

HER CROWN ON CROOKED

ENVY OF AN AMERICAN CAUSES "BABBLING BROOKE" TROUBLE

Gossip of the Coronation Tells Queer Stories About Peers and Peersesses Who Lost Their Repose of Manner—The Countess of Warwick Belle of the Event.

The Countess of Essex was the belle of the coronation. The countess was Miss Adele Grant, of New York. Report further says that the countess bore herself with grace and discretion. This information is also gratifying. All the more so, since it does not apply to many of the other noblemen and women who saw Edward crowned.

The Duchess of Devonshire fell down three steps of the Abbey—so a chronicler relates—filled the air with broken jewels and imprecations. The Earl of Crawford fell asleep and snored. The nap might have been overlooked, but the snoring convulsed the peers and peersesses.

Earl Cardigan, retreating backward warily, mistook the distance, and sat down on the floor instead of a chair. The contortions, awkward in itself, was further emphasized by the distinct titter that disturbed the decorum of the scene.

The Countess of Warwick in crowning herself awkwardly misplaced her tiara so that it hung rakishly over one eye.

Gossip says that it was jealousy of the Countess of Essex that caused this gaudier on the part of the "Babbling Brookes." The jealousy was aroused by the Countess of Essex's coiffure. Always at state functions has the English countess appeared with her hair coiffed, a la Charles I. The special figure of this coiffure is the curl that hangs over the left shoulder. Others have admired the coiffure but none dared imitate, the Countess of Warwick possessing both leadership and a temper.

But the Countess of Essex aspires to leadership, has no fear and a temper of her own. The daring coiffure was particularly suited to her youth and beauty.

If it was becoming to the Countess of Warwick it seemed made for the Countess of Essex. Hence the declared belatedness of the latter. Hence the awkwardly placed tiara of the former.

SOCIAL.

Miss Philippine Arz and Fred W. Sharpe were married last night at the home of the bride's brother, Dr. C. F. Arz, on Pennsylvania avenue. Rev. William F. Berger, of the First German M. E. church, performed the ceremony. The bride was attended by Mrs. George Becker, of Hastings, as matron of honor, and Dr. Arz, brother of the bride, was the best man. Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe have gone to Duluth to take a trip on the lakes and will be at home after Sept. 1, at 706 L'Orleans street.

Miss Florence Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Smith, of Men-

of her daughter, Miss Ethel Elizabeth Miss Alice Loughran and John J. McQuade will be married this evening at St. Joseph's church.

Mrs. G. A. McDougal, of Dayton avenue, will entertain informally at cards this afternoon for Mrs. Hoppin, of Milwaukee.

Miss Agnes Feeney, of the Lafayette, entertained a number of young women at ping-pong yesterday afternoon.

Wallace, to William J. H. Shillington, of Ottawa, Ont. The wedding will take place early in September.

Harry H. Summerfield, of Portland avenue, gave a dinner Sunday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. M. Wolheim, of St. Louis, Mo. Covers were laid for twenty-six. Among the guests were Miss Ganett, Wilheim, Ferdinand Wolheim, Mr. and Mrs. Helman, of St. Louis, Mrs. T. Farrington, of Hazen, N. D., and Mr. and Mrs. Weines, of South St. Paul.

Mrs. E. L. Pool, of Laurel avenue, entertained informally yesterday afternoon for Miss Gray, of Bloomington, Ill.

Miss Wilson, of Van Slyke court, entertained a few women friends yesterday afternoon at her home.

Mrs. Russell R. Dorr and Mrs. Gustave Risser will give an informal musicale Thursday at Mrs. Risser's home, on Laurel avenue, in honor of Miss Agnes C. Bryan, Mrs. Dorr's sister, and Bryan Dorr, who has returned from college.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

Mrs. E. M. Clarke, of the Newport, entertained the members of the Lucky Thirteen club yesterday afternoon at euchre. Favors were won by Mrs. Samuels, Smith, Otto Steier and Mrs. A. Donnelly. Miss Stover, of Summit avenue, will entertain the club at its next meeting, Sept. 9.

Mrs. J. N. Mounts, of Lincoln avenue, will entertain the members of the Lincoln club next Tuesday afternoon at euchre.

The ladies of the Woodmen circle, Dayton's Bluff, will give an ice cream social tomorrow evening at 184 Maria avenue.

Mrs. F. E. Allen, of East Congress street, entertained the ladies of the Westminster Presbyterian church yesterday afternoon at a thimble bee.

The women of St. Luke's parish will give a lawn festival this evening and again tomorrow evening on the lawn of the parochial residence, Summit avenue, and South Victoria avenue.

