Social & Personal

NOW are the days when femininity is considering summer apparel. Church work may also be among the thoughts which occupy attention, but there is no sort of doubt that plans for the Easter gown and the springtime raiments, with the preparations for swift-coming hot weather are apt to exclude even the consolations of religion at this time of the year.

The experience of some families, where one or more of its members strictly observe Lent, seems to be that they are cross and irritable, either from fasting or self-denial, or some other reason.

"We are always so glad when Lent is over," said a small maiden the other day. When pressed for her reasons, she replied: "Oh, on account of the fish and sister. Fish in Scranton are never fit to eat and we loathe it, and sister is always so absorbed in her devotions that she hasn't time to tie my braids, or read to brother Will, or talk to father in the twilight, as he likes to have her, and she always looks so annoyed when we call her down from what Jim calls her 'soaring,' that we take good care to let her alone. We almost get used to living without her, for half the time she doesn't come to meals and I know she must be fearfully hungry. But after Lent is over she does come down and is so nice to us that we are glad enough to have her again."

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Among the Lenten occupations which some of the society women are thinking of undertaking is organizing a chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution. There are many eligible persons in this town, the suspicions of Wilkes-Barre to the contrary notwithstanding.

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As every one knows, Miss Stella Seymour is in South Africa. It may not be generally known by the people of her old home that her brother, Louis, is now an officer in the English army at the head of the engineering department, and that his wonderful success financially, it is to be hoped, will be crowned by as great military renown. To a friend in Scranton Miss Seymour writes the following fascinating letter. The allusion to Lord Chichester will call to mind his action in ranging his vessel, the "Immortalite," in the proper place to foil any sinister designs the German admiral seemed likely to carry out in that famous affair of Manila bay. As a friend indeed on that occasion he will always be remembered with affection by Americans:

Miss Seymour writes from the little resort of Minzenberg, a day's journey from Cape Town. In the course of her letter she says:

It is not at all wonderful that some letters should have strayed or been stolen, with Johannesburg shut up from the outside world, though I have not lost nearly as many as I did while I was in Vienna. I confess the only thing I can write about or think about is war. I did not suppose when I started for South Africa I was going into a war in which my own feelings would be so strongly enlisted, or in which I should see my own brother wearing khaki. Louis is going supposedly to build bridges, repair railways, etc., but also to defend bridges and railways while they are being built, and--well, I am a poor soldier myself, and while my whole heart aches for every mourning wife, mother, sister or sweetheart, human nature is the same the world over, and my heart would speedily ache itself to death if anything happened to my engineer-soldier. A crumb of comfort has been thrown us by the assurance that the army cannot afford to take risks with its engineers, for it is in too much need of them. God grant this may be true! If there is any consolation in the absolute justice of a cause, I certainly have it. Anything more corrupt, false, treacherous, un-republican than the Pretoria government and its Psalm-quoting president it would be impossible to find. Even Turkey would be put to it to furnish a parallel to some of its actions. And this "simple, pastoral people," who only wish "to preserve their own rights," by which they mean the right to withhold such rights from other people entitled to them, turns out to be a people marvellously well armed with all modern equipments for warfare, even according to the most advanced continental ideas; surprisingly well armed for such a "simple pastoral folk." And when Mr. Kruger holds up to Almighty God hands, black with bribery and corruption, and with a tongue foul with falsehood and treachery, asks and expects His favor, and a conspicuous Christian minister like Dr. Parkhurst calls that "sanctified obstinacy," and "better Christianity," I am grieved and angry. We are hoping that before this letter can get on board its steamer, Ladysmith will be relieved, and a substantial inroad made on the Boer forces. You will know it as soon as we do, sooner in fact; for since the arrival of Lord Roberts we get almost no news, and none that is not several days old. We cheerfully acquiesce, knowing that thereby Boers are kept in ignorance, but we are hungry nevertheless.

