



TWO AS

More left before Easter in which you ladies can pick up a few little things you may need for your wardrobe. We would suggest that if you need any kind of a

WAIST OR SKIRT

We have our complete line ready and you will find some choice, tasty things at very moderate prices and styles not shown elsewhere at all. We quite pride ourselves on our assortment this spring. While we might not be able to alter a

TAILORED SUIT

For you and finish by Saturday, again you might find one that didn't need change, or perhaps we could alter—if you come today. At any rate we have an elegant line of extremely tasty, Stylish Suits at \$16.50, \$18.50, \$20 and \$25 that are proving wonderful sellers. And our elegant Etamine Suits at \$25, \$35, \$40 and \$50 are surely the best values to be had, and the styles entirely novel and unusual. Come and see what we have.

Ransom & Horton

99 and 101 East Sixth Street.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

The young people of the Presbytery of St. Paul will hold an annual missionary fair at the Goodrich avenue Presbyterian church this evening at 7 o'clock.

The officers of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Bates Avenue M. E. Church will entertain the members and friends of the church Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. William Brink, on Bates avenue.

PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kelly and son, Tracy, of Portland avenue, will leave this week for a visit to New York and Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ware, of Laurel Avenue, are expected home from the East this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. McLaren, of East Third, N. D., are at the Aberdeen.

Mrs. John L. Forepage, Laurel avenue, has returned from Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. William Hixson, of Mankato, and Mrs. Joseph Dixon, of La Crosse, Wis., are guests at the Aberdeen.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Dixon, B. Elliott, Fairmount avenue, will leave next week for California.

Mrs. J. J. Rhodes, Holly avenue, has returned from Cleveland.

Mrs. William Chumason, Miss Chumason and Miss Mary C. Miller, of Helena, Mont., are at the Aberdeen for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis Pollett, of the Alhambra, will leave May 1 to their country place, near Hastings.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace C. Winter, Summit avenue, will move Saturday in their new residence, 486 Portland avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McKibbin, Virginia avenue, will arrive home Wednesday from their tour abroad.

Miss Myrtle Dwell, the guest of Mrs. I. E. Wallis, Marshall avenue, has returned to Lake City.

Miss Laura Stewart, of Milwaukee, is spending the Easter vacation with her aunt, Mrs. John Godkin, Grotto street.

Miss Lena Charlton, Ashland avenue, is entertaining Miss Viola Brooks, of Grand Forks, N. D.

Miss Julia Rogers, Summit avenue, will return the latter part of April from the South.

Mrs. Titus, of Grand Forks, N. D., is the guest of Mrs. E. M. Prouty, Summit avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson have taken apartments in the Daytona, on Dayton avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Allen have taken apartments in the Daytona, Dayton avenue.

Mrs. Richard Billings, Floral street, will return about the middle of April from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Burke, of Seattle, are at the Aberdeen.

Miss Alice Robbins, Summit avenue, will go to Chicago next week.

Miss Morton, Goodrich avenue, is entertaining Miss Conception, of Martineite, Wis.

Gen. and Mrs. M. D. Flower, Ashland avenue, have returned from Washington, D. C., and New York.

Miss Abbott, of Granite Falls, is the guest of Mrs. E. F. Collins, North Exchange street.

Miss Barnes, Dayton avenue, will entertain next week Miss McMasters, of Milwaukee.

Mrs. George Koehler, Portland avenue, will return next week from Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Zangwill Club's Debut.

The Zangwill Dramatic club will give its first entertainment Sunday night in Mozart hall. The club is a part of the organization and the first of its kind to be formed in this city.

A FRENCHMAN'S WOOING.

Even when a Frenchman sees a girl well suited to him he does not go to her and say "I love you." First he would be disheveled. Second, it would make her faint. Third, he never gets a chance. He goes instead and tells his mother.

