

LOVE DUE TO BACILLUS

FRENCH SCIENTISTS SOLVE PROBLEM POETS HAVE SUNG ABOUT

Deadly Bacillus, However, Has So Far Eluded Vigilance of Poet and Scientist Alike, and Matter Remains Where It Was Before—Cupid is Liberated.

The bacillus of love exists. Credit for this discovery is due Messrs. Fere and Fleury, pathologists, and of Paris. And this is as it should be. Of all the cities in the world, Paris, surely, has the best right to the honor of its discovery. Unfortunately neither M. Fere nor Mr. Fleury are as yet able to lay their fingers on any one spot and say, "The bacillus is here." But doubtless in time this scientific feat will be accomplished. Last now its discoverers can define its whereabouts only in a general way. "It is in the atmosphere," they say, "it is in the water, it is in the soil." This is one of the few instances where the scientist is able to agree with the poet who, in a different way, has also assured us that love is universal. But now that the existence of the bacillus of love is proven, even if its whereabouts is not definitely located, the query naturally arises, "What will be the result?" Will it prove fatal to the bacillus of love for the great malady? And if so, would such a cure be desirable or even desired? According to Messrs. Fere and Fleury it would certainly be desirable. Poets have assured us that love is the perfume of the flower of life. Messrs. Fere and Fleury declare that it is an inheritance of the dark ages, fostered and kept alive by political intrigue. This view certainly has additional importance to literature, but it is hardly flattering to love. But after all, why worry? If a bacillus should be discovered that will prove fatal to the bacillus of love the existing condition of things will hardly be changed. Paradoxical though it may seem it is only when love dies that it really lives, and now so paradoxical, either. For in love as in everything else death alone opens the gate to immortality.

SOCIAL.

Miss Grace Blanche Holloway, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Enoch J. Holloway, and Albert Wilfred Zahn were married last night at 8 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents on Dewey avenue, Merriam Park. Rev. George J. Ten Broeck, pastor of St. Mary's Episcopal church at Merriam Park, performed the ceremony. The bride was given away by her father and attended by her sister, Miss Jessie Holloway, as maid of honor. Her bridesmaids were Miss Isabelle Christensen, of Manhattan, Miss Hortense Zahn, Miss Shirley Kellner and Miss Mabel Vernon. Little Miss Louise Crandall was a flower girl; Lewis L. Lane, of Minneapolis, was the best man, and Claire Crandall and Herbert Gooch were the ushers. The ceremony was performed in front of a bank of green ferns in the library. The dining room was in yellow and the other rooms were decorated with palms and Easter lilies. In all the details the wedding was in blue and yellow, a very pretty combination. The bride wore a simple gown of white crepe de chine, lace-trimmed and made over taffeta. She wore a long veil and carried bride's roses. Miss Jessie Holloway wore a pretty dress of pale blue silk milie, made over white taffeta and she carried yellow roses. The bridesmaids wore frocks of white point d'esprit made over yellow taffeta and each carried a bouquet of marguerites. The tiny flower girl was dressed in blue and carried a huge basket of flowers. There were about 200 guests and the wedding was followed by an informal reception and light refreshments. Mr. and Mrs. Zahn have gone to Duluth and will

at Bald Eagle lake yesterday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Boyesen, who will leave this week for Europe.

Mrs. Frank P. Shepard, of Dayton avenue, will give a luncheon today at the Town and Country club in honor of Mrs. George E. Senker.

Invitations have been received for the marriage of Miss Margaret Burden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Burden, Chicago, to Francis Burtis, of St. Paul. The wedding will take place Thursday evening at the Evanston Avenue M. E. church in Chicago. They will reside in St. Paul.

Miss Mabel Gooch, of Tenth street, entertained informally last evening for her friends at the home of Mrs. W. W. Burden, New Richmond, and the Misses Allen, of Red Wing.

Mrs. F. A. Reid, of Farrington avenue, will give a stocking shower Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Caroline Wiedle, a June bride.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

Mrs. Stein, of Summit avenue, will entertain the members of the Lucky Thirteen club this afternoon.

Minnehaha Lodge No. 57 will give a euchre party this afternoon in Central hall.

Mrs. Martha Gordon, of Minnehaha street, will entertain the Ladies Aid Society of Constellation chapter, O. E. S., this afternoon.

Rev. D. D. Mitchell's Sunday school class of the Goodrich Avenue Presbyterian church will give a lawn social this evening on the church grounds.