The other day I had a very good look at "our Bobs" and Lord Kitchener as they went into a railway compartment next our own. They were good enough to stand outside a minute or two, so we saw them well. Lord Kitchener went up to Stellenbosch where Louis' regiment is encamped, and my dear "Major" showed his command to him. The early part of this week was full of excitement over the arrival of the Maine hospital ship. The Americans here gave a reception at the Mount Nelson to Lady Randolph Churchill and the staff of doctors and nurses, which was very successful. About a hundred Americans were there, beautifully gowned (Lady Randolph Churchill said of them: "Why, this does not look like war; it looks more like the Ascot races"). The day was fine (all days are here), refreshments and music, the correct thing, and best of all Sir Alfred Milner, who is the most overworked, over-burdened man in Africa or out of it, laid aside his many cares and honored us, as did also that dearest old sea-dog in the world, Sir Edward Chichester, dear to every American who remembers where he put the Immortalite that early May morning in Manila Bay. The next day we went over the ship, and were glad that men who must be wounded were to have such comforts and such care as those doctors and nurses would give. They were remarkably attractive people. One young American fell head over ears in love with a pretty Bostonian nurse, and has been a total wreck since the ship sailed. I wish I was clever, and could write a book. There is material enough under one's eyes to make a dozen novels. A Russian princess who can "make up" her face in a way to deceive the sharpest eyes, who buttonholes all the M. P.'s, and invites them to dinner; this Sirdar, "our Bobs," the new Duke of Westminster, whose income is a sovereign a minute, including nights and Sundays, and who is a cherub-faced boy of 19; a Jewish director in the Kimberley mines, who is losing heavily at poker, all in the Mount Nelson together. Only I was too ill all the last five weeks of our being there to take it in—indeed, I was in bed fully half the time. When you write direct to Mt. Nelson hotel, Cape Town. We are here at Minzenberg in a little cottage by the sea, with piano, books, a French teacher and everything to be happy with, if our boy only would not go a-soldiering.

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Mr. and Mrs. James P. Dickson gave a musicale Thursday evening at their home on Clay avenue. Features of the occasion were solos by Mrs. Randolph and instrumental trios by Miss Mary Dickson, Messrs. Harvey Blackwood and Charles Doersam.

Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Scranton, Mr. and Mrs. Stoek, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. G. du B. Dimmick, Mr. and Mrs. George Rice, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Henshaw, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Mrs. R. Q. Powell, Mrs. Bedford, of Wilkes-Barre; Miss Reynolds, Miss Sanderson, Miss Underwood, Mr. Reynolds Bedford and others.

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Mr. Morgan Thomas was surprised by a party of friends on Tuesday night on the occasion of his twentieth birthday. Among the guests were: Misses Bessie Schall, Emma Lewis, Minnie Reese, Mary James, Lizzie Glaseman, Minnie Thomas, Ida Jones, Alma Reese, Verna Morgans, Alice Tovey, Leah Evans, Margaret Tovey, Edith Jones, Lizzie Bowen, Lizzie Jenkins, Mattie Wagstaff Margaret Thomas, and Messrs. Charles Moyle, Ed. Bahr, Charles Monroe, Lou Davis, George Glaseman, Howard Harchner, Hartley Moser, Harry Harchner, Will Boden, Ed. Constatine, Charles Wagstaff, Morgan Thomas, Julius Hire and Richard Grey.

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Tuesday evening a pleasant surprise party was tendered Samuel Shook at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. T. Nyhart, on North Main avenue, the occasion being Mr. Shook's eighty-fifth birthday. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. John Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. George Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Corsen, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Nyhart, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shook, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Sanders, Mrs. H. A. Miller, Miss Nellie Benjamin, Mrs. David Shook, Miss Shook, Mrs. Jonathan Vipond, Miss Almira Silkman, Mrs. Samuel Bennett, Mrs. Samuel Davis, Miss Nettie Pennell, Rev. William Edgar, William Edgar, jr.

—

Miss Lillian Hagen entertained friends at her home on Tenth street Tuesday evening. The guets were: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hagen, Mr. and Mrs. George Carson, the Misses Godfrey, Mabel Crist, Terwilliger, Louise Farig, Anna Schubert, Minnie Hughes, Jennie Price, Mary Harris; Messrs. David Owens, Palmer L. Williams, W. Haydn Evans, Charles E. Daniels, Leo Campbell, William Hughes, Maurice Miller, T. Loveland.

