

Elizabeth to Robert Bigelow Chapin of Boston, Mass. The wedding will take place in October.

Mrs. June Sadler Donnell and Mrs. Jack Gilmer are at the Sadler cottage at Brighton, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ledyard Bailey gave a lake party on Thursday night for their guest, J. Topham Richardson of London.

The Montanya tragedy which in itself became a closed incident a few days ago when the coroner's jury in San Francisco rendered a verdict that Mrs. de la Montanya committed suicide, has for reasons (hard to guess) received no publicity in the Salt Lake dailies, though it has stirred things up considerably in the coast papers which have contributed much space to the story of the little dinner enjoyed by Mrs. de la Montanya, Mrs. Margaret W. Patton, Robert G. Hanford and Charles O. Whittemore.

So much interest locally has been evinced in the story of the proceedings leading up to the affair, during the sojourn in the Montanya apartments, and the subsequent actions of the ladies and gallants after the shooting, that a few more excerpts from the San Francisco papers are published herewith.

The two married men who loved their fun—but oh you details! the physician, the coroner, in fact all of the men who knew anything of the case and who seemed to be so suddenly stricken with myopia, have now told their stories; the jury said "suicide" and censured Hanford for having a gun; and all but the unfortunate woman are free to go "new worlds to conquer," new Gibsons to mix and new peacocks to view in the lobbies of fashionable hotels.

The following is from Town Talk, San Francisco's bright and scintillating weekly:

"Perhaps if the truth had been told outright there would have been no suggestion of mystery with reference to Mrs. de la Montanya's sensational withdrawal from this easy-going-sun-loving world. But it is the habit of reporters, when they find they have been deceived, to make it as disagreeable as possible for those that practiced the deception. A lot of plausible and excusable lying was done in the interest of the gentlemen who were enjoying Mrs. de la Montanya's hospitality at the time she made her abrupt and discourteous exit, and as a result those gentlemen were called upon to do some explaining which they did without convincing. Their story doesn't ring true. The tone is unusual. It strikes the ear with shocking unfamiliarity like the music of strange islands that corals build or submarine volcanoes upheave. And now there are rumors of acquaintance that blossomed into affection, of affection that bloomed into love and love that blazed into adoration. It is all very strange, fantastic and extravagant—the combination of lilies, chrysanthemums and cocktails, of the melancholia of lost illusions, and the madness of moonlight, of married men and grass widows, absent mind'd officials and accommodating doctors. Yet women have done all that Mrs. de la Montanya has done and will do them again and men will love them none the less."

"An eventful and somewhat checkered career was that which Mrs. de la Montanya brought to a tragic close. Years ago when she was "Birdie" Barbier the bavardes of the daily press devoted a good deal of space to her doings. Long before her marriage to Montanya she was reported to be deeply in love with a prominent business man of this city. He went to Dawson and she followed him, and the newspapers reported that they were to be married in the Klondike. The marriage was indefinitely postponed. It was shortly before that that "Birdie" Barbier was bequeathed a fortune by her sister, Mrs. Harry Emeric, which involved her in litigation with her brother-in-law, the outcome of which was a compromise by which she accepted a comparatively small sum of money. Emeric, by the way, had been treated rather shabbily by his wife. By marrying her he incurred the disfavor of his wealthy father who at one time owned a large part of Contra Costa county. Cast out of his father's home Harry Emeric was obliged to become a street car driver to support himself and wife. The father never forgave him, but at the old man's death the son inherited the family for-

tune which he proceeded to enjoy in royal fashion. He indulged his wife in the most extravagant luxuries, and they appeared to be very happy and very much in love. One day Harry Emeric fell ill, and believing that he was on his deathbed he deeded all his property to his wife. He soon recovered and about the same time discovered that his wife had grown cold. He demanded his property back and she refused to give it to him. While they were squabbling over it Mrs. Emeric died, leaving a will by which she bequeathed the property to her sister. Hardly had Emeric succeeded in recovering the bulk of his property when he died."

James de la Montanya figured in the newspapers long before he married "Birdie" Barbier. His first wife was Lora'ne Spencer, daughter of Judge Frank Spencer of San Jose whom he cruelly deserted, later kidnaping their children and removing them from the jurisdiction of the California courts. To prevent his wife from regaining possession of the children he became a citizen of France where he lived for several years. In time



C. O. Whittemore who recently attained additional fame as a diner-out at the apartments of the late Mrs. de la Montanya.

it became necessary for him to return to this country to protect his business interests and as a consequence he was obliged to yield possession of the children to their mother. One of them is now Mrs. Edward Davis. The first Mrs. de la Montanya is now Mrs. George Terbush."

