

Social Personal

The Bachelors' ball continues to be talked about wherever society folk congregate. It was a rare wonderful picture, rich in color, brilliant in composition, so infinite in its variety that it must haunt the memory long after dancing days are done. That it was given at but a small loss to the committee is a proof that Scranton appreciates such an elegant annual event. To have the Bachelors' ball abandoned would be a social calamity and as the subscriptions from invited guests are the only methods of paying expenses it is a pity that so many well known society people are absent from year to year. The members of the committee are receiving congratulations on all sides and the fact that the most expensive ball of the series was given with only a slight deficit as a result is pleasant information for everybody.

The committee has not yet met for organization for the coming year, but a meeting will soon be held and it is now certain that another elaborate event of the same kind will mark the closing of 1900.

Only one thing more remains for the Bachelors to do in order to surpass the last beautiful success recorded to their everlasting credit and that is a ball masque. When again the year is old they should achieve such a miracle of picturesque effect that not an invited guest would be absent unless by reason of some dire affliction. With the Lyceum theater for a back ground, a costume ball could be given which would dazzle this portion of the world. We have the material right here in Scranton in intelligence, beauty and wealth which could achieve magnificent results if the opportunity were given. There are those who could spend a large amount of money on costumes and there are others who with narrower means could still devise something historically correct and picturesque. For it should be historical, or at least distinctive in character, not a nondescript rabble of shepherdesses, peasant maids and Dolly Vardens, but careful, painstaking reproductions of famous characters in history, fiction or great portraits. It need in no sense be an imitation of the Broadway-Martin ball with the roles confined to two centuries, but it should be definitely required that each person in the grand march or the succeeding dances represent some personage in history or fiction.

The arrangements for such a great affair should be made early, invitations being sent a month previous to the ball, so that time enough could be allowed for its elaborate preparations as possible. One can see in imagination a certain society leader who would be a real Marie Stuart, another who would bear a close resemblance to Ada Rehan's "Katherine," a fair girl who might pose as "Elsie, the Lily maid of Astolat," another beautiful young matron we all know, who could appear in royal robes as the lovely ill-fated Blanche of Castile, while still another might personate the Mary Tudor, as pictured in "When Knights Holed was in Flower." There are Marguerite d'Alencon and that other fair Marguerite of Navarre, Francis I., Louise de Lafayette, Cinq Mars and frail lovely Louise de la Valliere, Richelieu, Mary de Medici, the Prince of Conde, the Duke de Nemours, and many other illustrious figures of French history, whose personages could be well represented by some of our modern day friends, and now that certain books have become so popular, David Harum, Richard Carvel, Sister Dolores, Colonel Carter, Rassendyl, Lady Babine, Gerry Quaxle, and a myriad of familiar personalities of the past the thought would in a swift procession. By all means let us have

a costume ball at the end of this new year.

The School of Domestic Science in connection with the Young Women's Christian association will open Jan. 15, under the direction of Miss Kate Le Smith, of the Boston Cooking School. This is an innovation for Scranton. We have had spasms of cooking here in the shape of lectures which reacted sometimes fatally on the tempers if not the lives of home victims. We have had amateur cooking clubs, where young ladies and little girls have compelled their masculine relatives and acquaintances to eat what their hostesses prepared, but as for a resident stay-at-home roll-up-the-first number cooking school, we never have had one. This is to be the genuine article, twelve lessons for \$6, which includes membership fee of the Young Women's Christian association. Evening classes \$4.

Speaking of cooking on Monday Mrs. S. T. Rover, the famous apostle of good things, will lecture at Guernsey's hall, under the auspices of the Green Ridge Women's club. Her subject will be chiefly on foods for children. Mrs. Rover is sure to be interesting and instructive and if there are any children to be left alive in this city after the diphtheria and scarlet fever are through, it may be a good plan to know what to feed them.

The Misses Reynolds gave a delightful musicale last night at their home on Sanderson avenue, for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church. A number of guests, representing the culture and taste of both Green Ridge and Scranton attended the affair. Miss Turnbull, the fair young Baltimorean, who has made so many friends in Scranton during her visits at the home of Mrs. Chauncey Reynolds, was the vocal soloist. Miss Clara Reynolds accompanied on the piano and Mr. Harvey Blackwood and Miss Mary Dickson gave a cello and violin accompaniment the first number.

