

HADN'T YOU HEARD

BY WILLY WALLFLOWER.

A crowd of young girls—that is, a crowd of the fair sex labeled "young set"—congregated at a smart function the other day, and if masculine judgment knows aught of such matters, the affair moved off much after the usual fashion.

After the hostess had been critically scanned from head to foot, and all of her stable raiment appraised—(pardon the allusion, but the list was a long one)—and after the food had been duly commended and criticized by turns, the guests, one at a time, were put up for vivisection.

There chanced to be present a young person whose style of dressing causes much merriment. That day she was dolled up to all her hair ornaments, ear-rings, drapes and streamers to found in half a dozen foggy shops; and in passing, (of course you understand that it was she who passed) one creature with a tongue as ready as her wit remarked that "— was there with everything but the pots and pans."

Woman's inhumanity to woman makes countless millions mourn; and Willy is of the opinion that countless millions more would mourn, if they could but hear all of the "sweet" things said or them by their FRIENDS (note the last word).

The engagement hasn't come out in the papers yet—but don't get excited; for maybe it won't be announced at all, because the man in the case is in a peculiar predicament, i. e.: whether to make the best of the engaging situation, or to bolt the election. I don't want to insinuate that the fair one was too hasty in accepting the gifts of Providence, or that the man with the beginner's luck batted a home run. Anyway, he is in no hurry to buy the sparkler.

Don't say anything about this to anybody, because I was told not to tell; the secret of the whole thing is—verbo-man-ia.

Have you heard about the new affliction called verbomania? M. Ossip Laurie claims that the malady is caused by talking just for the sake of talking; and that people who are otherwise normal can say things by the hour without giving a single thought to them.

Evidently the young man was a victim of verbomania, for he declares that without a word of warning a pair of alabaster arms fastened themselves about his neck, and a soft honeyed voice whispered in his surprised ear, "Yes, darling!"

He was heard to say to a very close friend that while his conversation had been a bit complimentary, he couldn't for the life of him remember having made a formal declaration of intention.

It is only another case of mistaken identity, and maybe no harm is done. These things happen every day without serious results. Sometimes they turn out quite happily, and sometimes a fellow is forced into a breach of promise suit. But dear me, what is the use of worrying over a little thing like that? There are not many of us bachelors with money enough to be worth the notoriety of a suit for breach of promise.

Mrs. Edwin F. Holmes and Mrs. E. A. Wall took advantage of the revival of the old custom of celebrating birthdays, and were hostesses at two elegantly appointed functions during the week. Monday afternoon Mrs. Wall, assisted by her eldest daughter, Mrs. Lewis Jeffs, entertained thirty or more children, in honor of the seventh birthday of little Miss Edna who is better known by the attractive name of "Peggy." Miss "Peggy" was radiant in the enjoyment of the party, and took great pride in cutting her own birthday cake, which bore seven pretty pink candles.

Friday, Harold Bradford Lamb was the guest on a similar occasion when his suit

Mrs. Edwin F. Holmes, an acknowledged leader of society, entertained with a sumptuous luncheon. With her accustomed attention to details, Mrs. Holmes made the affair exceptionally dainty and appropriate.

Mrs. Holmes was hostess again Friday, receiving a host of friends at the Amelia Palace between the hours of four and six. Vases of stately yellow chrysanthemums lent cheer to the drawing rooms, and other flowers were employed in the dining room to set off the handsome tea appointments. Mrs. Jay T. Harris, Mrs. Holmes' sister, and several close friends took turns, presiding over the tea and coffee urns.

The fort-nightly hop given at Fort Douglas Friday evening, by the officers and ladies, was especially enjoyable because of the suitableness of the temperature to Terpsichorean exercises. The lights percolating through pink and red Japanese lanterns, made a pretty setting for the handsome toilets worn by the fort ladies and their friends from the city.

Wednesday exacted much of the society woman. There were functions galore over which popular hostesses presided, and the affairs included luncheons formal and informal, teas of the same degree of importance, smart dinners, and theatre parties with suppers following.

