

FOR and ABOUT WOMEN

MEN PARTIAL TO BEAUTY

CO-EDS OF NORTHWEST UNIVERSITY SO DECLARE.

Brains Are More or Less Desirable, but Should Be Kept in the Background, but If a Girl Is Pretty She Can Afford to Be Intellectual.

"Men want beauty, not intellectuality," was the sentiment of the co-eds of the Northwest University expressed by a number of them at a banquet recently. The Evanston seat of learning is noted for its pretty co-eds, and that they have something to do with it. Anyways, when a number of them were asked to discuss beauty and brains they decided for the former with, of course, a sprinkling of the latter.

The discussion was raised at the University of Chicago banquet, where brains and beauty were talked over by the women at Green Hall. There brains were declared to be no insurmountable barrier to attractiveness, provided they were properly kept in the background. A typical co-ed was heard to say: "Is it possible that any university girl would rather be intellectual than pretty? I can't believe that. If you ask a hundred girls the question, some of them may deceive you by their answers, but at heart they are more envious of beauty than of another's scholarly superiority."

If one is pretty, why, then, one can afford to be intellectual, too, with it. As the opinion of this girl, who expressed herself as follows: "The ideal co-ed is one in whom intellectuality and beauty are combined. If it came to a choice between the two, I think that most girls would unhesitatingly prefer to be pretty than respected for their knowledge. I believe that most girls go to college for other purposes than to secure a higher education. They know that there they will meet good society and nice men, and perhaps they realize that intellectuality adds a charm in the eyes of most suitors."

But it was a singular fact that no college girl disagreed with the other phase of the question raised at the banquet. They all believed in marriage.

SOCIAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maas, of Lincoln avenue, entertained at dinner Sunday evening for the Brady-Murphy bridal party.

Henry Miller will be married to Miss Winifred Bradford, of Minneapolis, at the bride's home Aug. 15.

A musical was given at the home of Edward P. Maher, of Pennsylvania avenue, last Wednesday evening, in the honor of Louis H. Eschle on his return from an extended Western trip.

Mrs. James Goodman, of Fuller street, entertained informally Saturday evening.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

The Men's Club of St. Peter's Church gave an excursion last night on the steamer J. J. Hill.

Capitol Legion, No. 446, will give an ice cream social and informal dance tomorrow evening at Harriet Island.

Fraternity Camp, R. N. A., will give a card party this afternoon at half after 2 at Central hall.

Ellsworth Circle, Ladies of the G. A. R., will give a silver tea this afternoon from 2 until 5 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Piper, on Burr street.

Unité Hive, Ladies of the Macca-bees, will give an excursion Friday evening on the steamer J. J. Hill and Barge. There will be music and dancing. The committee in charge of the arrangements includes: Mrs. John Moore, Mrs. D. S. Tanner, Miss O'Malley, Mrs. Bloom, Mrs. Dewitt and Mrs. Jackson.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Harry Judson, of Kent street, is visiting in the East.

The Misses Caulfield, of Laurel avenue, returned yesterday from the East.

Miss Hale, of Grand avenue, will leave soon for a visit in Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Mary G. Ward, of Summit avenue, returned yesterday from a visit in Boston.

Miss Ida Fisch, who has been in the East for some time past, is home for the summer.

Mrs. and Mrs. R. L. Hoxie, of the Aberdeen, will return this week from Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Harry Eshian, of East Sixth street, will return this week from Yellowstone Park.

Miss Lulu Gallagher, of Portland avenue, has gone to the Pacific coast for a two months' visit.

Mrs. Canterbury, of Boston, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Charles H. Clark, of Holly avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Warren, who have been visiting in the East for the past few weeks, returned yesterday.

Miss Hilda Erickson, of Payne avenue, who has been visiting friends at Pipestone, Minn., has returned home.

Judge and Mrs. H. R. Brill, and the Misses Brill, of Laurel avenue, are spending a couple of weeks at Leach Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Conroy, who have been spending several weeks at Sault Ste. Marie, have returned to their home on Rondo street.

Mrs. Hanna's Weir Style.