His mother tells his father. Then his father takes a bath and hunts up his mutual friend. But before this meeting can be brought about there must be notes exchanged between the mutual friends concerning fortune, family and position.

has been the scene of many a decisive meeting.

The mother has her daughter sitting by her in the box. Between the first and second she has the young man brought in to them by mutual friends. They stay five minutes, speaking of the play, the weather and the Paris season, and retire.

It is admitted that mothers ought not to instruct their daughters previously for this encounter, for if the girl has been enticed beforehand she will be so filled with apprehensions to lose her grace and naturalness and may not have enough coolness to observe if the young man is pleasing to her.

She ought not to be the object of his visit. For if she fails to please in turn, it is humiliating to know it.

CLEVER IDEA FOR DANCE CARD.

A bright young girl who is about to give a dancing party has made a set of programmes which are so novel and artistic that they are likely to find widespread favor.

The idea came like an inspiration one day as she glanced at the display window of a wall paper store. She acted at once, and as a result went home armed with a couple of yards of wall paper, several sheets of white bristol board and a bottle of library paste.

The wall paper had a pattern of big red poppies scattered singly over its surface. These individual poppy blossoms were carefully cut out and pasted smoothly upon the white bristol board.

The bristol board was then cut, following the outline of the flower. This gave a firm back to the wall paper, and so artistic were the poppies themselves that they looked as though painted upon the bristol board.

The young lady who made these is an artist, but she decided that these such good results could be obtained with so small an expenditure of time, as compared with painting of the programmes by hand, it would be wiser to adopt the "white out" idea.

The programmes were lettered upon white paper, also cut in the poppy outline, and the white tied together with a red silk cord. All who have yet been to see these dainty creations supposed them hand-painted until informed of their secret.

FOR THE THIN WOMAN.

"Laugh and grow fat" is an old and commonplace saying, but it contains some scientific truth. People are always jolly, while, contrariwise, the worrisome folk are almost invariably thin.

The moral is plain—keep from worrying, take things easily, laugh whenever you can—and so acquire the plumpness you covet.

The average thin woman frets too much over her slenderness. She worries when she should be happy. If she ate the right kind of food and if she slept well, she would not be so thin.

Milk and eggs should be very largely in her diet, not merely because they are fattening, but because they are nourishing.

The milk, however, should be consumed between meals, and in order to insure its easy digestion, should contain a tablespoonful of lime water to each tablespoonful.

The regimen prescribed for the young woman who sought to gain flesh and vigor together was a banana and a glassful of milk every two hours and a full meal every six hours—through the day only.

At night, immediately before going to bed, a glassful of hot milk or cocoa and a couple of graham crackers were ordered.

The diet and regimen are always used, whatever else is added. If bread crums are used, grate and sift them and allow one cup.

BERRY PIES.

By Mrs. Martha Taft Wentworth (Copyright, 1922, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

No soil upon our feet, no dirt in our eyes. As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial pies.

You and I are not making that kind of a pie these days, are we? I think the fruit and berries will suit us fully as well as the little old-fashioned pie of long ago.

As strawberries come in first, we will have a strawberry pie—Line a deep pie plate with rich paste, and bake a delicate brown. Have ready enough strawberries to cover the bottom.

Another Strawberry Pie—Cover a plate with the cherries, prick holes in it and bake quickly. Mix three cups of strawberries with one cup of sugar and wash them slightly. Fill the shell. Sweeten, flavor and chill one cupful of cream; whip it with an egg until stiff and cover the berries with it.

Red Raspberry Pie—Bake two pie crust shells on large Washington pie tins of equal size and set away to cool. About half an hour before serving make a thin frosting of the white of one egg, and one cupful of powdered sugar. Put a thick layer of berries on one of the pastry shells, over this pour one-half of the frosting, and the remainder of the frosting cover with the other pastry shell and it is ready to serve.

