Of Interest to Women.

THE DISTURBING ELEMENT

BY JOHN BARTON OXFORD.

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THE naturalist was vaguely disturbed. He paddled back to camp slowly, with a listless stroke, as if he were prone to turn back. Now and then he ceased paddling and gazed thoughtfully through the darkening underbrush of the woods.

Red twilight was falling, and against the flaming western sky the tree-tops made sharp, black silhouettes; beneath the pines the blue-black shadows were deepening. Countless voices drifted out to him drowsily on the still air; but the naturalist gave no heed to the sublimity of the approaching forest night, nor did he hear the gentle drone into which the myriad voices blended themselves.

The only vision his eyes beheld was that of a smiling, graceful girl, swaying a white hand to him from the sloping bank by the camp, and the only sound in his ears was her merry laughter as she stood by her father's side and shouted a good-bye.

It was because of this that the naturalist was vaguely disturbed. Heretofore the woods and their occupants had chained his every thought. Now he was aware that every primary thought centered about the girl, and that everything else was but a sorry second to her.

The naturalist had been in the woods all winter. It was his intention to correct several fallacies—absurd, but none the less popular—concerning the beaver. With this idea in mind he had built a camp on the upper waters of the Little Otter, within easy reach of several promising beaver dams; and here he and his two guides had passed the winter. A very profitable winter, the naturalist had considered it; for, by close observation, he had proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the beaver was much maligned in the popular science of the day. He was busily preparing a book to be brought out in the early summer, giving the beaver his due and undeceiving that portion of the reading public which thirsts for natural history in a popular vein.

In the late spring, when the naturalist was writing the last few chapters of his book, Col. Strong had come up to the Little Otter for trout and salmon. The Colonel's camp was a mile below the naturalist's—a distance inconsequential to so strong a paddler as the latter. The Colonel had brought with him his daughter, a tactful, charming girl, with a frank enthusiasm for the wilderness in general and the Little Otter in particular.

Since Miss Strong's advent into the wilderness the beavers had suffered gross neglect. Those last few chapters of "The Beaver as He Really Is" progressed but slowly. The naturalist sought his desk only late at night or at odd hours in the early morning. The rest of the time he was at the Colonel's camp.

He took Miss Strong to the beaver dams to explain to her the intricacies of their construction; he taught her the best casts for trout and salmon; he paddled her to the salmon holes up and down the stream. And all this time a realization grew upon the naturalist that the woods and their occupants were not sufficient to his happiness.

Three weeks went by all to quickly. The Colonel had announced his intention to start for home two days later. As the naturalist paddled homeward in the red twilight, he became suddenly aware that two days later the woods would be quite different. This great, calm, comforting forest would become a hateful, sterile desert without Miss Strong. The naturalist dug his paddle viciously into the water. "Great Scott! This imbecile mooning must be stopped here and now!"

He hurried the remaining distance back to camp and endeavored to concentrate his mind on the long-neglected conclusion of his book. But concentration is difficult when the forest is enshrouded in a soft spring night.

After an hour's fruitless labor the naturalist stalked down to the bank of the stream and lighted his pipe. He said many things about beavers that you will search for vanity in his published work. He sat on the bank

The girl gave him a gay welcome.

until the round moon, nearing the full, came creeping above the tree-tops. Then he suddenly arose with the air of a man considerably startled.

"Good heavens!" he said, with odd anxiety in his voice, "I'm in love with the girl!"

Two minutes later the canoe slid noiselessly into the water, and the naturalist paddled down stream with unseemly haste.

As he came around the bend above the Colonel's camp he saw the girl sitting quite alone before a smoldering fire near the bank. He paddled to the bank and pulled up his canoe.

The girl gave him a gay welcome.

"But you said when you left at sunset that you'd been neglecting your beavers," she reminded him. "Aren't you neglecting them now?"

"Yes, I am," said he. "I'm completely out of harmony with everything here. A disturbing element has crept into the wilderness."

The girl raised her brows.

"It's you," said the naturalist, shortly.

"I?" she questioned.

"Yes, you," said he. "The forest used to be sufficient to me. Now it isn't."

"I'm sorry," she said quietly.

"And I'm not," said he with vehemence.

She turned and regarded him archly.

"Remember," she said, quoting a former remark of his, "'the beaver has been grossly misrepresented.'"

"Let him continue to be," said the naturalist.

There was silence for a moment. Then the naturalist came nearer the fire and stood looking down at the girl.

