

THE CHATTER-BOX

C

IDAL waves of woe often arise from small sources. Particularly is this true of the eternal triangle in which the old and honored married man is connected, even by the M. C. B. coupler of Rumor Rail Road, with a young and much discussed member of the opposite sex.

Not so long ago and not a thousand miles from the Monument there was a staid and reliable business man trying to adjust the delicate and intricate mechanism of his large touring car. That fluffy substance which hails, like hearsay evidence, from nowhere, had clogged and choked the portion of machinery so that the trip he expected to take that evening with Friend Wife was being detained, if not deferred indefinitely.

His clumsy fingers clawed exasperatingly at the machinery.

"Why not get a hairpin?" suggested his male friend who was to accompany them.

But, even though the partner of some of his joys and all his woes, was not down there with them, old married man demurred.

"Why, get it from one of the maids," again suggested the Tempter in the form of the male chum.

Just at that moment, Fate, the great Stage Manager, hurried on to the stage a young and dimpling maid of plump dimensions and exceedingly attractive, from elbow sleeves, V-shape neck and down to the skirt cut daringly short over a pair of trim ankles that flashed rapidly toward the group.

She volunteered the supply of first aid outfit slipped from a mass of wavy blonde hair that made the friend of the owner of the car rhapsodize. The machinery was unclogged but the plot thickened—and that rapidly. When the trip was over the man in the house was given his daily inspection by Friend Wife, who fell upon the hairpin as her due prey and cross-examined Hubby on the witness stand. Soon the witness was floundering and, to decide the jury irrevocably, the demure maid of the plump middle weight build, appeared on the scene—blushing. Her dimples glowed with the fervor of a sunset on the Wasatch.

And now they say a legal friend of the owner of the big car, who could pay \$4,000 for a motor but owned no half-cent hairpin, is busy preparing a document that will mean much to the reporters seeking the everlasting scarehead. Selah.

It seems true that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast," but it often chances that the

sylvan tones, whether they come from the piano or violin or even the soprano divine, sound forth plaintive and weird minors. Several prominent musicians are, figuratively speaking, "at each other's throats," for the love tones of the soprano have grated so on the domestic career of the pianist that the home is in eternal discord. All are trying to find the "Lost Chord" and restore harmony, but it seems that real domesticity and musical temperaments never did agree since the days when our Russian friend, Tschalkowsky, sought to die by the pneumonia route and stood in an icy river up to his neck, hoping to show his refractory spouse that the notes of domesticity and temperamental tendencies could never be in accord.

LAST Monday the eastbound train carried the matron home to her loved ones and friends. For the past fifteen years she has been prominently identified with a certain exclusive coterie of matrons and has been greatly beloved for her sincerity and philanthropic work. However, there are

some things at which even a woman with the patience and heavenly disposition of the proverbial Job will balk. The husband in the case has the reputation of holding a life membership in the "stingy man's club" and has denied his wife the little things that a man of his wealth and position can easily afford. Year after year she has dragged out a miserable existence and at last decided that home and mother would be a haven of rest after her weary journey on the matrimonial sea with a penurious captain who even denied his children the use of his roadster. Perhaps there was only room for one more in that car and he had promised that seat to a certain Titian blonde. Who can say?

MRS. L. L. Terry was the hostess on Wednesday afternoon at a smart afternoon affair at her attractive home in East South Temple street in honor of Mrs. J. H. Howard of Denver who spent the past week at the Terry home. Autumn flowers in their many gorgeous tints were arranged about the rooms and the tea table and the guests

included a few close friends of the hostess.

