

The Plymouth Clothing House,
Sixth and Nicollet.

Bargain Basement

Several good styles Men's and Boys' Caps, small lot to close, 50c to \$1.00 values—sold
for..... **9c to 23c**

Women's low cut Rubbers, medium and wide toes; broken lots; worth 50c.
Special..... **8c**

Men's low cut Overshoes, worth \$1 and \$1.25; medium cut toes.
Special..... **25c**

Men's black Wool Sox, warranted fast colors; the 20c kind..... **10c**

Men's 25c Cashmere Sox, all sizes..... **19c**

Men's Fleece Shirts or Drawers, the kind we have always sold at 50c. Bargain price..... **33c**

Good warm Mittens..... **25c**

The Plymouth Clothing House, Sixth and Nicollet.

YE SING & CO.,
IMPORTERS
CHINESE AND JAPANESE FANCY GOODS.

Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Cloisonne Ware Screens, Fanciful Toys, Ebony Stands, Fine Canton Ware, Ivory, Bamboo, Beautiful Porcelain and Pottery.

Thousands of articles selected especially for the Holidays.

THE CHINESE STORE, NICOLLET AVE.
Next to Westminster Church, Open Even'gs.

BEAUMONT IN TOWN

The Gentleman From Texas on Lotus Eating.

WOOLING THE FICKLE GODDESS

How She Finally Rewarded His Efforts in Oil—Wants to Enter Society.

New Yorker.

Colonel Beverage Beaumont of Beaumont, Tex., is filling no small part of the public eye in New York these stirring days, and his nightly conversations at the Waldorf-Astoria are coming to be regarded as the very fount of wisdom. The colonel has traveled far and been engaged in many pursuits, having, as he expresses it, "wooded the fickle goddess as a bill puncher on the western plains, steamboating on the Mississippi, delving for the shining metal at Cripple Creek and bucking the tiger at New Orleans."

"Strange to say," says the colonel, "that I never overtook the oil, and I have not even touched the elusive jade and transfixed her with my glittering eye until I returned, like the fatted calf, to my native town of Beaumont and turned my attention to boring for oil. I took up a few lessons along with my friend, Colonel Jim Guffey, and wherever our tools penetrated the waiting earth there gushed forth the golden stream of wealth. So rapidly did we bring in gushers around Spindle Top that the stars stopped whirling in their spheres in amazement. We threatened, sah, to deluge the earth in oil, and Mr. Rockefeller, finding his mighty octopus inadequate to handling our product, came personally and on his knees begged us, for God's sake to stop the drill."

"My impulsive nature prompted me to boot him off the lease, but Colonel Jim counseled moderation and I reluctantly refrained. At Mr. Rockefeller's urgent entreating we shut in our gushers and stopped boring. It was just as well, for we already had mo' money than the ameer of Afghanistan, and what was the use of worrying the earth for mo'."

"Between you and me, sah," said the colonel, "I have no intention of retiring from business and entang New York society. Aftah a life of sleepless activity this oil-eating-er-lotus-eating existence will just about suit me, sah."

The colonel was asked what progress he had made toward entering the Four Hundred.

"I cannot say, sah, that I have made any particular progress. I have not yet unshined the charmed portal. I am, however, in plain view of the gilded temple. When yo' so-called Fo' Hundred ascertain that Colonel Beverage Beaumont is in town they will welcome me with open arms."

It was thought well to drop a hint to the colonel to the effect that New York society hedges itself about with the Fo' Hundred of exclusiveness, and it is no easy task to set foot within the sacred inclosure.

"Mo' honah to them, sah," observed the colonel, "mo' honah to them. I nevah cast pearls before swine, sah, and I should not seek admission to a social circle that was not exclusive to a degree. I come of proud old stock, sah, and I hold aloof from the vulgar. I can trace my lineage back to the French Huguenots who settled South Carolina and whose blood flows in the veins of the Calhouns, the Clays, the Beauregards and the Beaumonts of Beaumont, Texas. As a matter of fact, sah—though this is not for publication—we of the south are mighty superior to our extraction to the Fo' Hundred of New York, who spring from the old beer-guzzling Dutchmen who came over from Amsterdam and were on very good terms with the Indians, I am told."

Yo' Fo' Hundred, sah, will be highly honored by my society, highly honored.