Miss Turnbull has a beautiful mezzo voice full of vibrant life and magnetic sympathy. She sings with verve and animation, and has a distinct charm of enunciation and accent. Her repertoire is exceedingly wide and the selections of last evening by Bemberg and other favorite composers were well chosen to a degree. The programme was a distinct satisfaction. At its conclusion refreshments were served, Mrs. George Brock and Mrs. James P. Dickson presiding at the table. They were assisted by Miss Eleanor Reynolds, Miss Chauncey Reynolds and Misses Mary and Elizabeth Dickson.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Smith gave a cord party at their home on Clay avenue Tuesday night in honor of Miss Cornelia Galpin and her guests, Miss Metcalf, of Jersey City; Miss Savage, of Rahway, N. J., and Miss Johnson, of South Carolina, who assisted Mr. and Mrs. Smith in receiving. Other ladies who were about the rooms were Mrs. A. D. Blackinton, Mrs. N. Y. Lee, Mrs. George du R. Dimmi-k and Mrs. H. H. Brady, Jr. The company included a hundred or more of the young people of Scranton and their out-of-town guests.

Mrs. Thomas Sprague entertained at a reception on Tuesday, when her beautiful home was thrown open for the first time since its occupancy. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Sprague.

Major Montrose Barnard gave a dinner at the Wyoming Valley hotel, on Tuesday, when the guests, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Reese A. Phillips, district

superintendents, Scranton; H. A. Fillmore, Thomas H. Thomas, George H. Montgomery, James B. Lewis, Richard Evans, Eben Lloyd, Edward Barber, Morgan V. Lewis, Thomas H. Carey and John T. Evans.

Miss Edith Smith and E. C. Knowles were, Thursday morning, joined in wedlock at the home of Oscar Smith, of this city, the bride's father. Following the ceremony and wedding feast the young couple went to Binghamton, where they will visit a short while, and then return to make their home here. Miss Smith was formerly bookkeeper in the music warehouse of J. W. Guernsey, and is very well known in the city.

Mrs. A. H. Christy gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Country club, in honor of her niece, Miss Edith Ballrigg, of Hollidaysburg. The other guests were Misses Elizabeth Blair, Marjorie Warren, Gertrude Courson, Lois Tracy, Katherine Steel, Ruth Archibald, Eleanor Moffat and Margaretta Bell.

Mr. E. E. Loomis gave a beautiful dinner Wednesday evening at the Scranton club. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Jermyn, Miss Welles, Miss Wilber, Miss Bellin, Miss Archibald, Miss Jermyn; Messrs. P. B. Bellin, J. H. Brooks, Slade, Neale and Thorne.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Medway have issued invitations to the marriage reception of their daughter, Josephine, to Mr. William Arthur Mansville, Thursday evening, Jan. 11, at their residence, 1646 Adams avenue.

There is the little family. A baby's first year is celebrated with glad ceremonies as a renewal of gratitude for the richest gift that ever blessed a human heart. There is the woman who looked proudly back upon a year when social ambition had been gratified and a desired position had been reached.

There is the little girl who sighed contentedly as she awakened that morning to recall the fact that all her examinations had been creditably taken.

But there were others. A motorman stamping his feet in the bitter cold, as he stood on the unprotected platform of a flying car, returned a fellow-sufferer's greeting as they met and whizzed past each other with the cry: "Pretty tough, if this is what I've got to do all the year. Didn't think I'd celebrate New Year so."

A little chap, with uncovered hands, blue with the cold, tugged a big basket of clothes home to his mother, as nightfall came on. She had washed all that New Year's day, as she had almost all the other weekdays of the year, and with all her toil had been unable to procure warm clothing for the little fellow who wearily dragged the heavy load for another day's work. He shivered in the sweeping blast and his thin, little face looked up pathetically at the passerby. A happy New Year?

There was the home where in a darkened room lay the father, revered and loved. There had been no time for a good-bye kiss, a last blessing, a tender word.

There was another home, where, as twilight fell, a few friends gathered in the dim evening to hear the ritual for the dead as the minister read it above a young wife, whose brief life journey had been chiefly traveled with much bodily weakness and fatigue.

There was the other home, where two sat all day long with clasped hands, looking with dumb awe into each other's eyes and thinking only of "tomorrow" and of the parting which had in it all the degrees of death without its merciful anodyne. A Happy New Year, indeed! Happy for the roof of homes and hearts is not lifted that we may see all the pain, all the misery, else for not one of us could it have been a happy New Year day.

Resolutions seem to have gone out of fashion except on such polite occasions as the death of a member of an important lodge, or the visit of some convention to town. Either people are not making resolutions or they are preparing some degree of secrecy about them. I did hear one small boy in the street remark the other day that he had "resolved" in his new diary to eat more slowly this year, so that he "could hold more," and it is said that a certain young lady has recorded the laudable resolve to be married before next New Year's day or die, but, generally speaking, New Year swearing obsolete. Perhaps people have lost faith in themselves, or happy thought, or the highest degree of perfection that such a degree of perfection that they no longer need such spasmodic efforts at reform. The preachers do say, however, that there was an unusually large attendance at prayer meeting Wednesday night, which is an indication of a hundred or more in the line of New Year resolutions.

