

Social Saunterings

The announcement of the marriage of Jennie Hawley to Charles Leoll, the celebrated aeronaut, takes us back to the days when we were twenty-one and sat down near the front while Jennie warbled, and then went out and surrounded some soothing saporific to quiet our nerves.

Not that we are prepared to state that Jennie is any older than she was then or that her charms are not still tethered to her personality, but it's peculiar how we lose sight of some of the absent sisters.

It was Jennie Hawley's own fault that she didn't make good on the stage. Fact is she did make good in everything she attempted, but her success was too easy, and being naturally lazy, she didn't break the delicate tendons in her neck in an attempt to reach the topmost pinnacle. However, it may be easier in a balloon, and here's success to her. It is said that Mr. Leoll is a fine chap and not the sky terrier that some papers have pictured him.

Notwithstanding the efforts being made to hold Miss Edna Goodrich to her two years' contract with Nat Goodwin, it is being stated on authority that if the actor-broker goes on the stage next season, it will be with another leading lady, for the date of the wedding of Miss Goodrich and Harry MacMillan has been set for June 10th at the home of Mr. MacMillan's mother in Oakland.

Mr. Goodwin has always had great success in picking out leading ladies, and should experience no trouble another time. Mr. MacMillan is on the independent circuit—not in the trust—and his contract with the charming young lady reads for life.

The wedding finery is now being gathered in Paris.

The announcement of the engagement of Hazel Taylor of Provo to Harold Peery of Ogden is out at last.

Everyone knew it was coming, and congratulations are going Ogden way in bunches. Miss Taylor is the daughter of George S. Taylor of Provo and is a beautiful girl and mighty popular at home and in local social circles. She has spent much of the past few years in the east studying music, and her last appearance here was in "Robin Hood" last fall as Maid Marian. Mr. Peery is well known here and is as popular as his bride.

June 10th, by the way, will be quite an eventful day for young millionaires. Joe Leiter will be

married on that date to Miss Juliette Williams of Connecticut.

This is the first time Joe has been engaged since the announcement of his engagement to Miss Katherine Elkins whose reported engagement to the Duke of Ablemzzl has made a holiday for the international gossipers.

The most sensational engagement the wheat king ever had in this city was when he met "Brick" Geary on the other side of the spindle, and wore all the black off of the "17" in a twenty-four hour session.

The hasty set is somewhat demoralized—principally on account of the traveling mania that seems to be on socially in general. But there are other causes, too, and the autos and thermos bottles are getting rusty in the interim and elsewhere.

It looks as though the summer may be very quiet, though if through any circumstances the thirteen should happen to meet there'll be an awful smash, and enough "Clicquot," roses and song to renew interest in the crocheting sisterhood to last them for a long, long time.

Three smart wedding in about three weeks, and it will be hard work getting copy when they're over. Cupid is a great press agent.

To wed or not to wed:
That is the question.
Whether 'tis better
To remain single
And disappoint a few women—
For a time;
Or marry
And disappoint one woman—
For life.

If to eminent Robert Mantell it means anything to see the first nighters out for his Shakespeare the week has been rather a bitter pill for him. Some pitifully small houses greeted the fine old actor the past few nights and society has simply steered clear of the Theater all through the week.

Why?
Just because when one has seen a play from four to six times it takes even more than Mr. Mantell's personality and personal attraction to get people out to listen to Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, Shylock and Richard. A shame in a way, too, for no finer artist than Mantell has come our way in Shakespeare for many a day, and splendidly were his plays produced. Thursday night saw more of the regulars out than any other time.

Jeannette Luman has entertained extensively

during the week, giving a dinner and theater party to ten people from the Post Monday night at her home, and Wednesday afternoon giving a bridge luncheon to twelve people. The theater party was given at the Orpheum Monday evening and a merry crowd participated.

Mrs. Van Cott, Eloise Sadler and Lela Stingley have been going the rounds again this week to the tune of half a dozen parties and teas in their honor. Miss Pearl Van Cott entertained five tables at bridge Monday afternoon for the brides-to-be and Wednesday afternoon Miss Eloise Sadler entertained at her home for Miss Stingley and Miss Van Cott. Several dropped in for tea after bridge and in the evening the party went to the lake for an informal hop.

By the way, the following details for the Sadler-Gilmer nuptials have been announced in addition to the fact announced in these columns last week that the wedding would be a home affair—Miss Sadler will be attended by Mrs. June Sadler Donnell and Mrs. Leslie L. Savage as matrons of honor, and Miss Pearl Van Cott and Miss Florence Kimball as bridesmaids. A big reception will follow the wedding.

We'll admit that with everyone hiking off some place around the country, things are beginning to get a little dull.

We'll admit that bridge is tiresome and that its !!! getting down to the Country club if your friends don't own a machine. We'll admit we've been patiently waiting for somebody to start something. But if anyone around town with the latter inclination is subject to the hunches Mrs. Nick Longworth, who was Alice Roosevelt, gets on gentle amusement we'll be quietly counted out.

This from Washington Tuesday:

Mrs. Longworth Hears Call of the Wild.

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, who was Alice Roosevelt, drove her husband to the capitol today in her electric runabout. Then she went up in the members' gallery and sat down. The proceedings on the floor were dull.

Mrs. Longworth was plainly bored. Suddenly her eyes lighted upon a tack on the floor. She picked it up and regarded it meditatively. Then a smile spread over her face and she leaned over the rail toward the men's gallery and carefully deposited it on a chair. A few moments later a stout, elderly man came in and seated himself ponderously upon the tack. He rose like one of Pain's best rockets.

Mrs. Longworth left the gallery almost im-



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