Friends of Mrs. Mark A. Hanna no-

tion that she has outgrown her former weir style of dress, and now she wears quiet gowns. Washington was consulted when the senator's wife first took up her residence there. She insisted upon choosing her own frocks, and she had no sense of color schemes. She would combine a purple with a sea green gown, and even in the morning she would wear rich silks that other women would reserve for formal balls. Mrs. Hanna has discarded the gigantic diamond earrings that used to swing from her ears morning, noon and night. They were fine white gems, weighing at least five carats. Many can recall the famous Sunday after Mrs. Hanna's arrival in Washington. She appeared at the fashionable church in a gown that compelled smiles. It was a canary-colored brocade, and the bodice was filled with yellow chiffon. The skirt and guimpe were edged with gold passementerie. It looked like a stage gown, but luckily it never saw daylight again. Clevelanders love to tell about Miss Ruth Hanna and her mother. Miss

party will rank in point of originality with the Fish and Belmont festivities. She and Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt often are seen together, much to the disadvantage of the New York woman. "Willie" Carter is a devotee of polo, and he passes half his time breaking in ponies at Oaklands, the Vanderbilt farm.

Lady Lansdowne sneered. Lady Minto's recent visit to Newport recalls the visit of Lady Lansdowne, wife of the Canadian governor general, to this city about fifteen years ago. She created a far different impression. Lady Minto was appreciative and admired everything American, but Lady Lansdowne wore a continual

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.

PREPARED BY J. W. Lyon, D.D.S.

party will rank in point of originality with the Fish and Belmont festivities. She and Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt often are seen together, much to the disadvantage of the New York woman. "Willie" Carter is a devotee of polo, and he passes half his time breaking in ponies at Oaklands, the Vanderbilt farm.

NEW SEA FROCK.



This pretty, modest little gown is of fine blue brilliant, trimmed with bands of white, cream and black braid. The material. The stockings and shoes are black.

Hanna, now Mrs. McCormick, treated her mother like a sister and "twisted her pleasantly about her queer gowns. One day the daughter accompanied Mrs. Hanna to a milliner's and Mrs. Hanna tried on hats. "Should like this green straw," said Mrs. Hanna, "if I could have a purple sash and a pink bow at the side." "Yes," chimed in Miss Hanna, "and a strand of orange roses, a few gilded wheat ears and a bunch of grapes. Keep it up, mamma, and you'll have a hat like a free nigger before you've finished."

Alimony Quick to Marriage.

A Western town is tittering about the outcome of a recent divorce. The wife alleged drunkenness as a cause of complaint, and the husband accused her of an ungovernable temper. The couple was loffy in the local society, and sentimentality was a cause of complaint. The wife was a rich man, but the judge stipulated an absurdly small sum of alimony. "I think it was horrid of the judge. Really I can't live on that skimpy alimony." The husband smiled cordially. "I can't, eh? Well, I'll tell you the best way out of it. Let me get the old row and try it over again."

Don't Be Too Confidential.

We are all more or less prone to indulge in confidences once in a while, and with some of us it is an every-day affair. Lucky, yea, even thrice lucky, be the man or maid who can keep his or her own counsel in all things and not take another into the precious secret.

Mrs. Carter's Pretzels.

Pretzels is his name, and he is the luckiest dog in Newport. He is adored by Mrs. "Willie" Carter, the Philadelphia beauty, and on this account he leads a highly contented life. Pretzels is a dachshund, and is becoming one of the objects of interest in the city by the sea. He is the only dog in the Carter establishment, and he enjoys his handsome mistress' undivided attention. His collar is set with off-color turquoise. But Pretzels is a thankful creature, and no longer is permitted to run at large. One day Mrs. Carter took him for a drive in her polo cart. Pretzels blinked contentedly until she went into a shop. Then he sprang to the sidewalk. He was waddling around a corner when Mrs. Carter spied him. After a brief chase Pretzels was recovered. With her leveled hand Mrs. Carter spanked the runaway, saying, "Aren't you ashamed, you naughty boy?" Pretzels is the only dog of his Teutonic breed in the Newport set.

Even if Mrs. Carter did not have so amusing a dog, she would attract attention, for few women are prettier. Her villa, Quatrefoil, will be the place next month of her first amateur theatricals. Mrs. Carter hints this

of another such time they begin to feel very foolish, and if they have not completed the confidential outburst, end it in such a lame and limp fashion that it only makes things worse than they were at first.

Then they depart in deep humiliation, too dejected even to go through the stern formality of exacting from the confidante promises that have to do with the eternal safe-keeping of the poor little secret.