I know some resolves which would be nice for other people to make. The school board should write down a nice resolution to buy that old Home for the blind, and secure a valuable building for the use of the city. This would be a most worthy institution of an incubus of debt.

The board of trade and Mr. W. W. Stanton should kiss and make up and stop saying things about each other the school children. And a little nice resolution to set before the little children of the city. The Green Ridge Women's club should resolve to start a Town Improvement society, which would clear the streets of waste paper by engaging the co-operation of the school children. And a little nice resolution to set before the little children of the city. The Green Ridge Women's club should resolve to start a Town Improvement society, which would clear the streets of waste paper by engaging the co-operation of the school children. And a little nice resolution to set before the little children of the city. The Green Ridge Women's club should resolve to start a Town Improvement society, which would clear the streets of waste paper by engaging the co-operation of the school children.

Love has a thousand eyes, but most of them are near-sighted. Of knowledge even the wisest man carries a sample case. If a girl could see all she has to do to act as if she thought she could. A liberal education is one that allows girls as well as boys to run to fires, as an obstacle to success in life. Too much self-control is sometimes as bad as too little.

Be obviously and anxiously careful regarding the correct thing is not the correct thing. Second thoughts are wisest, because by the time we get them we have remembered to hold our tongues. For a woman to suppose a man is all right, but for her to let him know it is to give him her best trump.

As soon as a doctor's prescription makes a woman feel better, she is sorry she wasted money getting it filled.—Chicago Record.

HER POINT OF VIEW

It should be a happy new year for everybody. Of course, there are leaves to turn over and resolutions and apologies and friends to make. There are pleasant words to say, and good thoughts to cherish. To be sure it would be a happy new year. We all wished it should be for multitudes of friends and they earnestly expressed the same desire for us. If all the good wishes could come true it should be a phenomenal twelve months for proud, beautiful, expansive happiness. It all depends on the point of view. There is the merry little clerk where the head of the household looked about him on the first day of the year and smiled complacently. "Every one of us here, well, prosperous and happy, and I am making more money than ever before."

There was the lady who that morning wore a new sashkin coat for the first time. Her first sashkin it was and it marked an epoch in the family prosperity. Of course it is a happy new year for her.

There is the girl wife whose first new year day in her married life was

passed in the blissful consciousness that perfect sympathy, a tenderness of care, a devotion of years, were hers absolutely. There is the maiden who that night could not sleep for thinking of the new joy and interest that had come into her life since day dawn, because of a mutual confession of love and the pledging of a truth with the man in whose all-surrounding care she now hoped to spend all the future years.

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Lightning Rod Man on Etiquette.

My dear Mr. Editor: Sum up your korrespondents, Mr. Epicure & others, have asked me 2 give them, in a konise form, a few rules in a simple manner. As times and customs are constantly changing it is extremely hard 2 keep up with the proshushun, so 2 speak.

Were I 2 give those of 2 day fashua mite dekree something else ere these rules but 4th in awl there glory ov cold, kamm type & my efforts wood be 4 nare & they wood be obsolete, as it were, or quite Ito Janeiro as the French say; there 4 I due the best I kan under xisting circumstances & giv a few vitch are always good.

When ushed in 2 the dining room you shoed walk aimlessly around the room gazing at the pictures on the wall as tho you had nothing on your mind but a littel scattered hair. After you think that you have avoided awl suspishun ov eny premeditated axshun shtu gracefully in 2 the chare best the host. This iz not only a position ov honor, but it avoies cumms handly if you want 2 be helpt 3 or 4 times without disturbing the other guests. Should sum 1 else endeavor 2 sekure the seat ov onner dont try 2 foll him by the aid of the 1/2 Nelson or strangled bolt, but use diplomasy; cawl hiz attention 2 a piece ov bricky brack or a picture & while explaining the beauties ov abov menshud article edly slowly 2 ward the goal. A littel practice will make you so profishant that Pinkerton himself woodnt suspishun your intentions. Should the waiter stumbl & fall 2 sop down the back ov your neck dont speak 2 him about it because society folks dont konvers with hired hel. However, if you are demokratik in your ways you shoed count at least 3 or 4 you say anything, but the best way to reproove him iz 2 say nothing & cut him dead when you meet him on the street. This avoies giv the assenbled guests the idea that you only ware a shadblly cute once then throw it away — this adds 2 your prestidge.

While menny peopl use napkins it iz better 2 let sleeping dogs lie on the tabel as 2 speak, & not spread it ore your rite new, shoed you sekure it on your nee it iz awlmost impossibel 2 avoie suspishun ov deeling from the bottom & when your hostess iz returning the napkins 2 the nabors & iz 1/2 a dozen say the terrible finger ov suspishun iz pointed in awl direxshuns but yount 2 him about it because society folks dont konvers with hired hel. However, if you are demokratik in your ways you shoed count at least 3 or 4 you say anything, but the best way to reproove him iz 2 say nothing & cut him dead when you meet him on the street. This avoies giv the assenbled guests the idea that you only ware a shadblly cute once then throw it away — this adds 2 your prestidge.

