

Saunterings

The marriage of F. Augustus Heinze and Miss Bernice Golden Henderson, an actress, on Wednesday in New York, has secured for the happy couple a line of publicity that must have been extremely pleasant for the Montana copper operator, and revived more or less fondly the recollections of the interesting advertising gratuitously given Mr. Heinze by the New York papers several months ago, following the discovery of the mining man's photograph on a piano in the Mahatma Institute in New York, a venture presided over by Mrs. Lillian Hobart French, and an elderly woman sayant of the occult, who was known as Mme. A-Diva Veed-Ya, but who was later recognized as the notorious Mme. Diss De Bar.

And this is the same Mrs. French, who is arranging for Mr. Heinze, who she declares "has had the best twelve years of her life," the latest soiree at which the versatile financier is to be the complimented guest, unless his recollections of "the twelve best years" are strong enough to warrant prying loose \$25,000 worth of securities from the little bundle left after the New York courts and attorneys finished with him early this summer, and turning them over to the former proprietress of the Mahatma Institute. It was following the expose of Mme. Diss De Bar's connection with this institute and the questioning of Mr. Heinze by some New York newspaper men on the little circumstance of his picture being found on the piano in the Institute, that Mr. Heinze was described as having "wiped his brow with a tan colored handkerchief and after thought, smiled wanly and said,

"The limelight for me again, eh?"

It was just about a year ago this month when Mrs. French opened the Mahatma Institute in an old fashioned brown stone house at 32 East 32nd street, New York, and engaged as part of her teaching staff a Persian philosopher called Professor Yojane, in reality the famous occult fakir Diss De Bar, who served a term of seven years in England for obtaining money under false pretenses. Following the disintegration of the institute, Mrs. French has succeeded in keeping out of the limelight to quite an appreciable degree, though her expressed beliefs on occidental religions and philosophy gave her considerable fame of the accommodating sort that is liable to keep one's movements under the eagle eye of the news gatherers. For among other things Mrs. French said she had found that by proper faith and practice one can live his present physical form for ever and ever, and that while she appeared to be but about thirty-five years of age, she was really more than five hundred years old and intended to live indefinitely. The world, she declared, was approaching its end, and when the smash comes the lands are to sink into the seas, leaving only real esttæe enough above water to hold one hundred and forty-four thousand of the elect that physically, according to her doctrines, are to live forever.

At the time the gentlemanly reporters on the New York papers were being shown through the various rooms of Mrs. French's Mahatma Institute in New York, and one of them coarsely intruded into the lady's private affairs and called her attention to the portrait of Mr. Heinze, which adorned the piano, it was explained by Mrs. French that they were old, old friends, she having known him since she lived in the west. From her reiterations of this friendship the past few days, it is evident that however fickle may have been Mr. Heinze's manifestations of friendliness, her's are most firmly cemented, and so exasperated has Mrs. French become over the growing uncertainties of any possible future friendship with Mr. Heinze that through her attorneys she has called

his attention to a little matter of \$25,000 worth of stock which she says was given her and later borrowed back by Mr. Heinze when he happened to need the cash.

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The many friends of Major and Mrs. Rowan, who since the Major's retirement from the Fifteenth last year have been living in San Francisco, will be interested in learning of the marriage last week of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth S. Rowan, to Thurman A. de Bolt, a young attorney of Los Angeles. A San Francisco report of the wedding says: "Miss Elizabeth S. Rowan of San Francisco and Thurman A. de Bolt, a young attorney of Los Angeles, were married Tuesday evening by Rev. S. J. Lee of St. James' Episcopal church. The young couple, who have apartments at the St. Francis hotel, will leave for Los Angeles in the near future and will take up their permanent residence there.



MISS MARGARET DILLS

A charming and talented girl who this week has been the guest of Mrs. W. P. Kiser. Miss Dills is one of the prominent members of the new stock company at the Garrick and her friendship with Mrs. Kiser dates back to their association while playing in the same theatrical company a number of years ago.

While it was known that an engagement existed between them, the marriage came as a surprise to their many friends, as it was not expected to take place for some time.

Miss Rowan, with her parents, spent last June and July in the Yosemite valley and there De Bolt also journeyed. Not unnaturally the young people spent a good deal of their time in one another's company and they decided, with the parental consent, before they left the valley, that the engagement, which had no fixed termination, should terminate in marriage very shortly.

So surprised were many of the friends of the bride at the suddenness of the wedding that it was rumored that the romance had culminated in an elopement, but this romantic portion of the story was shattered.

"There was nothing about our marriage that even distantly resembled an elopement," said the

bridegroom smilingly at the St. Francis yesterday afternoon. "The fact is that we are not people of prominence and we do not desire to pose as such. We have been friends for years and our engagement has been no secret. I graduated from Stanford last year, but I have still my bar examination to pass. That is really all that I have to tell about myself."

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One of the prettiest luncheons of Tuesday was that given by Mrs. Ernest Bamberger at the Country club.

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Mrs. J. C. Leary and daughter, Miss Loreen Leary, have returned after a four months' trip through the northwest, including Tacoma, Portland and Seattle.

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Miss Alice Nibley and Miss Margaret Werner, two of the brides of this month, were guests of honor at a delightful party given Friday afternoon by Mrs. Joel Nibley.

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Mrs. Arthur Bird entertained in compliment to Miss Ella Thompson at a luncheon at the Country club Thursday.

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Another party of Thursday evening was the delightful dinner given at the club by Mr. and Mrs. A. P. S. McQuilsten, when a number of their friends were royally entertained.

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Among Wednesday's hostesses at the Country club were Mrs. J. W. Houston, Miss Edna Lewiston, Mrs. W. W. Armstrong, Mrs. R. C. Gemmel, Mrs. Walter Stone, Mrs. F. E. McGurkin, Miss Margaret Bache, Miss Kate Williams, Mrs. Louis D. Gordon, Mrs. W. C. Alexander, Mrs. Fred Hale, Mrs. Robert Harkness, Mrs. Jack Taylor, Mrs. A. V. Callaghan, and Mrs. L. M. Bailey.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. Edward Flife have left their apartments at the Bransford and are at home at 366 East South Temple.

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Dr. and Mrs. W. G. B. Terrell are at home at the Dorius apartments.

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The stag dinner given Wednesday at the Country club in honor of the visiting tennis players was one of the most elaborate parties held this season at the club.

The club has never had a tennis tournament anything like the one this week at the courts.

The playing has been faster, harder and better than any in the past and there have been any number of surprises, including the defeat Wednesday of Bundy and Hendrick by Sinsabaugh and Duncan, after a sensational match. Bundy has captured the inter-mountain singles championship and the doubles went, of course, to Sinsabaugh and Duncan. The play has not only been the most brilliant ever seen here, but it ranks with the fastest playing of the best western tournament ever held.

There was hard, consistent work in every match by both the out-of-town and home men. The women's matches began Thursday afternoon with games in both the singles and doubles

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A bit of current verse that is particularly significant just now to the case of at least one young bachelor in town, runs something like this:

I think if a maid with sparkling eyes,
And hair as gold as the sunlit skies,
And brow as fair as the drifts of snow
That make the arctic regions glow,
And lips as red as the cherry ripe,