

Social Saunterings

In the year that is closing in society, the chronicle discloses less to cause excitement than any for the ten that have preceded, yet over the Clicquot there have been enough reminiscences to make things interesting for all who would listen.

Noticeably, people are becoming better behaved, possibly the sobering effect of the timely panic—

promise of the open country, they have forsworn the stuffy teas, and when the pines are sighing and the shumac is blazing on the hillsides, they have left the building of a greater Salt Lake to anyone who wanted to pile up its monuments and stayed away until the chill of winter drove them in.

Locally, among the growing cliques, there have been fewer ill winds than pleasant zephyrs, so for a majority it will be a Merrie Christmas and most people are happy about it if hearsay counts for anything.

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Nationally and internationally the ins and the pretenders have done and left undone enough to keep their imitators at a high tension. To begin with, the greatest romance of a decade, in which that splendid American girl, Katherine Elkins, has so far failed to become the Duchess of Abruzzi, has kept the nations guessing; the Duchess de Chaules—who was Miss Theodora Shonts of New York—by becoming the mother of a son has preserved her social position, for the title would have passed had the child been a girl; the cad De Sagan with the Gould person, et al., have made things almost as lively as their brother and sister at home; Eleanor Glyn and Ray Baker saw Stingaree Gulch in Rawhide by moonlight; Lady Auckland has left this country with the promise that she will give American society the grandest panning of its young career; she who was Miss Vanderbilt is still enjoying the gypsies around her new estate; President-elect and Mrs. Taft are making Hot Springs famous; the King's green headgear has been a boon to the American hatter; the de Young girls are married; Salt Lake society is still leaderless; nearly everybody has read "Together;" Rockefeller is giving extravagant tips; Hettie Green is mumming the social lioness; and



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the hundred and fifty are drawing the lines a little tighter, and the old crowds that were wont to make the welkin resound are seemingly making room for the next generation—all, of course, but the crusty ones who live to teach the young idea in each succeeding cluster of buds what it is to go with a real bean.

Those, as Shaw would say, are "constitutionally ridiculous to the uncompassionate eyes," but boys will be boys sometimes in spite of the Osler admonitions, and should their invitations stop, they would swiftly go into the same decline as would the inveterate smoker without his weeds or the dowager without her powder puff.

The most encouraging sign of the year among those who pose as smart has been their ambition to fly to the green fields and mountains and running brooks. For the invitation that held a

This is not to say that there have not been numberless beautiful affairs, dinners, and bridge, and luncheons and receptions and all of the routine things at which "the decorations were" and "the rooms were darkened" and "a pleasant time was had" and "the bride looked beautiful," but generally speaking, the real fun for those who have more than their share of it has been in an environment of green and blossoms somewhat removed from the sordid pace.

The matrimonial market has furnished the usual quota of expected as well as surprising alliances; there has been about an equal amount of regret and happiness over those who have gone elsewhere for an indefinite time, and the same ratio of the same emotions over those who have invaded the lists, either by right or climbing ability.



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