

# TEA, LUNCHEON, PARTY AND DINNER

*New Suggestions by Experienced Entertainers*

## A MASQUERADE LUNCHEON

*By Edith Townsend Everett*



WHEN my invitation came I read it over twice trying to discover some pleasant request for the guests to appear in fancy dress costume, but search as carefully as I could I failed to alight upon even the slightest hint of this sort, the form of the invitation differing in no way from any others I had received save in the use of the word "masquerade" before the word "luncheon." But how could a luncheon be a masquerade unless the guests appeared in costume? Stimulated by more than the ordinary amount of enjoyable anticipation I at once dispatched my acceptance and waited with almost childish impatience for the all-important day to arrive. When at last I sallied forth in my best frock I met in the parlor of the hostess eight other equally puzzled mortals, and when luncheon was announced a little ripple of suppressed excitement made itself felt among the guests, who were doing their best to be on their good behavior. As we entered the dining-room nothing particularly novel struck the eye. There were the usual number of potted plants placed about, and the shaded lamps on the conventionally-appointed table cast the ordinary pleasing glow upon paper and pictures—effects which we had all been used to ever since that first eventful luncheon that introduced us to society at large. "I don't see much of a masquerade in this, do you?" slyly whispered my neighbor as we began to toy with the menu cards in that interval before the regular business of the hour is entered upon. What we read was:

Bouillon

Deviled Crabs

Baked Potatoes

Asparagus

Olives

Eggs en Surprise

Baked Custard

Meat Pie

Tomato Salad

Fruit

Coffee

NOT a word was said, but had the guests spoken, their feelings would certainly have resolved themselves into the universal verdict that the menu was a most extraordinary one for an up-to-date luncheon. When, however, the bouillon in thin egg-shell cups was tasted and the wondering guests discovered that it was tea instead of the usual beef broth, the meaning of the word masquerade as applied to this luncheon suddenly dawned upon them all, and the menu was re-read with greater interest. Deviled crabs and baked potatoes!—what on earth could they be but just what they represented? In they came, looking the conventional edibles to the life, but here again we were fooled, for the skins of the baked potatoes were but the covering for some delicious chicken croquettes, the deviled crabs being nothing more nor less than mashed potatoes in cream, served in the shells and sprinkled with cheese. "We are pretty sure of the asparagus," laughed my neighbor, the excitement and novelty of this unique meal now beginning to make itself felt, and producing among us all just the effect that the hostess had aimed for. "I don't know," replied a pretty girl in gray, "I'm not sure of anything since my first sip of bouillon," and sure enough when the asparagus appeared it proved to be a most clever concoction in which thick-stemmed macaroni and crushed peas had been utilized, a mould, of course, being used to further the deceit. Olives proved to be green gage plums set amid cracked ice.

"I don't see where any ices are going to come in," pathetically remarked my neighbor, her fondness for frozen dainties being a weakness well known to all of us. The arrival of the *eggs en surprise*, however, relieved her suspense, for upon tapping the shell which set up so naturally over the rim of the egg-cup, it was discovered that but half an egg-shell had been used to cover the top of a delicious orange water ice in egg form. Following this was the baked custard, that proved to be scrambled eggs served in custard cups; then a meat pie, the crust of which alone was real, as beneath lay a delicious salad. What was billed for tomato salad turned out to be a most tempting combination of sliced blood oranges with pistachio ice cream leaves and frozen custard mayonnaise. Even the fruit bore evidence that things are seldom what they seem, as the apples upon being cut apart disclosed salted almonds, and the coffee was nothing but sarsaparilla, though it may be added that there was real coffee on the sideboard for those who wished to conclude their meal in regulation fashion.

## A RAINBOW PARTY

*By Jeannette J. Westcott*



ONE morning a little note in a dainty white envelope was left at my door. Upon opening it I found an invitation on a note sheet that had been tinted delicately in the seven colors of the rainbow. The invitation read:

"Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert T. Willard request the pleasure of Miss Allison's company at Rosedale on Thursday evening, June twenty-ninth, to join in a search for the end of the rainbow."

This was somewhat mystical, but I did not take long to make up my mind to accept it, for the Willards were noted for their delightful little surprises, and when the evening came and I reached Mrs. Willard's home I was delighted with the appearance of everything, for Rosedale is a lovely, old-fashioned house, with wide porches and large grounds. Chinese lanterns were scattered everywhere among the trees, lanterns of all sorts of quaint shapes, and seven of them, which hung on the front porch, showed all the colors of the rainbow.

Our hostess received us in the drawing-room under a veritable rainbow, which spanned the room diagonally, each end disappearing behind a pretty couch. After all the guests had arrived we were marshalled into the sitting-room. This room presented a peculiar appearance; seven colors in the shape of twine, were everywhere—over the pictures, under the chairs and around the tables. The ends were all gathered together at the chandelier, where each bore a rosette made of turlatane of all the seven colors. These rosettes we were invited to pin on our gowns and then we were instructed to search for the end of the rainbow. The story is, you know, that there is a pot of gold at the end of it, and we were told that we might claim it for our own if we could find it.

We set gayly to work, and such a hunt! In and out on the porch, across the hall into the library, up-stairs, in and out of the railings, under the mats and into the corners the dainty colors led us, and we followed, winding our guides into compact balls as we went. Sometimes there would be five or six of us in one corner, where our roads would cross, but these encounters were always merry ones, and left us merrier than before.

