



LAGOON CAFE

At Waikiki Beach

Catering to the discriminating trade with a cuisine absolutely unsurpassed. Motor parties given careful attention. Trout and Chicken Dinners and short orders. Motor out for a swim at Waikiki Beach—then for the "big eats" at the Cafe.

Open All Night Tel. Was. 364
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS.
S. D. EVANS
 Modern Establishment
 New Building
 48 State St. Salt Lake City

BINGHAM and GARFIELD RAILWAY

The Scenic Line to
BINGHAM

"Where Copper is King"

Passenger train schedule
 now in effect

Leave Salt Lake City.	
No. 109	6:55 a. m.
No. 111	2:15 p. m.
Arrive Bingham.	
No. 109	8:25 a. m.
No. 111	3:35 p. m.
Leave Bingham.	
No. 110	8:45 a. m.
No. 112	4:00 p. m.
Arrive Salt Lake City.	
No. 110	10:05 a. m.
No. 112	5:30 p. m.



H. W. STOUTENBOROUGH,
 Asst. General Passenger Agent,
 610 McIntyre Building
 Phone Wasatch 146
 Salt Lake City, Utah.

CAPTAIN SODERBLUM entertained at a dancing party Wednesday evening at the Garfield club in compliment to Mrs. I. M. Farnham of Los Angeles, who has spent several weeks with Captain and Mrs. Albert Younglof. The rooms were decorated with flags and flowers in the tri-colors and Captain Soderblum was assisted in entertaining by Mrs. Daisy Allen. The guests included Colonel and Mrs. George L. Byram, Lieut. Colonel Eugene Northington, Major and Mrs. W. R. Rose, Major and Mrs. A. J. McDonald, Miss Helen McDonald, Capt. and Mrs. Albert O. Younglof, Capt. and Mrs. M. S. Game, Mrs. I. M. Farnham, Captain Miller, Lieut. and Mrs. Clarence Kingman, Lieut. and Mrs. Wright, Lieutenant Lanebehn, Lieutenant Allen, Lieut. Lorenzo Browning, Mr. and Mrs. George Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coles, Mrs. Elizabeth Hoffman, Lieutenant Phiefer, Lieut. Henry M. Stevens.

Mrs. Charles Ira Tuttle and baby daughter have returned from Ocean Park where they have spent the past month and are the guests of Mrs. Tuttle's mother, Mrs. O. K. Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Martineau, Jr., are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little daughter. Mrs. Martineau was formerly Miss Zayda Bothwell, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Bothwell.

A LADY WITH HER HAT OFF

"JUST to talk to a woman"—that becomes a privilege when a man has been shut up in a camp for months.

And after he has gone across, it is a double privilege to talk to a woman who speaks his own language. An anonymous writer in "The London Daily Mail" tells of a doughboy who had that aspiration:

"Where are you from, Bud?" I asked him as I slid into a seat next him in the Underground.

"Me?" he said, surprised from his reveries. "I'm from Texas, sah."

He had been on this side three months, he told me, and was stationed at a flying camp, and he was the only American there at the moment.

"Do you know any one here?" I asked.

"Not a soul."
 "Don't you go out at all—on Sundays, for instance?"

"Well, I've been invited to several sort o' formal functions, teas and things, but I feel they are kind o' perfunctory invitations; and the two that I went to I felt like ' if I was just invited 'cause I had to be. So I just sit around on Sundays now * * * and write home * * * and tinker with the old engine."

When I asked him if he would spend next Sunday at my home the slits under his sunburned brows became twinkling oases, and he inquired solemnly, "Are you married?" I admitted I was, half apologetically; for I failed to understand his motive.

"Gee!" he retorted eagerly, "then I'll come! I'd just love to talk to a

woman. I haven't talked to a woman for so long that —" He broke off suddenly and contemplated the braid of his sleeve for a moment; then, pulling himself together, he continued: "The nearest I get is when I write to my mother. I never knew a fellow could get that way. Did you ever swear off smoking * * * and there comes a day when you itch to do something and you can't think what it is? * * * To see her drop a lump of sugar into a teacup * * * and pass the jam. And, believe me, it isn't the tea or the jam; it's just * * * well, you know * * * a lady—with her hat off! You know * * * in her own house!"—Town Talk.

POETIC ADVERTISING

An advertising man who has returned recently from the Orient says the Japanese merchants and manufacturers who have occasion to make use of printer's ink are not disposed to limit themselves to dull, prosaic statements concerning the excellence of their wares. Among the entertaining bits that the traveler noticed in his study of Japanese advertising are these:

"Goods despatched expeditiously as a cannon-ball."

"Parcels done up with such loving as a wife bestows upon her husband."

"The print of our books is clear as crystal; the matter charming as a singing girl."

"Customers are treated as politely as by rival steamship companies."

"Our silks and satins are as smooth as a lady's cheeks and colored like the rainbow."

It ought to be possible to get advertisements read in Japan without scattering them around next to "pure reading matter."—Dayton News.

LOOKING FORWARD

He was a strikingly handsome figure in his uniform as he started out upon his round of farewell calls.

"And you'll think of me every single minute when you're in those stupid old trenches?" questioned the sweet young thing upon whom he first called.

He nodded emphatically. "Every minute."

"And you'll kiss my picture every night?"

"Twice a night," he vowed, rashly, patting the pretty head on his shoulder.

"And write me long, long letters?" she insisted.

"Every spare minute I have," he reassured her, and hurried away to the next name on his list.

There were ten in all who received his promises.

One of our able senators was arguing a momentous naval question with an opponent.

"You know I never boast," the opponent remarked during the argument.

"Never boast? Bully!" exclaimed the Senator. Then, in a more reflective mood, he added, "No wonder you brag about it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Supreme Court Justice Said

in appointing a Trust company as co-executor of an important estate, "The practice seems to be now uniform among men of large properties to designate a Trust company as one of their executors."

The service of this Trust company is well adapted to this important duty.

Salt Lake Security & Trust Company
 32 Up Main Phone Was. 2543

WE PRINT GOODWIN'S WEEKLY

OUR CRAFTSMANSHIP
 SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

Century Printing Company

W. G. ROMNEY J. Q. RYAN

CENTURY BUILDING
 231 EDISON STREET

Phone
 Wasatch 1801

Printers, Binders, Designers, Linotypers



When you are ready to consider the selection of a Talking Machine, do not fail to hear the

Victrolas

at

Clark's

We have all the records of the World's Greatest Artists and deal in Victrolas and Records exclusively. Come in and let us entertain you.

John Elliott Clark Co.

150 S. Main. Phone W. 3275