—

Mr. Olive Rogers and Miss Elizabeth Robinson, of North Scranton, were married Tuesday at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. William Edgar, of the Providence Methodist Episcopal church. A reception was held after the marriage ceremony. After their return from their wedding journey they will reside in Moosic.

—

John H. Brooks, of this city, is at Palm Beach, Florida, and with Mr. T. H. Watkins, Mr. Cramer Von Storch and others is engaged in a golf tournament. These gentlemen also expect to participate in the tournament at Miami next week. Mr. Watkins is making a record as a golfer among the leading players. Mr. Brooks is rapidly getting into form.

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The Yale Alumni association of Scranton will hold their annual dinner at the board of trade rooms on Wednesday next. President Hadley is expected to be present. Several of the Wilkes-Barre alumni are coming and it will be a greeting for all Old Eli graduates in this vicinity.

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A subscription cotillion at the Country club will be among the Easter festivities, and will take place on Easter Monday night. The figures are to be unique and beautiful.

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A piano more than 200 years old, the property of Mr. R. M. Scranton, is an attraction in the window of Powell's music rooms.

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Among Scranton people at Atlantic City are Mrs. E. L. Fuller and Colonel and Mrs. Austin B. Blair and daughter.

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A company of about thirty young people enjoyed a dance last night at the Country club.

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Mr. and Mrs. Harry Haws, of Springfield, Mass., are guests of Rev. and Mrs. Pierce on Mifflin avenue. Mr. Haws is a prosperous business man of Springfield and is greatly interested in the commercial and industrial interests of Scranton.

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Miss Clare Reynolds, who is spending the spring months at Thomasville, was a member of an excursion party down to the Florida East coast resorts last week.

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Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Seybolt announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Romayne, to Mr. Douglas Bunting, of Wilkes-Barre.

—

Miss Bowman, of Lancaster, a most finished pianist, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Williams, on Olive street.

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Mrs. Thomas Dickson has returned from Atlantic City, greatly improved in health.

Movements of People

James Archbald, jr., has returned to Pottsville.

Miss Jennie Thomas is visiting friends in Montrose.

Rev. N. J. McManus has returned from the Bermudas.

Mrs. J. Harry Fisher is visiting friends in Binghamton.

Miss Flora Levy, of Wilkes-Barre, was in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Dean have returned from Washington, D. C.

Andrew Hunlock, of Wilkes-Barre, was at the Jermyn yesterday.

Captain Frank Beardsley, of Montrose, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. George P. Griffith has returned after a three months' stay in Cuba.

Miss Mabel Davis, of Boston, is the guest of Mrs. William T. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis, of Allentown, were in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Crawford will leave next week for a trip to California.

T. F. Wells, esq., has returned from a Masonic meeting in Philadelphia.

Theodore Stein, of Madison avenue, is convalescent after a serious illness.

Miss Pauline Goldsmith, of Wyoming avenue, is visiting in Wilkes-Barre.

Mrs. L. G. Parrish, of Detroit, Mich., has joined her husband at the Jermyn.

Mrs. Thomas Johns, of Pleasant Mount, has been the guest of Scranton friends.

Miss Sara Deen, of Danville, Pa., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. M. Gardner.

Mrs. J. B. Van Bergen and Mrs. M. R. Kays have returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Cross are back in the city after a visit to Albany, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Cake, of Pittston, were among Scranton visitors this week.

Mrs. George W. Fritz and Miss Fritz have gone to Florida for several weeks.

Mr. W. B. Hull, formerly of this city, now of New York, was in town this week.

Mrs. J. B. Poore and Miss Christine Lindsay will spend next week in New York.

Louis Oettinger, of the Economy Furniture company, is in Baltimore on a business trip.

C. W. Fetherolf, formerly of the Tribune staff, now of Binghamton, was in town this week.

Rev. William Edgar was at Clark's Summit last night, where he conducted religious services.

Mrs. Weisman and Mrs. Blattner, of Wilkes-Barre, were the guests of friends in town on Wednesday.

We are pleased to note that Mrs. Lou MacDonald, of Linden street, is convalescent after a long illness.

Mrs. B. Moses and daughter, Celia, of Mulberry street, have returned home, after a visit in Peoria, Ill.

Mrs. S. L. Brown, of Wilkes-Barre, and Mrs. James Chapman, of Montrose, are the guests of Scranton friends.