"Taking a broader view from my appearance in the New York smart set will have a tendency to cement, as it were, the North and the South in ties of fraternal love, sah; a silken thread, by the way, that Mr. Roosevelt came near severing by inviting a nigger to his table; a most reprehensible affair, sah, a most reprehensible affair."

"The colonel was considerably moved on this subject and continued:

"There can be no such thing as social equality between the races, sah. The color line is drawn and can never be equalized. Let me give you an example of the way we of the south feel in regard to this burning question. I have a half brother who is a mulatto, though no fault of his mine, and you suppose for a moment that I would invite him to my table? Ten thousand times no, sah. Not on yo' life, sah, not on yo' life. Why, sah, I could not bring myself to speak to him on the public streets. I have borrowed money from him on several occasions, and have accepted liquor at his bar, but not in public, sah, not in public."

It was learned with deep regret that there is a tinge of jealousy existing between Colonel Beaumont and Governor Hogg, also, who is not infrequently honored our city with his presence.

"Don't ask me if I know that mastodon," urged the colonel, when he was asked if he had the pleasure of Mr. Hogg's acquaintance. "It is no pleasure, I assure you, sah, to have the acquaintance of a person like the one whose name yo' have introduced. I read in one of yo' yellow newspapers, that he is in New York, that he is in New York at this moment inviting capital to go south and perform some wonderful stunts, inviting capital, sah. He has got to be a habit with Hogg, I have climbed amid the snow clad peaks of the Jungfrau, where the mountain goat, with leetles on his whiskers, leaps from crag to crag, and there, with his carraffie on, was Hogg—inviting capital. I have traveled on the plains of Egypt, where the war chariots of the opulent Pharaohs are buried under the wrecks of time, and there, as massive as the pyramids themselves, was Hogg—inviting capital. I have floated down the murky Nile, where Cleopatra made googoo eyes at a Caesar, and there, as massive as the pyramids themselves, was Hogg—inviting capital. I have turned my prow homeward, and in the trackless northwest, where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save its own dashings, was Hogg—inviting capital. I come to New York, sah, the home of Mammon, where liquor flows in rills and rivers, and where the rolls in rills and rivers, and where the rolls in rills and rivers, where beauty is enshrined in bowers and smiles at you from behind damask curtains, and, even here, sah, is Hogg—inviting capital."

THE SO-CALLED "GAINSBOROUGH"

The great wheel-shaped hat with plumes which during the travels of the celebrated picture which has just been recovered, has been generally known as a "Gainsborough" or "Duchess of Devonshire" was never associated in the last century either with the artist or the duchess. It was invented by Mrs. Bertin, the celebrated dressmaker of Paris, Antoinette. The queen did not think it became her, but it took the fancy of the pretty and unfortunate Princess de Lambelle, who made the hat popular, and it was known in London and Paris as the "Lambelle." In the Ladies Magazine of 1755 there is a description of this hat, in which the author describes it as "wide-brimmed and made of black velvet surmounted with bunches of ostrich feathers."

It was much patronized by the Princess de Lambelle and Mme. Lebrun. Mme. Lebrun represented one of these hats in one of her most popular portraits. The "Lambelle" hat cannot be properly described as of the "cart-wheel order," for its inventor was Nell Gwynne, and she was irretrievable in it at least the Merry Monarch found her so.

A ROYAL SCULPTOR.

The object which attracted the greatest attention at the charity bazaar in Copenhagen was the sculptured hippopotamus modeled by Princess Waldemar of Denmark. The princess, who has achieved a large measure of success as a painter, has now taken up sculpture and has won the approbation of leading art critics.

Princess Marie of Orleans is the wife of Prince Waldemar, youngest brother of Queen Alexandra. She is said to be the most popular woman of the court of Copenhagen, and is a remarkable character. Shortly after her marriage she had an anchor tattooed on her shapely left arm, saying: "I am a Danish sailor's wife, and I want to do just as the others do."

CELIBACY IMPOSED.

One of the most remarkable figures of Vienna society is Archduke Eugene, grand master of the German Knights of Malta. The office, which is invariably held by a member of the Austrian reigning family, brings a very large income, but the holder may not marry.

GRACEFUL LINGERIE

The figure in this picture displays some of the beautiful under rigging, which the shops offer today to all those who can afford it. In this instance examples have been chosen to show the under details of a bridal toilette.

