

The "simple life" has taken a violent hold on the rank and file of the smart set, coming in good time as an antidote to the revived fashions of the day of Louis XVI, with their excesses of luxury in furnishings, dress and decorations, which ultimately must lead to psychological changes of mind and manner. But with plenty of ozone, and the breath of the pines and the seashore, the gilt trappings in the homes of the rich may be neutralized—at least in part.

The automobile has been a powerful factor in alluring men and women into closer communion with nature, with the results of mental and physical health and exhilaration of spirits utterly unknown before.

Besides, every well regulated family with any pretensions to prestige now owns a country home, even though it be a log cabin among the pines. Of course, the quickening of our smart set to the joys of outdoor life is largely

due to our incomparable climate—but it took some thousands of strangers to acquaint Californians with the values of her ozone, cleansed at night by the fogs and dews and warmed by the suns of the morrow. But these joys were long ago known to the leisure-loving Spaniards, for note the structure of their homes, built about a patio, or garden, in which fountains splashed in the heat of the day. It was on the verandas of these patios that the forbears of the State lived their lives, even passing the summer nights under the stars, drinking unconsciously of nature's vital fluid.

And thus to-day have the people awakened, for never before were so many men and maids preparing for roughing it, either in camping parties, as the Hushes and the Magoes are doing in the Yosemite, or taking long tramps, such as is planned by the Sierra Club, or the living at country homes with the simplicity of Puritans in food and dress. The Joe Tobins are getting the most out of their place near Callistoga, where they and their guests, among whom was Miss Alice Hager, are joyously quartered in log cabins, going about in unconventional garb, and doing just about what fancy dictates—"good form" notwithstanding. I am informed that the matter of dress for the women is prescribed as follows, with severe penalties for infringement of rules: Short skirts, colored shirt-waists, collars turned in, no sleeves, hats minus the crown, the latter a concession to the fair-skinned damsels who tan and freckle, who must persevere shield their faces; but by this ingenious, if not highly artistic arrangement, the skin is protected, and the hair given the liberties of the air and sunshine, a blessed quality.

And what think you of dainty maids who crawl into "sleeping bags" or nights—"war-bags." President Roosevelt calls them—and lay "them down to sleep, their sweet, white souls for God to keep," in a pungent bed of pine-needles? Well, that's just what some maids are planning for at this very minute. Among the worshippers of the simple life among the trees and things that grow unbidden are Miss Elise Sperry, the Misses Collier, Miss George Spiker, Miss Emma Moffat and an almost unlimited list of pretty maids.

And merrily ring the nuptial bells. Herewith are the leading weddings of the week: On Tuesday, Miss Charlotte Rixon of Los Angeles became the bride of Dr. Harry Reynolds of this city, the ceremony taking place with much eclat in the southern city.

On Wednesday at noon Miss Genevieve Louise Huntsman and Harry R. Willmar were wedded by the Rev. Dr.

The Smart Set Seizes Upon "The Simple Life"

By Sally Sharp



many, where the hospitals will occupy the days of the ambitious young medical man, and Miss Josephine will occupy a year as her fancy dictates. Being a clever girl and ambitious, she will doubtless make great progress in her German during the next twelve-month.

Miss Louise Tillman is visiting her sister, Mrs. Arthur Fennel Briggs of Victoria, where she is holding a merry court in the British province, being a wise maiden and winning and witty.

Have you seen a sample of the new style of dancing the two-step? Well, the bonny-hug was mild in comparison. Not so affectionate is the new dance, but rather more exasperating. The dancers take long, sweeping glides, dipping low.

A Britisher on seeing the two-step thus evolved remarked that it looked like the "Liverpool lurch" that prevailed in the old days in—well, I'll let

to extend over the whole of one year. The Wild West pony show! Well, it was just as successful and just as attractive as it had promised to be. Hundreds were there, gathered under the trees—handsome women and beautiful girls, in dainty summer gowns. And men? Yes, men galore. Now, a tea or a garden fete could never have dragged those hosts of men out on a sweltering June afternoon. But a pony show is different. They came, and they enjoyed themselves. And how could any one have helped enjoying that pony show? The meadow was gay with charming little children; sturdy, hardy big boys and girls; young men and maidens—all mounted, and riding with a recklessness and vim which, at times, was nothing short of hair-raising. One of the most attractive riders on the ground was Miss Gertrude Eells, who is spending the summer at the Eells place in Ross. Miss Eells is a charming girl.

