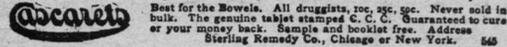


DON'T GET IN A SWEAT

Perspiration—"sweat" is what the Bible and we common people call it—is a way nature has of driving out of the body refuse that has no business there.



Best for the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine label stamped C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

IS GOOD TO REPORTERS

SOCIETY WOMAN POINTS THE PENALTY OF PROMINENCE

Women Lose Their Objection to Being Talked of in the Papers—One Leader Who Bows to the Inevitable and Is Good to the Social Writers.

A St. Paul society woman, who has seen something of life in New York and abroad as well as here, was talking the other day about newspapers and the prominence that is now given social doings.

"I feel somewhat differently about the matter than do many of my friends, perhaps, as much because I have learned through long experience to bow to the inevitable, as for any other reason, not because I like to see my name in the paper, I assure you; oh, no, but because I know this is an age of publicity in every way and I cannot expect the times to change for me or that a newspaper is going to alter all its methods just because I don't like to see my name in print.

Penalty of Prominence. "One of the penalties of being in society," said this sensible woman, "is to have your name in the papers. If you are at all well known, or are a personage, you must expect to be exploited in the papers and it has been my experience that if a woman reports—especially society reporters—with courtesy, she will never have any occasion to complain of their treatment of her. I have traveled a good bit and met many persons who were prominent socially and in literature and art, and I have observed that the better placed they were, the more kindly and politely did they treat newspaper folk.

"Take, for instance, the women who constitute society in New York, and who are now at Newport, do you suppose they go to the papers and forbid the use of their names? By no means. One of these women who is a friend of mine, is simply adored by society reporters, because she will go out of her way to give correct information. She hates to see her name in the paper, and yet, as she told me one day when the subject came up, she knew it was useless to fight against the spirit of the age, and I have known her to have a picture especially made for a certain paper in New York merely to help a girl who was trying to make her living by collecting society news. This some persons would condemn her for, and yet her motive was a good one and she proved herself to be a woman of the world and a generous-hearted one by her action.

Nothing Lost by Courtesy. "We all know that the papers get their information somehow, if not by boldly asking for it, by Sherlock Holmes methods that are unpleasant to think about, but which are not the fault of reporters, but that power behind the throne, the city editor, who will have the news by fair means or foul. It is very important, in my opinion, to have a fit every time you see your name in the paper, and I think the society women of St. Paul are getting to understand that they must expect to be written up, and if they will take my advice, they will not close their doors to society reporters.

Another reason for policy in this matter is that newspaper people have the last word and are a class, delightful in themselves, but one that it is wise to make an enemy of, for they have the opportunity of the last word, and being only human, are sometimes liable, when a chance comes, to settle old scores. Personally, I have never lost by being courteous to reporters and never yet has one of them betrayed my trust or put in their columns anything that I wished and asked to have left out.

A St. Paul man who went to New York a few weeks ago told a story on himself which was too good to keep. The man in question is a girl's soul and has rescued many maidens in that sort of way. On his way from Chicago to New York, he was in the sleeping car rather a pretty girl, and as they were pulling out, she was just as he sat down and proceeded to inspect the people near him, and he noticed an uninteresting man sitting where he could face the pretty girl, and before they had gone far the other man made up his mind that the girl was his. He looked up from the paper now and then, and let his eyes rest upon her and smiled, which the St. Paul man resented. He noticed the girl blushed and turned away her head. The man of chivalry determined to watch the proceedings, and his blood boiled as he saw that it seemed impossible for the wretch in the other seat to take his eyes off the pretty girl. After about an hour of this sort of thing the man rose, deliberately walked over to the man sitting down in her section and said something to her. The St. Paul man became more and

more enraged, as the girl blushed at his words and looked very uncomfortable. Indeed the St. Paul man was sure she looked at him appealingly, and he mentally braced himself. She looked out of the window, and the horrid man continued to sit near her and talked and talked. She said no really. Presently the obnoxious creature rose, said something to her and started for the smoking car. The girl drew a sigh of relief, of that the St. Paul man was sure, so he rose, walked over to her and said:

"Madam, it is very evident to me this year, and of some assistance to you. I could see you were much disturbed at his boldness."

The pretty girl turned white, then red, smiled and fairly gasped for breath.

"Oh, sir," she said, "you have evidently made a mistake, that man is my husband, and we are on our wedding journey."