The Territorial Pioneers Women's club, of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Stillwater, will hold an outing today at Indian Mounds park.

Mrs. J. Pandy, of Portland avenue, will give a social this evening at her home for the benefit of St. Patrick's Catholic church.

The ladies of Court Alpha No. 11, U. O. F., will give a charity card party this evening at Central hall.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Van Duzee and daughter, of the actress, returned Monday from a month's visit at the lake.

Mrs. W. J. Noble, of South Victoria

LAMB CHOPS. MINT JELLY.



Make the jelly first by boiling one cup of mint leaves in one pint of water until it becomes colored and tastes strongly of mint. Soak one and three-quarters tablespoons of gelatin in one-quarter cup of cold water for twenty minutes or more, then pour over one and one-quarter cups of the boiling mint tea. Rinse some very small diced tins in cold water, fill with the gelatin and set away to harden. The tins should hold about one large spoonful.

Select rib chops and have them trimmed free from fat and skin and the bone scraped, making what is called a

dota street, and Alfred C. Steel will be married today at St. Peter's Episcopal church.

Mrs. Anna E. Wallace, of Central Park place, announces the engagement.

Globe, 8-20 '02.

The Knabe Has behind it over three score years of uninterrupted business success, AND WHAT IS STILL BETTER, the practical benefit of more than sixty years' experience in the manufacture of the most carefully constructed piano of 1837 or 1901.

Visit the State Fair Sept. 1-6, and see this handsome instrument.

STETSON..... Mandolins, Guitars, Banjos, The Best

W. J. Dyer & Bro. Largest Music House in the Northwest. Sole Agents for Stetson and Knabe Pianos. 17 Dyer Building, St. Paul, Minn.

street, with her son and daughter, returned from the East yesterday, where they have been spending several months.

Miss Clark, of Summit avenue, has gone to Higgins Lake, Mich., for a visit.

Mrs. Britton, of Portland avenue, has gone to Mackinac and Cleveland.

Mrs. B. F. Beardsley, of Dayton avenue, is in Chattanooga, N. Y.

Dr. and Mrs. F. Van Slyke, of Marshall avenue, left yesterday for a river trip to St. Louis.

Mrs. James Morrow, of Selby avenue, has gone to Chicago with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Dean, who have been her guests in St. Paul for several weeks.

Mrs. Harry J. Kimball and Mrs. F. D. Lyons, of the Colonnade, will leave tomorrow for Hunter's Springs, Mont., where they will spend a month.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Wilde have gone to Yellowstone park for a visit of two weeks.

Mrs. A. E. Emerson has returned from Lake Jefferson, where she has been visiting.

Miss Grace Doran, of Summit avenue, has gone to Fargo for a couple weeks.

Mrs. H. N. White, of Selby avenue, has returned from Fargo.

Mrs. J. Donahue, of Selby avenue, has returned from White Bear lake, where she has been spending the past week.

Mrs. M. C. Shandrow, of Ashland avenue, has returned from Warren, Ark.

Mrs. George Campbell, of the Marlborough, is entertaining Mrs. Joseph Swan, of Austin.

Miss Cecelia Kalman, of Summit avenue, has returned from Duluth and West Superior, where she has been spending the past few weeks.

church. The full vested choir sang the wedding music, and during the ceremony "O Perfect Love." The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. Herbert Shutt, assisted by Rev. S. B. Purves, of Minneapolis. Norman Fabian presided at the organ and William Post and Leighton Smith were the ushers. The bride was attended by Miss Agnes Wilson, as maid of honor, and Conrad Christopherson, of Long Prairie, was the best man. The decorations in the church were very simple, only a few palms and several large bouquets of pink roses being used. The bride entered on the arm of her father, who gave her away. Her gown was of cream white crepe de chine lace, trimmed and made simply over white tulle.

COSTUME DE VISITE.



Gown of tan French voile, over brown silk. Yoke of waist made of bands of tan taffeta, and cream lace insertion. Bertha of lace over silk. Underneath and cuffs of the same. Soft silk knot and ends fall where bodice fastens. The skirt is tucked in from having deep dove-tailed flounce, with tuck over hem. Folded silk waist band. Hat of tan chiffon, with shells of straw braided round edge, and brown ribbon velvet trimming. From James McCreary & Co., New York.

feta, and she wore a long veil. Miss Wilson wore an imported gown of embroidered silk tulle.