Rev. and Mrs. A. J. D. Haupt, of Iglehart street, will give a reception this evening for the members and friends of the English Memorial Lutheran church.

The Rectors Aid Society of St. Paul's Episcopal church will meet this afternoon to complete the arrangements for the annual excursion.

The Ladies Aid Society of St. Paul Camp No. 1, Sons of Veterans, will give an ice cream social Thursday evening at the home of Miss Ida Lettner, of West Congress street.

Eureka lodge, A. O. U. W., will give a card party this evening at Central hall.

The Laurel Cycle club will give a dancing party Thursday evening at Wildwood. While the season has not yet opened at Wildwood there will be music Thursday evening.

An ice cream social was held last evening at the home of Mrs. D. W. Sitts, on State street, for the benefit of the Westminster Presbyterian church.

The Laurel Cycle club will give its annual lake excursion July 12 at Minnetonka. A dinner and ball will follow at the Hotel St. Louis.

The Chapman circle of the First M. E. church will give an entertainment this evening in the parlors of the church.

A lawn festival and sale will be held on the grounds of the Minnesota Church home (the Kelly house), 230 Hoffman avenue tomorrow evening.

The Men's club of St. Peter's church will meet this evening at the home of Allan W. McClary, on White Bear avenue. This will be the last meeting of this year.

The St. Paul Political Equality club will hold an open meeting this evening at the home of Mrs. W. E. Rogers, of South Exchange street.

A silver social will be given this evening in the First M. E. church. Miss McKown, Harry Dora and Mr. Geddes will take part in a musical programme. No admission will be charged but a silver collection will be taken up.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.



Many cooks look upon a charlotte russe as something far beyond their ability to make and then turn to compounding a more complicated pie or cake. Select a mold having nearly straight sides and almost any kitchen closet furnishes a suitable pan or bowl. Brush a sheet of writing paper with butter or oil or melted butter, or use paraffine paper. Cut a piece to fit the bottom of the mold neatly and strip to lay around the sides; fasten with a pin. Make a sponge cake in a narrow pan and when twenty-four hours are past, slice for lining the mould. For the charlotte russe as illustrated cut a round piece

be at home in Mason city, Iowa, after June 15. Mrs. Nellie B. Hope, of Dayton avenue, entertained the Merrill-Clifton bridal party last evening. Mrs. Dennis S. Sperry, of Holly avenue, gave a dinner party last evening for the members of the Treacey-Dolenty wedding party. Mrs. J. A. Stees entertained at dinner last evening for the members of the Gratsen-Steas bridal party. Mrs. M. Treacey, of East Third street, will give a dinner party this evening for the Treacey-Dolenty wedding party. Mrs. Gardner Moore and Mrs. J. H. Morrison, of Goodrich avenue, entertained informally at their summer home

with crust on one side, cut across twice and turn alternate layers over. Line the sides of the mould with inch-wide strips not over three-eighths of an inch thick, turning crust and crumb alternately to make light and dark strips. For the filling soak one-quarter of a box of gelatine in two tablespoons of cold water. Dissolve with three tablespoons of boiling water. Beat one-half pint of thick cream and one-half cup of milk together until stiff, add two level tablespoons of powdered sugar, teaspoon of vanilla flavoring and the dissolved gelatine. Beat continuously and when the mixture begins to stiffen turn into the cake mould. —Alice E. Whitaker.

PERSONAL.

Miss Harriet Merrill, of Marshall avenue, is entertaining Miss Grace Jackson, of Chicago, and Miss Genevieve McLeod, of Cincinnati. Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Sperry, of Holly avenue, will leave the latter part of the month for New York. Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Flote have taken the Wharton residence on Summit avenue for the summer. Mrs. Bertha Ramsey, the guest of Mrs. E. A. Jaggard, of South Exchange street, has returned to Appleton, Wis. Mrs. Barnum, the guest of Mrs. J. W. Willis, has gone West. Miss Nan Dunnigan, of Western avenue, will return from Chicago. Mrs. A. C. Rakestraw, of Laurel avenue, is visiting in Worthington. Mrs. Pierce, of Maine, is the guest of Mrs. Edward Sawyer, of Holly avenue. Miss Helen Larabee, the guest of Miss Edith Fryer, of Kent street, has returned to Clairmont, Iowa. Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Ware, of Laurel avenue, are at Chisago Lakes for a week. Mrs. Dimble, of North St. Albans street, has gone to Ontario for a month's visit. Miss Harrison, of Dayton avenue, has gone to the Thousand Islands on the St. Lawrence. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. P. Ely, Mrs. Emma Loveloy and Miss Marguerite Loveloy, of Minneapolis, and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wilson, of Rondo street, were guests at Iris Place, Birchwood, on Sunday. Mrs. Mary Hestock is visiting her grand daughter, Mrs. J. D. Willis, at Iris Place, Birchwood. Mrs. Roosevelt Leaves Washington. WASHINGTON, D. C., June 9.—Mrs. Roosevelt and her children left Washington today on the Dolphin for Oyster Bay, where the family will spend the summer. The Dolphin will stop in New York to

lower edge and to stiffen them defects the purpose of having a wash skirt which is not difficult to launder and which will look and wear well.

