

Society

Thoughts, December Twenty-Fourth.

'Tis Christmas eve. The very air seems charged tonight, seems subtly thrilled by glad provisions of a rare, strange happiness, yet unfulfilled. I sense this thing, and still my heart is numb, lethargic, dead. I hold myself from all the world apart. The Christmas spirit leaves me cold.

Below me, in the frosty street, I hear the city's muffled song of carnival—the train of feet. The voices of the passing throng. I watch them as they hurry by. In kind confusion, faces bright with Christmas comradeship; but I—I am not one of them tonight.

Each hastens, in that host below, to choose the gifts that shall delight another on the morrow. No, I am not one of them tonight. The laughing crowd, the siren call of blazing shops that beckon, may, touched, unmoved, I hear it all: I did my shopping yesterday!

—Deems Taylor, in Century.

THE town is fairly filled with the young people who are home for the midwinter holidays. The two Kearns boys, Edmund and Thomas, Jr., will be in from the west today and have planned all sorts of merry times for the Christmas season. Miss Margaret McIntyre and Miss Sybil Walker came in a few days ago from Miss Bennett's school in New York, and many affairs are to be given for them during their stay. Lloyd and Ellis Weeter are here, one from Exeter and the other from Culver, and will be with their parents at the Bransford for the next fortnight. David Keith, Jr., is home from Thome at Port Deposit. Miss Charlotte Bothwell is here from Stanford university and Miss Mary Bogue, who is in her senior year there, has come to spend the few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Warren Bogue and Miss Dora Bogue, at the Prescott apartments. Boyd Park, the elder son of Mayor and Mrs. Samuel C. Park, is here from his freshman year at Ann Arbor for his vacation. Roger Powers is with Judge and Mrs. O. W. Powers from the same place. Miss Lena Hague has brought her little sister, Miss Glen Walker, home from Boston for the holiday time with Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Walker. Miss Aseneth Cowan has returned from Ferry hall, near Chicago, and Miss Adrienne King is here from St. Mary's school in Knoxville, Iowa. Miss Kathryn Jacobson is here from Notre Dame for the holidays and will also remain over for the wedding of her sister, Adeline in January. Samuel Vadner is home from Harvard Boys school in Los Angeles. Russell Woodruff and his sister Adelaide are here for the Christmas time with their mother, Mrs. B. C. Woodruff. Russell Tracy, Jr., has arrived from Thatcher school in California and is with his parents, who will return to the coast with him later on. Warner Morrison, who is at school in Exeter preparing to enter college, is home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Morrison.

THIS charming story comes from San Francisco and is said to be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about two of Zion's most widely known young bachelors. They were in San Francisco last year at the holiday time and everyone knows what a rush time that is. They found the Palace hotel very full—of guests, and the clerk properly apologetic as to lack of space, etc. He had, however, one large room with a double bed, into which he would put them. They were willing. This is the remainder of the story as told by the San Francisco narrator:

That night they dined at the club and B. decided to spend the evening in the cardroom. A. went to the theater and afterward somewhere to supper. Returned to the Palace at 1. Found the room without difficulty and let himself in. Tired enough to fall right into bed. But there was no bed. A. looked carefully over the carpet. Nothing like a bed, and he was certain there'd been one there in the afternoon. He and B. had both noticed it, and remarked that it was big enough, in all conscience. He particularly remembered its grateful breadth. But where was it? A. looked again. Then he decided to mistrust his eyes and be guided by the sense of touch. He placed a hand on the wall and followed the four sides of the room, knowing that if a bed were there he must encounter it. But beyond a few minor pieces of furniture that he circled there was nothing. A. gave it up. He'd leave it to B. roll his overcoat under his head and lie down in the bathtub, where B. wouldn't stumble over him.

He had just drifted into serene dreams when B. wakened him. "What in thunder," etc., was he doing there? "Sleeping," A. said. "Couldn't find the bed and had to sleep. You find the bed," he told B.

"I've tried," answered B., "but there isn't any bed." He didn't know what had become of it, but it wasn't

where they'd left it. Better inquire at the office, he thought. So they went down to interview a very shocked night clerk.