After the church ceremony there was a wedding supper served at the home of the bride's parents on Bates avenue, for the bridal party and a few relatives and intimate friends. The decorations on the tables were in pink and white, sweet peas and pink roses being used.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman have gone on a wedding trip and will be at home after Oct. 1 at 327 Fifth avenue southeast, Minneapolis.

Charming Japanese Maids.

The charming little serving maids of Japan call forth the encomiums of a masculine traveler in the land of the Mikado. They impress one at first, he says, as mostly made up of smile, sash and hairpins; their appearance is quaint and dainty, their movements full of grace, their voices soft and their manners delightful. They seem made for the toy tea houses where they usher you in with many bows and suppressed giggles. You are seated on a cushion on the floor in an empty room—for furniture there is none, strictly speaking, in happy Japan, except among the upper classes. Then tea is brought in on a little lacquer

stand a few inches high, and placed by your side. But it does not reach you without a good deal of preliminary, first, for the mousme, who carries the stand, and the other one who helps, and the third who flanks the column, and the fourth who skirtnishes in the rear, all drop on their knees first at the door and bow profoundly and rub their knees, just as we saw them do in the "Mikado." Then, how they busy themselves with the tea and little cakes! One takes off the cozy, and another looks anxiously into the thin porcelain cup, lest there be a speck of dust in it, and another offers you the tiny plate of cakes, and looks so sadly pathetic if you don't take any that you

JUST ABOUT WOMEN.

A young Austrian woman, only twenty-four years of age, has been appointed to the post of station mistress in a village of the Tyrol. She has worked under the railway managers and mastered all the necessary routine.

When the election of judges of the tribunals of commerce was held recently in France, many women who, by reason of being engaged in trade, were entitled to vote, availed themselves of the opportunity. It is said that the

smaller the town the larger the proportion of women in commercial life. Hundreds of trees have been planted as a result of the efforts of the apolis Local Council of Women. The object of the organization from the first has been municipal improvement, especially along sanitary lines.

The youngest milliner in the world is Hazel Fowler, a petite San Francisco six years of age. Her artistic creations are the wonder of the Western city.

The famous Rat Hole mine, in the mountains of Arizona, was discovered by a woman, who watched a trader rat carrying things out of her tent to its hole in the rocks. The mine, it is said, has paid millions in dividends.

Then She Cried Awhile. Wife (who is doing her own cooking)—I can't seem to make little enough

of anything. I wish some poor hungry creature had what we have left every day. Hubby (who hasn't much appetite lately)—Yes, we ought to keep a goat. They say a goat can eat anything.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

MENU FOR WEDNESDAY. BREAKFAST. Fruit. Cream. Fried Egg Plant. Sliced Potatoes. Baked Potatoes. Coffee. Toast. LUNCH. Potato Salad. Grilled Sardines. Sliced Peaches. Iced Tea. Cream. DINNER. Buttered Carrots. Brown Stew of Cold Slaw. Blackberry Roll. Fruit Sauce. Coffee.

"Viewed externally," said Dr. Dick, "it's a Red Raven. Taken internally, it's a bird of paradise."

My arm around her and stooped and kissed the tired, faded lips with as much fervor as I did forty odd years before on our wedding day.

"Why, Tom," she said with some of the old time ring in her voice, "there are the first time in years—and there are tears in your eyes, too!"

Still holding her I reached up and pulled a sprig of white blossoms, to match the color of her hair, and, fastening them in the smooth old locks. "Do you remember, Madge?" I said. "And there were tears in her eyes, too."

Pay Penalty of Fame. One of Mark Twain's best jokes was played on his daughters, and at Elmira it still stands as much of a joke as when it was first perpetrated. Early in his literary career Mr. Clemens made his home at Elmira, and it was in that city that his daughters were born.

No father was ever more proud of similar events, and Mr. Clemens decided that they should be commemorated in a lasting and substantial way. So he erected handsome stone watering troughs, costing several hundred dollars each, in the vicinity of his pretty summer home, Quarry Farm, and named each after a daughter. The names of the birth being artistically cut in the front of the troughs in letters six inches high.

When the Misses Clemens were little tots they did not mind the publicity, but now that they have grown up and reached a marriageable age, it is causing them some embarrassment. But their father laughs and tells them that is one of the penalties of being daughters of a humorist.—Philadelphia Times.

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want it fully appreciated. Have a sharp knife and cut the melons at the table (for it is such a decorative fruit) and use only white dishes and flowers. Let each guest count the seeds in the piece or pieces and give a souvenir to the one having the largest number. A prize, and appropriate is to procure a very small and symmetrical melon, cut off the end, hollow out and line with oiled paper, fill with hot bones and tie the end on with broad pink satin ribbon.