Blackberry pie—Line a deep pie plate with good pastry, sprinkle about a tablespoonful of flour on the crust and fill the inside with blueberries, and wash them carefully picked over and washed. Sprinkle half a cupful of sugar over the berries, and cover with a rich top crust, which should be pricked with a fork in several places, and bake in a hot oven for one hour.

Same as blueberry pies, using twice as much sugar.

Gooseberry pie—Pick off the stems and tops, and stew the berries in a little water until they are soft. Strain them, then sweeten to taste with brown sugar. Fill a shallow plate, which has been covered with a pastry crust, with the stewed fruit, filling only a thin layer, then cover with the upper crust and bake until brown.

Cherry Pie with Crackers—Line a plate with paste. Put half a cupful of sugar and one teaspoonful of tartaric acid on the crust; fill with two cupfuls of stoned mixed with two cupfuls of crackers rolled fine, add one-half of a cupful of water and another half of a cupful of water and another half of a cupful of water and another half of a cupful of water.

Crust—Roll out a piece of dough, roll it through a colander. Add the skins, one soda cracker rolled fine, and sugar and tartaric acid. Cover with paste (covered with rich pastry), put on strips of pastry crossing diagonally and bake until the crust is done.

Menu for Saturday.

BREAKFAST. Fruit. Cream of Wheat. Cream and Sugar. Toast.

LUNCHEON. Hashed Potatoes. Sliced Tomatoes. Tea. Sliced Tomatoes.

DINNER. Ragout of Beef. Buttered Parsnips. Browned Potatoes. Lettuce. Pineapple. Coffee. Cheese.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES. Devised eggs on toast, covered with a cream dressing, are good. One egg, each half filling, very grain, on each slice of toast.

The dry, every-grain-separate effect so desirable in boiled rice, is obtained by pouring water over it through a colander after boiling, and trying it in the oven with the door open.

To use a round or crown loaf of bread instead of a round loaf, slice it into more wholesome loaves besides being unusual. Cut off the top about one-third of the loaf. Dig out the center, leaving a soft inside, to be dried and rolled into bread crumbs; fill with the chicken and dressing.

Something to remember with house-cleaning days in the not distant future is that a solution of turpentine dissolved in two quarts of hot water makes the best solution in which to wash gas globes. And do all housekeepers know that kerosene will take finger marks off doors without removing the paint or varnish?

Fruit stains in white goods may be reached out with javelle water and well rinsed in clear water. Do not try soap except as a last resort. It is sometimes has the effect of setting the color and rendering the stain difficult to remove.

For colored silks use a solution of the soft soap suds and ammonia. This applies in general to all vegetable stains. An old-fashioned way to remove fruit stains is to pour boiling water on them. This is best done by spreading firmly over a low a level surface, so that the water containing the spot and causing the water to flow from the spot of a teakettle.

Don't wash away the cooking oil after it after the meat is cooked when nearly done.

Milk gloves may be cleaned with milk and a little good white soap. Slightly moisten a piece of clean flannel with the milk, rub it on the soap and then carefully wash every part of the glove, turning the flannel about so as never to use again a piece that is soiled.

Cheap Rates to California.

Tickets on sale daily at Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad offices, at rate of \$32.00 from St. Paul to Minneapolis and Los Angeles, San Francisco, San Diego, etc. Best and most direct route.

Call on Robert street, St. Paul, for tickets and berth.

Coronation Marriages.

"Coronation marriages" is a phrase which is a future. Many matters of marriageable girls are preparing to welcome the multitude of Colonial and American brides who are about to enter the land.

Nothing, only that is the third time you have sighed this morning, and it is so unusual, I thought you must be ill.

Barbara and her sister, she returned indignantly to Miss Dorothy's face that a flush suffused her withered cheeks.

"Somehow I keep thinking of our childhood this morning," Miss Barbara said, leaning back in her chair, her wrinkled hands letting fall the knitting with which she had been engaged.

"Do you remember the school we attended and the dancing class? I can see the professor now, his violin tucked under his arm, his coat-tails keeping time to his footfalls, counting monotonously, 'one, two, three!'"

