

THE CHATTER-BOX

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HE Red Cross drive of the past week has been the most stirring event of the season, and has taken precedence over all social affairs. Many matrons and maids have given their time to soliciting for the good cause and Salt Lake as usual has made good with her allotment. The bridge tables and knitting bees were forsaken Tuesday afternoon when all the Red Cross workers gathered together for the great parade, in which hundreds of white-clad women marched down the street to the stirring strains of patriotic airs, and following the heroes from France, Italy and Belgium who were in the vanguard of the procession. The showers of silver that fell into the big flag and into the Red Cross banner were jingling evidences that the sea of spectators who lined the streets were willing to add an extra bit at parade time after signing pledges in the morning for the support of the great cause.

WAR makes a difference. It hits even the "social climber." According to a story which is going the rounds of the sewing clubs of Salt Lake, one of these aeronauts of the social world recently attended a ball which was patronized by enlisted men and officers alike. The affair was decidedly pleasant for the particular matron in question, except for one incident. A young man in the uniform of a private soldier insisted on trying to speak to her. She "cut" him unrelentingly. Still he persisted. But she preferred to reward the attentions of two young officers.

While dancing with one of the latter she happened to remark that the young fellow in private's garb had tried to accost her.

"Why, don't you know him?" came the startled rejoinder. "He's the son of that rich neighbor of yours whom you've been trying to cultivate for so long, you told me. Strange you didn't know him."

When she had recovered the matron inquired of her officer partner:

"Your face and that of your chum, the other young officer with whom I've been dancing this evening, look strangely familiar to me somehow."

"Why don't you know us?" chortled the young officer. "I used to haul your garbage and my chum did your plumbing—before the war!"

RUMOR has it that the young society belles, who go down to dance at the Soldiers' club under proper and precise chaperones, have been apt to play two cards in the game. Card number one is an ace:

it contains a remark to the general effect that it is simply for the purpose of "doing their bit" that they come down to dance with the soldiers and that they are proud to help the cause, but find it a bit of a bore, don't cherno. Card number two is a king of hearts and is the card which they draw when they snuggle their head on the broad military shoulder of the soldier partner in the dance down at the same Soldiers' club, when they do not talk to him as society belles, but do manage to get across a message which results in the girls and the troopers meeting around the corner after the dance.

Then the story begins. But, pshaw! Anybody can finish that story. After all, isn't a strapping big soldier, albeit not quite in the same social scale, a mighty agreeable partner in a dance and—for a little chat afterwards?

Well, anyway, rumor says he is, and that he has scored a hit with the exclusivest of the exclusivest.

ONE of the most interesting matrimonial events of the season took place Tuesday evening at 9 o'clock at the First Congregational church, when Miss Etha Mayo, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. N. Mayo, became the bride of Edward Russell Woodruff. The church was beautifully decorated with a profusion of snowballs and graceful sprays of bridal wreath. Three close friends of the bride, Miss Martha Richards, Miss Janet Pulver and Miss Gay Groesbeck, acted as ushers. The maids wore chic summery gowns in the pale tints and added greatly to the attractive wedding. Mrs. Nelson Story of Boseman, an aunt of the bride, was the matron of honor and wore a beautiful gown of silver tulle over pink

silk and chiffon and carried a shower of Juliet roses and pink sweetpeas; her hat was of pink Georgette crepe, wreathed with the rose buds and furthered the attractive pink color effect.

The bride was lovely in a wedding frock of silver tulle over silver cloth, her long bridal veil caught with sprays of orange blossoms and her bouquet a shower of Cecil Brunner roses and lilies of the valley. Little Marion Haymond was the flower girl, and wore a little white organdie frock with pink ribbons and carried a basket of pink rose leaves which were strewn in the path of the bride. Ernest Hills attended the bridegroom as best man. A supper followed at the Mayo home for the bridal party and relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff left Thursday for Kellyfield, San Antonio, Texas, where the bridegroom is stationed with the aviation corps of the U. S. army.

ANOTHER interesting wedding of the same day was that of Miss Margaret Agnes Vadner, daughter of Mrs. Charles Samuel Vadner, and Lieutenant Fisher Harris, who were married at high noon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Gemmell. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Joseph Glass of the cathedral of the Madeleine, in the presence of the relatives and close friends of the young couple. Miss Marjorie Bidwell was the maid of honor and wore a dainty frock of dove gray taffeta, combined with white organdie; her hat was of delicate pink Georgette crepe and she carried an armful of pink roses. Mrs. J. H. Tyler was the matron of honor and wore a dainty gown of pink taffeta. Miss Phoebe Dey was the bridesmaid and was frocked in a simple little turquoise blue silk gown. Judge Harold Stephens was the best man.

The young bride wore an exquisite Lucile model of white silk net over silver cloth, and carried a shower bouquet of brides roses and lilies of the valley. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony. The rooms were attractively decorated with flowers in the tri-colors and graceful baskets of deep crimson Richmond roses. After a short wedding trip Lieutenant and Mrs. Harris will be at home at 431 First avenue.

A number of delightful social affairs have been given for Miss Helen Spencer, the charming young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spencer, whose marriage to Rex Williams, a son of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Williams, will take place the latter part of the month. Monday afternoon Miss Lucile Reid entertained at a knitting party and tea in her honor at the Reid home on Harvard avenue. Garden flowers lent their beauty to the gay decorations of the living room and tea table that was



AUDRA ALDEN, A WELL KNOWN INGENUE TYPE OF ACTRESS WHO DOES ONE OF THE LEADING ROLES IN "HER UNBORN CHILD," WHICH COMES TO THE SALT LAKE THEATRE FOR THE WEEK COMMENCING JUNE 3.