The St. Paul man says he has gone permanently out of the rescuing business.

Lake Chisago, which is near Chisago City, has been quite a popular resort this year, and the hotel has been well filled all summer, and largely by St. Paul persons.

Archdeacon Appleby, his wife and Miss Appleby, of Duluth, formerly of this city, are taking a trip on the Great Lakes, with Buffalo as their objective point.

Mrs. Charles H. Duncan, of Laurel avenue, and her sister, Miss Grant, have sent out cards for a tea to be given tomorrow afternoon at the residence of Miss Grant, 462 Holly avenue.

Mrs. Savage and sons, formerly of Minneapolis, have removed to St. Paul and taken the residence, 600 Portland avenue, formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Adams. Mrs. Savage is a sister of the late Mrs. John Quincy Adams.

Mrs. John K. Miller today celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding, which took place in Pennsylvania. Mr. Miller is a veteran of the Civil war, serving throughout the entire war with the Fifth Wisconsin. Both he and Mrs. Miller were born in Ireland, near Colrain, and came to America when children. Though their families lived but a few miles apart in the old country, they were unacquainted, and it was in Pennsylvania that they met and were married. Two years later they came out to Packwaukee, Wis., and lived there for many years, moving from there to Iowa, from there to Minneapolis, coming to St. Paul only last spring, their present home being at 288 East Congress street. Mr. Miller is seventy-five and Mrs. Miller sixty-eight years old.

They have five children and nine grandchildren, all of whom are in the city today—Mrs. James Duff, with her three daughters and one son, and Frank Miller, from Packwaukee; Clarence E. Miller, Adrian B. Miller and Clyde H. Miller, of St. Paul, with their wives and children, constitute the immediate family.

This afternoon there will be a supper for the old people, and places will be laid for thirty. The table decorations will be of golden rod and golden glow, symbolical of the golden anniversary.

Other out-of-town people who are expected to be present are Miss Emily Barber, of Packwaukee; Miss McPhee, of Ashland; Mrs. W. D. McDonald, of Chippewa Falls, and Mr. and Mrs. F. X. Benning, of Minneapolis.

Mrs. Florence Marion Messner, daughter of Mrs. Josephine L. Messner, and Clarence Dettner Williams, of New York, were married last night at 8 o'clock at the home of the bride on Ashland avenue.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Ernest Dray, of St. Clement's Episcopal church, in the large drawing room of the Ashland, which was simply decorated with clusters of palms and white roses and asters. The dining room was also decorated in white and green. There were about 100 guests, only the more

intimate friends of the family being present. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Maude Messner, as maid of honor, and the best man was Warren Owens. The ushers were S. A. Davis, H. L. Donahower, Dr. C. W. Jones, Dr. F. M. E. Owens, W. C. O'Leary and J. F. Atwood. An informal reception followed the ceremony, at which the following women assisted: Mrs. J. P. Connelly, Mrs. F. E. Orton, Mrs. M. D. Flower, Mrs. A. H. Stem, Mrs. Harry Black, Mrs. B. H. Evans, Mrs. Hawkins, Mrs. N. P. Langford, Mrs. J. F. Atwood, Mrs. S. A. Davis, Mrs. W. H. S. Wright, Miss Josephine Carr, Miss Georgia Grant and Miss Katherine Farrington.

The bride wore a handsome gown of white crepe chiton, made on traine over white tulle and trimmed with point lace. She wore a long veil and

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Mrs. J. A. Wheelock, Mrs. C. A. Dibble and Mrs. Russell R. Dorr, who constitute the committee on arrangements, will meet this morning at the residence of Mrs. Wheelock, on Summit avenue, to arrange the details of the reception, which will be held in the rooms of the Commercial club.

Miss Brooks will leave the middle of next month for her new home in Baltimore, where she will fill a position similar to the one she has held in St. Paul. She will return from Bayview, on Lake Superior, where she has been spending the summer with Miss Miller, principal of the Webster school, the last of this week.

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Suddenly my attention was arrested by the vision of a lady who sat in a gilded chair, immediately facing me across the ball room.

I thought I had seen her before, yet surely she was innocent and bewitching milkmaid beauty who had been like her, yet unlike. If you could imagine that of the evening drawn over the moon, you would have my lady as her saddened beauty appeared by that memory of milk and roses.

