

# Social Saunterings

In some London correspondence we find the following, which may be of interest to local society, in which the Lawrence Townsends and Miss Yvonne Townsend circulated while Mr. Townsend was on the staff of Samuel Newhouse here. The item reads:

"There is no offense meant, on the contrary, it is considered a very good social advertisement for a girl to have her photograph passed around at the smart men's clubs prior to her presentation. This is what is just now happening regarding the pictures of several American 'buds.' The photograph of Yvonne Townsend, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, is greatly admired. The Townsends are in a very good set; he is in the diplomatic service and was minister at Brussels. Miss Yvonne is to appear at one of the June courts."

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The coming of Monroe Salisbury (Orr Salisbury Cash) in "The Mills of the Gods" at the Colonial next week, will be the occasion for a large number of fashionable audiences at the pretty house. A lot of his old friends have retired from the scene of action during the years that have intervened since his absence, but there are enough left to give him a rousing reception, and already several theatre parties are on the tapis. Mr. Salisbury is a nephew of Mrs. O. J. Salisbury, of this city, and with his mother and sister, Mrs. E. W. Clarke, lived here for a number of years.

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The Pullman car was crowded. A fresh drummer sat in section seven and tried to start a conversation with the lovely lady who had the other half of the same section.

Immediately the lady froze up like a young icicle and looked out the window. After a few more futile attempts the drummer rang for the porter, ordered a pillow and told the fellow to wake him five minutes before the train arrived at the station where he wanted to drop off.

In a little while, the porter informed him that it was time to wake up. As he opened his eyes he looked across and saw that the lady was asleep in the opposite seat.

The drummer got his stuff together, put on his overcoat, took his hat ready for his departure and then touched the lady on the shoulder. She awoke with a start, and with a look of haughty inquiry at the drummer began to ask him what he meant, but he interrupted with "Pardon me, I only wanted to say good-bye—this is probably the last time we shall ever sleep together." And with that he disappeared.

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The Wednesday luncheons at the Country Club are becoming very popular, probably because there is more time to get over them than the Saturday table d'hote dinners, and also for the reason that they afford a means of meeting one's friends without much effort, as there is very little else doing, and in spite of the chill in the air the club surroundings are very attractive. About a hundred ladies found their way to the club on Wednesday last, most of them in response to invitations, and the others in hope, and few were disappointed.

Mrs. Frank Judge entertained a large number of friends at luncheon; in honor of Miss Elizabeth Ward, Mrs. C. C. Plummer had eighteen guests, and Mrs. James E. Jennings and Mrs. H. L. Charles were others who made it pleasant for a number of ladies.

There will be a dance at the club following the dinner tonight, and it is barely possible that more will attend the dance than the dinner, as few, except the utterly reckless, care to risk the latter.

Society was represented at the Johnson-Burns fight pictures by two of its prominent leaders on the opening night, and from their descriptions, their friends are sorry they did not attend.