Mrs. M. Cohn and children, of Bradford, are guests at the home of her brother, Joseph Levy, on Vine street.

General Manager S. E. Wayland, of the Lackawanna Telephone company, was in New York on a business trip this week.

Mrs. Christian Fiehler, of North Bromley avenue, has returned from Hagleton, where she attended the funeral of a relative.

Miss Grace Wilson and Miss McPherson, of Washington, D. C., are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Atherton.

P. S. Duryee, of the firm of Wright, Duryee & Barwise, merchants in teas, coffees and spices of New York city, is in town.

Dr. S. L. Foulke has returned to Stroudsburg, and his son, Benjamin T. Foulke, will resume charge of the drug store here.

Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Stratton have returned from Brooklyn, where Mrs. Stratton was called by the illness and death of her mother, Mrs. Hyatt, of Herkimer street.

Assistant Superintendent William Dods and Trainmaster M. M. Richey, both of Mauch Chunk, and officials of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, called on Messrs. W. E. Thayer and J. S. Swisher, in this city yesterday.

Hugo Burmeister and family, of Scranton, will return to Elmhurst about the first of April. Mr. Slade, auditor of the Erie and Wyoming Valley railroad, will make Elmhurst his home the coming season. W. W. Rissenger, of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, coal department, Scranton, has leased the Clarence Stevens place, and will make his home here after May 1.—Elmhurst Signal.

NEW GOWNS.

Every lady in this city will be glad to learn that Strawbridge & Clothier will make a grand display of ready-to-wear garments at our store Friday and Saturday. For style and quality their garments are the finest in America. You may select goods, be measured, have garments made to order and save money by doing it. The suits, skirts and jackets are worthy of the inspection of the most particular.

** Mears & Hagen.

THE WAR SONG OF THE BOER.

The hardy Boer now singeth,
As to his feet he springeth,
A song that's full of ragged, jagged
rumble, rant and roar.
He loads his trusty rifle
And chants this chunky trifle—
This wondrous, cumbrous melody—the
war song of the Boer:
"Waai hoog nou in ons heider lug
Traansvaalse vriejheidsviag;
Ons vijande is weggeviug;
Nou blink'n blijer dag."

It looks like barb-wire fencing,
With broken-glass commencing;
It tangles, jangles, mangles—then it
wrangles on once mbre.
It cannot be unravelled,
Once from his throat it's traveled—
This tripple-twisted, double-fisted war
song of the Boer:
"Waai hoog nou in ons heider lug
Traansvaalse vriejheidsviag;
Ons vijande is weggeviug;
Nou blink'n blijer dag."

It helps us to determine
What our own General Sherman
Meant when he said that war was like
a place that has a floor
That's paved with good intention—
But not polite to mention—
This awe-inspiring, rapid-firing war
song of the Boer:
"Waai hoog nou in ons heider lug
Traansvaalse vriejheidsviag;
Ons vijande is weggeviug;
Nou blink'n blijer dag."

No matter how you read it,
You certainly will heed it,
For backward, forward, upside down,
it brings up thoughts of gore.
If it's meant to be jolly,
It must have slipped its trolley—
This schrapnel-worded, pistol-girded
war song of the Boer:
"Waai hoog nou in ons heider lug
Traansvaalse vriejheidsviag;
Ons vijande is weggeviug;
Nou blink'n blijer dag."

—Baltimore American.

SYRUP OF FIGS
ACTS GENTLY ON KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS,
CLEANSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY;
DISPELS COLDS HEADACHES & FEVERS;
OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY.
TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS,
BUY THE GENUINE—MAN'F'D BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
LOUISVILLE KY. SAN FRANCISCO CAL. NEW YORK N.Y.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE

HER POINT OF VIEW

WOMEN are often accused of endeavoring to conceal their defects—a perfectly proper and legitimate thing to do—but there are reasons to believe that this trait has been exaggerated by tradition. There is a woman who writes for a well-known newspaper in this state who is apparently looking for trouble. Some time ago it was announced that she would reply to all inquiries on the subject of dress, and the woman's page of the paper would be devoted to this purpose. It is. Those letters and their answers spread over the entire surface of the page with the exception of a small space reserved for a young person with a wonderful figure designed to show off an equally wonderful frock. The vast number of women who yearn to know what to do with their clothes, present and prospective, and who write to the newspaper person for advice is simply appalling. One would think she would go mad after a two weeks' experience with this sort of thing, and indeed she has been ill. Her correspondents ask the most puzzling questions, but what is still more amusing they go into minute descriptions of themselves. It is here that the traditional idea of feminine conceit and secretiveness is refuted.