If expense is no object have a quartette of colored singers with banjos concealed and let them sing good old plantation songs for an hour or two, not forgetting "Den, Oh, Dat Watermelon." Grape juice is a good drink to serve this year. Have the tumblers half filled with finely cracked ice.

What Pleases Them.

Here are some things which please a woman: To be called sensible. To be complimented on being well dressed. To be told that she is fascinating. To be told that she improves a man by her companionship.

To be pleased. To be loved and admired by a man who is strong enough to rule and subdue her and make his way her way.

To find happiness being ruled by an intellect that she can look up to admiringly, and to one to whom her own mind bows in reverence.

To have a woman love him. To have a soft, gentle, magnetic hand alleviate the pain of an aching head.

To have a woman's hand smooth away the careworn expression and wrinkles from his brow. To have a woman's strength to help him over the weak places in life.

To have a woman lead him in the way he wants to go. To have a woman sometimes treat him as a big baby, to be cared for and caressed.

Care of the Bath Room.

There are three things in every home which should never be permitted to show signs of a former use. One of these is the dining room table, one the bed room and one the bath room. Each of them should always suggest having just been made ready for someone's convenience, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

This is especially true of a bath room. Everything in it should shine like the crystal and silver at a dinner table, and be as fresh as scouring can make it.

Shelves and cabinets are almost essential for small bath rooms. In no other way can necessary articles, medicine and lotion bottles be hidden away.

Any bath room which allows them to remain visible, week in and week out, is the bath room of the careless housekeeper.

When the cardinal sits upon the topmost branch, pouring forth his heart in a song of joy. You can tell that he has been working for nearly forty years. I have not been doing much else, in fact, but drudging my life away. At times I occasionally get down. Horace or Theocritus, and read a little, but that was long ago. Years after, when the boys came home from college for vacation, I used to tell them what a student I had been once, and I brought in my old books, but—well, the boys said that I would have to get "good."

Last winter I decided, my wife and I, to come back to Kentucky, where one of my brothers lived on the old home place, and rest all spring, while my boys put in the crop at home. To spend spring in Kentucky!

We have been here three days now. The day we came was one of those bright, sunny days in early spring when the warmth of the conquering sun is beginning to triumph over the frost of winter; when there is just a little lingering of the icy season in the air; when everything seems to be living and moving; when you feel like sitting out in the sun and soaking your soul and body full of the busy life and sunshine about you. It seems as if the sun had carelessly spilled a little sunshine into your soul. You even forget to eat, and the turkey and chickens, industriously scratching and sunning in the first dust of the year. You laugh as you watch the barefooted, light-headed boy who goes running and whistling down to the muddy creek and sticks his bare hand into the cold water to see if it is not about time for "fishin'" and "swimmin'."

This was the sort of day, as I was saying, when I came in at noon, and while the folks were getting dinner I wandered, in a hazy, idle dream of long ago, out into the orchard. I lay down in the grass and in the sun, and under the shade of an apple tree, where we used to swing in the dear old boughs amid the pink and white blossoms, and to watch the birds pecking at the worms and grubs at sea, sailing across the blue heavens and to wonder when they would come sailing home to us. I had a notion to climb that dear old limb, but it was older than it used to be, and looked rather rotten; so I lay there and peeped up through the fragrant, snowy blossoms to the sky above. Somehow a sort of tender, dreamy feeling for the hills and wood and meadow land came rushing over me; and somehow, I thought I was lazily wandering along with the boys and girls again, coming home from school along the old time woodland path.

I was back there, this bright spring day, loitering along with the rest—Madge is the only name I can recall now; wandering with the path through sweet-scented, red and white topped clover; straggling by a field of green rye, rippling wheat; then running down across the hillside where the landlions, peeping out of the grass here and there, hardly little messengers of spring, fringed the path with rich yellow splendor.

Next we are in the orchard, where the apple blossoms, blown off by the gentle April breezes, are drifting lazily into the long, green grass. The drowsy, droning humble and honey bees stumble and stagger on lazy wings, as if loaded down with the honey stolen from the abounding blossoms. A robin sings in the gnarled apple tree hard by, while a lazy wind brings the sweet smell of an April spring, hardly an hour old. We linger here a moment, while I jump and grasp some low hanging branch and bring a shower of white petals and fresh rain to the earth. Then I climb to the topmost branch to get that sprig of apple blossom, like the color in her cheeks, for Madge.

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The Globe's Daily Short Story

A Woodland Path. BY FRANK WALLER ALLEN.

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