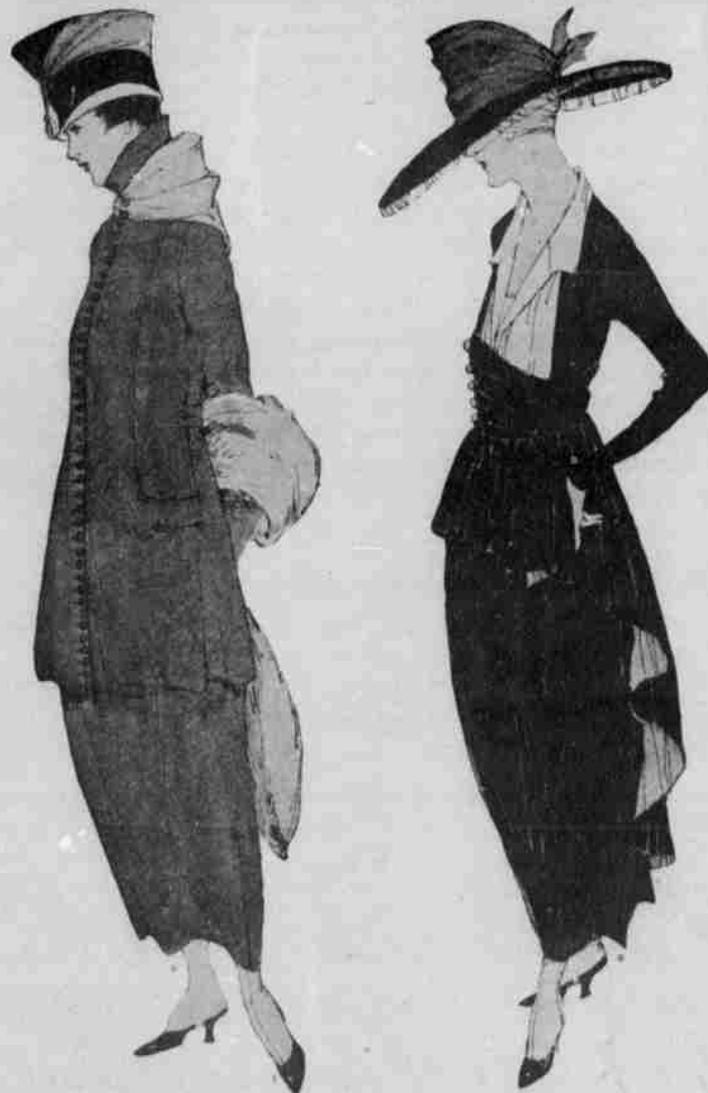
MISS ANNA McCORNICK entertained at a beautifully arranged luncheon on Thursday afternoon at the Country club. The guests were seated at one long table that was beautifully decorated with baskets of dahlias in the gay autumn tints. Covers were laid for Mrs. Union Worthington, Mrs. George Jay Gibson, Mrs. James Hogle, Sr., Mrs. J. E. Cosgriff, Mrs. W. Edward Fife, Mrs. Karl A. Scheid, Mrs. Robert C. Gemmell, Mrs. William Reid, Mrs. L. L. Terry, Mrs. Stanley Sears, Mrs. James L. Franken, Mrs. Russell Coe Woodruff, Mrs. J. A. McCaskell, Mrs. George Rose, Mrs. De Witt Knox, Mrs. J. R. Walker, Mrs. Ross Brown, Mrs. Charles Lavens Smith, Mrs. Walter Fitch of Eureka, Mrs. A. H. S. Bird, Miss Mary Marshall, Miss Pauline Terry, Miss Gertrude McGrath and Miss Maud Fitch.

THE season of 1917 will close at the Country Club this evening with an table d'hote dinner and dance. There will be a meeting of the club members at six o'clock. During the summer many delightful social events have taken place at the hospitable club and these early autumn days it has been the rendezvous for many congenial friends. On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Lester D. Freed and Mrs. William Reid entertained the members of the Friday afternoon sewing club and a few other guests at a prettily arranged luncheon.

IN honor of two brides of the season Mrs. H. Gordon Jennings and Miss Eleanor Beer, Mrs. William Francis Beer entertained at a beautifully arranged luncheon on Wednesday afternoon at the Hotel Utah. Lavender gladioli were used for the artistic decorations of the table and covers were laid for twenty.

MRS. and Mrs. Phillip Arthur Dix have announced the engagement of their daughter Gulla Marie to Byron Lather Swan of Rochester, New York. The wedding to be solemnized early in October. The announcement was read with a great deal of interest by the many friends of the young couple who are well known in younger society circles. The bride-to-be is an accomplished linguist and danseuse. Mr. Swan is a member of the Delta Chi fraternity and a graduate from Cornell university in the class of 1914.

MRS. and Mrs. Richard Allen Keyes presided over a smart dinner at the Alta Club on Sunday evening in honor of Mrs. Miller Guy of South Bend, Ind., who is the guest of her



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