Long ago this wonderful secret has lost all its rosy glow, and the once proud possessors thereof have not even the courage to think of it when entirely alone.

When the reaction comes they vow that never again, no, never, never, will they be so foolish.

They probably keep this resolve until the next time the temptation becomes too strong, and then they become akin

to the geese of the farm yard, and tell their secrets to the world.

CLEANINGS.

Chicago will do some energetic housecleaning if it enforces the ordinance which it passed recently, demanding that before tenement houses be papered anew all the old wall paper shall be scraped from the walls, and the walls and ceiling thoroughly cleaned. The cellar walls and ceilings of every tenement house shall, moreover, be thoroughly whitewashed or painted a light color once a year, and the walls of interior courts and shafts shall be whitewashed once a year or painted a light color once every five years.

A lover of dogs cites two instances of unusual canine intelligence noticed during his recent travels abroad. While in the Netherlands a little fox terrier belonging to one of the customs officials at the Hook of Holland, trotted down regularly every morning to meet the boat. When the baggage was deposited for the necessary examination this small self-appointed inspector would sniff inquiringly at each piece, and never failed to detect cigars or suitable goods no matter how cleverly concealed. Another dog who had also taken upon himself a duty which he performed more or less effectively was encountered at Portsmouth, England. This one, also a fox terrier, catches the rope thrown over from the Isle of Wight boats and car-



Keep Your Insides Cool!

Here's a man who thinks he has heart disease, and is scared half to death. His face is all drawn out of shape from fear and agony. Every time he eats, his heart "palpitates"—that simply means that his stomach is swelled up with gases from fermenting undigested food, and his heart thumps against his diaphragm. Nothing the matter with his heart. In the summer time, this gas distention is much worse, his whole body and blood get over-heated, and his heart and lungs get so crowded for room, that he gasps for breath. There he is, look at him! Every minute he expects to drop dead. As a matter of fact, all he needs is to stop that souring and gas forming in his stomach and bowels, help his digestion along, and keep cool inside. You all know that whenever something rots or decays, heat develops. Same in the body. Keep cool inside! Take a candy cathartic CASCARET every night at bed-time. It will work while you sleep, clean up and cool your insides, give you a regular, comfortable movement in the morning, and you'll be feeling fine all day every day. Heart Disease! Fudge!

Best for the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped with E. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

TWENTY YEARS

BY MRS. GEN. GEO. E. PICKETT.

Copyright, 1903, by Daily Story Pub. Co.

Commencement was over at the pretty little convent of the Sacred Heart, half hidden among the trees and vines of Alameda.

The prizes had been distributed, the last note of music had died away. The group of girls to whom the convent had been a home for four years of study and bright young life had roamed for the last time through the wide halls and stood for the last time on the south veranda taking leave of the stretch of sea, where the waves dashed against the shore like plunging steeds, inviting to mount and ride away into an unknown world.

Only Annette, the honor girl of the class, yet lingered. She was with Sister Mary Frances at the end of the veranda, where the great maple tree spread out its branches to intercept the shining lances of light the sun thrust through their shifting leaves. Turning to her companion with wistful petition in her eyes, she said:

"Four years ago, sister, before your sweet influence and precept had taught me the indelicacy of personal questions, I asked you why you had entered the convent when you have been graduated," you answered, "and must go out into the world and its temptations, if I am still here and you still wish to know the reason, come and ask me and I will tell you. My little story may perhaps help you then, but it would only hurt us both now. Will you tell me now, if it will not hurt you?"

Sister Mary Frances played softly with the brown curl that fell over the girl's shoulder and trailed down upon the cross the convent sister wore. "Four years ago—yes, I remember; and twenty years ago I cut off a mass of golden brown curls, not unlike these, my dear, and put on this bonnet and gown. Twenty years!" she said, in a low tone, speaking to herself rather than to the girl. Her eyes were uplifted toward the overhanging trees with a far look in them, as if the gaze went infinitely beyond.

Annette's glance followed hers upward to the emerald arches of leaves. She was not beyond "Twenty years." It was an endless age. It had all been spent within the walls of the convent, with no changing ripples in the current of existence save the opening of the early flowers in spring, the deepening of the gold in the sunlight of summer, the crimsoning of the leaves in autumn, the silvery gleam of snow upon the distant mountains in winter. She was going abroad that summer to travel until she wearied of it. Would that time ever come? Impossible! But—twenty years! She turned and looked at Sister Mary Frances and noted again the wondrous fairness of her calm face, with its radiance that was not of earth. Under the folds of her veil she saw a way ringed of soft dark hair trying to escape from its prison.