"I wish I were a poet instead of a scientist," said he.

"Why?" she asked.

"I want to tell you I love you, and scientific research doesn't seem to qualify one for such an undertaking," he said.

The girl laughed nervously. She studied the toe of her shoe for a period.

"It might not be so flowery as poetry, but if—if it were scientific it would be exact, wouldn't it?"

* * * *

The naturalist had one regret. As he paddled upstream he wanted to chant a "Te Deum," but he didn't know how.

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As orders are filled from the East, it will require about ten days from receipt of order to receive patterns.

FOR FEMININE READERS.

HENRY VILLARD, the late financier and capitalist, in his autobiography recently published, bears testimony to the superiority of our Western woman. Coming from cultivated European antecedents, he says:

"In the course of the winter I had my first insight into American domestic life and society, as it then existed in a comparatively new Western town. My recollections in this connection are of the most agreeable nature. I saw then, for the first time, the neatness, order, comfort, peace and quiet that, as a rule, characterize the American home; and made the observation, which is confirmed every day of my life, that American women of any social position have not their equals in any other country for brightness, tact and true womanliness, and that they are as intelligent as American men, and superior to them in all other respects—except, of course, knowledge of practical life. The richest men were persons who began life as mechanics or small tradesmen. Their whole bearing showed their origin, but their wives and daughters looked like ladies, and in most cases were really such. Yet those uncouth-mannered men had given, or were giving, the very best education to their children that money could command."

* * *

Miss Elsie Ward of New York, formerly of Missouri, modelled the beautiful bronze fountain erected at the St. Louis Exposition by the W. C. T. U. of the Louisiana Purchase States at a cost of $3000. The fountain is in French Renaissance style. It will be found in a conspicuous place between the varied industries and manufacturers' buildings, near the Louisiana Purchase monument, within a few feet of the waterway, the main walk, and opposite the cascades. It is almost within the shadow of the Statue of Peace. It is said that this fountain will be the only place on the grounds where ice water is supplied free of charge. Miss Ward is a competent sculptor, and has other commissions for the World's Fair, among them the figure of George Rogers Clark.

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A quiet, cultured, unassuming woman who does not care to shine in the fashionable world, but who is well entitled to write philanthropist after her name, is Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, says the Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Hearst is a wise rather than an ostentatious giver, and never employs a herald to proclaim to the world what she is doing or going to do. Practical and truly helpful benevolence has always characterized her giving.

Years ago she became deeply interested in kindergarten work, and was largely instrumental in introducing it into this country. Out of her abundant means she established and has maintained five kindergartens and a manual training school in San Francisco and the same number in Washington city.

The needs of working girls have always appealed to her, and out of her sympathy for them she established several working girls' clubs in San Francisco, and thus introduced an inspiring and helpful element into their lives which has been productive of untold blessing. She also gave the American University at Washington $200,000 to build a national Catholic school for girls. As a memorial to her husband, the late Senator Hearst, she maintains a miners' school at the University of California.

Mr. Carnegie of late years would seem to monopolize the giving of libraries, but he does not possess a copyright on the plan. Mrs. Hearst was before him in this particular field. She has built and endowed free libraries at Lead City, S. D., Anaconda, Mont., and other mining towns, and given them thousands of volumes of the best literature. She has manifested her interest in higher education by paying the cost of a competition for plans for a greater University of California, and will erect two buildings of accepted designs to cost $3,000,000 or $4,000,000.

* * *

Venerable precedent has been broken by a judge's decision that the right of a husband to choose the family domicile is not absolute, and that a man who emigrates to a foreign country cannot get a divorce from his wife for desertion if she refuses to follow him. The divorce was sought by a Russian who has settled in America, and whose wife objects to leaving her native land.

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"I don't want any of my daughters to resemble myself," said the capable woman, "and if I had my life to live over again, I would try to cultivate a certain amount of incapacity. A reputation for capacity is simply an invitation to the public in general and to your family in particular to heap their burdens upon you. If my husband were to hear in his office that his house was on fire, and knew, at the same time, that I was at home, I don't think he would stir out of his chair. He would know that I would do everything the occasion demanded. By being too capable you cultivate helplessness in other people."

