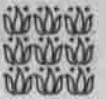




# THE CHATTER-BOX



INCE time immemorial women have sought to be beautiful. In the early days of Greek and

Egyptian history the members of the fair sex thought of nothing else but their mirrors studded with precious stones and a dozen beauty aides that would enhance their charms in the eyes of their devoted suitors. Flowers were crushed from the fairest fields to make perfume for milady's toilet table; oils and soothing lotions from herbs and trees were combined together to do their bit for her beauty, while slaves and waiting maids galore were at her beck and call. The love of beauty has come all the way down the ages and today, even in the rush and hurry of a thousand war duties, the wise matron and maid spend several hours each night in beautifying and are also patrons of reliable beauty shops. Parafine has come into its own recently for many uses and the thrifty housewife who in the summer days pours the crystal like liquid on her winter jellies and jams, does not dream, perhaps that some of her sisters are using the same preparation to preserve their faces.

There is a certain matron in our community who has past—by several summers—the period of "middle age." Mother Nature in years gone by was unusually kind to her and she possesses—for a woman of her years—an excellent figure. But her face! Ah, that's the rub! It has been treated to an overdose of the parafin treatment. (At least that is what the Tabbies are purring over at the 4 o'clock tea cups.) It has not been administered evenly, for one cheek stands puffed out as plump as a pippin, while the other is puffed in rather a modified three-cornered effect.

We are told that the parafin is injected while warm into the skin and then, as it cools, is moulded into position by a skillful masseuse and warranted not to allow the face to sag, but will produce the round appearance of youth. Maybe the treatment will be successful in winter weather, but how about the torrid days of July and August? It might then be tempted to "run a wee bit," and then what would be the result? It has been a real joy to a certain coterie of women to discuss the inflated cheeks of this certain matron to their hearts' content, for she belongs to the set of climbers who, though born and bred within the shadows of the Wasatch mountains, has years ago forgotten the friends of their childhood and the memory of their barefoot days when they helped to deliver the evening's milk.

Moral—Puff your face if you will, but don't forget the childhood companions who have grown up in the same city and happen to know family histories from A to Z.

HE was an honorary member of the musical set. That is, she enjoyed music, although not much of a player herself. But she appreciated the best.

"How I long for those springtime buds to unfurl their little green banners and then hear preparations for the big organ recitals at the Tabernacle," she exclaimed at a sewing circle, as she stopped work long enough on a sweater for one of the "Sammies" to look out of the window at the snow lancers charging the earth from the gray sky battalions.

"First there's the great crowd of tourists at the doors, all excitement and talking. Then the jam and confusion of getting your seat inside and then silence and then—music. Such music! When 'Mac' plays! I love to hear him sweep over the keys of the organ when he's playing some of those wonderful classical compositions. But O! when he gives us one of the simpler ones—then is when I listen with heart and soul as well as ears. There in the middle of the program it is. You all remember—of course you do. 'Old Melody arranged by Performer.' Lucky are you if it's 'Swanee River.' I think McClellan's arrangement of that Stephen Foster melody is the sweetest memory of them all.

"You see a couple of southerners turn each to the other, give just a faint suspicion of a smile and then hunch over nearer for that loyal elbow touch of sympathy when a stranger hears a voice from home. For they come from Fosterland. Over on the other side is a couple from New England. They love it, too, for 'Swanee River' is loved by Northland as well as Southland. The man turns to speak to his silver-haired wife—sees a bit of a tear glistening in her eyes—then turns and seems to swallow a bit hastily.

"And all the while the beautiful song is being played wonderfully. 'Mac' is not playing, he's singing, I tell you, singing to the heart of you! The arrangement consists, as near as I can make out, of the air of this plaintive tune played in stately, measured time, while with his other hand McClellan plays the accompaniment—way up high, like reeds shaken by the wind—and the heart instinctively seems to measure its tread to that of the noble instrument. Soon you see 'back home'—Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, wherever it may be. Faces long since fallen asleep on God's pillow peer at you from the midst of the great pipes. Voices silent many, many years ago, whisper to you words of courage, and

strength and love. And all the while that gifted of God releases the silvery stream of music from the great instrument towering above him. O! I want to hear 'Mac' play 'Swanee River' again with the whole day ennobled by the sweet old song attuned to your soul."

