

Social Saunterings

Miss Marjorie Severance had a birthday on Monday, and Mrs. O. J. Salisbury, whom she is visiting, took advantage of the occasion to give her a very beautiful dinner at her home, and incidentally entertain a dozen friends of the visitor.

The setting was in red, with a battleship in red asters as a centre piece, the place cards also representing that ship of the fleet, and the reference being— Well, it's this way—Miss Severance was at her home in Los Angeles while the fleet, with the "Illinois," was swinging in the harbor somewhere near, and, of course, Los Angeles, with true Southern California hospitality, made it pleasant for the officers of the "Illinois," and—but to return to the dinner, it was very charming, and one of the surprises was the presence of Irv Armstrong, who made his periodical debut after spending some months in the wilds of South America, where he went with Jasper McCaskell to take a look at a mine down there which was supposed to be worth looking at.

The barn dance given by the Frank Judges, at their country home, "The Cobbles," on Thursday night, was the hit of the week, and far enough from the madding throng to make the fun all the greater.

The girls appeared in jumpers—and most of them to very good advantage—and the men came in any old thing from overalls and red flannel shirts to chaps and bandanas. The big living room was the scene of most of the festivities, and after the dance and the supper the motor procession to town looked like a second Glidden tour, and sounded as though the guests had attended a real party.

It was a splendid beginning to a fall and winter season that has all the ear marks of being one of the gayest for years.

A popular song which has been sung several million times at a popular down town restaurant during the past year has given way to another ballad of osculation entitled "Kiss Me and the Germs Are Mine."

The good stork is just at present revising his list and preparing for at least four very fashionable calls in the near future.

On several occasions during the past year and a half the public has heard the rare violin playing of Miss Esther Allen, daughter of Hon. C. E. and Mrs. Allen. But two months ago Miss Elizabeth Allen came home from college and Miss Florence E. Allen from her work as musical reporter on the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Miss Elizabeth performs wonders on the 'cello, and Miss Florence is a most accomplished pianist, and so

when the three got together something was doing right away, and it has been going on all summer. The trio gave a musicale for a few friends at their home a week ago, and Mrs. E. F. Holmes was so charmed that she begged the young ladies to permit her to call in a few friends at the Holmes art gallery to hear them play. They consented, and the affair took place early in the week and was enjoyed by half a hundred admirers of the young ladies.

An interesting wedding, which took place on Tuesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur Morris Forbes, was that of Mrs. Jessie Forbes McCullough and Robert Kremers.

The wedding was attended only by the immediate family and a few intimate friends, and Rev. W. M. Paden performed the ceremony. The bride was attended by Mrs. Morris Forbes and Clarence Kremers was best man. Following the ceremony an informal reception was held, at which Mr. and Mrs. Forbes were assisted by Mrs. H. Kremers of Michigan, Mrs. George A. Lowe, Mrs. Grant Hampton, Mrs. Russell Schulder and Mr. T. W. Partridge. Mr. and Mrs. Kremers are spending their honeymoon in the Yellowstone, and will be at home upon their return at No. 3 Twelfth East Street.

Miss Eva Madden, of San Francisco, who is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Keyes, was the guest of honor at a delightful luncheon given by Mrs. W. P. Kiser, at the Country Club, on Wednesday.

Mrs. J. P. Risque entertained half a dozen friends at a charming luncheon on Wednesday, in honor of Miss May Robson, who left on Thursday for Provo, to continue her engagement in the "Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary."

Mrs. Horace Middleton, of Los Angeles, was the guest of honor at a delightful luncheon at the Country Club Wednesday, given by Miss Emille Bannister, of Ogden, who is the guest of Mrs. William Reed.

The Misses Tilly and Frances Phillips, who have as their guest Miss Maude Richards, of Los Angeles, entertained at a theater party, followed by a supper at the Louvre, on Wednesday evening.

Miss Richards, who is a talented musician, and Miss Hazel Taylor were guests of honor at a luncheon given by Mr. Horace Peery on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Harris, Miss Harris and Mrs. Pfoutz returned from Brighton on Wednesday, having closed their cottage for the season.

GOLF

By A. W. C.

That it does not take the muscle of a wrestler to drive a long ball and play golf well was never better shown than in the case of Fred McLeod, the little Scotch professional, who won the open golf championship at Myopia last week. McLeod is not over five feet six, and weighs less than 125 pounds. He is just a small, compact bundle of wire and nerves—and nerve. Very few professionals in this country drive a longer ball than he does, and it is very evident that none plays a more accurate game under the worst of weather conditions, for if ever the weather bureau showed its villainy, it did during that tournament.

McLeod uses his wrists. They bend and snap with his tee shots, while the weight of his compact little body, every ounce of it, goes behind the stroke at just exactly the right instant, the ball leaving his club like a shot from a gun. During all that 72 holes play, McLeod was not off the course more than three or four times, and this, too, in the fiercest kind of a wind.

Meanwhile, we are all wondering who hit our Willie Hoare. There were a lot of brickbats in that storm, however, for Willie finished better than twenty or thirty others.

For long drawn out contests, the game for the August handicap cup between Grant Hampton and Brig. Cannon beat anything I ever heard of. "Forty-hole" Fairbanks has a dinky little toy record compared with it. Hampton and Cannon were scheduled to play 9 holes. They did, and it was a tie. Another nine was played, and they were still a tie. Then last Saturday they took a fresh hitch in their trousers, bought some fresh chawin', and started again. Third round, still tied, with Hampton making a 44 and Cannon a 42, pretty fast going for 9 and 7 handicap men. To make a long story short, they played five rounds, 45 holes, before Hampton won out by 2 up. Then Grant bucked up against Frank Judge in the finals, and Frank promptly annexed the cup. Hampton acknowledged that the strain of five rounds was a little too much for him. Huh! Should think so.

Genevieve McCornick made a new record for herself in her match against Mrs. Kerr, going the nine holes in 59 and winning the game 2 up. Mrs. Kerr, who has been playing only a few weeks, made 71. Now, how can a man fix up accurate handicaps when they make jumps like that?

Qualifying rounds for the September and final leg of the Directors' cup are down for today, and this play will be rushed along, as the qualifying for the annual club championship will take place a week later, on September 15th, and as this play

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