

## SAUNTERINGS

At a near-by table at The Grill the other evening some self-constituted social arbiters were discussing who is who in Salt Lake society, and their particular prey was one young lady who is as dainty and charming as she can be, but who has committed the unpardonable error of displaying her spirit once or twice when her inferiors have tried to snub her, for she has a quality of mind seldom encountered in the round of frivolities hereabouts. Her case was only one instance and the gibes of these parvenus were shameful.

By the way, what constitutes Salt Lake society or society anywhere else in the west for that matter? How many can go several generations back and find their families in society? Probably less than a score, and in the majority of those cases, whether they are rich or poor, they came from families of prominence in the far east, where among cultured people, as elsewhere, it is a case of what you are and not what you have, though it must be admitted that the wherewithal is a very essential asset combined with birth and brains.

In every western town, and in this of course, in breeding and intellect, there are lots of people who ought to be in real society who never get there, and by the same token there are plenty of people, some well esconced in the sacred circle and some there though not quite sure of their position who never would have had a look-in had it not been for the increase in land values, the high price of sheep and cattle, a gambler's chance in mining or a hundred other things that have made men wealthy in the west.

It is humorous, to say the least, to hear some of these people pass judgment on their bettors, while their yellow streaks stick out as plain as an aura surrounding them. The skeletons in most closets are too active for the inane chatter of those who own them to rise above the rattle of their bones.

At the beginning of the dancing season it is time to register a protest against the boor who fights like a malamute whenever he thinks he is being euchred out of a dance in spite of the assurances given by the young lady in the case on the possibility of there being a mistake.

Of course, there are lots of yellow little kitties in society who make it a business of cutting their dances whenever they please, but most men know who they are and they learn to duck them early in the season. But on the other hand there are plenty of fellows whose experience in society has been limited, who make asses of themselves whenever a trivial dispute occurs.

The tea dance to be given on the mezzanine floor at the Utah in the afternoons during the fall and winter season, should prove very popular. Salt Lake society people have difficulty in finding something to occupy their home on Saturday afternoons in the winter, and these teas will readily fill the void.

The plan is to use the large dancing floor, using the space near the walls for tables, leaving room for the dancing in the center. Mrs. Edwin F. Holmes heads the list of patronesses which include among others: Mrs. A. H. S. Bird, Mrs. T. W. Boyer, Mrs. E. A. Wall, Mrs. Thomas Kearns, Mrs. W. E. Fife, Mrs. H. M. Dinwoodey, Mrs. O. J. Salisbury, Mrs. C. W. Whitley, Mrs. Ernest Bamberger, Mrs. Karl Scheid, Mrs. James Hogle, Mrs. David K. Mrs. H. G. McWilliam, Mrs. E. O. Howard, Mrs. W. W. Armstrong, Mrs. Joseph Nibley, Mrs. Harold Smoot, Mrs. William

Reid and Mrs. J. R. Walker. The Ogden patronesses are as follows: Mrs. Eccles, Mrs. Harold Peery and Miss Minnie Kiesel.

Cards for the wedding of Miss Aline McMillan to Charles Dunning Thompson were issued during the week by Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. McMillan. The wedding will take place at the First Presbyterian church on Thursday evening, October first and will be an elaborate affair.

The marriage of Miss Rehan Spencer to Archie J. West took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spencer, on Wednesday, Richard W. Young performing the ceremony. An informal reception followed, which was attended by a large number of their friends. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer were assisted during the receiving hours by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. West, Mrs. E. A. Smith, Jr., Mrs. J. A. Spencer, Mrs. Morrill N. Farr and the Misses Helen Wells, Eleanor Clawson and Irma Allen.

The marriage of Miss Dorothy Huber to Kurt H. Koehler took place at the Trinity Episcopal church in Portland on Thursday evening and was followed by an elaborate reception given at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oskar E. Huber, on North Twenty-first street. After a wedding trip to California and Hawaii, Mr. and Mrs. Koehler will return to Portland to live.

