

SAUNTERINGS

The promised return of Colonel Jackling and his bride eventuated early in the week and since, there have been many cakes and much ale and such frolics as foxes may indulge in whether looking upon the fabled grapes or those imprisoned at the clubs.

The most delightful thing about their visit here was the personality of Mrs. Jackling who as Virginia Jolliffe has occupied a position in California well suited to make her the queen of a man of such achievements as "Jack's." With birth, breeding, brains, a delicious frankness, unusual culture, unstudied poise and an ability for keen observance; it would not be surprising if the visit of the Jacklings here meant much more to those who swarmed around them than to the happy pair themselves. They enjoyed the company of lots of clever people of course, and lots of others as well who must have bored them to the point of extinction. And they were not the only ones in the party who showed signs of suffering now and then, for Mrs. Mountford Wilson has a pair of eyebrows of her own she has no trouble in raising involuntarily if a proletarian host (not of her choosing) exhibits all the proclivities of a bounder.

Colonel Jackling has always been a splendid mixer, and knows equally well real people and true and the others who help to make up "high society as she is spoke" in these valleys of the mountains. But to Mrs. Jackling and Mrs. Wilson it must have been a novel experience for them to have met some of those who gathered around. One guileless individual asked Mrs. Jackling: "What do you think of Salt Lake society?" If the lady had expressed herself, not on Salt Lake society as a whole, but as a fraction, what a wonderful story could have been written. With charming naivete, she slowly glimpsed a group of prunescent parvenus in which one pink and perspiring lady whose Machiavellian instincts are highly developed was the center, and with just the suspicion of a hidden meaning in her eyes said, "I think it is wonderful."

With her judgment of human nature, her discernment and tact, it is too bad that the stay of the Jacklings could not be prolonged until a few of our parasitical sycophants could get their proper rating.

If that were possible, many a social moon would be decreescent and those who stand for nothing would come out of their vagaries long enough to hear the operator on the social "lift" yell: "Going down!"

The Maharajah of Punjab with much excess baggage in the shape of wife (4), son (1) several secretaries, a retinue of servants and considerable luggage arrived in town on Thursday, occupied part of the Hotel Utah, saw the sights and was a center of interest whenever the party entered the dining room, which they did often attired as any European travelers may have been, though their East Indian coloring and the hirsute adornments of the prince and his bejeweled son, gave the impression that they were anything but travelers on Cook's tickets.

But pshaw! What's the main idea in trying to spin a yarn about them. There was a rare opportunity, but George Cowing, dear old fellow, spilled the beans in the Tribune the other day in the star story of the week, and did it so effectively that there is nothing more to be said. It is a beastly shame though, for a daily press chap to steal a march on a co-worker who can't say what he wants to until Saturday and then has a hard time doing it yu know.

The Maharajah is heralded, and then one sneaks up among the tomes in his boudoir and

fusses around with Tagore and Laurence Hope, and drags out Rudyard to freshen up on the native slang with "Under The Deodars," "Plain Tales from the Hills" and one "Gunga Din."

Then comes this George Cowing, yunderstand me Abe, fresh from Covent Garden, interviews wife (4), and "learned about women from 'er." As a brother, Walrus, I'll forgive him, but the Maharajah never will.

Those who have been saving up for a rainy day, have had innumerable opportunities to become spenders this week. Early in the morning, the oldest inhabitant made a dash for his rain records, and the "I remember" boys were out in full force.

Incidentally, society had a tough time getting about even in a battery of cozy limousines, but it made the effort right on top of two sunny holidays, and began the week's gayety at the Newhouse when the charming and talented Catherine Dupont-Joyce entertained its devotees in a most delightful manner with her recitative efforts on Tuesday afternoon.

Ever since, to the accompaniment of hail and rain, and some of the best lightning and thunder ever seen here, it has kept the pace from dinner to dance to wedding to luncheon to dinner to dance again, and on Thursday, right in the middle of the wintry week, the Utah roof was opened for the season, and many availed themselves of the invitation to make merry at the beginning of another summer in the pretty garden, which has really become an all year 'round attraction.

The remark of one out-of-town guest who attended a dance here early in the week is rather significant, particularly as she has seen a lot of life for twenty years in one of the gayest cities

of the country. Looking the crowd over at about 2 G. M., she casually asked: "Do they always get as drunk as this?"

Two beautiful weddings interested society on Wednesday, the one, an elaborately arranged affair at home, and the other ceremony at church.

The principal wedding of the month here was that of Miss Bonnie Miller and Capt. Charles M. Walson which occurred at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Charles Miller, the Rev. Elmer I. Goshen officiating. Only relatives and intimate friends attended the ceremony, but later at the reception, hundreds of friends called to offer their felicitations to the winsome bride and the gallant cavalier.

The appointments at the pretty home were in keeping with the taste always displayed there, beautiful music, exquisite flowers, and every arrangement perfectly thought out. It was the happiest event of a week in which society has been kept in a perfect whirl of excitement.

Among the bride's attendants were Mrs. Kean Miller, matron of honor, Miss Emma Zane and Miss Flora Hamilton, bridesmaids, and "Bobbie" McChrystal, ringbearer. Captain Walson had as his best man Dr. Walter P. Davenport, U. S. A., and the ushers were Kean Miller and Robert H. Butterfield. Capt. and Mrs. Walson are in California and will visit in the east before the captain rejoins his regiment.

"My objection to the cabarets" said one young lady a night or two ago, "is that they are getting so numerous that one cannot get to all of them before the closing hour."

Following a hilarious dance which occurred early in the week, the excitement had been such that a party of those in attendance expressed

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