Beginning with the chemise, which is of the finest batiste, notice the exquisite bertha effect of the lace and white ribbon about the shoulders.

It is worn under the short corset of white brocaded silk that the great hook on the front may be free to hold down the petticoat band below the waist line.

The radiant japon is of white swiss, with the gorges scalloped at the bottom and edged with two deep flounces of French lace, the sort that shows a thick pattern on a net back ground. A garland insertion of the same dentelle binds the flounces and appears in a charming wattle decoration above, the ends of the looped figure stopping at the seams of the skirt which are joined with a hemstitched band. The top of the japon is finished with a narrow casing holding draw strings of flat silk braid.

As you must suppose this loveliness has not, like the flowers, been created to waste its sweetness on the desert air. Such elaborate skirts are supposed to accompany lancing gowns, which float openly at the front to show the coquetry below. One such piece of accommodating finery—the striped sweetness over the chair—is made entirely of narrow blue satin ribbon and insertions of white point d'esprit, the barring of sleeves and skirt flounce running round.

TO HONOR MISS DIX

An Association Will Erect a Monument in Her Memory.

WORLD-FAMOUS PHILANTHROPIST

Dorothea Dix is Now Regarded as the Greatest Woman America Has Produced.

The Dorothea Dix Memorial Association recently held a fair in Boston for the benefit of a fund that is intended to commemorate the birth of a woman now coming to be recognized as one of the greatest America has ever produced.

It has been estimated that Miss Dix was directly instrumental in raising no less than \$3,000,000 for humane purposes. Thirty-two great asylums she founded outright or caused to be enlarged. A vast number of prisons and almshouses she caused to be reconstructed. And her work in the civil war was noble and far-reaching. It has been well said that she was not sectarian, not partisan, only humane.

The childhood of this great woman was a cheerful and happy one, for her father was a fanatic of the worst type, and at 12 Dorothea ran away from home to Boston to claim the protection and care of her grandmother, a woman of some wealth and a great deal of dignity. Dorothea's proud spirit could not long brook dependence, and at the incredibly early age of 16 the girl was again in Worcester, to which city her father had removed, there conducting a dame school with decided success and great credit to her womanliness.

Boston drew her as with a magnet, however, and she returned to study in the open in her grandmother's home one of those famous girls' schools of the early part of the century. To the work of making her school a model of industry and industry, she brought the work of her young soul, the self-reliant mistress bent herself with almost terrible strenuousness. The main stress of the teaching was laid upon the formation of moral and religious character, and a kind of Protestant version of the Roman Catholic system of the confessional was introduced. Miss Dix instituted to this end a shell postoffice—"a kind of box" for the girls, in which, as Francis Tiffany, calls it—into which, daily, if possible, letters were to be dropped recording the results of the searching introspection required by her. The strain thus put upon the sensibilities and consciences of the more earnest children was, of course, appalling, and it is small wonder that, after five years, the teacher broke down under the tension of it.

At the ardent young school teacher was obliged to quit the work to which she had felt herself called and go to England for eighteen months.

We of to-day can but remotely grasp and dimly appreciate the unspeakably horrible treatment of insane patients everywhere before Miss Dix's work began. Up to so late a date as 1770 Bethlem hospital in London, popularly known as "Old Bedlam," was regarded as the prime shambles in the city, superior even in the attraction it offered the pleasure seeker to a bull-baiting or a dog fight. Country cousins of the average citizen were taken for a hearty laugh to Bedlam to see the madmen cursing, raving and fighting. The annual fees derived from this public entertainment amounted to several hundred thousands of pounds. A madhouse was a menagerie—nothing more.

One pleasant Sunday morning as Miss Dix was coming out of Dr. Lowell's church after a sermon she overheard two gentlemen speaking in such terms of indignation and horror of the treatment to which the prisoners in the lunatic asylums were subjected, that she forthwith determined to go there and look into the matter herself.

The visit to Cambridge was the turning point of her life. She found among the prisoners a few insane persons with whom she talked. She noticed that there was no stove in their room, and no means of proper warmth. She saw at once that they were resorting to legal measures could this be righted so, without delay, she caused the matter to be brought up before the court, then in session. Her request was granted, the cell doors were warmed and her great work began.

