

The four bridesmaids at a June wedding in Chicagoland



Barbara, "sub-deb" daughter of the John L. Fortunes; Miss Dorothy Moorehead, Miss Jeanette Peterkin, and Mrs. George F. Douaire Jr. (left to right), were the bridesmaids at the marriage on June 1 of Miss Mary Fortune and Wil-

liam J. Lawlor Jr. at the Holy Name cathedral. Barbara, the youngest of the three Fortune sisters, gives promise of being even more of a belle than are her sisters, Mary and Jane. Mrs. Douaire is a sister of young Mr. Lawlor.

SAUCE for the GOOSE Chicagoans Find the World's Fair Grounds Interesting from a Social Point of View

By D— D—

GEORGE HENRY SCHULZ, who has to leave the Men Without Wives organization because of his engagement to marry Mary Daves, has decided to conform to the club's rules and give a party for the Men Without Wives. It will be a "stag" (don't cry, little girls!), but before he sets the date he is making the members sign pledges that they will include him in the penalty parties they will have to give when they decide to join the ranks of benedicts.

THE World's Fair of a cool, early day is a charming matter. Flags fly, color gleams, a fresh breeze stirs the lagoon; the far off lake lies blue. One skips about alone, here and there. On the right, the fine white building of Illinois, white with a dash of yellow. Inside an effect of comfortable places to sit, airy spaces. On the right already a file of people forming for the notable exhibit of things belonging to Lincoln, greatest Illinoisian. There is a large auditorium for speechmakers. The Fair has many of them. Mrs. Carter H. Harrison, handsome wife of the many times mayor of Chicago, is hostess extraordinary. She has a large committee of co-hostesses; one of them, Mrs. Paul Steinbrecher, is there assisting. Augustus S. Peabody and a group of men are sitting tranquil on the pillared porch as if at Saratoga.

and roses, snipped a satin ribbon which barred the way; Prince Potenziani in dark gray outfit which included a gray top hat banded in black (which was the secret envy of many heavy swells present) bowed deeply. So did Rufus Dawes. The invited guests surged in after them. From the heights Consul General Castruccio introduced the prince, who is royal Italian commissioner, to the audience below. Very simply and sincerely he offered the splendid, unique building in the name of Italy. Much speechmaking. This was followed by a thirsty rush to buffets at the rear, where ices, orangeade, and glowing Italian wines and cakes were being dispensed.

They Serve Store Cake

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 10.—(Special).—They serve store cake at the White House. O; not at a small luncheon; nor an intimate dinner. Then the cakes come from the kitchen. But when they are entertaining a thousand hungry people at a reception they—well, what would you do? That's exactly what they do—go to the corner bakery. It's no stylish catering establishment which gets the business. But a small, home bakery—so small that it was having a hard time of it before the Roosevelt hospitality started its ovens baking overtime. This little bakery is situated near the suburban estate of Admiral and Mrs. Cary Grayson, who are always giving garden parties and who have long bought their extra pies and cakes at the neighborhood shop. Even that pleasant patronage did not boom the shop. Then came the Roosevelt régime, with 500 in for a garden party, 800 dropping in for a reception. The White House housekeeper had to have outside help. Word of her wants came to Mrs. Grayson, who is close to the White House these days. She recommended her obscure bakery. The housekeeper tasted a cake and

Italy's Building Opened.

Photographs of Rome.

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