You know it is somewhat generally believed that a woman will call her friends "stout" or in rare cases that still more abominable term "fleshy," when possessing a similar figure she will invariably speak of herself as plump. She will consider her acquaintances "thin" or "scrawny" or "lean," as the case may be, but always thinks of her own dear self as slight or willowy, or gracefully slender. She will condole with friends on their sallow or jaundiced complexion, but considers her own tinged but with a distinguished pallor. She will describe them as having a redness and blowsiness of countenance which in her own case is but merely a rosy flush of cheek.

* * *

All these alleged characteristics of feminity are disproved by the letters to the newspaper woman. Whether the fact that their names are not published leads to exceptional frankness, or whether women are not so blind to their own defects as has been believed certain, it is then in these letters they leave little to the imagination. They tell all sorts of woeful facts about themselves. One says: "I am 45 years old and very sallow." Imagine a woman frankly confessing to either calamity! Here is another, "I am very fat and have gray hair." How pathetic it must be to realize that condition strongly enough to write it down in cold blood, or rather in black ink! Another states succinctly that she is short and has a poor complexion, and wants to know how to make a plaid waist. A woman with a dressmaker in the house, apparently sitting with shears suspended awaiting the reply to her anxious query, earnestly desires to know how to trim a broad-striped black and white gingham, and incidentally remarks that she weighs 190 pounds and has very large hips. The marvelous appropriateness of a broad-striped gingham dress on a woman weighing 190 pounds will surely appeal to every reader. According to all preconceived ideas no woman was ever supposed to acknowledge to that much avoirdupois. After attaining to the weight of 150 pounds she is believed to avoid nickel-in-the-slot machines. The fallacy of these old notions, like many other old notions, is evident.

* * *

Another afflicted person states that she has a waist measure of twenty-eight inches, and wants to know how to make herself sylph-like in form. Now, no woman in the conventional period was supposed to have a waist larger than nineteen inches in circumference. That one publicly acknowledges her belt to be twenty-eight inches long is a big stridge in the direction of the Venus de Milo.

Another correspondent desires to know a decollette fashion which will be suitable for a bony neck and chest. As a rule, a woman is not supposed to realize that she has bones conspicuously present in her neck and chest, as she wears decollette bodices sans peur et sans reproche as far as her own consciousness is apparently concerned, and takes particular delight in so doing.

All of these queries and confessions go to show that women are growing either more wise or more desperate. Either they are bravely looking in their mirrors to see their blemishes of form and feature and endeavor, as far as possible, to remedy these by dress, or else they have been driven desperate by some "frank" friend and the confessions are the result. Which ever it may be, the hapless newspaper woman who has brought all this retribution on her foolish head has my sympathies.

Imagine trying to tell some woman by letter how to evolve a perfectly lovely Easter gown with fashionable tucks running up and down the skirt and a double box pleat in the back out of a tight-fitting seven-gored skirt cut with one of those slinky habit backs which look like nothing in the world so much as a suit of union underwear! Imagine the headache the newspaper woman will have when she gets through designing "a stylish costume" out of a brown waist that has no sleeves and a blue skirt that is too short. "Oh me! Oh my!

* * *

But why shouldn't we try to hide our defects—we women? It is our duty and is imperatively demanded of us. Nobody but our dressmaker knows that we have one shoulder higher than the other. To no one but that faithful friend do we confide that the fine, straight back, the broad stylish shoulders are not ours by right so much as hers who made them thus by deft and judicious padding. We are not supposed to have corns and bunions and we would all like to have it appear that our locks are naturally wavy. It is no longer fashionable for anybody but children to have disease, and women of good taste are more reticent about surgical operations and "being under the doctor's care" than they were a few years ago. In fact, it is rather a healthful, wholesome spirit which is so influencing womankind and it is only when they are writing anonymously to the newspapers that they confess their little weaknesses or lack of symmetry.