The wedding of Miss Lucile Purefoy and William Allen Fowler took place at St. Paul's church on Thursday evening. Rev. Ward River Reese officiated and the bride was attended by Miss Alice Purefoy as maid of honor, while the bridesmaids were Miss Martha Henderson, Miss Gladys Savage, Miss Margaret McIntyre and Miss Belle Tyree. Samuel Williams was best man for Mr. Fowler. The ushers were Paul Williams, Carroll Blintz, William Caine and Mark Groesbeck. Mr. and Mrs. Fowler will make their home in Trinidad, B. I., where Mr. Fowler has made a great success since leaving here some years ago.

The marriage of Miss Virginia Beatty to John S. Selfridge, which took place at the First Congregational church on Saturday last, was a truly beautiful affair. It was attended by the most fashionable gathering that has been seen at the church for many a year. The exquisite beauty of the bride was the subject of marked comment, and the entire wedding party with the background of floral decorations was as striking as has ever been seen at a church wedding here.

The wedding of Miss Dale Havenor to Charles Sylvester Laubly of Washington, D. C., took place at the Havenor home on Wednesday evening, the Rev. Charles D. Murphy officiating. Miss Havenor was attended by Miss Florence Havenor and Robert Goodwin was best man for Mr. Laubly.

The members of the Crystal Bridge club were entertained on Wednesday by Mrs. J. W. Westcott.

Miss Isabel Rice has gone east to re-enter the Bang-Whitton school of New York. Her brother Gordon, will again resume his studies at Rumsay Hall, Cornwall, Conn.

Mrs. Benner X. Smith and Miss Margaret McClure have gone east where they will remain a month. Miss McClure will be one of the attendants at the wedding of a school friend in New York.

Mrs. David Mattson has returned to the city and is again at home at the Kenyon.

Miss Martha Henderson entertained delightfully at an informal affair on Tuesday in honor of Miss Purefoy and the young ladies in her bridal party.

Mrs. Edward Levy and sons arrived from San Francisco during the week to join Mr. Levy. They will make their home here at the Bransford.

Miss Lucy Eager and Edmond Bruce Lear of Allentown, Pennsylvania, were married at the First Presbyterian church on Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Jasper A. Macaskell and son have returned from southern California where they have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Moore.

Miss Belle Tyree was hostess at a matinee party followed by a tea given in honor of Miss Lucille Purefoy on Monday for Miss Rehan Spencer.

Miss Ruth Godbe and Miss Frances Clayton were hostesses at a Kensington given at the Godbe home on Monday.

The dramatic section of the Ladies Literary club began its work for the winter on Monday when Mrs. E. B. Palmer spoke interestingly on the study for the year, the subject of which will be "The Drama of Today."

Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Carter have returned from an outing in Idaho.

Miss Gwendolyn Tripp gave a beautiful tea on Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Lear A. Riter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Steiner will leave for the east shortly for an extended visit.

## OUT OF BABYLON

By Clinton Scollard.

As I stole out of Babylon beyond the stolid warders,

(My soul that dwelt in Babylon long long ago!)

The sound of cymbals and of lutes, of viols and recorders,

Came up from klan and caravan, loud and low.

As I crept out of Babylon, the clangor and the babel,

The strife of life, the haggling in the square and mart,

Of the men who went in saffron and the men who went in sable,

It tore me and it wore me, yea, it wore my heart.

As I fled out of Babylon, the cubits of the towers

They seemed in very mockery to bar my way;

The incense of the altars, and the hanging-garden flowers,

They lured me with their glamour, but I would not stay.

We still flee out of Babylon, its vending and its vying,

Its crying up to Mammon, its bowing to Baal;

We still flee out of Babylon, its sobbing and its sighing,

Where the strong grow ever stronger, and the weary fall!

We still flee out of Babylon, the feverish, the fretful,

That saps the sweetness of the soul and leaves but a rind;

We still flee out of Babylon, and fain would be forgetful

Of all within that thrall of wall threatening behind!

Oh, Babylon, oh, Babylon, your toiling and your teeming,

Your canyons and your wonder-wealth,—not for such as we!

We who have fled from Babylon contended are with dreaming,—

Dreaming of earth's loveliness, happy to be free!