

SAUNTERINGS

No matter what the weather man slips us today the Country club will be the center of attraction, for the formal opening will take place rain, snow or shine, and in any event it will not be formal enough to keep anyone away. If the skies are fair there will be a rush to work out on the tennis courts and golf links, though society is in pretty good condition as it is, for the season has not been so strenuous as to break down the nerves. There has been little feasting late at night and those who need the exercise most are the men who have been cooped up in their offices during the winter.

The styles have fixed it so that the women are more careful of their diet and don't find it necessary to work so hard to reduce, but they'll be out in force just the same, for the new sport clothes must be displayed at all hazards.

Indoors a beautiful transformation has taken place at the pretty clubhouse and the diners and dancers will find a real surprise when they arrive. Only one hundred and fifty people can be accommodated at the dinner and so the reservations are confined to club members only. There will be a mob at the club, however, for the dancing that follows, for the opening coming as it does at the end of Lent finds the social herd ready to stampede.

Holy week has been devoted to affairs of moment and the entire spring season has offered very little of an exciting nature, for aside from the unusual quiet that has come this Lenten season about a dozen belles and beaux of 1936 are about to make their appearance on the east side in some of the homes that are gayest when the butterflies are aflutter.

The canyons are already beautiful with a profusion of flowers, notwithstanding the intermittent snow storms,

and there have been numerous parties on foot, on horseback and in motor cars during the past fortnight. City Creek and Big Cottonwood have attracted scores and Dry canyon, more attractive in the spring than at any other time, is the objective point of many of the horseback riders.

There is a smell of blossoms in the air and there seem to be more dog-tooth violets this year than ever before, though they are having a hard struggle with the elements. But in spite of the snow there are patches of brightness scattered through the green, and by another month the hillsides will be in their glory.

We know of no particular reason why professional dancers employed in the cabarets should consider it their prerogative to unceremoniously go to tables where ladies are having tea or where ladies and gentlemen are dining or supping in the evening and suggesting that the ladies unknown to them should dance. Possibly they do it with an idea of making it pleasant for them, but it is bold and rude to a degree and if they are too ignorant to know that someone should remind them that it is very provincial. More than one has recently gotten in trouble for his pains and it is up to someone to teach them a lesson if they persist in this new form of indoor sport.

While the cat's away the mice will play—not only in the dark of the moving picture theatres, but to the extent of taking their affinities to the ball games. At least three gentlemen, high in the social scale whose wives are far away are apparently not missing them in the least. On the contrary, they are enjoying themselves to such an extent as to cause no end of comment among the friends of the absent ones. Perhaps friend husband should not mope around alone, but it is a pretty small town

in which to get away with what they are doing.

All kinds of affairs were predicted for the amusement of society following the Lenten season, but they are not materializing. The dance at the Utah on Monday night for the Sarah Daft home will provide temporary diversion and society will be there in force, but there is nothing more of consequence in sight for a week or two and only one or two fashionable weddings preceding the month of roses. For a busy and prosperous year in which nearly everybody seems to be in the money there is less activity than at any time in the history of Salt Lake society, though the lines have been so obliterated that one can scarcely distinguish who is in society and who is not.

THE LADY OF THE FAN!

TCHOUANG-TSEN was a philosopher, and it was his custom to wander about the country indulging in reflections on life and matters that came under his observation.

One day, as he was thus roaming

about on the flowery slopes of Mount Nam-Hoa, he found himself in a cemetery, where the bodies of the dead were reposing under hillocks of beaten earth. Looking upon the innumerable graves around him, the sage meditated on the destiny of mortals.

"Alas," thought he, "here is the end of all the roads of life. When one has once taken up his abode here—" At this point in his reflections his attention was diverted by the sight of a young woman clad in mourning garments—that is, in a long, white, seamless robe of coarse material. She was sitting beside a newly-made grave and was waving a white fan over the moist earth.

Curious to know the motive for such a strange action, Tchouang-Tsen saluted the young woman courteously and said: "May I venture to ask, madame, who is buried in that grave, and why you take such pains to dry the ground that covers him? I am a philosopher and seek to know reasons for acts, and here is one that escapes me."

The young woman continued to wave her fan. She blushed, bent her

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