AT last one of the girls was led by a pretty violet string into the drawing-room, along the wall, and straight to one of the corners, behind which the rainbow ended. Putting her hand behind the couch, to follow the lead of her guide, she gave a little cry of delight. "I've got it!" she said as she stooped and drew out a dainty bundle, wrapped in violet tissue paper and tied with white ribbon. Then, with her treasure in her lap, she sat down to wait for the rest of us. Of course when we knew what had been found our efforts were redoubled, and very speedily one after another of the twenty-one persons present was led into the drawing-room, to one end or the other of the rainbow, where each found a tissue paper package, of color to match the guide which had led the way.

Such a gay time as we had opening the dainty gifts, for they were very dainty. Mrs. Willard does not like prize parties, so she had contrived this way to let each of her guests carry away a memento of the evening. There were pretty round baskets, gilded, tied with ribbon, and filled with bonbons. There were some lovely yellow sachets, exquisitely painted. My prize was a jewel-box, a little, three-legged pot of polished brass lined with soft perfumed silk. Each gift was accompanied by a card on which was written a choice little quotation.

After we had admired each other's gifts and read each other's golden thoughts we were invited to the dining-room. China silk in all the seven colors was crumpled artistically around a bowl of roses in the centre of the table. There were roses everywhere, the room was sweet with them and we might almost have been eating our ice cream in a rose garden. After we had finished there was given to each lady a corsage bouquet, and to each gentleman a rosebud for a *boutonnière*.

Recently Mrs. Willard has told me how the large rainbow was made. Two large arches, of equal size, were shaped of strong wire; these were fastened at each end to a stout block of wood a foot and a half wide. At intervals of a few feet wire was fastened across to bind the arches together, and yet to keep them a foot and a half apart; strong twine was laced, lattice fashion, over this, and to the framework thus made was fastened cheesecloth in the seven prismatic colors in soft lengthwise folds. A little gauze over the whole softened the effect and helped to blend the colors. As all the girls had chosen their gowns and ribbons very judiciously the effect of the rainbow party was most charming.

## A BREAD AND HONEY TEA

*By Lena Thatcher*



ON the day set for my "honey tea" I decorated my dining-room with red and white clover blossoms, and placed upon my dining-table a white clover-leaf pattern table-cloth and a pile of clover-leaf napkins. The centre-piece was embroidered in red and white clover blossoms, and upon it rested a bowl of real red and white clover blossoms. Scattered about the table were little dishes of honey candy, olives and salted nuts. At the head of the table I placed a dish of cold chicken garnished with watercress and at the foot a dish of cold salmon with mayonnaise dressing. The rest of the menu consisted of honey in the comb, honey layer cake, honey spongecake and honey sandwiches. Each guest was served with a glass of milk, so that "milk and honey" might be in evidence, the "bread and honey" appearing in the sandwiches. To sweeten the tea a bowl of extracted honey was passed. One pretty dish that helped greatly as a decoration was a glass bowl filled with honey popcorn balls. The little guest cards, which I had prepared and which were to serve as souvenirs of the occasion, were little triangular pieces of white pasteboard with quotations appropriate to the guests whose places they were intended to mark. For my very best girl friend, in whose honor I was giving this "honey tea," I had chosen "sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."

## PROGRESSIVE DINNER-PARTIES

*By Frances E. Lanigan*

THE progressive dinner-party has suffered a revival this winter and is once more established in fashionable favor. As 1896 is a leap year the dinner is now arranged so that the men remain in their original seats throughout the meal, while the women progress with the courses. The first announcement that the dinner is in any respect different from the ordinary ceremonial meal of society, is in the appearance at the host's place of a small silver bell, which he rings at the conclusion of each course, and in the quotations upon the guest cards—the line given to the lady occupying the seat of honor—the right of the host—being, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," thus indicating the direction of the progression. The other ladies' guest cards may read: "All things journey, we go with them," "Press bravely onward," "Let us then be up and doing," "Onward, onward may we press," "A lovely apparition sent to be a moment's ornament."

For the cards of the men, who retain their original seats throughout the meal, the following quotations will serve: "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away," "Welcome the coming, speed the going guest," "We must endure their going hence, even as their coming hither," "Variety's the very spice of life," "It is something to get this far if one is not permitted to go farther," "Stay in that station in which you have been placed."

The rule to be observed by the hostess is that she must have as many courses for her dinner as she has couples present. This is made necessary by the fact that the progressions are made with the courses, and that the round must be completed with the end of the dinner. She should, of course, aim to arrange so that the people who are most congenial shall be partners during the longest courses—the roast and the dessert. This may be easily arranged by placing them two or three courses apart at the beginning of the dinner. I have given quotations for twelve persons, so the dinner under discussion should be a six-course one. Below will be found a couple of menus suitable for such occasions:

Cream of Celery Soup

Smelts, Sauce Tartare

Roast Chicken, Mushroom Sauce

Potato Croquettes

Spinach

Beets

Quail on Toast

Mayonnaise of Celery

Crackers

Cheese

Nesselrode Pudding

Coffee

Blue Points

Consomme

Fillet of Beef

Bermuda Potatoes

Green Peas

Cauliflower au Gratin

Canvasback Duck

Wild Grape Jelly

Iced Asparagus, French Dressing

Crackers

Cheese

Tutti-Frutti Cream

Coffee