Someone stepped into the window by my side. It was the dean of the school. "Still here, my Lord Baheny, . . . he began.

"Who is that lady?" I asked, indicating the dean who had arrested me. "That heavenly woman?" he answered. "Why, she is Mrs. Bathurst. Don't you remember that she was Caroline Dillon, little Caro? She married Harvey Bathurst, who was in a duel with Buck Standish the very year of your marriage."

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"She was fond of her husband?" I asked. "She worshipped him. The manner of his death, too. He fought the Buck for a girl's honor, and was generous in his life's affections whence perhaps life might have dispensed him."

"He was a charming fellow," said I. "I have only known one man good enough for Caro," replied the dean. "But come, she is looking our way. Like yourself, she is lonely at this feast. I dragged her from her retirement. You must know this heavenly woman."

In the days and weeks that followed I came to understand why the dean so designated her.

A friendship grew up between us who had known the same shipwreck of our hopes. Both our homes were empty. Hers, indeed, was richer than mine, in so far that it had another memory.

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ties' Auxiliary to the St. Paul Camp, Sons of Veterans, gave an ice cream social and lawn fete last evening at the home of Mrs. E. M. Chapron, of Rondo street. There were over 200 people present. The grounds were lighted with Japanese lanterns and flags and there were bouquets of flowers all through the house. Mrs. Chapron was assisted by Mrs. P. Floody, Mrs. Roy Lyons, Miss Ida Lightner, Mrs. Mary McCarron, Mrs. R. DeLestry, Mrs. Beckwith, Miss Julia Lunn and Miss Daisy Sudthimer.

The lawn social to have been given tomorrow night by the Ladies' Guild of the Ascension Church will be given tonight instead.

The Ladies of Court Alpha No. 11, U. O. F., will give a charity euchre

Holly avenue during the summer, will move next week to the Livingston.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Agnew have returned to the city from their summer home at White Bear.

Mrs. Harry S. Richards, of Carroll street, has returned from a visit in Byron, Claremont and Kasson, Minn.

Mrs. Laura Ryan and the Misses Anne and Catherine Doherty are in Spring Valley, Wis.

Mrs. L. McQuillan, Mrs. McQuillan and A. McQuillan, of St. Paul, are staying at the Lenox hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Misses Mary and Florence Macdonald, of Marshall avenue, are at Coney Island.

Dr. Davern has gone to New York and the sea shore.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Lindeke, of Summit avenue, have returned from the East, where they have been for the past three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Torbert, of Dubuque, Iowa, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Kirk, of Summit avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dalrymple, of Summit avenue, will return the first of next week from their summer home at Cassleton, N. D.

Mrs. H. J. Hensell and Miss Hensell, of Lincoln avenue, have gone to Duluth for a short visit.

Miss Wheeler, of Summit avenue, is at Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mrs. J. A. Scott, of Ashland avenue, who has been in Chicago for the past few weeks, has returned home.

Mrs. E. M. Brown, of Holly avenue, has returned from Annandale.

W. C. T. U. at Hastings. Special to The Globe.

HASTINGS, Minn., Aug. 27.—The fourteenth annual convention of the Minnesota Seventh district and second annual convention of the Minnesota Twenty-sixth district, W. C. T. U., is in session here.

Mrs. J. A. Clifton, of Northfield, president of the Seventh, and Mrs. Julia B. Nelson, of Red Wing, president of the Twenty-sixth district, presided. Mrs. Bessie L. Scovel, state president of Minnesota, is also in attendance. The delegates present number upwards of forty.

Marriage as a Profession. Marriage, for a girl, is undoubtedly a profession, and a profession which requires an education. She must recognize how much depends upon her health and the health of those committed to her care; how much depends on her being a careful manager of her household, and of the money put into her hands for use of the welfare of others. Above all, she should be taught that wives and mothers are



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made, not born, and no girl should attempt to marry without having received some instruction in the science of housekeeping and of making money go as far as it possibly can.

Selecting Your Friends. The wise girl chooses her friends carefully. That old saying, "Show me your company and I will tell you what you are," holds a great deal of truth; for it is an undeniable fact that we are judged by our associations. It is far better to be alone than in poor company and far more desirable to have a few superior friends than many inferior ones. Just as there are many who can attribute their success in life to the fact that they cultivated the company of those who were the cause of influencing their lives for the better, so, too, there are others who can claim their downfall to unworthy associations. The girl who has an intelligent mind and a sweet disposition un-

consciously exercises a power of good over her companions, who naturally try to copy what is so refined and pleasing in her.