The bridge tea for which the magnificent new residence of Col. E. A. Wall was thrown open, led the day's social events. Forty tables placed on the first floor seated parties of congenial players, who were joined later by close to eighty friends of the Brighton Holiday House enterprise. Besides Mrs. Lewis Jeffs, Mrs. Wall was assisted by members of the Girls' Friendly Society, and senior members of the society, under whose auspices the Holiday camp is being constructed. Delicate pink roses in tall silver vases adorned the dining room. The other rooms had nosegays of various colors to harmonize with the general color idea.

Mrs. Charles M. Bell who invited a number of friends to meet Mrs. Walter L. Mass, and several other hostesses, extended their hospitality Wednesday, and the whole atmosphere of the event was that of a day at the height of the social season.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Spargo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Spargo, of Ogden, and Mr. James W. Collins of Salt Lake, which took place Wednesday evening in Ogden, drew a large party of Salt Lake friends of the young people. The display of gorgeous gowns worn to the church, and the elaborate reception at the Virginia rivalled anything seen this year, and the bride herself, in a marvelous creation, was easily the center of it all.

Mrs. C. C. Dey and her daughters Miss Marjorie and Miss Eliza, who have been summering on the coast, are expected home soon for the winter. Their hospitable home will then be opened for the pleasant affairs that made their presence in Salt Lake society so welcome last season.

While in California Miss Eliza Dey visited Miss Margaret Daniel, who will be remembered as the attractive and accomplished guest of Mrs. James A. Irons, wife of the commanding officer of Fort Douglas. As the guest of Miss Daniel, Miss Dey was lavishly entertained.

Miss Aileen McMillan will leave Monday to resume her musical studies in Boston, where she spent an enjoyable winter last year. On her way home from Boston Miss McMillan was a member of

several house parties, and did not reach Salt Lake until mid-summer to take her place in the younger set. She was hostess on several delightful occasions, and has been the center of a constant round of gaiety since her arrival by motor from Denver in August.

The military post stationed at Fort Douglas has added much to the natural gaiety of Salt Lake society, no little of which has centered about Col. and Mrs. James A. Irons, who will leave in October for the Philippines where Col. Irons will assume command of the Thirteenth infantry now stationed at Manila. By virtue of her peerless hospitality, Mrs. Irons has occupied a conspicuous place in the city's life, and the handsome commander's quarters have been the scene of many of the most elaborate entertainments of the past two years. The departure of Col. and Mrs. Irons is deeply regretted by many who have become firm friends.

Mrs. Edwin Shelby and her charming daughter Miss Eleanor left Thursday for their home in New Orleans after spending a portion of the summer with Mrs. Shelby's daughter Mrs. J. F. Frederickson. A rapid series of informal affairs made the time pass quickly for these southern visitors who are planning to visit here again next summer. While in the city Miss Shelby attracted the attention of a leading western artist who painted a portrait which is a striking pose accentuating the line of the chin, which is her particular mark of beauty.

Miss Marjorie Howard, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Howard, who has enjoyed a gladsome vacation here and in Brighton, will return today to Rosemary Hall, Greenwich, Conn., for her second school year. It is confidently expected that Miss Howard will make her debut upon her return home next summer.

Miss Mary Wall, the third daughter of Col. and Mrs. E. A. Wall, who left early in the month for an extended trip to the orient, will arrive in Yokohama tomorrow where she will join her sister Mrs. Ned Green, whose marriage to Lieutenant Green, of the Fifteenth U. S. A. was a notable social event of the past winter.

Miss Margaret McIntyre, whose vacation has been filled to the brim with de-

lightful summer pastimes, returned on Thursday to New York to re-enter Miss Bennett's school where she was enrolled last year. Miss Carolyn Cowan left the same day for Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Ill., to experience her first taste of boarding school life.

"SO SWEET LOVE SEEMED"

So sweet love seemed that April morn,
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell—let truth be told—
That love will change in growing old;
Though day by day is naught to see,
So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 'twill come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was,
Nor even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found,
So deep in summer floods is drowned,
I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet.

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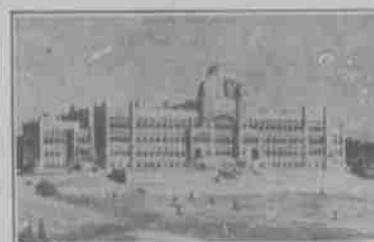
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