcerted her.

Before she could reply, Lord Broadstone entered. He took no notice of Eva, who shrunk away to the window. "Hello, you here already, Gilbert?" he said.

"They told me you were out when I arrived. Didn't they tell you I was here?"

"I only came in in time to scramble into my things. Dinner's ready. Come on. For once I declare I am hungry; and he went off, leaving Dorrisson to give his arm to Eva and follow.

Even the pretense of common courtesy had been abandoned by him. The dinner was a dull affair. His lordship ate much and drank more, and his only remarks to his wife were made when he grumbled at something on the table. Dorrisson tried to make conversation with Eva, but she was overweighed by the presence of her husband; so that even Dorrisson, who could always talk readily, found himself a little at a loss.

When the wine had had some effect, Broadstone spoke a little to his wife. "Been out today?" he asked, abruptly.

"I went for a drive this afternoon, Bertram," she replied, much like a child to an elder.

"I should be delighted. Where are the links?"

"Within motoring distance. Do you no end of good," he added to Eva.

"Jack's coming in a day or so, Bertram. I shall get out more then. It's so lonely getting about by oneself."