Yes, it is a good thing to conceal our defects. It will be beautiful if we can delude our husbands to believe that we are as near the correct type of angels as ever clamber down the golden stair to dwell among men. If we can conceal that little vicious trait of nagging; if we can manage to smooth that frowning line away from between our brows, by smiles, or massage, or any other method; if we can smother that little fretful undertone beneath a ripple of laughter—if we can hastily turn aside the bitter word on the tip of our tongue and replace it with one of gentleness, we shall have done something which may perhaps be forgiven us in the day when all deceit is weighed against the burden of hate and scorn and harshness in the world.

Ah, yes, let us conceal our defects just as carefully as we would endeavor to hide an incipient hump between our shoulders. Let us hide away fast and securely the swift tendency to say something hateful of somebody who is being discussed none too charitably. Let us cover up with merry words the murmurings and complaints that nobody else cares to hear. Let us bury away, as secretly and as deep as we hid the witches' charm in childhood, the distrust, the hardness, the insincerity which we are all too quick to gather from the years. It is just as sensible as ever it can be to hide defects and deformities of face, figure and disposition.

Saucy Bess.

THE SONS OF BENJAMIN.

Lodge of the Order Will Be Organized in This City on Sunday. Purpose of the Order.

An important event in the circles of the Independent Order, Sons of Benjamin, will take place Sunday, when at 2 o'clock in the afternoon Scranton lodge, No. 182, will be formally installed in the order, and in the evening a banquet will be given, on both of which occasions Hon. Ferdinand Levy, formerly coroner, and now commissioner of taxes of New York city and grand master of the order, will be present with his staff.

This Scranton lodge was organized a few weeks ago, and is entirely separate from Electric City lodge, another branch of the order. The members of it came together and formed a temporary organization, about fifty names being enrolled, but now it will be given a permanent name and position in the order.

The Sons of Benjamin constitute a beneficial and endowment lodge, which has been an eminent factor in this country for many years. It reaches all over the United States and Canada, in every city or town where there is a sufficient number of Jewish folk, a lodge being located.

Rudolph Hering, of Brooklyn, N. Y., chairman of the finance committee, is already in town and is stopping at the Hotel Jermyn, where the other visiting guests, most of whom are expected tonight, will be entertained.

Besides Grand Master Levy and his staff, there are expected a number of guests from New York and Philadelphia, and a very large delegation from Wilkes-Barre.

At Sunday afternoon's meeting a general business programme will be conducted, with Grand Master Levy presiding. All the visiting members and a body from Electric City lodge will be present, together with the members of the Scranton lodge.

In the evening at 8 o'clock all the members, together with their wives and the visitors, will enjoy a banquet in Music hall. Music will be furnished, and a splendid menu has been prepared. The committee in charge of the banquet consists of a large number of members, with Dr. S. E. Feinberg as chairman.

The reception committee is made up of Isidore Finkelstein, Dr. S. E. Feinberg, A. B. Cohen and Barney Lehman.

"77"

A Weather-Strip.

The use of "Seventy-seven" like a weather-strip shuts out the March winds; protects you from Grip, Colds and Pneumonia; restores the checked circulation (indicated by a chill or shiver), starts the blood coursing through the veins and so "breaks up" a Cold.

Edition de Luxe.

If in response to your request you receive Dr. Humphreys' Manual with paper cover, don't be disappointed, the Edition de Luxe will follow as soon as a new lot are bound. Chapter on the Diseases of Children.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts. New York.

GRIP

FOR BLOOD AND NERVES

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Take Paine's Celery Compound in the spring, when the nerves, brain and physical strength of the body are exhausted by overwork and climatic changes. It makes rich blood and restores nerve energy. Paine's Celery Compound helps thousands of people every spring. Read our strong testimonials.