The party was accompanied from the White house to the navy yard, where the Dolphin was awaiting them, by Secretary Cortelyou.

Mrs. Roosevelt will remain at Oyster Bay until after July 1. She will then return to Washington and remain with the president until he leaves Washington.

CLEVER MANDOLIN ARTIST.

John Ahern's Recital at St. Agatha's Was Appreciatively Received. John Ahern was graduated last night from St. Agatha's conservatory of music. Mr. Ahern has taken for his recital the mandolin, and last evening in the music hall of St. Agatha's conservatory.

BLACK TAFFETA CARRIAGE WRAP.



This handsome model is in white taffeta embroidered in black. The trimming is of white chiffon edged with black, and the bertha effect at the neck is also of white chiffon edged with black, and extends down the entire front. The sleeves are extremely wide and complete this perfect ensemble.

before a large audience, he demonstrated how thoroughly he has mastered this much-abused instrument. His program was a varied one, but it was always a dignified one, embracing such composers as Schubert, Wientawski, Norrito, Dancila and Abt. The first group of numbers played by Mr. Ahern were unaccompanied, but the player simulated the accompaniment on his instrument. Each number was given a most musicianly treatment and each displayed temperament and imagination as well as brilliant technique. Hon. J. D. Willis, on behalf of the conservatory, presented Mr. Ahern with a medal last evening. The player also received many flowers.

Assisting in the programme last night were: Miss Frances Vincent, lyric soprano; Miss Rose Frenzel, reader, and Miss M. Hayden, accompanist. Each was satisfactory. Miss Vincent possesses a rather unusual voice, high and clear and sweet. Its development has just commenced, but the voice already shows great promise.

Artistic Clothes.

Artistic feeling can be expressed in our clothes, so dress becomes a study in art, if you choose to have it so, absorbing a lot of time and thought. It is hardly a labor of love this season, however, unless you have an unlimited dress allowance. There are no end of pretty things which are not so expensive, and there is a range of styles to suit every purse. It is not the society women with dozens of elaborate gowns who is most to be envied, after all, for the materials are so pretty that the simple gown can be very attractive. One distinctive feature of dress just at present conspicuously in sight is the varying shades of green which are worn. Emerald green is the leading order of color, perhaps, but any shade of green seems to answer the purpose if it is rightly used. Green is a dainty white lace hat with one of the pretty fancies, and then there are green sashes with white gowns, green silk slips to wear under the green stitching on both black and white gowns, and touches of green wherever green harmonizes prudently with the color of the gown. Green predominates in some of the embroideries, too.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS.

Turnover collars and cuffs of heavy, fine and solid embroidery—flaring collars and ruffled cuffs, the former to be worn with frock coat, the latter with the gown which can still be found among the mothers, are to be seen in the shops. Such things as there are in mullin undershirts, lace-trimmed! They come with a white ground and colored dots of different kinds upon them, are well shaped and have flaring bouffants with insets and a lace edge. They are charming to wear with some light gowns, and are comparatively inexpensive.

Pongee skirts are among the coolest to be worn and are exceedingly pretty made in different ways, some with brocade and some without. Their one fault seems to be that they are too soft to hold the dress skirt out around the

novelty in trimming.

In trimming underwear, try this method of creating the effect of an inexpensive novelty lace or an imitation, and outline the figures with coarse wash silk. Use a ribbon and a running stitch, and when you have finished note the elegant appearance the lace will have, as well as the treatment of the second estate of that lace will be better than the first.

For the Small Man.

Sailor suits and Russian blouses still continue the popular war for the small man. There is, however, a tendency now to noticeably trim them more elaborately. The key-note to all modes of elaboration is the little wonder it has crept into children's dresses. The sailor and Russian blouses are made in a light turnover collar of taffeta in striking. Both light and dark-colored goods are treated in this manner.

