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HAPPENINGS AND WHEREABOUTS

Colonel and Mrs. D. C. Jackling and Mrs. Jackling's sister, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckles, arrived here on Monday, following a recent trip to Alaska and were entertained at a smart dinner at the Alta club by the Fred Cowans on Monday evening, the party later going to the R. W. Sallsbury home for several hours. About a dozen guests, the most intimate friends of Colonel and Mrs. Jackling, were present. The visitors left the following day for New York where they will be for several weeks before returning to their home in San Francisco for the winter. They will be joined by some Salt Lake friends during their stay in the Metropolis, there being quite a colony of Utah people in the east at present. In fact it is hard work for the colonel and his bride to take a trip anywhere without being bored to death by camp followers who are afraid they will overlook an entertainment or two.

The wedding of Miss Lois Hiff, daughter of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Hiff to Arthur Edwin Anderson, took place at high noon at the Hotel Utah on Tuesday, Dr. Hiff officiating, assisted by Rev. F. J. McConnelly of the Methodist Episcopal church. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony and later Mr. and Mrs. Anderson left for their home in Idaho.

Mrs. Edward Rosenbaum was the hostess at the second of a series of bridge teas given at her home on Thursday.

Judge and Mrs. George F. Goodwin entertained at an elaborate reception last evening in honor of their son, George Oliver Goodwin and his bride, who recently arrived from Los Angeles.

Last night was devoted to Hallowe'en and to-night will be also. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dern gave a large affair at the McIntyre home last evening; there was a dance at the Ladies' Literary club, the second of the winter series; the first dance of the season of the University club took place and Miss Ethelyn Walker was the hostess at a beautiful affair at her country home, Briarwild. At Rowland Hall a masquerade was given. There were enough invitations from various sources to make the night a happy one for society. The most important affair of this evening will be the Hallowe'en dance at the Tennis club for the members and their friends, each being entitled to invite three.

Mrs. Ira K. Humphrey will entertain at a tea on Monday afternoon at her apartments for Miss Edna Foulks, who goes to Denver shortly to visit.

Mrs. Benner N. Smith has gone to New York and will be away several weeks.

Society is on tip toe in anticipation of the charity ball which will take place at the Hotel Utah on next Thursday evening. The sale of tickets has been a large one and practically every-

thing is in readiness for the event, which will be one of the really notable affairs of the winter.

Mrs. Charles W. Stimpson was the hostess at a luncheon given at her apartments in the Prescott on Thursday.

A pretty tea was given in the Bransford on Thursday by Mrs. George S. Gannett and Mrs. Agnes Folsom.

Mrs. Moors N. Falls, nee Donnellan, was the honored guest at a tea given by Mrs. Gertrude McGrath on Thursday. Mrs. Falls was formerly a popular girl in Salt Lake society. She is on her way to Leavenworth, after a visit with her parents, Colonel and Mrs. John W. Donnellan in Sacramento.

Miss Mary Cavanaugh, the guest of Miss Ermine Calvin, was the complimented guest at a theatre party at the Salt Lake theatre on Monday evening, followed by a supper at the Utah. This was given by Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Howard and the following evening Miss Calvin gave an Orpheum party for her followed by a supper at the Newhouse.

Colonel and Mrs. Edwin F. Holmes have gone east and will spend several weeks in Chicago and New York, returning later to their winter home in Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Clawson have announced the marriage of their daughter, Margaret, to William Ross Hutchinson. The wedding occurred on Monday in Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson will arrive shortly to make their home in this city.

Mrs. H. L. A. Culmer has returned from Los Angeles, where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. David Varnes.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Whitley entertained a party of friends who had spent the day motoring, at a dinner at the Rotisserie on Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin H. Sowles gave a motoring party to Ogden canyon on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Moreton Cheeseman entertained a score of friends at a buffet supper at their home on Monday.

Mrs. J. F. Nibley was the hostess at a smart luncheon at her home in Federal Heights on Wednesday, in honor of Miss Lucile Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Keyes have returned from San Francisco.

Mrs. Roger Powers has returned from Burlington, Iowa, where she has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Minnie Harper.

The newest of the new officers strolled into the sergeant's mess to have a look around. He looked exceedingly young and small, and had a complexion which a society beauty might well have envied. The middle-aged warriors were not at all pleased at having to "kow-tow" to this strip-ling, and one gruff-voiced sergeant observed audibly: "And a little child shall lead us." The young officer did not appear to notice the remark, and left the room. Some time later, when the men had all settled down for the night, playing cards, etc., he again entered, and addressing the sergeant said: "You will assemble the men immediately for a twenty-mile route march. And a little child shall lead you; only he'll be on horseback and you lazy sons of guns will walk."

WORTH THE ONCE OVER

Miss Curley had a private school, and one morning was interviewing a new pupil.

"What does your father do to earn his living?" the teacher asked the little girl.

"Please, ma'am," was the prompt reply, "he doesn't live with us. My mamma supports me."

"Well, then," asked the teacher, "how does your mother earn her living?"

"Why, replied the little girl, in an artless manner, "she gets paid for staying away from father."—Argonaut.

She was drowning in tears when hubby arrived from the office.

She threw herself into his arms, and when he had recovered his balance and she had picked up the wages he had been holding in his hand she sobbed out:

"Oh, George, dear, s-something t-terrible has happened. I-I left the c-cage door open and the ca-canary has vanished! Oo-o-oh-h-h."

His attempts at consolation were unavailing. She only clutched him tighter and gasped, in a choking voice:

"Yes, it-it's gone. And n-now, now, George, I-I-ve only you."—Philadelphia Record.

Sandy Brown, a grocer in a small village in Forfarshire, discovered a bad two-shilling piece, which his wife (who was afflicted with weak eyesight) had taken during the day. Being of a parsimonious disposition, this annoyed him greatly, and he determined to pass the coin at the first opportunity. The next day, while at work, he saw "Daft Jimmie," the village idiot, pass. Calling him over, he said: "Here's a bad two-shilling piece, Jimmie. I want you to go to Simpson's" (a rival tradesman) "and buy an ounce of tobacco. You can keep the tobacco, but bring me the change." Jimmie hurried off and soon reappeared, and handed the delighted Sandy his change. "Did Simpson not suspect anything?" he asked. "Ach," said Jimmie, "I didna fash gaen so far as Simpson's. I just passed it in yer ain shoppie."—Argonaut.

What a dissatisfied bunch of mortals we are! Three hundred and sixty-five days of each year we grumble about the weather. It's either too hot or too cold, oo wet or too dry. You meet a friend who says:

"Isn't it a fine day today!"

You answer:

"Delightful!"

The night one you meet says:

"Ain't this beastly weather!"

You answer:

"The foulest ever!"

You're always ready to agree with and join the knocker. Even the poor innocent weather cannot escape your hammer. Everything in this world was made wrong—except yourself, I mean; you are the quintessence of perfection in your own mind. When you're invited to a party you are mad because you are invited, and if you're ignored you're mad again just because that condition fits your disposition. Why don't you, for a change, look at the bright side of things, and maybe your "disguntion" will improve.—Zim in Cartoons Magazine.

A politician who was seeking the votes of a certain community in Ohio to the end that he might be sent to congress thought it worth while to make mention of his humble origin and early struggles. "I got my start in life by serving in a grocery at three dollars a week, and yet I managed to save," he announced. Whereupon a voice from the audience queried: "Was that before the invention of cash registers?"—San Francisco Argonaut.