SOCIETY

QUITE the most striking decorations seen in Salt Lake in many a day were those yesterday at the reception in honor of Mrs. Le Roy Dinwoodey, when Mrs. Priscilla Jennings and Mrs. W. W. Riter entertained at the home of the former, and many guests recognized probably for the first time the possibilities of the yellow garden rose for decorative purposes. With the exception of an immense bowl of sego lilies which occupied a prominent place in the hall decorations, the yellow rose was everywhere seen, its delicate fragrance permeating the air. A basket of the flowers was suspended by yellow and white ribbons from the center of the large window in the parlor, where the guests were received, on either side of which hung a brass cornucopia filled with the roses. Vases of the flowers stood on tables, book cases and mantel in this room, while a delicate drapery of the foliage and flowers, with bows of yellow and white ribbon, was hung over each of the windows and between the doors separating the parlor from the dining-room. But the dining-room was a very triumph of artistic skill, and was the admiration of every guest who called. A bank of the roses and foliage reached from the top shelf of the high sideboard almost to the ceiling, the same foliage and flowers forming a graduated screen in front of the mirror, almost concealing it from view. The mantel was banked in the same artistic way, the shelf being covered with a bed of roses. Graduating branches of the rose plant were artistically arranged on the china cabinet, and, with the beautiful drapery of the flowers over the small French window made the west wall of the room one of the most attractive corners of the entire house. Scarcely less beautiful was the table, with a round centerpiece of Battenberg on which stood a small cut glass vase of the roses, this surrounded with a mass of the flowers tied with loose bows of yellow tulle. At one corner of the table was a very handsome brass candelabrum, with yellow candles, the base ornamented with a large bow of yellow and white taffeta ribbon. Surrounding the base of the candelabrum was a cluster of roses and foliage tied with yellow tulle. Large clusters of the roses tied with tulle were placed at the corners of the table. Masses of the roses and foliage completely covered the chandelier, the lamps of which were shaded in yellow. An orchestra was stationed in the hall and furnished most delightful music. Assisting the hostesses and guest of honor in receiving was Mrs. Frank W. Jennings, Mrs. Kenneth C. Kerr and Miss Mary Louise Anderson poured coffee, and assisting in entertaining were Mrs. James E. Jennings, Miss Elsie Riter, Miss Edity Kingsbury, Miss Crismon, Miss Ellerbeck and Miss Jennings. The hours were from 3 to 6 o'clock, during which time about 225 guests called.

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Invitations will be issued within the next few days by Mrs. Edwin F. Holmes, Mrs. Sarah Bransford, Mrs. Jay Tarvin Harris and Miss Grace Emery for a large reception at the Amelia Palace on the afternoon of June 24.

* * *

Edward and Thomas Kearns, Jr., sons of Senator and Mrs. Thomas Kearns, yesterday issued invitations for a dancing party next Wednesday evening from 7 to 10 o'clock at the home of their parents. About seventy-five children have been bidden.

* * *

Miss Hollister Hancock is home from National Park seminary, where she has been attending school for the past two years.

* * *

Col. and Mrs. Edwin F. Holmes entertained at dinner and later at a theater party last evening in honor of Miss Starling, Miss Miriam Starling and Robert Bunn of Chicago, a cousin of Col. Holmes, who is visiting at the Amelia Palace. Chatney roses were used in the decoration of the dining table, at which covers were laid for twelve. The board was lighted with candelabra holding candles of pink with rosebud shades. The fairy tulip lamps were also used, these surrounding the large cut-glass vase holding the roses which formed the centerpiece. Col. and Mrs. Holmes and their guests occupied two stalls at the theater.

* * *

Mrs. G. Ives Ritchie and little daughter of Crosset, Ark., will arrive here Sunday for a visit with the Berkhoel family. Mrs. Ritchie was formerly Miss Berkhoel, and has many friends here who will be glad to welcome her back. She is on her way to California to visit for some time, and will be a guest here for several weeks.

* * *

J. F. Turner of Hoxie, Kan., who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David E. Hemphill for the past few days, left Wednesday night for his home. Mr. Turner, who is a brother of ex-Congressman Turner of Kansas, has been spending some time in the Pacific Northwest and California, and is now on his way to take in the fair at St. Louis.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cosgriff left yesterday for an extended visit in the East and South. They will be away two months.

* * *

Miss Margaret Ryan is home from Notre Dame, where she has been attending school for the past year.

* * *

Mrs. James Hogle entertained yesterday at the second in the series of luncheons at the University club.

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At the reception to be given tomorrow in honor of Bishop Tuttle by Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, they will be assisted in receiving by Dean and Mrs. Eddie and Rev. Charles E. Perkins. A number of the ladies of the church will also assist in entertaining.

