

GRAND FORKS REALTY--IT IS A GOOD INVESTMENT--WATCH GRAND FORKS GROW



MRS. A. F. PAGE, Society Editor. Office Phones, Both No. 31.

YEA--OR NAY. Love me little, love me long. Love that burneth hot and strong.

Be it cruel, or be it kind. Love was never aught than blind.

Which the truth--the saw, or song? Was the singer right or wrong?

"Love me little, love me long." Sing me not this coward song.

For, such love is full of cross; Purity must come with loss.

"Love that burneth hot and strong;" Sing that stout old, good old song;

Who may shackle snow or wind. Be they cruel, or be they kind.

Love, my love is fervent--hot. In the seething melting pot.

And if seeming, it grow cold. Naught but ashes to behold.

Askes? Nay, 'tis but the dross; Purity must come with loss.

Toss the dust away--Behold! Lies the pure, refined gold.

"Love me little, love me long." Sing me not this coward song.

Mrs. Robert H. McCoy left Sunday evening for a few weeks' visit in St. Paul.

Select hats and suits that seem to have some relation to one another in point of color.

Miss Catherine Duis, daughter of Mayor and Mrs. Duis, is convalescing from quite a severe illness.

The number of tiny curls that show from under the hat have increased from three to a fringe quite around the back of the head.

Mr. Norman Rupert of St. Paul was here over Sunday the guest of his sister, Mrs. Frank Feetham.

Mrs. D. M. Holmes is quite rapidly convalescing from her very severe illness. This will be pleasant news to her many friends.

A pleasant little party gathered together at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Seehus at Hatton to bid farewell to Mr. J. J. Warley and family who have left the city and gone to Ray to make their home, where Mr. Warley has farming interests.

Tailored waist as a rule have shirt sleeves, the elbow style being commonly reserved for the fine lingerie blouses. The tennis and golf waists are the exception.

Mrs. Frank Hays will entertain the Omega Art club, of which she is a prominent member, at luncheon at the Hotel Dacotah on Tuesday at 12:30 o'clock.

The business meeting of the Thursday Musical club, that was to have been held this Thursday afternoon in the Commercial club rooms, has been postponed until next Tuesday, the fifteenth.

Mr. Grace has returned to his home at Grafton after an absence of several months in search of health. He returns quite benefited. Mrs. Grace came over here from Grafton one day last week to meet and return home with him.

A black and white striped linen blouse has stitched bands edged with washable braid and trimmed with buttons across the front and upon the collar. The wide fitted cuffs close

with buttons and buttonholes and also have the braid-edged bands.

Mrs. H. M. Wheeler has issued invitations for two afternoons, Thursday and Friday, at cards that promise to be delightful affairs. Mrs. Wheeler is a charming hostess and her functions are always looked forward to with great pleasure by those fortunate enough to be invited.

The A. W. Warrens have taken the H. S. Chase house on South Sixth street for the summer. The Chases will summer among the pines at Bemidji with the hope of materially benefiting Mr. Chase's health. He has been confined to the house a good part of the winter.

The friends here of Attorney and Mrs. Burke of Bathurst will be glad to learn that their little daughter Dorothy has quite recovered from what was feared would be a very serious hip trouble. The little one has been operated on twice in Minneapolis. The operations were very successful and she is now growing stronger daily.

Tomorrow begins the annual convention of the ladies of the Degree of Honor lodge, the auxiliary of the A. O. U. W. It will take place in Odd Fellows' hall. The convention will open Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock, when candidates for the grand lodge will be initiated. In the afternoon the regular order of business will be taken up and the reports from the grand lodge officers listened to as well as those of the delegates from the subordinate lodges. Wednesday morning the election of officers for the grand lodge will be held and a class of candidates initiated. Afterward there will be a good musical and literary program. There will be about sixty delegates present from the various lodges of the state besides other visitors.

Quite novel is the embroidered lingerie hat which is turned up at the left side and ornamented with a large white bird. I mention this only because it is new, for the chief charm of the lingerie hat is its simplicity and it is to be desired that the craze for elaboration will not continue in this direction.

The man who sets his heart upon a Is a chameleon and doth feed on air.

Three things a wise man will not trust: The wind, the sunshine of an April day, And woman's pledged troth--

quoted Capt. Beauchamp, cynically.

SOCIETY THROUGHOUT THE STATE

Mr. Fred R. Stevens, a prominent real estate man of Cray, N. D., was married Tuesday, May 1, 1906, to Miss Edith Foster, of Chelsea, Mich. The groom is prominent in Ramsey county and for several years was a member of the firm of Wright & Stevens, dealers in farm implements. January 1, 1905, he withdrew from the firm and opened a real estate office in Cray, in which line of business he has been remarkably successful. The bride is a sister of Mrs. Frank McNeeney, and for some time taught music at Grand Forks. She is an accomplished young lady and will be welcome in the social circles of Cray, where she already has a number of friends.

