

Social Saunterings

PERFECT MAN.

By G. S. H.

There is a man who never drinks,
Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears:
Who never gambles, never flirts,
And shuns all sinful snares—
"He's paralyzed."

There is a man who never does
A thing that is not right,
His wife can tell just where he is
At morning, noon, and night—
"He's dead."

Just ninety-six hours more and Lent will be with us. It is just possible, too, that a lot of people will welcome the coming of Ash Wednesday, for while the season of 1908-9 started so slowly that the social jockeys were obliged to use the whip, the finish has been of the whirlwind variety, and no one who is not pretty tired has taken part in the tableaux where the world, the flesh and the devil have had the call.

Of course, it would suit the providers better if sackcloth and ashes did not happen to be a figure of speech, for it is scarcely possible that either of these toilet accessories will be worn to any extent, but on the contrary, in the interim preceding Easter, the ladies will find time to sneak in a few visits to their modistes between their hours of prayer.

If promises amount to anything, however, there will not be a great deal doing during Lent, and the suggestion that a real rest be taken has met with such unanimous approval that we are in a fair way to be treated to a revival of the old-time custom of treating Lent as Lent.

The wedding of Miss Katheryn Geddes to Captain Byran Conrad of the Fifteenth United States infantry, which took place at St. Mark's cathedral on Wednesday evening, was the most brilliant military event of the kind ever witnessed here.

Dean Benjamin Brewster performed the ceremony and the church was filled with a large and brilliant assemblage of friends from the city and Fort Douglas. The toilettes of the ladies and the brilliant uniforms of the officers together with the glorious flags and blossoms with which the church was decorated, forming a scene replete with beauty. The prettiest effect seen at a church wedding in years was that of the maids and matrons who attended the bride. Their gowns and veils and court head-dress—an idea that was used here for the first time, were all in a beautiful shade of pink, and in contrast to the brilliant uniforms, the procession to the altar was a picture. Notwithstanding the brilliancy of the affair, there was a lack of ostentation delightful in its simplicity.

To the music of the Lohengrin march the bridal party entered the church, where at the chancel Captain Conrad and Captain Harker awaited. The ushers came first, followed by Mrs. Stephen Shaw of Denver and Mrs. Ernest Bamberger, Miss Gertrude McGrath and Miss Anna McCornick, and then Mrs. Hooper Dunbar just ahead of the bride, who followed with her father. Immediately following the ceremony an informal reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Theron Geddes, where Captain and Mrs. Conrad, Mr. and Mrs. Geddes, Colonel and Mrs. Walter Scott, and the bridal party received a large number of friends. Captain Conrad and his radiant bride, who was beautiful in satin and lace and orange blossoms, received the felicita-

tions of their friends until after the wedding supper had been served, and then amid a shower of rice, departed for their new home.

The wedding of Miss Eva Castle of San Francisco, and A. P. S. Macquisten of Glasgow, Scotland, which took place at the home of the Castles in San Francisco on Tuesday night, aside from being an unusually interesting event locally, was not without an exciting feature, Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Castle of Guatamala making a sea voyage of twenty-five hundred miles to be present at the ceremony and arriving just in the nick of time, and being allowed to pass quarantine through the courtesy of the collector of the port, Mr. and Mrs. Castle being taken ashore on a revenue cutter, and arriving at the house just as the ceremony commenced.

Mr. and Mrs. Macquisten are in southern California, and will arrive here to make this city their home some time during March.

The Commercial club committee on art and literature has completed arrangements with Mr. J. T. Harwood, the distinguished artist, to exhibit his series of twenty-four water colors described as "A Year in Liberty Park." The exhibition will begin on next Tuesday morning at the club and will last ten days, the members of the club being entitled to bring as many visitors to the exhibition as they please.

Of course, it's all over now, those who suffered have almost recovered, and the ludicrous aspect of the affair appeals to those who had the strength to go through the ordeal. But the reception itself, the nouveau riche reception, given for a high official of the state, was one which will linger a long time in the memories of those who honored the climber with their presence.