Miss LOUISE TILLMAN GENTHE PHOTO



Miss ANNA SMITH HABENICHT PHOTO



Miss BLANCHE TISDALE GENTHE PHOTO

A CHARMING FIANCEE AND TWO FAIR SOCIETY MAIDENS NOW TRAVELING.

four happy pairs of lovers were wedded, the Sorosis Club rooms being the scene of one pretty ceremony, where Miss Edna Mabelle Lee, daughter of Mrs. Frank Lorigan, became the bride of William Franklin Dunn, the Rev. Father P. B. Lynch performing the service.

After the reception Mr. and Mrs. Dunn left for the south, where they will remain two weeks.

At St. Mary's Cathedral, on the same night, Miss Edna Hayward, daughter of Captain H. M. Hayward, was wedded to Frank H. Butler, son of the well known merchant, P. F. Butler, Archbishop Montgomery uniting the pair.

The bride is a maid of charming personality, having gone but little in society, caring more for the pleasures of travel and the cultivation of a coterie of friends to her liking.

Mr. Butler is well known as a clever fellow in business matters, and is possessed of agreeable social accomplishments.

After a reception at the Occidental Hotel, where Miss Hayward has made her home with her father and sister for some years, the young folks departed on a post-nuptial trip to the south.

At 6 o'clock on Wednesday evening Miss Linda Liebes, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Liebes, became the bride of Dr. E. D. Lederman of New York.

The ceremony was performed by Dr. Voorsanger at the home of the bride on Pacific avenue, which was arrayed, nook and corner, with blossoms and palms. The bride was gowned in an exquisite robe of liberty satin and old point lace, wearing a veil and carrying a bouquet of rare orchids. She was attended by Miss Helen Schwabacher, Miss Helen Bremer, Miss Fanny Kahn, Miss Edna Schweitzer and Miss Edna Hirschman, who were smartly gowned in chiffon frocks of pink, green and blue—prettily suggestive of the radiant hues of the rainbow.

Dr. and Mrs. Lederman will make their home in Gotham, where the groom is a practicing physician.

On Saturday evening the little church of St. Raphael again was the scene of a pretty wedding, when Miss Ersilia Sartori, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Sartori, became the bride of Alfred Enrico Sbarboro, son of Andrea Sbarboro, the prominent banker and leader

in the civic and commercial life of San Francisco. The wedding was a pretty affair—just such a feast of blossoms and maidenly beauty as only a suburban town may know.

The reception of the Sequoia Club on Tuesday night at the St. Francis was a refutation of the old charge that men—men of affairs—could not be induced to attend functions that necessitate effort, either in dress or in conduct. Now, on Tuesday night there was a charming gathering of men in the rosy-hued drawing-room—artists, lawyers, editors, physicians, diplomats and business men, who strolled about in easy manner, chatting cheerily and quaffing punch jovially, giving promise thereby that the club will live.

As to the women, they are by nature and education social beings, and naturally would cultivate such a club as the clever Miss Robinson has created—therefore the problem lay with the men. Would they come? Would they get into their clothes for evening functions? Now, right here lies the secret of the successful launching—it having gone forth that members, both men and women, should enjoy absolute liberty of dress. He who prefers to attend informal affairs in his sack suit may do so with perfect impunity, even as he may attend his club in such attire. And thus will many busy men and many busy artists and writers—they who hold conventionalities of dress in contempt—be induced to add their presence to the aggregation of wit and wisdom.

The question has arisen as to whether the exponents of the smart set will attend the club functions where they will meet the guest unconventional of the unselect. Many believe that those with brain and culture enough to have been invited to join the Sequoia will fraternize freely with the scribblers and music-makers and artists who compose a large percentage of the club. Time, of course, will tell the tale, but the initial reception was indicative of a good future.

Clubs, not unlike individuals, must needs have a bank account, that a prosperous career may be possible. Therefore did the secretary, Mrs. Albert Gerberding, open up accounts with a checkbook and its accessories, and lo! a goodly pile of yellow pieces lay comfortably upon her desk as dues and initiation fees.

On June 15 the charter closes, when the initiation fee will be raised.

Charles S. Aiken, the clever editor of Sunset Magazine, is the man at the helm of affairs of the club, having been elected to the presidency at the initiatory meeting at the Hittell home in early May.

My! but what a lot of lions were at that first gathering! Yes, and there were a few at the reception on Tuesday night, but the lateness of the social year precludes the presence of many of the smart set and of the artist folk, many of the latter being off sketching.