"Divorce decrees might have been appropriate table decorations at the quiet little dinner that preceded Mrs. de la Montanya's death. The hostess had just been divorced. "Bob" Hanford, one of the guests, had divorced his wife and married a divorced woman. Mrs. Patton had never sued or been sued for a decree, her husband, William Patton, a prominent Virginia City mining man, having died several years ago; but two of her husband's sisters had the bonds broken that bound them to their spouses. Mrs. Patton, who has several young children, was formerly Miss Margaret Rodrigue. Her late husband's mother and sisters moved from Virginia City to San Francisco several years ago, and have been prominent socially here and in San Rafael. One sister, Miss Edith Patton, married Frank Wilds of Virginia City. She was eventually divorced from him and afterward married Leonard Chenery of this city. Another sister, Miss Jessie Patton, married William Berry of San Rafael. She, too, is divorced. Miss Dorothy Ethel Patton went to New York, where she studied to be a trained nurse, and later went abroad. Hanford's first wife was Miss Marguerite Harley of Montreal, Canada. Great surprise was occasioned by their divorce some years ago. Hanford then married his present wife, Mrs. Gabrielle Cavalsky, who had just been divorced from her husband, who was a dentist. The second Mrs. Hanford is now in New York, and the handsome Hanford home on Russian Hill has been on the market. Hanford's first wife went to her mother's home in Montreal after the divorce, and it is said that she never recovered from the episode, still loving Hanford. Late letters report her in London with American friends during Ascot week, and later she joined Mrs. E. Walton Hedges, who has taken a house in Wales for the summer. Hanford set-

ted a generous fortune upon her at the time of the divorce."

Below may be found a paragraph or two culled from several yards of the yarn as it appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle:

Coroner T. B. W. Leland, on his return from Santa Cruz last night, declared that Hanford and Whittemore had come to his private office on Saturday afternoon and sought to have the inquest waived, for the reason, as they put it, "that they might escape notoriety."

"I told them that this would be impossible," says the coroner, "and I warned them that their actions had already placed them in a position where they might be suspected of having murdered the woman."

"I told them," the coroner goes on to say, "that the better way to avoid notoriety was to seek it, and my understanding was that they would go to the coroner's office and report the whole thing to my deputy, Kennedy, who had detectives working on the case."

The doctor was reminded at this point that, in spite of his good advice to the two timid gentlemen diners, that he had himself gone off to Santa Cruz, leaving the detectives to work on the case in the dark and in ignorance of the facts as he had himself learned them from the two sportively inclined but reluctant eye witnesses.

"That is so," Leland acknowledged without hesitation, "and I admit it. The truth was, I was so busy getting the stores on the Alert that it slipped my mind. And then Whittemore was such a slow talker that he irritated me and I wanted to get them out of my office. I told them to go and tell the whole thing to the papers. No, it is true, I didn't tell anybody myself—and I thought they would do it."

When the coroner was informed that Hanford and Whittemore had not only not given the truth to the papers nor to the police, but that according to their own statements, that they had left his office with the impression that "the coroner was going to do what he could for them," and that maybe the dreadful secret that they were dining with Lorena de la Montanya and Mrs. Margaret Patton might not be heralded from the housetops even at the inquest, the coroner was surprised.

"They were foolish," he said, "They ought to have told the truth in the first place, and then there would have been no mystery. I am usually careful in these matters myself, but the truth was I made a mistake this time. Whittemore was so dreadfully anxious to avoid what he called notoriety, and he talked so slow and so long, and I was in a hurry to get away, that I admit I went off and did not inform the detectives whom I had working on the case."

The doctor says that the story the two gentlemen with retiring dispositions told to him on Saturday was substantially the same as has now been published.

"When they asked me if the inquest could be waived, I told them that it could not, and that the first thing which would be done would be to place the gun in evidence and that when it was discovered that it was not the property of Mrs. de la Montanya that there would be a strong suspicion against the owner of the weapon if he maintained his desire to avoid notoriety. I told them they were paving the way for a murder charge."

Finally agreeing on one story of the shooting, the three dinner guests and the colored maid insisted yesterday that Mrs. de la Montanya held Hanford's pistol in her own hand when the fatal shot was discharged.

Mrs. Margaret Patton and Charles O. Whittemore say that they were sitting on a couch in an adjoining room, admiring the view from the window. The colored maid says she was in the kitchen washing the dinner dishes, and Hanford says his back was turned and that he was in the act of mixing the Gibson cocktail.

"I can give no other reason for taking the gun from my pocket," Hanford said yesterday, "than that I did it. I have carried it for many years, and recently I have carried my eye-glass case in the same pocket. I always take them both out at night and lay them on the bureau. Why I did it at this time I cannot say." * * * * *

Mrs. Patton does not remember where she first saw the gun, but thinks one of the men picked it up and laid it on the table. She admits that she told the maid to say that it belonged to Mrs. de la Montanya, but her memory fails on the point of how the gun got into the basket on the dresser in Mrs. de la Montanya's room.

James de la Montanya said to a Chronicle man:

"That Patton woman rang me up at 11 o'clock on Friday night," he said, "and told me if I wanted to see my wife before she was taken to the morgue I had better come down. I said to her: