

## SAUNTERINGS

At a dinner which was recently given in Denver at which a lady and gentleman from Salt Lake were present, the hostess who is a most charming woman and one of the leaders of Denver society, was asked: "When do you come to Salt Lake again?" Her eyes blazed, but only for a moment and when the first flash was over she said: "Really, I don't care if I never go there. On my former visit with my husband and a number of friends, I attended a dinner at which the smartest people in town were supposed to be present, and one arrogant snob among them grossly insulted one of my best friends, and from what I can learn, one of the best friends Salt Lake ever had. I took occasion to resent it, and in an instant part of the pack was baying at me. After I told them what I thought, I left as soon as possible. As a guest of honor, it was a most unique experience, but what's bred in the bone will come out some old place. I've always heard that Salt Lake is a delightful city, but I am afraid my first impression will keep me from becoming a regular visitor."

Hector McKenzie, the well known wine agent who has so many friends in this city, had a hot one pulled on him recently in San Francisco, according to the Spectator in Town Talk.

The other day he went to the public stenographer in the Hotel St. Francis, where he puts up, and started to dictate a letter:

"Francis Draz and Co., 27 Hudson Street, New York—"

The stenographer looked up from her pad.

"I used to work for that firm," she said.

"Is that so?" said McKenzie. "Did you like them?"

"Oh, they were very nice people to work for," answered the stenographer.

"Whom did you know there?" inquired McKenzie.

"Well," answered the stenographer, "I knew Mr. Bob Vernon. He is a very nice man."

"Did you know a fellow named McKenzie?" asked Hector.

"I heard of him," answered the girl, "but he wasn't in New York at that time."

"What became of him?" asked Hector.

"Why, they sent him west to die," replied the stenographer.

D. C. Jackling, will open his handsome new apartments in the St. Francis hotel in San Francisco, during the holidays and the plans for the housewarming include numerous guests from all over the west including friends in San Francisco and the trans-bay cities, Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles and a large Utah contingent, most of whom will accompany Mr. Jackling on his private car leaving here Christmas week. It is understood that Mr. Jackling proposes to make this affair one of the most brilliant in the annals of that city of fetes and those fortunate enough to be invited are anticipating a glorious time.

A minister at Falls Church, Virginia, is quoted by the Seattle Argus as relating the following yarn, which should appeal especially to those who live in a climate where the winters are cold and the summers are hot.

"It was in a little southern school," said Houston. "The teacher was instructing a class as to the seven senses. 'My eyes see, my ears hear, my tongue tastes, my nose smells, my feet run—.' And just at that moment a little colored boy waved his hands frantically.

"Well, Sam, what is the matter?" asked the teacher.

"Yo' all done got it wrong," said the boy.

"Why," exclaimed the teacher, in surprise, "how would you say it?"

"Mah nose runs an' mah feet smells," was the proud reply."

The cabaret hop at the Commercial club on Friday night, was the jolliest event ever given at that institution and was enjoyed by more guests than have been present at any of the series of affairs given by the committee having the dances in charge. Beside the general dancing, there were numerous cabaret features including many divertissements that afforded happy surprises and if that hop is to be a criterion of what may be expected at future dances, there will be standing room only.

Mrs. C. W. Whitley gave a delightful dinner on Wednesday evening at her home on East South Temple street in honor of Mrs. R. H. Channing. Covers were laid for a dozen and later the hostess took her guests to the Utah where dancing was enjoyed until midnight.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Sherwood of Spokane, were the guests of honor at a number of smart affairs during their stay in this city, one of the largest of which was the dinner given at the Alta club on Monday night by Mr. and Mrs. George D. Bradley. Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood are old friends of Mrs. F. C. Schramm who variously entertained in their honor during their stay as did also Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury and D. C. Jackling.

Mrs. E. B. Critchlow was the hostess on Tuesday at a luncheon given in honor of Miss Frances Cross of Denver, the western field secretary of the Young Women's Christian association. Those present were the officers and the board of directors of the local association.

Mr. and Mrs. Royal W. Daynes entertained at a large reception in honor of Miss Vera Rich and Edward Pettit Horsfall who were married on Wednesday.

Among those who are successfully conducting the Christmas bazaar given by the woman's guild of St. Mark's Cathedral parish, are Mrs. Elizabeth Belden, Mrs. George F. Wasson, Mrs. E. E. Lamson, Mrs. Charles H. Anderson, Mrs. William P. Kiser, Mrs. A. J. Knight, Mrs. E. Gayford, Mrs. Walter Gunter, Mrs. Karl Hahn, Mrs. W. A. Rut-

tan, Mrs. T. W. Boyer, Mrs. A. H. Peabody and Mrs. J. H. Portugal.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl A. Scheid and Mrs. Russell C. Woodruff returned from New York during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Cherdron entertained informally on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Rivers have gone to Omaha where they will remain for some time.

The Women's Republican club held their annual meeting at the home of Mrs. D. N. Straup on Monday.

The third of a series of dancing parties given by the Utah club was held at the Hotel Utah on Wednesday.

Mrs. John A. Marshall has returned from San Francisco. Miss Mary Marshall remained there to visit with her sister, Mrs. Alva Lee, and her grandmother, Mrs. Moses Kirkpatrick.

Mrs. Ira H. Lewis and Mrs. H. M. Smith have returned from the east.

Sam, who was a great gunner, made arrangements to go on a hunting trip at an early hour in the morning, but having no faith in alarm clocks, he sought the services of the night cop on the corner.

"Jim," said he, instructing the cop, "when I go to bed tonight I am going to tie one end of a cord around my big toe and throw the other end out of the window. At 4 o'clock in the morning I want you to pull on the rope and keep on pulling until I tell you to stop."

"All right, Sam," smiled the policeman, "you will find me on the job."

Late that night Sam crawled in, and after adjusting the rope according to schedule, he was son in the land of dreams. Hardly had he slept a minute, he thought, when he was awakened by a frightened cry, and then more cries, and to his horror he saw Mrs. Sam slowly sliding feet first toward the window.

"Gee!" he exclaimed as the truth suddenly dawned upon him. "I must have tied that cord around the wrong toe."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"I wouldn't o' had no trouble wif de constable ner nobody," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "if it hadn't been for woman's love o' dress." "What has dress got to do with it?" asked the jailer. "My woman folks warn't satisfied to eat de mos' of de chicken. Dey had to put de feathers in deir hats an' parade 'em as circumstantial evidence."—Washington Star.

"This is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for, dear," said the artist, standing aside and proudly surveying his work. "Why not call it 'home'?" asked his wife, who lacked his fine imagination. "'Home'? Why?" "Because there is no place like it," she replied meekly.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"So you are taking summer boarders this year?"

"Yep; we didn't have to, but my wife loves to hear 'em talk that city dialect."—Judge.

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