A reprehensible error. A thousand apologies. He himself had done it. Had not known, through some mistake, that 227 was occupied. There had been a call for an extra bed. He had ordered the bed taken out of 227 to be set up in 311. He'd give them another room at once. He couldn't make amends. But A. and B. were gracious. Too tired to be cross, and in the morning they told it at the club.

COLONEL FREDERICK PERKINS has been elected president of the Officers' club at Fort Douglas, with Major William S. Graves as vice president and Captain John M. Craig as secretary. Social affairs have been somewhat reorganized since the departure of Captain and Mrs. James M. Petty, necessitating the election of an entire hop committee and the new committee, headed by Captain A. W. Foreman, has taken charge. The other members are Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Kellond and Lieutenant Charles P. Hall. The committee is planning several delightful affairs for the near future, of which the informal hop Friday evening was the first.

THE signs are set right for two of the most attractive of the young girls to enter the matrimonial arena very shortly, for Miss Mary Sappington caught the bride's bouquet at the big wedding Thursday night and Miss Marguerite Richmond got the piece of the bride's cake containing the ring. The old-fashioned ceremony of throwing the bouquet was carried out in a most interesting manner, the bride standing on the raised dais in the ballroom where all the young people had gathered for the ceremony, and aiming high enough to give all a chance. And as if fate had decreed just where the flowers should fall, they fell into the arms of the fair one, who is said to be "next in line."

ONE of the eligible bachelors at Fort Douglas came near having an impromptu wedding journey recently and was cheated out of it, as it were, at the last moment by the discretion of one of the charming matrons. When he was about to return from an extended leave a hurry up wire came from a friend, a brother officer, saying: "Meet Smith and bride on 2:45 train." Preparations were soon under way and the array coach with its six white mules made shining and ready. White ribbons were produced and quantities of rice were

provided. Just then the thoughtful matron recalled the fact that the brother officer was famed for his rather practical jokes and she set inquiry on foot. A wire to the conductor of the train brought assurance that there was no bride visible to the practiced eye of that sleuth, and the charming captain was met in the usual way, accorded to an officer unimportant enough to come home without a bride.

THE picture of Mrs. E. O. Howard, which is used today on the society page, is one most satisfactory to the friends of that popular hostess. Mrs. Howard has gone east with Mr. Howard to spend the holiday season in New York and vicinity, where they will be joined by their daughter, Miss Marjorie Howard, who is in Rosemary hall at Greenwich. Mrs. Howard was one of the friends assisting at the Wall-Green wedding on Thursday evening.

THE Red Cross booths have taken on the appearance of matrimonial bureaus during the past few days. The idea of having a bunch of the most attractive young girls in town had appealed to the ladies in charge as adding materially to the sale of the little "stickers" but they had never realized just how the young men would flutter around where their favorite girls were to be found. The campaign of the past few days has also demonstrated the fact that it pays the management of the business interests, for the fair maids and matrons have had luncheon parties every day since the sale began, adding thus their mite to the coffers of the good eating places. The first four days of the sale closed last evening in a blaze of glory, with numerous supper parties at the Hotel Utah and several delightful affairs at the other cafes.

THERE will be a great deal of fun and merriment during the holidays this year especially among the young people who are home from schools and colleges to spend the time. The opening of the new Wall mansion on Brigham street will mean a great deal to the younger set and also the friends of the oldest daughter, Mrs. Jeffs, and her husband, and doubtless the beautiful home will be the scene of many delightful gatherings within the next few weeks. The Kearns home with its three young people will be filled also, among the affairs planned being an elaborate dancing affair for New Year's eve. David Keith, Jr., who is also home from the east will give another dancing party during the holiday season, and still another will be at the McIntyre home on Seventh avenue, where Miss Margaret McIntyre is home from Miss Bennett's school for the next few weeks. What with the incidental affairs, the big dancing events already noted and some rather unusual theater attractions the time will be particularly well filled.

A CHARMING visitor at Fort Douglas is Mrs. Hill, mother of Mrs. Bertram P. Johnson, who is here from

(Continued on Following Page.)



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