Hence the importance of choosing our company wisely and well, for in this way our characters are broadened and strengthened.

MENU FOR THURSDAY. BREAKFAST. Cereal, Fruit, Cream, Creamed Codfish, Boiled Potatoes, Toast, Coffee.

LUNCH. Hamburg Steaks, Potato Salad, Stewed Fruit, Cake, Ice Cream.

DINNER. Clear Soup, Breaded Veal Cutlets, Brown Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Summer Squash, Cucumber Salad, Coffee.

PICTURE PUZZLE. Can you find the milkmaid's brother? Solution for yesterday's puzzle: One is between stooping man's hat and leg; the other above bayonet in foliage.

The Globe's Daily Short Story Not Yet a Nun.

"'Tis a pity to make a nun of her," she said.

"Of whom?" I asked, staring.

"Why, of that heavenly woman. I fear she has it in her mind. She is at the convent often than I like. She has not confided in me, but I fear she soon will."

I turned cold with apprehension. A world without that heavenly woman! It was unthinkable. Then a blind rage seized me, and I felt that I could break all the bars in the world that divided me from her. I felt that my eyes were suddenly inhaled—like my heart, I glanced at Mrs. Delany and saw that her red lips smiled. I could scarcely trust myself to speak, and when the words came I knew my voice was husky.

"'Tis would be too great a sacrifice," said I.

"If we could make her feel that she had a work to do in the world," Mrs. Delany responded. "I confess the dean and I would be in despair at the loss of that heavenly woman. But we are selfish couple. She does not feel herself necessary to us. If she could feel that there was some one who could not do without her, she would not be so ready to leave."

"There is someone," I said, half under my breath.

"Ah!" Her eyes were dewy, but still the soft scarlet of her lips smiled. "Do you know what your friends are saying? That you are too miserable to do without each other. But remember—she laid her hand on mine—'once she passes the postern of the Poor Clares, 'twill not be easy to dislodge her. She is a thing with a will and a purpose.'"

"She shall not pass them," I said.

After Mrs. Delany and I found ourselves, as usual, alone. Those two lovers, the dean and his lady, had been separated the length of the day. They had much to say of, and we saw them take their way to that little seat out in the ivy which only held them two.

The sky was in long streaks of rose and amber, with quiet water-spaces of green between. A young moon climbed slowly up the sky. At the moment it was tangled in the boughs of an ancient apple tree. We went down the terraces through the kitchen garden to the hayfield where the long swaths were drying in rows. I heaped some for a seat for her, and when she had taken it I stood looking at her where she glimmered white in the dark. I spoke then as I had not intended.

"So you would slip from me into a convent?" I said, and I knew there was a fury in my voice.

"I have had thoughts that way," she said, "in the days of my unhappiness. The nuns would be good to me, I am so alone."

"That you are not," said I and suddenly I took her sweet young form in my arms and felt her heart flutter against mine. Why, what had happened to mine which I had thought to be dead, that it was sprouting and germinating with green life and hope? "Because you are so miserable," she said, her lips yet warm from my kisses, "we belong to each other."

"Because God gives us a second chance," said I, "and would not shipwreck us again."

"They will not grudge us that second chance," she whispered.

"Nay," said I, "she bade me on her

For Generations... Our Ancestors Have Used and Pronounced CHICKERING PIANOS THE BEST IN THE WORLD. Today it is best because it embodies the qualities of tone and action demanded by critics and the public, and maintains its prestige purely on its merits. Howard, Farwell & Co. RELIABLE PIANO DEALERS. 20-22-24 W. FIFTH ST. Grant P. Wagner, Vice Pres. and Treasurer.

THE NEWEST GLOVES, WAIST AND H AT. This picture shows the new lacing glove, and an exquisite waist of tulle and narrow Valenciennes lace. The hat is of brown straw and tulle.

Villa Maria ACADEMY FOR GIRLS Frontenac, Minn. Nazareth SCHOOL FOR BOYS Lake City, Minn. Both Conducted by Ursuline Nuns. Hire Help Rent Rooms Get Boarders Sell Real Estate Sell Horses Sell Pianos Get Partners Advertise In The Globe GLOBE WANTS PAY BEST TRY IT TO MORROW