Up to the time of this reception there were a lot of people who thought that this persistent entertainer was doing the best she knew how and that her heart was in the right place notwithstanding the bizarre features of her social stunts.

She was very careful on the day of the event to give the kind society reporters full particulars, describing minutely the American beauty effects in the dining room and the wonderful floral features about the mansion. They were American beauties all right, all right, and the beautiful green and white effect in the reception room was one "never-to-be-forgotten" and probably won't be for the blossoms were made of paper, and most of them had seen service. Of course there was a good deal of electricity. That was fresh and brilliant; and there was a large demijohn of electricity in the kitchen where a few who knew of it occasionally revived their drooping spirits, but the refreshments for the others were so skimpy that they wouldn't keep a canary bird in fodder through a warm winter. There was music in attendance also, frozen music, that needed help, and finally got it through a hasty retreat; and all in all, considering the clever presswork that preceded the remarkable event, it took the palm for new ideas in wild western hospitality.

In this day of reeking divorce proceedings which are such a commentary on the wild life of the day, it is really refreshing to note the philosophic and pleasant way in which Margaret Illington and Daniel Frohman have agreed to disagree. There lives are entirely at variance, Mr. Frohman being ambitious to make a great star of his wife, and Mrs. Frohman desiring quiet domesticity and the peace of mind that sometimes goes with

it. There seems to be another man in the case, a Mr. E. J. Bowes of San Francisco, whom both Mr. and Mrs. Frohman like immensely, Mr. Frohman stating that his wife will probably marry Mr. Bowes when the divorce is granted, and further remarking that Bowes is a good chap. Mrs. Frohman and Mr. Bowes while stating their admiration for one another, are properly not discussing their future in the event of the divorce being granted. The case is peculiar in the annals of such affairs, and happily is not accompanied by the usual nausea.

A very selfish public will regret exceedingly the disappearance of Margaret Illington from the theatrical limelight, but possibly she knows best how she cares to spend her life, so it's none of the public's business. It does seem a shame, however, that a woman of her talents should retire from a career which is only really beginning. Her first appearance of note here was with Mr. Sothern in "If I Were King," and later in "The Thief" she was seen to splendid advantage.

Mrs. Samuel Newhouse will sail for England next month to be present at the opening of the London season. Mr. Newhouse, who is now in the east, will return in time to accompany her.

Ernest Bamberger and P. L. Williams, Jr., have returned from Denver, where they were entertained at a series of interesting informal affairs given by B. Bridgeman, A. Copp, and J. Royle.

Among the pleasantly informal dinners which began the week of festivities were those given on Sunday night by Mrs. Ernest Bamberger and Mrs. W. H. Cunningham, and that at which R. W. Sloan was the host on Monday evening.

The good stork paid a visit to the Russell Schudlers during the week, leaving a fine young man to delight the Schudler menage.

The most important social event of the coming week will be the marriage of Miss Sara Terrell to Rupert Kennedy Stockwell, which will take place at the First Presbyterian church on Wednesday night. The affair will practically conclude the social season preceding Lent, and will be largely attended by the friends of the young people.

Judge William H. King has issued invitations for a large reception and dance to be given at Odeon hall on Tuesday evening in honor of Governor William Spry and representatives D. H. Morris and F. B. Hammond, the gentlemen who honored Judge King with the Democratic vote in the late senatorial sustinment. It will be one of the most brilliant affairs of the season now rapidly drawing to a close.

This one from the Graphic ought to help a little on a rainy day: It says a young lady who had a somewhat embarrassing habit of speaking to herself was passing through a drapery emporium, and noticed a great display of garters. "Thirty thousand pair a year," she read, and then solo voice, "I don't see where they all go."

HAPPENINGS AND WHEREABOUTS.

A delightful tea was that given on Thursday by Mrs. M. H. Kriebel, Mrs. Ellsworth Dagget, and Mrs. Bidwell.

Mrs. W. S. McCornick entertained at a luncheon at her home on Thursday.