

Social Saunterings

Did anyone make the remark that Salt Lake was a giddy little burg? Has anyone the temerity to state that there was ever a busy week for the idlers in our city or that there ever will be again?

The early bed, the book, and the drop light have been the principal attraction for the resters, and the early morning at the milliner's without even a drooping lid to put anyone in the class of our most prominent last nighters.

A city of the dead ones without even the little dinners with the merry muclage under the yellow labels to start some signs of life. Perhaps the smart ones have been anticipating the last week in Lent, and have, with great foresight, kept hidden in order that they may not feel so guilty for doing a nightly turn at the Theatre when Naximova comes in Holy week.

It is presumed that the Press Club will sustain its well-established reputation for entertainments next Wednesday matinee and evening, when "The Bungle" will be presented at the Salt Lake theatre. Already there is enough interest evinced in the play to insure a heavy patronage, and it is believed that this problem play of politics will be a scream.

The play is a romance of Utah politics, although no one in particular has been singled out in the characters that will be presented. Broadhurst's story of "The Man of the Hour" left so much room for improvement that the Press Club decided to improve upon it and make it as natural as it should be. In "The Bungle" the true version of "The Man of the Hour" is seen.

The play is directed by H. L. A. Culmer, and the identity of this genius with the piece is a guarantee of success. A feature of the play will be the reproduction of a newspaper office scene, and the public will be given a peep behind the scenes of any old newspaper in Salt Lake. In this instance, the actual work of a newspaper office will be reproduced, and in other points the faithfulness of the conception will be followed out.

The costumes and stage settings will be stunners, and in addition there is enough of a story to hold the interest of the audience to the fall of the last curtain. There is a tangible plot, and an intensity of dramatic situations, making the whole thing altogether playable and one that will live in the memory of those who shall see it.

There will be a matinee, at the regular hour, as well as an evening performance.

A distinguished party, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kittridge, were entertained early in the week by a number of prominent Salt Lakers.

Mr. Kittridge, a high official of the Vanderbilt lines, is touring the West in his car, among the

more prominent people in his party being Miss Choat, and James T. Woodward, president of the Hanover National Bank of New York.

The entire party were the guests of Frank Knox and Rodney T. Badger, who showed them the city from the tonneaus of several motor cars, and later Mr. and Mrs. Kittridge and their friends were the guests of honor at a luncheon at the Alfa Club, given by Colonel George W. E. Dorsey and Mrs. Dorsey. Later in the afternoon, through the courtesy of J. J. McClellan, they attended a recital at the tabernacle.

The accident to Gordon Hutchings, which necessitated the amputation of his foot early in the week has been most distressing to his wide circle of friends here.

Mr. Hutchings, who is a member of the University Club, is one of the most popular young men in the city, and has the deep sympathy of a host of friends in his affliction.

The plans are forming to open the Country Club a little earlier than usual this year. Such plans are always formed each spring and usually fall down, but this time, it looks as though the powers that be will provide for the wants of those who desire an early start.

The weather is so pleasant that the links have almost the same appearance as they have in the summer, and on Saturdays and Sundays there is always a crowd.

There will be a large number of recruits in the tennis and golf lists this summer, though it is possible that there will be no more active players than usual, for the long distance motoring fever has made such inroads that some people will not have as much time as usual to spend down where the rickey blossoms blow.

An incident that occurred during inauguration week in Washington, and in regard to which strenuous efforts have been made to prevent the facts from becoming public, has aroused considerable gossip and amusement in the inner circles, according to an eastern journal of society. On the afternoon that Madame Eames was to give her much-heralded concert at the Columbia Theatre, she thought it would be a delicate attention on her part to invite the President and Mrs. Taft to occupy a box and lend the glamour of their presence to the occasion. This she did, and her invitation was graciously accepted. The prima donna, however, had not thought to make inquiry concerning the disposition of the boxes, which was, to say the least, unfortunate, for all the boxes in the house had been sold, and the one commonly termed "The President's Box," and which

he invariably occupies whenever he attends that particular theatre, had been taken by an intimate friend of Mrs. Sherman, who had asked several prominent official people to meet the wife of the Vice-President.

Consternation therefore reigned when just after the concert had begun and Madame Eames was warbling her prettiest before the footlights, a messenger appeared with the announcement that the Presidential party had left the White House and would reach the theatre in a few moments. For an instant the ushers and managers were panic-stricken, then realizing that something must be done, and quickly, a hurried consultation was held. To turn Mrs. Sherman and her friends out of their box seemed a fearful thing to do, and where to put them when ousted was a problem, but the circumstances required desperate measures. A party of ladies and gentlemen who sat in innocent enjoyment of the concert on the other side of the house, quite ignorant of the impending tragedy, were hastily appealed to, and with great consideration and good feeling they promptly agreed to come to the rescue by effacing themselves, which they immediately did. The Vice-President's wife and her party were then politely requested to vacate their box and establish themselves in the opposite one, much to the rage and mortification of the hostess, who, with Mrs. Sherman beside her, the others following behind, was compelled to make the entire tour of the house in full view of a wondering audience. But when the Tafts arrived their box was ready for them, and no doubt they are still wholly unaware of the disagreeable complication occasioned by Madame Eames's thoughtlessness. Mrs. Sherman and her hostess, however, are not likely soon to forget the occurrence.

HAPPENINGS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. B. O'Brien has returned from a business trip to Wyoming.

In honor of Mrs. Carl Eilers, Mrs. D. C. Roberts entertained at a tea on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. S. MacQuisten, who are now in Golconda, will arrive here shortly, to make their home.

In honor of Mrs. Andrew Dowd, Mrs. J. T. Richards entertained at cards on Friday.

Mrs. A. J. Davis was the hostess at the first of a series of luncheons on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Walter G. Filler and her daughter Lawton have returned from the east.

Mrs. Henry W. Lawrence is in Oakland, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Dunshee have returned from Los Angeles.

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