The following interesting account of a delightful function for a popular aged gentlewoman at Grafton comes from the Grafton Record: Yesterday afternoon being Mrs. Ellen Crosby's ninety-first birthday, some of her friends assisted her niece, Mrs. C. Searles, in holding a reception at the Grand Pacific hotel for her. Aunt Ellen, as she is familiarly known by her friends, has been so feeble of late

that it was feared that the ladies would scarcely be able to talk much with her, and the most that could be done would be to bring her sweet scented flowers and leave messages of loving remembrance for her niece to deliver to her. But fortunately she was able to be dressed, and sit in her chair with the family, and greet each arriving friend in her cherry patient way; and during the afternoon over thirty-five or forty friends called and left their names that they might be read to her later during her quiet hours. This reception will long linger in her memory and brighten many an hour. It is not often that a community has a more beautiful object lesson of sweet, patient christian life, than here portrayed. Blind and aged and feeble and of late having grown so deaf that she cannot distinguish the general conversation around her, but only as spoken close to her ear, she is never impatient, fretful, or despondent, but always hopeful, patient and cheerful. How many of us, with like afflictions could display such fortitude and sweetness of disposition? No one can visit her without being benefited, and encouraged to move gracefully and bravely through life's disappointments and burdens. But if afflictions and old age shall arrive it would be reassuring to us all to believe that some friend or relative will be as devoted and loyal in administering to us as Mrs. Searles and family to Aunt Ellen.

Some Dress Accessories.

The newest petticoats and undershirts are so charming that it is to be regretted that they must be hidden under a dress skirt. The mad for headed trimmings and ruffles of gold and silver has extended to the undershirt, which has its lace ruffles outlined in pearl and crystal beads and held in festoons by loops of gold ribbon. More is the material chosen for wear under the evening gown, though pompadour brocades are also fashionable. In trimmings there are hand crocheted linen buttons, linen covered buttons, and plain and engraved pearl buttons for linen and other lingerie frocks. White eruche buttons may be purchased that will launder beautifully. A novelty in braids, a revival of the old-time Hercules, which, it seems, must have been forgotten. This however, will not be to any great extent until next autumn.

Care of the Hair.

A mode of hairdressing which is tremendously becoming to one woman will be absolutely impossible to another. It all depends upon whether her chin is square or pointed, her eyes set high or low, whether her face is oval, thin, puffy or beautifully curved.

The girl with a wedge-shaped face must not wear her hair spread out over her ears. This only accentuates the triangular lines. A neat chin is necessary to avoid broad effects above the brows. Wave the hair at the temples, draw it up to the top of the head in soft rolls. This gives the face a delicate oval outline.

A woman with a broad, square-cut countenance must do her hair loosely and high and with breadth, too, the coronet braid being exceptionally good for her style. Those of the sisterhood who have short, chubby faces should follow the rule laid out for round girls with the broad firm chin. A round, chubby face is improved greatly by drawing the hair away from the face in a loose pompadour.

If the eyes are too near the top of the head the effect is exaggerated and emphasized by wearing the hair low on the forehead.

The girl with the long nose must never wear her hair parted in the middle or drawn far over her ears like curtains. Neither must the pudgy-faced girl arrange her locks after the Madonna fashion. This style is hopelessly unsuited to her face.

With the egg shampoo every two weeks, a good scalp treatment is between times and a little care and brushing and codding every night, almost any woman can make her hair strong and beautiful.

Sewing Machines for Rent

By week or month, at low rates. The Singer is acknowledged the lightest running and most convenient of any. Try one and be convinced. Only at Singer stores. Look for the Red S. Singer Sewing Machine Co. 29 Fourth St. S., Grand Forks, N. D.

World's Highest Garden.

At a height of 6,000 feet, near the summit of the Petit St. Bernard, is situated Queen Margherita's Alpine garden, which is the highest garden in the world. It was started on a small scale nine years ago by Abbe Chonoux, who lives in a house nearby, and soon after the queen, who is an ardent Alpinist, visited it. Her majesty took a great interest in the scheme, and obtained Alpine plants and lichens from all parts of the world, many of which she planted herself.

Titled Author.

King Edward's brother-in-law, the duke of Argyll, has enlarged his sphere of literary effort by writing a book of nonsense verse in the form of a long ballad. His first work, "The United States After the War," brought him to the notice of American readers. After serving as governor general of Canada he wrote a book descriptive of the dominion.

Woman Expert.

Miss Nell Havens, of San Francisco, is the only woman recognized by the government as an expert in photography. She has studied the Bertillon system of identification and pictures taken by her are accepted by authorities as equal to those made by Bertillon himself.

Wasteful Girl.