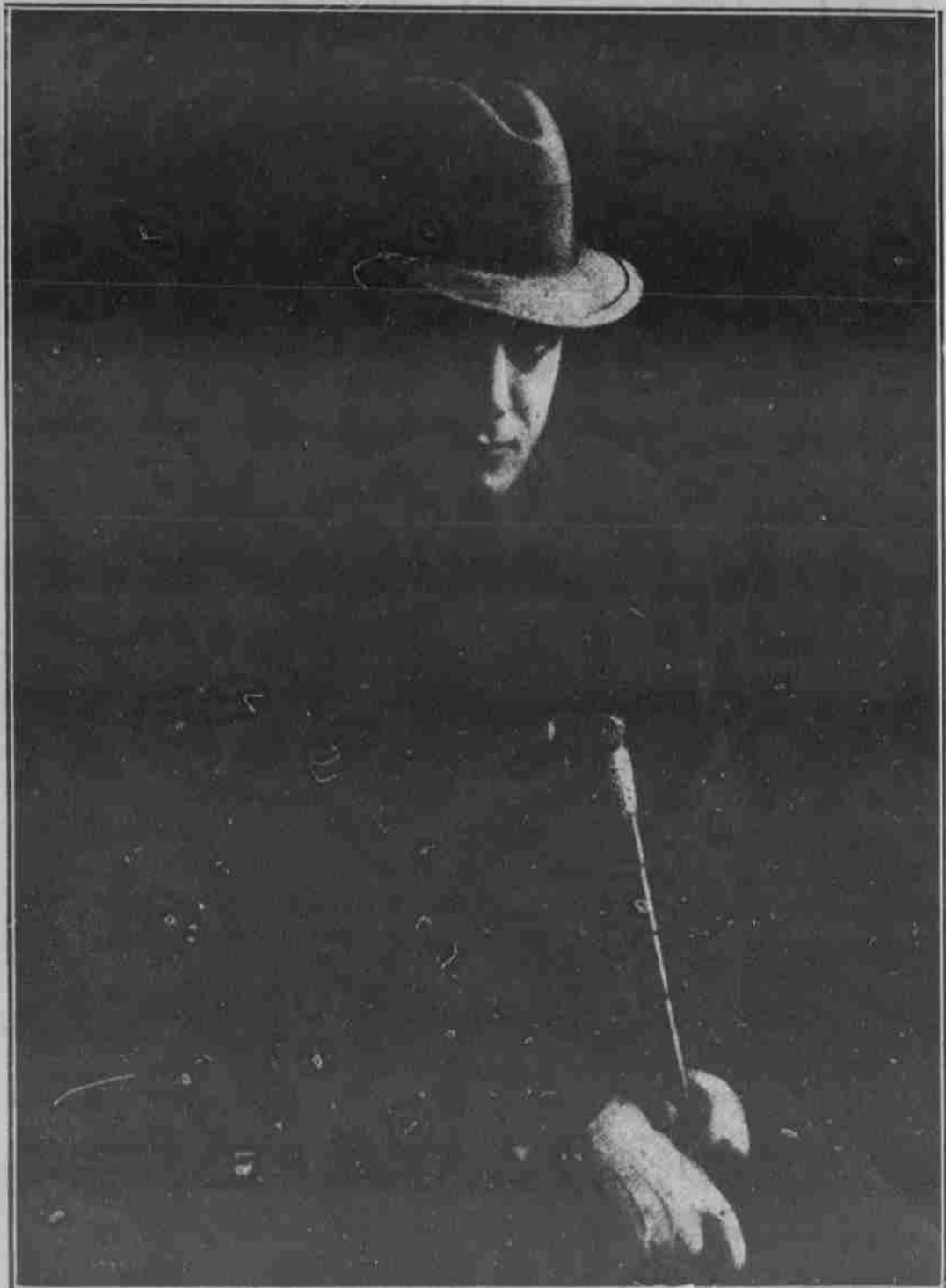
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The friends of Dr. Archie Rykert will be interested in knowing that he is making a great success of his London concert season. A London Chronicle of recent date contains a splendid notice under the caption of "A Famous Canadian Tenor," with a story of his triumph at the Empire Day concert at the Royal Albert Hall. The Chronicle also publishes a large portrait of Dr. Rykert, which is an excellent likeness of the artist. Dr. Rykert married Miss Blanche Mackintosh, a niece of the late Richard Mackintosh, of this city. Dr. and Mrs. Rykert have spent a number of summers in this city, where they are very popular.

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Harold Lamb's car is again out of the shop, and at this writing is still in commission.

The unfortunate financial difficulties which were encountered during the engagement of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra here, again go to show that Salt Lake is quite a musical center when the tickets are free, or at least not over twenty-five cents apiece. Of course, there is something in the argument that people do not enjoy sitting on the hard benches in the Tabernacle for two or three hours; but that is not an excuse, as there is always a deficit at the end of the year for want of support of our own Symphony, which is doing such noble work, and which should receive the support of everyone. The receipts at the local Symphony concerts are usually in the neighborhood of three hundred and fifty or four hundred dollars, and at the minimum the expenses are always six hundred, and would be higher if the musicians themselves were not the chief contributors, giving their time and their efforts for next to nothing. In making large guarantees to soloists and organizations, the promoter has usually come out at the little end of the horn here, and while more aggressive publicity cam-



Monroe Salisbury, a former Salt Lake society man, who will be seen at The Colonial next week