POETS AND JUNE ROSES.

It is the month of June, The month of leaves and roses, When pleasant sights salute the eyes, And beautiment counts the roses.

With the poets, the rose of June is the queen of flowers. Gather the rose of love whildest yet is time. Whildest loving thou mayest loved be with equal crime.

Herrick sang in similar strain: Gather ye rose-buds while ye may, Old time is still a-flying, And this same flower that smiles today Tomorrow will be dying.

Waller's "Go, Lovely Rose," is one of the charming bits of old English poetry. "Of all flowers, methinks a rose is best," exclaimed Beaumont and Fletcher, and Barry Cornwall voiced the same opinion in:

First of all the rose, because its breath is rich beyond the rest, and when it dies, It doth bequeath a charm to sweeten

The all-too fleeting life of the rose has inspired many a poet to regretful strains. Bryant wrote:

Loveliest of lovely things are they On earth that soonest pass away. The Uncle Tom's Cabin poet, in the prize beyond the sculptured flower. But in more optimistic measures Sir Walter Scott assures us:

The rose is sweetest when 'tis budding new, And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears; The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew, And love is loveliest when embalmed with tears.

The red rose particularly claims the admiration of the poets. Oh, my love's like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June.

Swang Burns, "Red as a rose is she," wrote Coleridge. Goethe's lines on a little rose, the rose of the little red rose, Among the bushes hiding.

are one of the most charming of the poems which have the rose for its theme.

Who has not oftentimes quoted Shakespeare's assertion—

What's in a name? That which we call a rose By any other name would smell as sweet?

Moore immortalized the "Last Rose of Summer Left Blooming Alone" and the same poet penned the oft-quoted lines— You may break the heart of a lover, you may shatter the vase if you will, But the roses will hang round it still.

And among the most beautiful of all are Milton's significant words in "Paradise Lost"— "Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose."

MENU FOR WEDNESDAY.

BREAKFAST. Fruit. Wheat Meat. Cream and Sugar. Kolls. LUNCHEON. Cocoa. Scrambled Eggs. Sliced Tomatoes. Tea. Macaroni with Cheese. Potato Balls. Egg Plant. Lettuce. Charlotte Russe. Coffee.

ENJOYS MUSTY BOOK ODOR.

Book Lover Says It Excels Rarest Fragrance in Nature.

My friend was holding a book not quite three inches from his nose, and rapidly turning the leaves. I suggested that he do his dusting at a rather greater distance.

"You have made a slight mistake," said he, shaking his head doubtfully. "I allow dust and cobwebs on my books—only not on my books."

"This is the worst," I began. "That is the worst," said he, "at a moment to taste what I had said. 'It is a right, and only the elect, the knowing, are worthy to witness it.'"

"I fear you could not understand," answered he, shaking his head doubtfully. "But listen. I was perfume hunting on the works of Charles Lamb. You come upon me as follows: 'The smell of the Vol. III.—The first Ely essays, you will remember. The two volumes of letters are also rather rare, but somehow this is the most delicate odor of the entire set. Try it,' he added, generously, handing over the volume. I sought to remember a little more, but he had said: 'Nearer the nose,' said he, 'you're quite out of range.' I adjusted the book to its distance. 'And now you're ready for turning.' I

"The law comes first, Hennyery. You've got to put that above friendship. I guess you'll get Ben Medley's saloon. Uncle Billy Ruedell, came down Cherry street and turned into the city hall to ask if anything had been heard of Murray Grady, the offender of the night before, who had disappeared after the trouble was over. On a cot in the city hall lay the boy who was the victim of the fight. Bandages swathed his head, hiding the jagged wound for which Murray Grady's unpurged aim with a beer bottle was responsible. The boy was a stranger in town, a tramp printer who had asked for work at the Herald office the day before and there had met Murray Grady.

"The boy was unconscious. His white face and his forlornness touched Uncle Billy's tender heart, and he swore with his favorite oath that Murray Grady should be brought to justice. 'Dagone it!' Uncle Billy promised the negro, who watched beside the boy's cot and the helpless figure on the bed, 'Dagone it! I've got the law in my pocket and I'll put it to that fellow this time sure. I've seen that fellow plum drunk and tearing up and down Cherry street time and again and turned my head 'round the other way on account of that little girl of his, but they ain't nothin' going to excuse him this time.'

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Uncle Billy went out of the city hall and a pungent smell of odoriferous fetidness poured over the edge of the case. "Come in, and shut the door, will you?" he said gruffly. "What d'ye want?"