The Brooklyn Gazette says that a Castleville young man, whose best girl while in a sportive mood hit him in the face with a ripe pawpaw, is looking for another girl, one who will know better than to waste pawpaws so near the end of the season.

Dangerous Proverb to Quote.

"Remember," said the charity sharp, "do give twice who give quickly."

"In other words," rejoined the marble-hearted, "do give twice as much as the fellow who stops to think it over."--Stray Stories.

WAYS OF CHARITY.

The millionaire stood at the foot of the throne.

"How are you?" said the poor man. "Pretty well, I thank you," the millionaire replied, in a low voice.

"Dine out last night?" "Yes--I thank you."

"Overeat yourself?" "Oh, no," said the millionaire quickly, raising his head. "Oh, no, I have not any appetite left."

The rows of poor people behind the throne grinned.

"Ever give anything to the poor?" asked the poor man.

"Yes, yes," said the millionaire, eagerly. "I subscribed \$5,000 to--"

"Did you miss it?" asked the poor man.

"If you wouldn't mind asking one of my secretaries," the millionaire went on, ignoring the last question. "Any of them would tell you--"

"Did you ever give away anything yourself, with your own hand, with your heart?"

The millionaire's heart beat furiously. He looked about him for a chance to escape.

"I did once," he said, in a law hurried whisper.

"How much?"

"A penny," said the millionaire, scarcely audibly.

A ragged man came forward from the huge company behind the throne and deposited a penny on the table by the throne.

"I'll make it \$20,000 said the millionaire, hurriedly.

"Sit down," the poor man said, sternly. By that penny are you saved."

The millionaire sat down and a lady took his place before the throne.

"I gave some money once to a poor beggar," she began.

"You are very proud of your charity?" asked the poor man.

"I have given away a great deal considering," she replied, brisly.

"Considering what, madam?"

"Oh, considering what other people do," she said.

"With your whole heart did you give it, for pity, for real love's sake?"

"I'm not a sentimentalist," she said, hauly.

"Did you ever refuse to give to anyone?"

"Never," she said, in a loud voice.

"Never once? Think of 20 years ago?"

There was a question in his voice.

The lady turned red and tried to hide her confusion, but a million pair of eyes were on her.

"Once," she said.

"Well?"

"A poor woman came up to me as I was getting into my carriage. I was only a girl"--her voice died in a whisper.

"She looked as if she were dying, and she said she was hungry. I told her to go away, hated the sight of her."

"Did you give her anything?"

"No," she hung her head.

"She had a baby?"

A light came in to the lady's eyes which turned them from their hardness into soft orbs of wonder.

"Yes, she had a baby; I gave it a flower."

A woman came out from the great assembly and put a rose upon the table by the throne.

"You may sit down," said the poor man.

Now there came a man of about 40 to stand before the throne. He was very exquisitely dressed and his mustache was dyed black.

"You have done a lot of charity, have you not?" asked the poor man.

"Oh, nothing really, you know; nothing much," he replied.

"Bazars, theatricals, dances?"

"Well, yes, I have done what I could, don't you know."

"Have a good time yourself?"

"Oh, yes, thanks," said the man. He felt he was getting on well.

"Did you get into society that way?" asked the poor man.

"Yes, perhaps I did."

"Have you ever given anything in charity and love?"

The man stood silent for some time and pondered. Before that vast assemblage his coarseness was giving way; he began to look shabby.

"Once," he began, "but that was nothing--I was walking home--but it won't count--I had no money with me and a man asked for something; he was cold and tattered; I gave him the cigarettes out of my case because I was sorry for him."

Out of the crowd came a poor man to lay a little handful of cigarettes upon the table.

The man of the world had not noticed him, and the sweat stood on his forehead; he smelt ashamed of his action.

"You may sit down," said the poor man, and at the sound of his voice the man looked up and seeing his gift on the table he looked with unutterable relief at the poor man--then sat down.

An old man now came up before the throne.

"I ain't done nothin' as I can think of," he said, in a faltering voice; "I ain't ad no means nor position nor no nothin' to give away."

From out the crowd behind the throne there came 20 or 30 men and women, each bearing in their hands a cup of cold water.

Then the millionaire woke up from his dream and shivered with cold. His fire was out, his room was dark, but he could see in the dim light a ghastly procession of starving, cold figures who passed by and pointed at him.

He rose, shaking, and went to his desk. He unlocked a drawer and drew out a roll of bank notes. With them in his hand he passed quickly downstairs and into the dark street--Chicago Chronicle.

New York--The catalogue of the Heber R. Bishop collection of jades, after 20 years' work, and two years after Mr. Bishop's death, has just been completed.

It is regarded as the greatest of all illustrated books. Only 100 copies have been printed, none of which is to be sold. The books are to be sent to various libraries and museums in this and other countries.

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