The Spring Medicine

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Satin Finished Cloths—Bareges—Novelties in Silks—Skirts—Shirt Waists—Spring Millinery.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

New York, March 9.—The majority of high-class spring fabrics in plain colors are combinations of silk and wool—the latter forming a basis, upon which scintillates a "satin finish", a "silk front," or floral designs in self colorings. Liberty cloths are charming examples of this fancy, coming, however in light shades which are only suitable for house wear. Corded effects in light weight materials also show a "satin finish," and on the other hand, crepes of various kinds are in equally strong demand. Paris crepe is an exquisite fabric, both plain or with dots, the latter being so small in some cases as to resemble grains of black pepper, strewn among large white silk dots. The genuine Paris dot is simply ends of silken thread, placed so close together (sometimes on a contrasting cord) that they impart a fleecy appearance, the lasting qualities of which may reasonably be doubted.

BAREGES

in all fashionable hues are considered very choice and in robe patterns they come with ready-shaped skirts, having deep embroidery around the skirt, and a large spray for the waist. Satin striped challies are also favorites, because they embody a reigning fancy.

SOME PRONOUNCED NOVELTIES

appear in silks, among which is a soft India twill, forty-two inches wide, bordered with palm leaves at least twelve inches long, sometimes in sharp contrast, or quite as often in self colorings, then again the part above the border is quite plain, or small palm leaves are strewn over the entire width. Silk squares (called handkerchiefs), brought out for waists, are very peculiar, combining the gayest tints, with a plain colored silk edge all around, which is fringed out, two of these handkerchiefs being requisite for a waist. Oriental colors on white silk grounds here show to especial advantage, and either the Eton or ordinary shaped waist may be used. Foulard silks never were in greater demand, and fancy stripes are also beautiful, a soft, plain-colored twilled silk with "satin finish" however, gives an opportunity for handsome lace or passementerie trimming. Heavy white silk cords in stripes or squares, give a firmness to wash silks, the lack of which has hitherto been their greatest drawback now however, with this difficulty obviated, they will rival the soft taffetas.

SKIRTS ARE NO LONGER A SUBJECT OF RIDICULE,

but are now cut with some regard to propriety, soft materials, such as foulards, actually showing around the sides and back, kilt-plaits which terminate in a flounce. Many new tailor suits have a small front breadth, with the side folded over once or twice, as may be desired. Eton jackets are in great favor for these suits, often with pointed fronts, and hemstitched silk is employed with excellent effect as a trimming, or plain silk, with several rows of stitching. Later in the season they will be cut much shorter at the back than they are at the present time. Tucks on cloth dresses now begin at the sides and extend to the back, always ending in a flare or flounce.

NO ESPECIAL CHANGE

is noticeable in shirt waists, except that they droop less in front, and are for the most part without yoker. The French back is popular, or the fullness is at the center of the back. Independent silk waists are tucked, hemstitched, embroidered, or made of alternate rows of satin ribbon and insertion. Rows of black velvet "baby ribbon" run through open-meshed white lace, simulating an Eton jacket, with several rows down the front is a new idea, and colored velvet may be used in a similar manner, over colored lining.

VERY BRIGHTLY COLORED

straw hats are now shown in the way of turbans, toques or flat-brimmed straws for young people, the "Hobbs" shape fully justifying expectations, perching saucily on the sunny tresses of the young girl, or in larger form, and darker hues, concealing the ravages of time, in older persons. Brims, entirely of flowers or fruit, contrast well with chiffon crowns and vice versa, or a low-crowned Tuscan straw with small roses, foliage and buds, forming a lattice work over it, through which the yellow straw is just visible, is charming for a young girl; or on a brown straw bound with crimson velvet, a full wreath of cherries (natural size) with two or three sprays falling from the back, is no less attractive.

PURPLE OR WHITE GRAPES

(two or three shades combined) may compose a brim, with lavender-colored orchids at the center, and black velvet below the brim. Black chiffon folds formed the brim of a stylish turban with a bow of pink fancy straw braid held by a Rhine stone buckle, supplemented by a pink chiffon rosette showing from the front and covering the center of the crown. As a contrast a turban composed throughout of white chiffon folds (rising high at the left side), had two straps of ecru Venetian lace laid plain across the side—not a flower—not a buckle. A great deal of soft, plain-colored taffeta ribbon in the "pastel shades" will be used, many tints grouped together, as eight different hues were combined in a mammoth rosette, on a young girl's hat shown by a leading house. All colors will be in vogue this season and a pinkish gray particularly prominent.

Fannie Field.

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