

Saunterings

Now comes again the lady with the fancy name and the great but mysterious credentials, and she is lecturing on beauty and health and perhaps still has the secret up her sleeve for the prescription which will give those who take it perpetual youth.

She is saying the most amusing things to the women who are flocking to hear her, but among them are not included some of those who went to her lectures here thirteen years ago, and were told that for an extra fifty dollars, she would reveal a secret that would make those who didn't fall for the fifty, delirious with envy.

There are those who still remember the figures she cited upon her former appearance, and those she is giving out now, and neither make any difference except that they vary considerably.

Beauty and health are magic words to the average woman of forty or over and the way they love to be taken in when the tocsin is periodically sounded and delight in listening to an itinerant who seemingly makes it her business to insult them is remarkable.

It is said that Julia Marlowe's serious ailment is not of a physical nature, after all, but is the old, old trouble that affected Robert Taber, the fair Julia's first husband, so detrimentally—inability of the co-star to be content with second place in the affections of the public. Rumor has it that Mr. Sothern is fast following in the footsteps of his predecessor, who finally wrenched himself apart from his more talented wife because she proved the better drawing card on their joint tours. It will be curious if history repeats itself.

There are those who say that Julia Marlowe will not rejoin her chagrined spouse this season and, possibly, not again—at least not to appear on the same program. It is a sad story to contemplate, my masters, this professional jealousy of two hearts that should beat as one.

The news of the death of Brig. General A. C. Girard, retired, formerly of the Army Medical corps, following an operation for appendicitis, was received with regret by many of the friends of the general's family. The Major was stationed at Fort Douglas for some time preceding the Spanish war when he became surgeon of the second Army Corps. His daughters, Mrs. Jenks and Miss Violet Girard, were very popular in local society. His third daughter met a tragic fate in Chicago about three years ago.

The sad news of the death of Mrs. Cora Hooper Eldredge came from Portland, Oregon, on Tuesday. Her body, accompanied by her husband, Ernest R. Eldredge, and Guy Eldredge, will be brought here for burial. Mrs. Eldredge was a daughter of one of the most prominent families in Salt Lake, her father being the late Major Hooper. She was a sister of the late Sidney K. Hooper and is survived by four sisters, Mrs. Guy Palmer, Mrs. Joseph E. Caine, Mrs. Elizabeth Dunbar and Mrs. Willard Young.

This has been a gay week in fraternal circles at the University, finishing with the Junior "Prom" last evening which was an elaborate affair, attended by hundreds of the students and their friends.

The Utah Grill, the Louvre and Maxim's were the scenes of much life and gayety following the Pavlova performance on Wednesday night.

It is now definitely decided that Mrs. George Steiner will not leave for the Texas border to join her husband with the regiment there, as was recently announced in a local paper. Mr. Steiner is still in business here and has no intention of

joining the army and has never "soldiered" in his life. The Steiners will be with us for several months to come, and he will preside at the Country club election to be held at the Hotel Utah during the coming week.

A beautiful wedding of Wednesday was that of Miss Mary Frances Sappington and William Z. Harrison, which took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Sappington on Twelfth East street, the Reverend P. A. Simpkin officiating. The bride was attended by Miss Hazel Sappington, and Clyde Thompson, of Pocatello, was best man for Mr. Harrison. Among those assisting at the reception which followed, were Mrs. A. L. Hoppage, Mrs. G. M. Forbes, Mrs. Simon Bamberger, Mrs. George D. Keyser, Mrs. Fairchild Sherman, and the Misses Helen Letchfield, Ruth Hirth, Olive Benson, Margaret Collins and Yvonne Moon.

Here is one that is told on Gene Wille. One of his patrons complained to him saying: "There is a needle in this soup." "Beg pardon," said Wille, "It's a typographical error, it should have been a noodle."

HAPPENINGS AND WHEREABOUTS

Miss Cathrine Countiss was the hostess at a tea at the Hotel Utah on Wednesday at which her guests were the members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

A large and elaborate tea was given by Mrs. John F. Cowan and Miss Frances Cowan at their home on Second avenue on Thursday in honor of Mrs. John Asher Cowan.

Mrs. A. Fred Wey entertained the Imperial Bridge club at her home on East South Temple on Thursday.