The next meeting will be anticipated with pleasure by those who met congenial spirits at the last affair.

That's not a bad story going the rounds of the Gotham clubs at the expense of Reggie Vanderbilt, he who wedded the pliant Miss Wilson.

Stepping into a hansom in front of the Holland House, he called to the driver: "Say, drive me over to my uncle's. In a hurry, will you?" "Certainly, sir," said cabby, who, meanwhile, was doing some tall thinking. Touching his whip to the horse, away he went, with the usual New York haste, and halted at a famous Sixth avenue pawnbroker's. Glancing out the window, the situation dawned upon Reggie, who pushed up the trap with his cane and gave cabby his uncle's address, remarking, with a grin: "I don't need this sort of a place—yet."

And so even a Vanderbilt hath need sometimes of explaining his identity.

Among the avalanche of betrothals recently announced that of Miss Blanche Tisdale, daughter of Mrs. W. de Witt Tisdale, and Charles Peter Weeks is of special interest. Miss Tisdale, who is a sister of Mrs. Edgar Bryant, is one of the Garden City's fairest maids—vivacious, clever and a dashing horsewoman.

Mr. Weeks, though a New York man, has become thoroughly imbued with the beauties of California and the charm of her women has won him.

The wedding will occur this month, but will be a quiet affair in deference to the wishes of Mrs. Tisdale.

Among the wanderers from home whose peregrinations are tracked by many friends are the Misses Tillman—Louise and Josephine—the latter abroad with her brother, Dr. Tilden Tillman.

On the 18th the young physician will meet Miss Josephine in Paris, when they will both proceed to Ger-

you guess where. Is this abomination going to last? While there was some defense for the bonny-hug there is not for the "Liverpool lurch." Therefore frown it down, men and maidens!

Visiting in Alameda for some months past is Miss Anna Smith of Tacoma, a winsome maiden fresh from the school, whose formal presentation to society has not yet occurred. With Senator and Mrs. Joseph R. Knowland, her uncle and aunt, Miss Smith traveled through the south for six weeks, having a merry time at Santa Barbara, where she figured conspicuously as a clever horsewoman. She returns to her northern home next week.

Among the interesting betrothals of the week was that of Miss Susie Bixby and Dr. Ernest Bryant of Los Angeles. Miss Bixby is a charming maiden, who has been much sought after during the past gay winter.

Vard H. Hulien, M. D., and Mrs. Hulien of San Francisco have arrived in London after a prolonged tour in Morocco, Southern Spain, Italy, Switzerland and France. From London Dr. and Mrs. Hulien have planned to make a comparatively short tour in Scotland and Ireland, sailing back from Queenstown on the White Star line in time to arrive in San Francisco for the Fourth of July.

Mrs. J. G. Edwards, with her daughter, Miss Ainette Edwards, and Miss Downey of San Francisco, have arrived in London preparatory to making a tour throughout England, Scotland and Ireland. At the conclusion of this trip they have planned to proceed to Paris and thence will start for a tour on the Continent, which is

mounted on her splendid sorrel, she was a picture of winsome girlhood. Arthur Page, as marshal of the afternoon, acquitted himself with honors. But why enter into details? Could the afternoon have failed to be charming when there were present youth and beauty, pretty children, fine horses and cunning ponies? Among the hundreds present were noticed: the L. L. Bakers, Mrs. J. G. Kittle, Mrs. Wellington, the Walter Deanes, Mrs. Eb. Scott, Mrs. Ed Newhall and daughters, Mrs. Laura Roe, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Mr. Bee, Miss Sonntag, the William Babcocks, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Neale, Hermann Oelrichs, the George Pinkards, Mrs. George Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page and the George Pages.

Hospitable "Dick" Hotelling has been entertaining a house party at "Sleepy Hollow," the Hotelling ranch near San Anselmo. How suggestive of comfortable, lazy enjoyment that name is! Lucky, indeed, are they who share the hospitality of charming "Sleepy Hollow!"

Mrs. A. W. Dubois and her sister, Miss Lichtenberg, have sailed for Honolulu, where they will spend the summer.

The first of June brought the Gerstles to their beautiful summer home place in San Rafael. Of all those who come year after year to San Rafael probably none are more warmly welcomed than the Gerstles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lawless of San Francisco have arrived in London en route for the Continent.

Louis S. Bruguiere is once again keeping open house in Newport, where he is quite a social lion.