The contents of the finger bowl looks tempting, with a lemon peal on its quivering bosom, the desire 2 drink it shoed be stifted. With the habit iz not ntlly absolet it iz now generally taboed by the best elements.

The best 2 leave the tabel hungry rather than 2 be helpt 7 or ate times. I once heard ov a man whom the hostesses cornd, wheeled & kajaled—noth, inssted shoed be helpt a 4th time, & after he had taken hiz departur end hiz fun ov and told the nabors I was a hog. Thus we see that awl that glitters iz not gold by a damstie.

When the codish bawls are served stab the reptile gently yet firmly, behind the ears with a fork; shoed he squeal, a swift snare, with the bit ov the knife, between the tee, will end hiz miserabel existens & you can heave a sigh of relief, or more, if necessary.

You need feel no konpunction in slaying the broot, 4 a more trefcherus animal never lived or died, its sting iz as poisonus az that ov the butterfly & the hostess shoed be helpt ov hiz "It's a poor mule that dont know both ways." I repeat, you need feel no regret at hiz untimely end, 4 he wood hav dun az much 4 you had the tabel bin vicy veyra. (French fraze meaning end 4 end).

If you find a horseshoe nale konsaid in the hash it iz a good luck signe—good luck that it got no further, 4 the horseshoe & the vermiefe appendix are dedly enemys & seldum pass each other without trouble. But abuv awl things dont drag about your good luck, at the tabel. You can swell up, inssted a swift snare, 2 a littel pat yourself on the back & even order a few bokays sent 2 your residents anonymously in a disguised hand riting & tissue paper, but dont, I priethee dont, brag about it at the tabel as it haz a tendency 2 make the other guests jealous & the hostess shoed be helpt ov hiz wife or sweetheart iz making a kolokshun ov soviner spines it iz well not 2 take 2 menny. In case they serch the guests ere there hegria you mite regret your having came.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

A few weeks since Miss Cordelia Freeman and Miss Julia C. Allen, Mus. Bac., were unanimously elected members of the Society of American Musicians and Composers, of which Edward MacDowell is president. Miss Freeman and Miss Allen attended a private meeting of the society in New York this week.

George Martin, of Academy street, this city, is an ardent student in harmony; recently he has composed some excellent music.

Alfred Wooler, the well known tenor of Elm Park church, has just completed a very rigid course in musical form and composition under Dr. Hugh A. Clarke, professor of music, University of Pennsylvania, from whom he has received a certificate. Mr. Wooler has now completed harmony, counterpoint, canon, tissue, musical form and composition, and has received the following excellent letter: "I am glad to say that I will be pleased to testify to your musical attainments at any time. I feel sure that you are, in every respect, thoroughly qualified to fill any responsible position where musical knowledge is required."

(Signed) "H. A. Clark, M. D., Professor of music, University of Pennsylvania."

Miss Edna Judd's popular two-step and march, "The Delaware Water Gap," is meeting with much success, having already had a large sale. The composition contains much merit and

The singing of Albert Pilling on New Year's night at the Young Women's



PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND

Makes nerve fibre, nerve force and muscle. The body is made healthy, able to endure the rack upon nerves from overwork and care, and withstand exposure to severe weather and prevailing disease.

Wyan Nelson, of Kansas City, Mo., writes:

"I was nervous, despondent, irritable, had no appetite, could not sleep well, had night sweats. My physician said I was threatened with nervous prostration. On the recommendation of my partner, I commenced using Paine's Celery Compound. Today I am as sound as a dollar, eat well, sleep well, and am not at all nervous."

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND IS A GREAT RECONSTRUCTANT.

Christian association reception was a revelation and was greatly enjoyed by those present.

Miss Lottie Skinner, of this city, is developing a wonderful contralto voice under the tuition of Alfred Wooler.

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will undoubtedly continue to be numbered among the favorite two-steps.

To the Public.

I want to let the people who suffer from rheumatism and sciatica know that Chamberlain's Pain Balm relieved me after a number of other medicines and a doctor had failed. It is the best liniment I have ever known of.—J. A. Dodgen, Alburetta, Ga. Thousands have been cured of rheumatism by this remedy. One application relieves the pain. For sale by all druggists, Matthews Brothers, wholesale and retail agents.

According to a German journal, more than 8 per cent. of all seafaring men are afflicted with rheumatism.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss: Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 4th day of December, A. D. 1898.

(Seal) Notary Public, Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Sold for testimonials free.

FRANK J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 25c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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