

Social Saunterings

What funny things you see when—well, for instance, when you're up in Emigration canyon on a dark and stormy night, and you hear a cry for help, and arriving at the spot you find a dashing "doctor" and a fair lady seated in a big white automobile, from which the number has carefully been taken.

And if the motor refuses to climb the hill, and the "doctor" and the lady are only outlines of their sober selves and refuse to leave the car, and they hire their large audience of husky farm hands to do a little tugging, and after much vallant work and a series of hectic remarks the car has been moved several hundred feet, only to get in a fiercer place in the road—what would you think they'd do? Telephone for another car? Exactly.

And when that car arrived, only to fall into the same predicament as the big white motor, and the lady by that time refused to try to move unless the car did, and the night was getting a little blacker every minute or two—what kind of a hit would that make with you?

And if both were of more or less prominence, and in the cold gray of the morning the two cars were still standing waiting for ten horses to drag them from their anchorage, and the pallid "doctor" was waiting for help, with the lady of the bourbon looking past help, while shaking in the morning breeze, would some hot coffee and a closed carriage headed cityward look good to you, or would you prefer a royal fizz and an ambulance? Because the "doctor" wants to know and the lady wants to forget it.

Since the unlamented lady of the tentacles broke from her web, and departed for places where others knew her not, followed quickly by the little trouble maker, who, from her, had learned her lesson so well, decent people have had little to fear from gossips, for after the campaign this vicious pair had made, whatever else others might say was trivial in comparison, and might be dismissed lightly after a slight consideration of the source.

But there's a new danger in the awkward shape of an old woman who goes about from tea to tea, maligning only women, and picking for her victims those deserving of the greatest charity. Her remarks are not confined to any one person or group of them, but she is versatile in her nastiness, though rough and blunt in her fulminations as the fish wife of the proverb.

Because of her years, and realizing the possibility of her affliction being paresis, those in society who have known her so many years, still invite her to their homes, but they do it in fear and trembling, preferring in most cases to keep

on the good side of her—if there is one—while figuring how to drop her from their lists.

But she is a good woman—anyone who cares to observe her devout expression of a Sunday as she sits in her pew and mumbles the litany can testify to that. What matter if she winces a little when the plate is passed or pulls her skirts aside when one she does not favor closes in on her haloed ground?

Evidently of the belief that she is just a little lower than the angels, what a surprise the short drop will be for her at a time that is to come!

The Hallowe'en germ, which so effectively strikes home in the make-up of the small boy, has also taken a firm grip on the grown people, and tonight will see a ghostly and garish exhibition in many a place unused to ghosts and goblins.

In town, plans have been made for a dozen informal affairs, with the largest events taking place at the F. E. McGurrins and the L. L. Terrys. There is also to be an old fashioned Hallowe'en party at Rowland Hall, and at the Fort the Misses Williams will entertain. Down in the country, Miss Judge will have twenty or thirty friends at "The Cobbles," which is rather an ideal spot for such an affair. Half a dozen of her guests will remain over Sunday.

Political affairs will so occupy the field the first days of the coming week, that there will be little of interest to the smart set until after election day, with the possible exception of election night, when the Louvre will present a gala appearance. The idea of having a private wire in a popular cafe is a new one to this city, and the novitiate will sit at his table and take keen notice. All of the tables have been taken for the night by more of the representatives of the leading families than could possibly lead, with a climber or two thrown in, and the evening promises to develop into a society affair of elastic dimensions.

Mr. and Mrs. Spafford, of Cleveland, were the guests of honor at a dinner given at the Alta Club on Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. John Dern, who later gave a box party at the Orpheum.

The largest and most elaborate evening affair of the week was the reception and musicale given by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Jennings, on Monday night, in honor of their silver wedding anniversary. For the event, the house was beautifully decorated, the color scheme of pink and white predominating throughout the rooms, where quantities of chrysanthemums were effectively used. Those assisting Mr. and Mrs. Jen-

nings were: Mrs. Richard P. Morris, Mrs. W. C. Wright, Mrs. W. W. Ritter, Mrs. James H. Moyle, Miss Ritter, Miss Culmer, Miss Moyle, and the Misses Jennings.

At a beautiful dinner given in the Red Room of the Alta Club Friday evening, in honor of Miss Geddes and Captain Conrad, Mr. Henry McCornick rounded out the week very pleasantly for about twenty of his friends. It was a most skillfully arranged affair, perfect in detail and exquisite in the beautiful decorations. The guests for the most part were of the younger married set, with one or two others as chaperones.

About fifty ladies were the guests of Mrs. Edwin F. Holmes on Tuesday at the Amella Palace. Military euchre was the game, and following the cards an informal tea took place, a number of other ladies dropping in for this event.

Assisting Mrs. Holmes were Mrs. J. S. Bransford, Mrs. W. W. Armstrong, Mrs. L. L. Terry, Mrs. Wallace Bransford and Miss Laura Bransford.

Mr. and Mrs. Rulon S. Wells entertained the Wells family at their annual reunion on Tuesday evening.

One of the smartest affairs of the week was the dinner given on Tuesday evening by James and Walker Salisbury. The dinner took place at their home on East First South, and a dozen guests enjoyed the delightfully informal affair.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Judge entertained informally at dinner on Friday evening at their home on J Street. Mrs. Judge will leave for Louisville tomorrow, to be gone for several weeks.

On account of the illness of Mrs. John C. Cutler, the donation reception for the benefit of the Boys' Home, under the auspices of the Women's League, will be held at the Ladies' Literary Club on November 4th.

Miss Anna McCornick entertained at a beautiful luncheon at her home on Thursday in honor of Miss Katheryn Geddes.

Mrs. F. L. Oswald entertained at a bridge tea on Wednesday. Mrs. Oswald was assisted by Mrs. E. D. Miller, Mrs. A. F. Hutchison, Miss Kimball and Miss Oswald.

With her charming niece, Miss Katherine Baker, of Everett, Washington, as the motif, Mrs.

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