"Twenty years!" she sighed. "You must have been very young, then, sister, and very beautiful."

"No, child. It did not seem young—a few hours had made twenty years—very old. Beautiful?—Yes, I did not look unlike you—sometimes you even seem myself come back, and I shudder and am afraid."

"I was graduated, too, at your age—eighteen. My chum was a girl of my own age and of similar tastes with my own, but of a very different position in life. She, like you, was the only child of wealthy parents, while I was being fitted for a teacher and was to enter upon the struggle for a living as soon as I left school. We had loved each other at first sight, and had been close companions through the four years of convent life.

"Soon after we were separated, Olivia wrote me that she was going to be married to a man to whom she had been engaged during the last year of school, that he had proposed to her engagements and she had consented to marry him at once, and wished me to be her bridesmaid. I did not see the bridegroom until the day before the wedding, when I was attracted by the sweetness of his expression and the solar light in his face, like nothing I have ever seen in any other face. Although young, he had been a widower for some years, and had two radiant little children who adored Olivia and were never quite happy away from her.

"The wedding was a brilliant one, but to me its charm was in the deep happiness that looked out from the eyes of bride and groom, and the delighted faces of the two little flower girls who seemed to fancy that the event could never be celebrated but for their efforts.

"Olivia's letters came to me regularly, and were so filled with the atmosphere of love and content that they conveyed to my own heart some of the great happiness that she had. In the second year she wrote to ask me not to make any engagement for another year, and if I was not already promised to come to her home as a governess for the children. She had never allowed anyone else to assist in the care of them, but she was not very well, and her husband thought that the great anxiety of her espousing mine were too heavy a tax upon her strength just then.

"I would hate to give up any part of the little that I had, but I felt that I may share them with you if you can come."

be resisted and, being free, the next mail carried my acceptance of her invitation.

The days and months passed by and life at Sylvan Rest grew more delightful to me with every passing moment. Never was host more kind and gracious than was Mr. Forreston, never was husband more devoted, nor father more loving.

"There was nothing to fear in the fact that I became devotedly attached to the man who gave such a noble and gracious life to his home and who filled every day with a beauty that I thought no day could ever hold anywhere else, and to him almost as devotedly as I could be a true friend to him and to the woman who loved and trusted me, and a faithful guide to the dear young minds that were confided to my care.

The coming of the dear little baby sister who had been given my name had necessarily occupied much of Aloisia's time, and had thrown her husband and myself more together than was safe, and soon I began to feel that he was gradually drawing nearer and nearer to me, that he was becoming aware of some subtle influence that brought our minds together, even when we were farthest apart in physical space. Then I realized that a man could love two women. But could I do it without wreck to all hearts involved? I dared not let him risk that danger.

"How could I get away? I could not insult that lofty mind by seeming to observe its devotion from the right line of safety. I could not mar the white purity of the soul of my friend by telling her that I must leave her home because I believed that the same heart that beat for her was beating, too, for me—the same heart that was dear to her was dear to me, too."

"The June roses are in bloom, Daviette," she said, holding a big bunch over my head, "and before they are gone we shall be in the Apennines. How glad I am, for I long to show you and have you enjoy our beautiful mountain home."

"Before the June roses are gone—do we go so soon?" "I started, for I had been fearing the subtle influence and freedom of that mountain home—had been wondering how I could escape it.

"The next day while I was halting between the absolute necessity of leaving my friends' home at once and the apparent impossibility of getting away without creating unpleasant impressions, Aloisia came to my room with a telegram for me.

"Read it quick, Daviette, dear, and tell me that it is not bad news—that it does not call you away. But if it does, dear, I will not let you go. No, you could not do without you. You are a very part of Maurice and the children to me."

"I shuddered and opened the telegram. 'My uncle is dead. I must go—go at once.' "Then as the way seemed suddenly opened for me, I cried, unthinkingly: 'Thank God! Thank God!'"

"What! Daviette!" exclaimed Aloisia. "What did you say?" "He has been ill and suffering for so long," I said, hastily, bursting into tears. "He was so good—so good and patient—and the life that opens for him now is happier than any he has ever known, dear, to think that the poor, dear sufferer is free from pain!"