Whether the state of things in East Cambridge was exceptional or horribly common, was the question which Miss Dix now resolved to answer to herself. Accordingly, notebook in hand, she visited every jail and almshouse in Massachusetts for the facts. Dr. Howe, the ever-loving friend of humanity, was instrumental in publishing in the Boston Advertiser of Sept. 8, 1841, an article on this subject, which was fiercely attacked, but which was none the less found to give a true picture of the terrible state of things in the picture of the insane confined in cages, closets, cellars, stalls, pens; chained, naked, beaten with rods, and lashed into obedience.

The task of besieging all the state legis-

latures was that at which she next set herself. Firmly, resolutely, she stuck to it for nine years she traveled east and west, north and south, over this vast country, then far more impassable than now. In 1848 she memorialized congress for a grant of 12,000,000 acres of the public domain, the proceeds of the sale of which were to be set apart as a perpetual fund for the care of the indigent insane.

This was a tremendous proposition, for it had to do with the disposal of an area nearly three times the size of the state of Massachusetts. Four years Miss Dix labored over this bill. With infinite difficulty it was steered through the senate and house—only to be vetoed by President Pierce.

This defeat was the blow of Miss Dix's life. She dropped her sacred work, and, almost broken-hearted, went abroad for rest and recuperation. She visited all the hospitals on the continent, noted abuses and treasured up virtues. In Rome she went to see the venerable Pope Pius IX, who, at her suggestion, remedied existing evils in that city.

After the foreign pilgrimages Miss Dix came back to gather up the scattered threads of her various institutional interests. Then she took up the work of her magnificent services to the state of Massachusetts, and then a long lingering illness, and then death. One of her distinguished friends thus pronounced her epitaph: "There has died and been laid to rest in the most quiet, unostentatious way the most useful and distinguished woman America has yet produced."

The memorial association was formed by Mrs. Jane Spofford, Mrs. Helen Coffin Beady and Miss Susan B. Anthony, who drove to the birthplace of Miss Dix in Hampden, Me., one summer afternoon.

As the three women were sitting on the grass with their feet in the cellar, where the farm building had once stood, it was proposed that a monument should be built to honor the woman who had done so much for the world. They were thereupon asked by Anthony, B for Beady and the other S for Spofford:

"About a week after this," says Mrs. Beady, "I saw two ladies drive up the street at my home in Bangor. Their faces were radiant, and as they came near I recognized them at once as Mrs. Spofford and Mrs. Reed, both of whom I have known for many years. When will you go down to the farm to see him and talk it over?" Without any hesitancy I said, "I'll go now. I'll get into your carriage and go with you."

The Dorothea Dix Memorial Association, incorporated under the laws of Maine, was organized in Hampden, April 15, 1899, and at once announced for its aim the dissemination of the knowledge of the life and character of Dorothea Dix and the preservation of her memory and the decoration of her birthplace. On July 4 of that same year there was raised on the site of the birthplace amid the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," the first flag-pole ever erected to a woman, and from this there has floated night and day ever since a flag.

A COMBINATION ROOM

A Unique Apartment for People of Small Means.

"I have an architect friend," says the man who knows a good many people, "who has a design on an apartment-house that will work a revolution in accommodations for those persons who cannot afford to have more than one room. He has fitted up an apartment in his own house as a sample, and it really promises amazing results. I was talking to him the other evening on the problem of city living for people of small means, bachelors and bachelor maids, when he asked me to come with him and see what he had evolved on that line. We went up to his third floor and he ushered me into an apartment which was not twenty feet long and ten wide, with a fine large window at one end and a small door at the other. He asked me what I thought of it, and I looked around a minute to reach a conclusion. It was nicely carpeted, there was one chair, and there was a two-light chandelier about the center of the ceiling. The room was nicely papered on one wall and at the ends, but the opposite side wall was entirely wainscoted, as if nothing more was to be seen. I was talking to him about it, and he asked me what I thought of it, and I looked around a minute to reach a conclusion. It was nicely carpeted, there was one chair, and there was a two-light chandelier about the center of the ceiling. The room was nicely papered on one wall and at the ends, but the opposite side wall was entirely wainscoted, as if nothing more was to be seen. I was talking to him about it, and he asked me what I thought of it, and I looked around a minute to reach a conclusion. It was nicely carpeted, there was one chair, and there was a two-light chandelier about the center of the ceiling. The room was nicely papered on one wall and at the ends, but the opposite side wall was entirely wainscoted, as if nothing more was to be seen. 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