"Uncle Billy thumped in. 'Oh, hi, you is it? If you're after that darned printer, you might as well hunt him somewhere else. And, say, when you find him just bring him around and chain him to this case—till I get my paper out, will you?'"

"Then he hasn't been here this morning," Uncle Billy interrogated meekly. "Do you think I'd be up here sticking my nose in your business?"

"Have you any idea where I could find him?" faltered Uncle Billy. "Find him! Find him!" the editor roared. "You want to find him while you fool around here wasting my time! A pretty set of officers you are! Let one fellow nearly kill another in a drunken row and then sit around to do next morning with 'Can you tell me where I'll find him.' The editor squeaked out the last words with an exaggerated imitation of Uncle Billy's shrill falsetto. "I'm tired of the whole lot of you. Get out of here!"

Uncle Billy's temper was unruined. He went out. Back on the street he slapped his pocket absently. To hear him he would be murmuring prettily, "A body'd think he didn't know that I got the law in my pocket. Hey? What you want, Hennyery?"

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"Tut, tut! you'd right to tell. You're a good boy, Hennyery," said Uncle Billy.

GAS RANGES AND WATER HEATERS Always Ready for Use.

With them there is no necessity of keeping up a hot fire all day to do a few minutes work. We sell them at cost and make ordinary connections free of charge.

St. Paul Gas Light Company.

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Puzzling Department Store Door.

Floorwalker, St. Paul, said to you, sir? If you will do nothing, I've been hunting for it two hours.—Columbus (Ohio) States Journal.

She Is Considerate.

Hettie—Now that you have broken your engagement, I am glad that you return to him the diamond ring. He gave you Minna—certainly not Hettie; it would be a constant reminder of the happiness he had missed.—Boston Transcript.

Odd Fellows Special Train to North.

June 13 a special train for Northfield will leave St. Paul at 11 a. m. over "The Milwaukee" for accommodations. Fellow who wish to visit the new home at that place. Apply at "The Milwaukee" club building, 100 West Fourth street, for tickets and full particulars.

The Globe's Daily Short Story

With the Law In His Pocket

By HAYS BLACKMAN

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Early in the morning after the fight with Ben Medley's saloon, Uncle Billy Ruedell, came down Cherry street and turned into the city hall to ask if anything had been heard of Murray Grady, the offender of the night before, who had disappeared after the trouble was over. On a cot in the city hall lay the boy who was the victim of the fight. Bandages swathed his head, hiding the jagged wound for which Murray Grady's unpurged aim with a beer bottle was responsible. The boy was a stranger in town, a tramp printer who had asked for work at the Herald office the day before and there had met Murray Grady.

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"Tut, tut! you'd right to tell. You're a good boy, Hennyery," said Uncle Billy.

"It ain't no use for you to try and put up a fight, Grady," he said, cheerfully. "I'm a mighty poor shot, but I reckon you'll range could depend on hitting you in his pocket. Tell you the truth, son, I'm always a little scared of firearms. They're dangerous things for a peaceable man to handle, and if you'll promise that you ain't going to try to get away I'll just put this blunderbuss in my pocket."

For a full minute he and Grady regarded each other. "Then Grady spoke. 'The boy started,' he asked. 'Uncle Billy shook his head. Slowly Grady raised his hand and pointed to the pistol. 'Put that thing down,' he said. 'Now you ain't no more of a hero, are you? don't move till I'm out of sight.'"

Step by step Grady edged away from the cabin, watching Uncle Billy closely the while. Just as he stepped into the road and started to run, the pistol suddenly swung his heavy pistol up and took aim. "I'm going to fire, Grady," he yelled. "I've got the law in my pocket. I tell you! Come back! Surrender or I'll shoot!"

Grady had no need, but in the second hush that followed a child's voice smote his ear. "Father," the child cried, "father!"

"Are you tired, my lamb?" he asked presently. The child breathed a little sigh of weariness. "Tell me about home again, father," she begged.

"The little girl, Dagone it all, it's hard on a fellow. And Uncle Billy swung down the street, shaking his head and fumbling at his pocket.

Over the Hill road a man tramped in the frosty morning. He carried a bundle of wrappings a child's face, framed in a mist of soft, brown curls, looked over his shoulder. The little arms crept closer about his neck. "Is father further, father?" the little voice asked.

"A long way, honey," Grady answered. "Are you tired, my lamb?" he asked presently. The child breathed a little sigh of weariness. "Tell me about home again, father," she begged.

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