MRS. John A. Marshall and Miss Mary Marshall entertained at an informal tea Tuesday afternoon at their home on East South Temple street for a few of their close friends on the eve of Miss Marshall's departure for France, where she will do war telephone work, having recently completed a course of instruction with the local telephone company.

Miss Marshall is the second daughter of former United States Judge and Mrs. John A. Marshall, and has been very popular in younger society circles. Her sister, Mrs. Alva Lee (Miss Carey Marshall), and little son are with Captain Lee at Fort Byer, New Mexico.

Miss Marshall is one of the many society belles who has given up social festivities for war work. Miss Hope Kerwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Kerwin, who formerly made their home in this city, now of San Francisco, has also taken special telephone work preparatory to telephone exchange work in France. Miss Amelia Lundquist is another young Salt Lake girl who will leave for the east in the near future, preparatory to war work in France.

MRS. Lewis B. McCornick presided over a beautifully arranged tea Wednesday afternoon at her home on East South Temple street, in honor of Mrs. George Cains and Miss Olsa Cains of Montreal, Canada, who are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Cowans at their home on Second avenue. The guests of the afternoon included a number of the close friends of the hostess, who were bidden to meet the honor guests, who during their stay in Salt Lake have received a great deal of social attention.

THE members of the Tuesday afternoon sewing club were entertained at a beautifully arranged luncheon Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. H. Patrick on First avenue. In the center of the table was a dainty crystal basket filled with lavender sweet peas and sprays of white narcissus. The guests of the afternoon, exclusive of the club members, were Mrs. John C. Daly, Mrs. Le Grande Young, Mrs. Earl Pembroke and Mrs. Edward Ellicott. The club members present were Mrs. Lawrence Green, Mrs. Walter T. Pyper, Mrs. Frank Fisher, Mrs. Enos Hoge, Mrs. T. W. Naylor, Mrs. William D. Riter and Mrs. Edward McGurr.

RUSSELL L. Tracy entertained at a delightful dinner dance Tuesday evening at his home on Second avenue in compliment to a number of out of town guests. The table was covered with a dainty cloth of Japanese embroidery in the center of which was low bowl of delicately tinted cherry blossoms, the place cards were decorated with Japanese designs and covers were laid for twelve.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Richmond and Mrs. Walter Newton Pugh have gone to Washington, Boston and Philadelphia for a stay of several weeks. While in Boston they will visit Miss Gladys Richmond, who is spending the winter there.

Miss Marie Gibbons has returned from New York and Boston, after a stay of several months with Miss Gladys Richmond and Miss Winifred Dyer.

Mrs. Lafayette Hanchett and Miss Helen Hanchett will leave about the fifteenth of March for New York, where they will join Mr. Hanchett, who is associated with Col. D. C. Jackling in government munition work.

Mrs. Walter E. Buchly left early in the week for Palo Alto to join her husband, Lieutenant Buchly, who is at Camp Fremont. Mrs. Buchly has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hooper, for a short visit.

## A CONNOISSEUR

Two brothers were being entertained by a rich friend. As ill luck would have it, the talk drifted away from ordinary topics.

"Do you like Omar Khayyam?" thoughtlessly asked the host, trying to make conversation. The elder brother plunged heroically into the breach.

"Pretty well," he said, "but I prefer Chianti."

Nothing more was said on this subject until the brothers were on their way home.

"Bill," said the younger brother, breaking a painful silence, "why can't you leave things that you don't understand to me? Omar Khayyam ain't a wine, you chump; it's a cheese."—New York Globe.

"I don't skurcely see how Nephew Adrian is going to get along over there in Europe," said Mrs. Hornbeak. "He can't speak enough of any foreign language to make himself understood."

"I don't 'spose he'll need to," returned Farmer Hornbeak. "As I understand it, he has gone to shoot Germans, not to debate with 'em."