"No, Daviette, no—but I hate to have you leave us, for even if you will soon come back."

penance for the sin, yet down deep in my heart I feel that I bless the eyes that brought to me that supreme revelation of love.

Sister Mary Frances walked slowly to the iron railing that inclosed the convent grounds. Twenty years! A forest of trees had grown from the branch of a tree, half hidden by the wind-blown leaves, arching his little neck and pouring forth his song. The wildness of the music and the fluttering wings stirred her pulses to swift beating. The wide sea lay before her, dashing against the shore like some caged monster, beating against the bars. Beyond it was the world—the great world. Twenty years!

AN INDOOR PICNIC.

Invitations to indoor picnic luncheons are flying around just now. The hostess in nearly every case is a very young woman, but there are indications that some of the older folks are taking kindly to the idea.

An indoor picnic luncheon is something like a buffet luncheon, with this difference, that the viands are not passed around by servants. As a rule, the number of guests invited is about a dozen. The appearance of the guests in the dining room is a signal for the servants to disappear and to remain out of sight.

At one of these affairs, given the other day at a suburban resort by a debutante, the girls and even the young men who trooped into the dining room found a big oval table loaded with good things to eat.

At one end was a big bowl—not a platter—of chicken salad, at the other end a punch bowl of cold coffee, and in between dishes big and little filled with cold bouillon, sandwiches, cold chicken pie, cold beefsteak (but only hot fish), stuffed eggs, stuffed olives, sweet pastries, loaf cake, preserves, fresh fruit and bon-bons.

The table had a cloth of grass-green silk almost covered with ferns. On a smaller table, also draped in green, were piles of plates, cups and saucers, knives and forks and spoons, napkins, finger bowls, a well of lemonade and a pitcher of ice water.

The guests proceeded leisurely to seat themselves around the room, evidently expecting waiter to loom before them, tray in hand, to serve the first course. But no waiter appeared and they were not long in doubt as to what was the matter.

"This is a picnic, friends," called out the hostess, "and you must all help yourselves. Take what you like, leave what you don't like."

Thereupon the guests fell to and exhibited what is a marked feature of all indoor picnic luncheons, namely, a prodigious appetite. This feature may be explained by the fact that guests are permitted to help themselves as they choose. Thus a girl may begin with chocolate cake if she wants to, and end with bouillon.

"I never yet had enough salad at one time," confided a pretty girl not yet out "until I was invited to an indoor picnic luncheon. When I found that no one seemed to care whether I ate a taste of a dozen different dishes or a lot of one, I helped myself three times to salad, and ate up a big piece of pound cake, which I adore."

People who have attended them say there is lots of fun to be had at indoor picnic luncheons.

NEWS OF THE SHOPS.

Small Smyrna rugs in pretty patterns are offered for less than \$2 each.

A metal bell for the table comes in the form of a placid-looking cow.

White dotted Swiss is selling for only 10 cents a yard and can be had with several different sizes of dots.

Open-work stockings are now greatly reduced in price and can be purchased all the way from 19 cents up.

Small busts of the dead pope are shown in metal which closely resemble the original. They can be purchased for a small sum.

Collapsible metal drinking cups are to be had in the shops for a small sum and are handy to take on outing trips.

Attractive and odd-looking curtain swags in several different colors, pretty for summer bedrooms, is now offered at 8 cents a yard.

Something quite new to hang on the long number of the shop is a set of crystal inclosing a very real-looking spider clinging to his net and wrapped in the coils of the net a small fly. These crystals also come in heart shapes.

White embroidered aprons are ready to don with wide-hemmed strings and fall long enough to reach the bottom of the skirt, are offered at 19 cents each.

Among the odd things in favor are small pails that are packed with an imitation of ice and reposing the ice is a small but wonderfully real looking bottle of champagne.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever. DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL OIL. Removes Tan, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases. It is a Beauty and Health Restorer. It is a Skin and Hair Restorer. It is a Skin and Hair Restorer. It is a Skin and Hair Restorer.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

A hundred and fifty thousand acres of "fat" wheat were raised in South Dakota last year, and many more are in process of ripening this year. Macaroni mills have sprung up in North Dakota and Minnesota, and this once foreign and high-priced food is likely to become as common on American tables as potatoes.

Ward-Corby Co.