The marriage of Miss Virginia Smith and Arthur Freber took place at noon on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Freber left immediately after the ceremony for Chicago.

Mrs. Ezra Thompson entertained the Crystal Bridge club at her home on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Thomas will entertain one hundred members of the Women's Democratic club at a theatre party at the Utah on Monday night.

Mrs. Claude Freed entertained at a prettily pointed luncheon at her home on Tuesday. Covers were laid for twelve.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Dinwoodey and Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Dinwoodey have returned from the east. They spent the last month in New York.

Colonel and Mrs. E. A. Wall and Miss Olive Wall have gone to Washington, D. C.

Mrs. B. T. Smith and Miss Margaret McClure are home from southern California.

Cardinal Gibbons made the opening prayer at the last Democratic National convention in Baltimore.

There were two doorkeepers on the main door. One was a very devout Catholic and the other was not.

As the cardinal came down the aisle to go to his home the Catholic doorkeeper leaned across to the other and said:

"Hey, Jim, be sure to touch the cardinal when he gets out!"

"What pocket has he got it in?" asked Jim hoarsely.—Saturday Evening Post.

Reginald de Bacchus, profligate son of a millionaire soap-maker, sat up in bed and moaned for water.

"This is the end of my social career," he muttered. "I drank too much last night at the ball and staggered into everybody."

"Ardly, sir, 'ardly," murmured his valet, apologetically. "Hevery one's praising you for inventing a new dance."—Brooklyn Life.

The Crusaders

The developments of the week in the case of The Evening Telegram vs. The Theatres is not devoid of interest. To the casual observer it would appear that that enterprising sheet has started something which begins to look like a boomerang.

Just why the paper should attack four theatres in this city which represent an investment of over a half million dollars, give employment to nearly two hundred resident wage-earners and place in circulation in Salt Lake every week approximately \$5,000 is not apparent.

The labor unions evidently think that the thing has gone far enough, for on Tuesday the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees unanimously adopted a resolution against the Telegram and the local union of American Federation of Musicians is taking the matter up, while members of both the aforesaid organizations will go further and bring it to the attention of the Federated Trades.

In the meantime the public is wondering what it is all about. It is informed that the Salt Lake theatre is charging a hundred per cent too much for its shows, that the Orpheum is bunking Salt Lake by giving seven acts against the eight and nine in San Francisco and Los Angeles; that the Utah is pasting fraudulent posters on the aesthetic bill boards and the Empress is playing a "con" game in local amusement circles.

When the Telegram tried to keep people away from an opera which recently appeared at the Salt Lake theatre it did not state that \$2 was the regular price in cities three times as big as Salt Lake. It did not state that in Denver where the price was cut to one dollar that the house had been bought up by the finance committee of the convention then in session; that the speculators had cut the price in half and packed the house every night of the week, thereby bringing divers ducats into the treasury.

When the journal screams three times a week that the Orpheum is giving seven acts, as against the eight in San Francisco and Los Angeles, does it tell what Salt Lake really gets? It does not.

Everybody knows that San Francisco gets a bigger bill than Salt Lake, so does Los Angeles. The difference is that Salt Lake gets seven new acts a week whereas the coast cities get but four, as the four best acts are held over for two weeks. In other words you have to go to the Orpheum two consecutive weeks to see eight new acts; you pay \$1.50 against the 75 cents in Salt Lake. Salt Lake, too, pays the railroad fares of each show. San Francisco does not.

The Utah theatre, too, has come under the ban. Among the stock paper received from the east was a poster showing Eliza in the act of crossing the ice. In the Brady version now playing, which by the way, is considered the best, Eliza does not cross the ice in view of the audience. Horrors, the public is defrauded!

The Empress, also, is under the censor. It is convicted of doing the same as the Orpheum—playing a new show every week as against the repeaters that are played on the coast.

But the biggest scream of all was the editorial of Wednesday.

Here is the opening paragraph: "When genuine competition is throttled, let the public beware. There is a theatre trust in this city which makes possible the discrimination against theatregoers—" and so on ad nauseum.

Who was it that started an iron bound trust in the city, an organization of the newspaper managers which said what should be printed and what suppressed?