

Saunterings

On a recent trip to Ogden Canyon, a stop was made by a motoring party at one of the principal cafes after the return from the canyon on the way home. It gets chilly coming down the canyon, and sometimes the fuel gives out before the ensuing trip to this city is completed. The party happened to be chilled through, and asked for a little whiskey. They got it and didn't like it. Then one of them noticed a sign advertising a whiskey purported to be twenty-seven years old. A round of this was ordered and when it was served there was about half an inch of whiskey in each glass. One young lady in the party, who had a particularly bad chill took a brief look at her glass, and then remarked: "This seems to be awfully small for its age."

A recent contest for social supremacy in Seattle was settled by the purchase of \$10,000 worth of tickets in a "popularity contest." In this simple and unostentatious manner does Mrs. M. Robert Guggenheim become queen of Siwash society. In and around San Francisco, social supremacy is a much more complicated question. Thus, the Carolans are building, at "Blingum," a residence to cost \$1,000,000. In this delicate manner they mean to intimate that they are the real fromage de brie as compared with their neighbors and rivals, the Crockers, whose last cottage in the country cost them but \$600,000. It is calculated by the Carolans that the \$1,000,000 edifice will restrain the Crockers for an interval, or, in parvenue parlance, hold them for a while; but what is to prevent them perpetually from putting up a \$1,500,000 or \$2,000,000 cottage, one neither superior nor say—unless, believe, the lack of lucre.

The wife of Giacomo Puccini has begun her prison term, the fine has been paid to the relatives of Doria Manfredi, whose pathetic death resulted from the accusations of Mme. Puccini, and the European musical world in which the tragedy has caused such a stir is again calming down, waiting for the next sensation.

All Italy has exclaimed, "Ah, what an opera it would make!" but if the story is set to music, it will probably be some other than the gifted composer of "La Boheme" and "Madame Butterfly" who will do the work.

This is the story of Doria Manfredi:

Her father was a humble peasant upon the grand estate of Puccini. To him and the other tenants Puccini was the greatest man in the world. The children were brought up to revere him as a most noble signor. It was a great honor when he placed his hand upon their small heads. Doria, from her childhood, was the chief pet.

Even as a baby she was the most beautiful upon the place. Puccini made her many little gifts and called her his own bambina.

Two years ago, when the girl was blossoming into a most fascinating womanhood, her father died. She was left homeless and in want. Peasant like, she returned to the "grand signor"—the



Giacomo Puccini

famous composer—for protection. He took her into his villa as serving maid, with the consent of his wife.

Doria became as useful about the villa as she was ornamental. Doria seemed as devoted to Signora Puccini as she was to the composer. But at last the signora, herself of peasant origin and no longer either young or beautiful, became jealous and suspicious of the picture-like serving maid.

One day not long ago she made the open accusation that Doria's interest in Puccini was greater than that of a servant in a master.

"Signor," said the girl, "always has been kind to me, like my father that is gone—no more than that."

In angry passion the signora repeated her accusation, and struck the girl.

Doria, shocked, humiliated, and heart-broken, made her way tearfully from the villa. Within an hour her body was found in the grounds, her beautiful face contorted from the agony of poison.

After hearing of the girl's death the Puccinis quarreled, and Puccini told the authorities what he knew of the case, and the result was the prison sentence and the fine.

These beautiful summer nights have proven a great boon to a large number of slow walking pedestrians, but probably no one has enjoyed them more than the handsome pair who choose the earliest hours in the morning for their promenades. Really, it has been too beautiful to go indoors, but it does seem a little indiscreet for a handsome man and a beautiful lady to walk down from Federal Heights along Salisbury's Appian Way at two o'clock in the morning, oblivious to all environments and drinking in the splendors of the heavens and the sweetness of the air. There are so many other walks where other people aren't liable to be. Certainly it can't be lack of experience that is responsible for this indiscretion on your part—can it be, Lieutenant?

HAPPENINGS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Among those who entertained at the table d'hote luncheon at the Country Club on Wednesday, were Mrs. J. M. Bidwell, Mrs. J. E. Gallagher, Mrs. Adolph Baer, Miss Bancroft, and Miss Charlotte Holmes.

Miss Shirley Palmer, of Cleveland, Ohio, will arrive in a few days, to be the guest of Miss Margaret Dunn.

Mrs. S. C. Adams and daughter and Mrs. Raymond Masson and daughter are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McMillan.

In honor of Mrs. Robert Glendinning, of Mexico, Mrs. Wm. McCrea entertained informally on Wednesday.

Mrs. Jacob Moritz and Mrs. Emil Lehman entertained at an elaborate luncheon on Thursday for Miss Helen Simon, of Portland.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Young, Jr., Mrs. Wm. Reid and Miss Afton Young entertained at the Young home in Red Butte Hollow on Thursday evening. The affair was one of the most delightful events of the summer.



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