DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1906.



HAVE always said there was | caps and aprons, and, really, it would oney in an attractive place be hard to imagine a more ideal spot women could have lunch in which to spend the noon hour. where and where they could chat and meet their friends.

As usual, I am right! (It is such a satisfaction always to be that way, isn't it?)

There is an ideal luncheon place in this town, and the two women who founded it are having all kinds of a

eal luncheon place



success. It is run on the idea of a club You have to be proposed for membership, and this does away with the undesirable element, the women who rush

in armed with a dozen bundles, talk in a loud way, gobbling their food all the while, and then rush out again. This luncheon place is especially designed for women who want to eat

under conditions of peace, quiet and refinement. The room is a double one. It is papered with a foliage pattern whose soft

green leaves give a summery effect very soothing and restful to the eve, An upholstered seat runs all around the wall. There are pretty denim cushions scattered here and there, and on the shelves overhead there are a few good books, together with bits of brass pottery and now and then a black and white sketch.

The tables are of white enamel, and they are low and comfortable, so that many cases wicker chairs are used nstead of the conventional stiff restaurant chair. I say "in many cases" for the simple reason that no two shalrs are alike in this original lunchroom. And, really, you have no idea how much more homelike it makes the place look. Each table holds either a pretty pink candlestick or a vase in which a single flower is placed, Japa-

nese fashion him all the time. The waitresses move around softly in their black gowns and crisp white him not to work so hard!

She Who Won and She Who Didn't.

There is nothing more painfully awkward and at the same time comical than a meeting between the girl who won the man and the girl who didn't. And, as a rule, it is always the man who has been the bone of contention

who plans this delightful little treat. He wants them to meet and become good friends! This is something like what happens: The Bride-Why, how do you do?

The Girl-I've wanted so much to neet you! The Bride-I've heard so much about

u-that-is-er The Girl-And I about you, but I ever dreamed from what he said he

was in love with you! The Bride (sweetly)-Dear Charlie! So few people understood him!

The Girl (trying to put her off the track)-He was the best friend 1 ever had

The Bride-Yes, he makes a lovely friend. So many have said so! The Girl-He used to come up and see me every Wednesday evening and tell me every single thing he had done

during the whole week! The Bride ---Oh. yes, we used to go to the opera every Wednesday night. Funny

how men hate the opera, isn't 11 2 They'd most rather go anywhere--The Girl-? The Bride-! eems to me he

been flying around so. Besides, he's blows.) working a little harder now. I keep at



DRESS OF WHITE VOILE.

The gown of white voile seen in the picture is an ideal party dress for a girl of fifteen. The skirt is knife plaited at the sides and in the back and is adorned on the skirt with puffings of the material, edged with gathered Dresden ribbon. These puffings trim the three-quarter sleeves. Gathered ribbon forms a pretty effect about the pointed lace yoke.

The Bride (with a superior air)-Oh. if you haven't! You see, my dear, it's hurried tollet and were shivering on that's all right, my dear, when the man only another scheme to capture the the deserted streets looking vainly for The Bride (with a superior air)-Oh. if you haven't! You see, my dear, it's isn't going to be your husband, but men. They simply won't come to the a cab or a car to take them to the The Girl-It you soon get over that! everyday luncheon, so, behold, the Sun- nearest hotel The Girl (stiffly)-I'm afraid I must day idea!

A Novel Social Device.

dow falling in radiance upon your should go to Fourteenth street or to whose quarrels with Queen Anne bebowed head. Liverpoot! Lovely, isn't It? Only be careful not

to kneel under a yellow window. Such ed no one knows if at this moment a quent duchess of Mariborough has follittle things have been known to make Then you take Mr. Man home, as I said before, and there he meets a couple of girls and a couple of men, and you all sit down to lunch together.

"he monu is not intended to be very caborate-just grape fruit, bouilion, an appetizing meat dish, salad, cheese

The beauty of the whole thing is that for once the unmarried girl has it her own way without fear from the rivalry of the married belle. The latter on Sunday is usually

a difference.

chained to her own husband and chil-It's a mighty good idea, especially for

Lent. Try it, and I wish you luck!

Subject to Change. The changeableness of some people is postively comical. The following story is absolutely true. Mr and Mrs. Willieboy were going to

Europe. They gave a series of farewell suppers and at one of these (which I gather was a progracted af-fair) Mr. and Mrs. Gay suddenly decided that they wants ed to go to Eqrope, too, with the Willleboys. No sooner said than done. They packed their trunks and sent them to the steanier, where they were V

1 AL promptly put in "Let's go back, Tommy," the hold, and 3 "ke wailed.

orning found Mr. and Mrs. Gay sleeping in their berths, waiting for the vessel to start early in the morning.

Suddenly Mr. Gay was awakened by the sound of deep and protracted sobs. The disturbance came from Mrs. Gay, who weepingly declared she didn't want o go to Europe and wondered why or arth they had ever wanted to any-

way. "Well, my dear," remarked Mr. Gay soothingly, "if you don't want to go to Europe you have got to move out of this preity quick!"

In twenty minutes they had made a

All in vain, nothing was running!



made argangements for him to return pass between two lines of retainers for them, and a few hours later they wearing ancient dress and powdered were happily settled in their little Har- wigs on going in to dinner. lem home.

the hold, and they had the benefit of the voyage to Liverpool and back, while their owners waited anxiously.

New York.

THE REMARKABLE OLD LADY OF CHINA.

The grim, slant eyed old dowager em press of China owes her fame wholly t her own force of character, her indomitable will and her overmastering intellectuality.

For this empress, unlike the empresses and queens of the western world, was not born of imperial or even royal par ents. Wives of Chinese emperors are rarely or never chosen for their rank but according to their comeliness from the Celestial view

When an heir to the throne of China is of marriageable age many pretty Tartar girls-thousand sometim.s-are summoned to Peking, where the older women of the imperial household study them, sending the less attractive ones away gradually till only a few remain From these the primary wife or emress and a few secondary wives are seacted. It was in this way that the dowager

mpress selected the wives of the present emperor, and no doubt she was se ected by the same method when the ate emperor, Hien Fung, was ready to marry. He died more than forty years ago.

She who now rules over China's 460, 900,000 souls was only a secondary wife yet in benighted China she so managed affairs as to rise to the head of the state and to keep the place through all the vicissitudes that have beset China since then. This woman, now seventy-

one, exerts more real power over more of her fellows than any other woman who ever lived.

The Duke of Marlborough has to give oddly plaited and put into rounded cuffs a Union Jack to the reigning sovereign every year on the anniversary of the Battle of Blenheim as a sort of rent for

Blenheim House. There is another

came historical, adopted the spaniel as How the discussion would have end- her pet dog, an example every subsecabby hed not appeared driving a be-lated passenger to the dock. They Blenheim House is that every one must

2.40

Their trunks, however, were still in GOWN OF GRAY GREEN VOILE. Volle always makes a useful little gown, and the creation seen in the picture is carried out in this fashionable material. The skirt is absolutely plain and gathered slightly at the belt. The







BLACK AND WHITE.

gray broadcloth and wearing your big bunch of violets. If he arrives a little too early he may go to England!". "Let's go back. Tommy," she walled. rather curious. At the battle of Blen-heim the Duke of Mariborough was followed throughout the day by a pet black coats are some 13 degrees warmer in the sunshine than those who