* * *

Miss Emma Lucy Gates of Provo is in the city, a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Burton.

* * *

Mrs. John S. Sears entertains informally next Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Saville.

* * *

Hugh Dougall and Tracy Cannon will return today from an extended visit in Europe.

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Mrs. J. E. Bamberger will be hostess at an informal luncheon today.

* * *

Wednesday, June 8, is the date set for the marriage of Mrs. Lylith C. Webber and Dr. C. F. Pinkerton. A large number of invitations have been issued for the marriage, which will take place at Westminster Presbyterian church at 8:30 o'clock.

* * *

Miss Phil Pointer leaves shortly for Kentucky to visit with relatives and friends.

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Next Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock the annual fellowship meeting of the Congregational missionary societies of the city will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David E. Hemphill, 67 J street.

* * *

Mrs. Edwin Bullock entertained informally at cards yesterday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Lylith Webber.

* * *

A pretty home wedding was that of Miss Daisy Derr and Eugene Busath, solemnized last evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Eddington, Capt. F. M. Bishop performing the ceremony. Members of the family and a few intimate friends were present at the ceremony, which was followed by an informal reception. Foliage and garden flowers were used in the simple but effective decorations. The bride wore a pretty gown of tan-colored voile over pink taffeta. Miss Ruby Derr, the maid of honor, was gowned in pearl gray voile, also made over pink taffeta. John Q. Cannon, Jr., was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Busath will be at home to their friends after June 10 at 29 Jefferson avenue.

* * *

Louis Cohn, Miss Sylvia Cohn and Miss Ruth Palmer leave today for a visit of several weeks in St. Louis, Chicago and the region of the Great Lakes.

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An informal reception was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Harris on Thursday evening by the ladies of St. John's chapel in honor of Mrs. Elliott, who is leaving shortly for her home in the North.

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This evening at the First Methodist church Miss Grace Delle Davis gives a dramatic recital for her pupil, Miss Mary Mayne. Miss Edna Dwyer will assist, rendering several vocal selections.

* * *

Miss Leah Arnold left Tuesday for the East. After visiting the fair, Miss Arnold will go on to Philadelphia to pass the summer with her sister.

* * *

A number of the pupils of Mrs. Amanda Swenson will give a vocal recital at the First Congregational church this evening, and the event is being anticipated with much pleasure by a large number of friends to whom invitations have been issued.

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Via D. & R. G., Sunday, June 5.

Leave Salt Lake 8 a. m. Returning arrive Salt Lake 6 p. m. Provo canyon in the spring time is the most enchanting spot in the inter-mountain region. An awe-inspiring panorama of snow-capped peaks, rushing torrents, roaring waterfalls, evergreen trees and wild flowers of every description.

Wasatch Summer Resort.

Particulars write Alkire, Wasatch hotel, via Sandy, or come see.

WEATHER RECORD.

Yesterday's record at the local office of the weather bureau.

Maximum temperature, 65 deg.; minimum temperature, 52 deg.; mean temperature, 58 deg.; which is 6 deg. below the normal.

Accumulated deficiency of temperature since the first of the month, 5 deg.

Accumulated excess of temperature since January 1, 1 deg.

Total precipitation from 6 p. m. to 6 p. m., .20 inch.

Accumulated excess of precipitation since the first of the month, .12 inch.

Accumulated excess of precipitation since the first of January, 4.36 inches.

Temperature Elsewhere.

Boise	48
Chicago	48
Denver	48
Grand Junction	52
Havre	48
Helena	42
Kansas City	64
Los Angeles	58
Miles City	48
Modena	44
Omaha	52
Pocatello	62
Portland	84
San Francisco	64
Santa Fe	72
Spokane	60
St. Louis	76
St. Paul	72
Winnemucca	82

Calder's Park

M. LEVY, Lessee and Manager.

Thursday, June 2, County Schools

Friday, June 3—Grand Mask Ball; $50 cash prizes.

Saturday, June 4, All Hallows College

Monday, June 6—Danish Brotherhood. Admission 10 cents; each ticket entitles the holder to 10 cents in trade.

It's only five miles and it costs but 5 pennies to Calder's.

Sacred Concert Sunday

afternoon and evening by the Utah State Band. Anton Pedersen, Director.

Dancing every evening at 8:15.

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J. B. BEAN, Excursion Agt., 161 Main St.

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