Miss Barbara paused to indulge in a laugh at the quaint image she had conjured up, then went on: "I never will forget the way father looked the first time the professor broached the subject of your dancing."

"You had finished some wonderful steps, and in a transport of delight the little man turned to father, crying you were an artist, that you would have a career before you on the stage. Father stared at him a moment, then said in his sternest tone, 'A Carroll on the stage—never!'"

"It made a picture, father with his high-browed face, looking half-scornfully down on the excited dancing master! But I was too frightened to appreciate it then," and she looked up her needles, while in thought she was again the slender girl trembling at her father's anger.

"Did he say that, the professor, I mean?" Miss Dorothy asked eagerly.

"Why, yes, indeed, he said, 'You would grace the stage at fifty! Imagine your dancing now, Dorothy,'" and Miss Barbara shook with laughter.

"Miss Dorothy looked feebly, then said: 'I must leave you a moment, dear,' and hurrying out she dropped down on the stairs that led to the bit of a room overhead."

They were poor, these sisters, all their wealth having been lost in unwise investments. Miss Dorothy, crouching on the stairs, thought of the bright, happy past of her merry girlhood. She saw her soldier lover now, as if the years had not intervened, as he stopped in the bend in the road to wave his gray cap in a last gay farewell. And she remembered how they had come and told her he was one who had fallen violently fighting the maiden battle. For years she had been sleeping in a grave marked only by a single word, "Unknown." Yet, as the time in the sunny South far across the Atlantic had been the future that now lay before her, she had a clearer sudden decision, she began to speak.

"Kind friends, it was my intention to leave you as usual, to retire to private life and let the identity of the dancer who

pleased you for a time remain a mystery. But you are always so kind, tonight even more than ever before, so you shall know the truth," and with a dexterous motion she removed both mask and wig, revealing not the dashing creature one supposed her to be, but an old, old lady, with the flaring footlights shining on her silvered hair. With a gesture full of pathetic pleading she went on: "I have done wrong in deceiving you. I have taken your displeasure. Oh, do not hiss me; anything but that! Let me steal away in silence. . . . Yet I am not so much to blame, we were so poor—Barbara was blind—it was all I could do!"

A sob choked her incoherent little confession, while tears trickled unheeded down her cheeks. For an instant there was a heavy, oppressive silence. Then, when Mademoiselle Elise, with bowed head and dark black eyes all blinded by tears, turned to leave the stage, the spell was broken and cheer rang out there was! Cheer after cheer rang out, men of the world sprang to their feet, crying, "Elise! 'Elise! their hearts filled with admiration for the brave little woman, their hearts filled with admiration for the brave little woman, their hearts filled with admiration for the brave little woman."

Other than the lights. Many who regarded an exhibition of one's feelings in public as a heinous crime sniffed openly. Away off back in the crowd, someone cried: "God bless the little dancer," and the theater rang again with the words, while the orchestra, not knowing what else to do, burst into playing—"God Save the Queen!"

When quiet was at length restored, Mademoiselle Elise had disappeared. For a time she was eagerly sought, everything possible being done to discover what had become of her. But at last the search was abandoned, the public's fickle fancy having been caught by a young concert-hall singer. And now only the memory of Mademoiselle Elise, who held all London in her sway, remains.

In a quiet little cottage just outside a quiet little village, live two sisters, and often when one talks of their gentle birth and stainless honor, the other drops her face in her hands, wondering if she did do wrong after all. But, when in the evening they sit hand-in-hand on the vine-covered porch, listening to the hum of crickets and the calling of the whip-poor-wills while the perfume of old-fashioned roses and mignonette is wafted to them from the garden below, Miss Dorothy thinks not of the labor nor of the fancied disgrace, but only of present happiness, and so does not regret the time she was the public's idol and Mademoiselle Elise.

Poetry—music—a dream—

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