

SAUNTERINGS

During the recent joint lectures of Lord and Lady Aberdeen when they bored a patient audience to the limit, a Jewish gentleman who fell for some tickets and took a party of friends, listened quietly for awhile during Lord Aberdeen's explanation of some of the pictures.

Then he began to squirm and became impatient as the talk went on. When Dublin castle was shown and Lord Aberdeen dwelt repeatedly on its splendors and the strength of its beams and rafters, returning to his subject time and again, the host could stand it no longer and turning to his friends exclaimed, "Vot's he trying to do, sell der place?"

Forcing the great American public into a dress suit is getting to be a harder task every day. The tired business or professional man balks at it until he is a sore trial to those who like to see him dolled up in the soup and fish.

George Y. Wallace, Jr., is one of those who persistently ducks a dress suit if he can do it, in fact the last time he had one on, up to last Monday night, was at the Junior Prom at Yale and that was way back before the present century started.

On Monday it was noticed that George was very busy down on Exchange Place. Hair cut, beard trimmed, manicure, everything, all in the same afternoon and the sudden Brummeling was not explained until he was seen in the evening, made up like Barry Wall, fighting for air in his dress clothes, wearing a topper slicked to the nth degree and hurrying churchward. Arriving at the church all was dark and quiet. There was no response to his attempts to gain entrance and not even one of the gargoyles at the entrance gave him a pleasant smile. It was a tragedy. After all those hours of preparation to attend a fashionable wedding, he suddenly discovered that he was twenty-four hours early. And there was nothing for him to do but return home. Softly cursing the fate that had pried him into a dress suit, all for naught, arriving at the Wallace menage highly incensed, he bethought himself of the pleasant mahogany in the dining room and

what was there upon it, but upon turning up the lights discovered no balm of Gilead in the decanter. So quickly changing his kelly for a cap and his white tie for a black one, he remembered he had left a law book he needed at the office, and folding his trusty Ford in his arms departed.

The New York Herald of recent date, contained a notice of an entertainment given last week by Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, a musical at which the sole artist was Miss Ruth Townsend of Philadelphia, who is one of the talented amateurs in high society in the east and who made her first professional appearance in Aeolian hall in New York on Thursday last.

Miss Townsend, or rather Miss Kingsbury, for Townsend is her stage name, visited here some years ago with her uncle Samuel Newhouse, and will be pleasantly remembered by the many friends she made at that time. They will be delighted to hear of the splendid success she is enjoying in her musical work. With Miss Barbara C. Rutherford, daughter of Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, she was a musical student in Paris.

The D. C. Jacklings are planning a unique entertainment for the holidays and will give a most elaborate Christmas celebration on their yacht when their party will include beside their relatives, a number of New Yorkers and Salt Lakers. According to the San Francisco scribes, this is the first time Santa Claus has been compelled to climb down the smoke stack of a yacht in San Francisco waters and he is going to have the time of his life.

The wedding of Miss Eliza Opdyke Dey and Marion H. Foss, which occurred on Tuesday evening at the First Presbyterian church, was a beautiful affair attended by as smart an assemblage as has convened at any similar event within the year. The decorative scheme at the church was a lovely one, the trellised pillars with the white and holiday greens and reds, formed a setting as cheerful as it was pretty. Following the ceremony which was performed by the Rev. George E. Davis, a reception was given at the home of Judge and Mrs. Dey, which was attended

by a host of friends of the bride and groom. Miss Day's attendants were Mrs. Harry Clifford Brown, matron of honor, Miss Marjorie Dey, maid of honor and Miss Geneva Savage, Miss Phoebe Dey and Miss Marjorie Bidwell, bridesmaids. Two sweet little girls, Barbara Titcomb and Florence Story, were ring-bearer and flower girl, respectively; Herbert Williams was best man for Mr. Foss and the ushers were Carlton Jones, Walter Trask, Rollin and Neill Officer, S. M. Scott and Brent Rikard.

There were four smart dances during the week, three of them at the Newhouse hotel and one at the Tennis club. The first was given on Tuesday evening at the Newhouse by Miss Ruth Cowie and Leland Cowie, at the second on Wednesday, Miss Mary Hagenbarth was the hostess and on Thursday evening, Miss Erminie Calvin entertained for Mr. and Mrs. Herbert H. Calvin and Frank Calvin at the Tennis club, and the Supper club gave a smart dance at the Newhouse with the arrangements in the hands of Fred Cowans, Lewis McCormick, Charlie Whitley, Jim Salisbury, Walker Salisbury, Don Homan, Tom Raborg, Jimmie Walker, Mar Van Cott and Paul Williams. This was the opening dance of the four to be given by the organization which promises to provide plenty of sport for the members during the season.

Miss Calvin's dance was a prettily appointed affair attended by a large number of her friends invited to meet her sister and brothers.

The dances given by Miss Cowie and Mr. Cowie and Miss Hagenbarth on Tuesday and Wednesday, brought out all of the members of the debutante and sub-debutante sets who enjoyed themselves until long after midnight each evening.

The coming week will be filled with entertainments of a holiday nature with numerous informal affairs and larger events of a semi-public nature. The cabaret hop at the Commercial club will be the main attraction on Tuesday evening, there will be a dance at the University club, a reception and watch party (hold on to your watches) at the Alta club on New Year's Eve, and a hundred other

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