PATHOS AT AUCTION

HARD WAY OF THE WORLD AND KINDNESS OF THE PEOPLE

Vanity of Men Who Think Wome Cannot Be Happy Unless They Are Married—St. Paul Woman "Approached" by Mormon Missionaries — Anonymous Flowers Fail of Their Purpose.

There was an auction sale in St. Paul last week which was full of pathos to old settlers who happened to be present and who remembered the former owner of the articles sold. The things were the household possessions and treasures of a lady well known here many years ago, who went to Europe on account of domestic difficulties, and died there five years ago. There were no immediate heirs, and after her death it was discovered that all the little bequests to friends and relatives would have to be held in abeyance until the debts against the estate were settled. Litigation has tied up the estate until recently, when the court ordered her effects sold to liquidate the claims. The sale took place last week, and the total amount realized was $1,700 from things valued at $500. But it was not the eagerness with which persons bought old things at a higher price than new that brought in the element of pathos, but it was in the sight of the private belongings of a lonely, childless woman, exposed to view in a public place, which brought tears to the eyes of many. There was clothing, velvet gowns, a Paris bonnet which had evidently never been worn, photographs of friends, shoes, hats, laces, underwear, shawls, books and treasures of art and curios picked up in foreign lands. These things sold at ridiculously high figures, considering that they were not old enough to be antiques, yet far too old to be considered new things. There did not seem to be anyone belonging to the poor woman who had any sentiment in connection with her effects, as it was very evident that strangers had packed up her belongings and sent them to this country with no regard to privacy or discrimination of any sort. Letters, diaries, note books were all there, but not, of course, sold. It is quite certain that every woman went away from that sale registering a vow to destroy everything of a private nature which might meet the fate of the treasures disposed of at that auction.

The Vanity of Men.

A St. Paul woman was asked the other day if she believed friendship possible between unattached men and women. "Of course I do," she said, "and so do most women; but the real difficulty is with men. I do not mean to say anything unkind of men in general, or of any of them in particular, but there are some weaknesses which the best of men have, and one of them is in imagining women are in love with them. Years before I was married I had one or two men friends to whom I was sincerely attached, and I felt toward them as I do to good women friends, but if I could have seen the secret heart of each one of those men I am certain that they were convinced I would have married them if I could. Women don't fall in love as easily as men fancy, and they don't marry just for the sake of marrying—that is, very often. When a man is refused he merely thinks some other man was ahead of him. The best of them are conceited—even my own husband is no exception. He often laughs at me when I say such and such a woman is happy, although she is not married. Men are firmly convinced—and they can't help it—that the unmarried woman is wretched. I have argued and argued on that subject with my husband, but to no purpose. The woman who has not married has made a failure of life from a masculine standpoint. More than that, he believes she would marry any man who asked her. And there are some women who think so, too. I remember a St. Paul girl saying once she considered it was better to marry and make a mess of it than not to marry at all. Every one breathed a sigh of relief when she finally married, for we were all convinced that she thought it best. And even in this day and generation, when women no longer need husbands or chaperons to get about the world, you can't convince men that women like their independence. Even when I told my husband that I found it hard to give up having my own way, he just laughed. There is no doubt that married life is the happiest when it is happy, but the day has forever gone by when it is any disgrace to remain single, or when a single woman has no place in the world. Indeed, this is the day of the single, independent, and self-respecting woman who doesn't have to be provided with a husband any more than with a chaperon."

She'd Been "Approached."

A very amusing thing happened recently at a meeting of one of the best known woman's clubs in this city. The subject of the afternoon was "Mormonism," and a very excellent paper was read by one of the members, after which an interesting discussion ensued upon the peculiarities of the institution. The horrors of polygamy were touched upon, and finally one woman rose and said she would like to know whether the Mormons had attempted any propaganda in this city, and what class of persons they tried to reach. In reply some one said that they had been here and they reserved their efforts entirely for a class of a low order of intelligence, or no intellect at all. The first woman said that did not exactly answer her question and she would like to know what kind of people were approached. Then up rose one of the brightest women in the club and said, "Behold!" She went on to say that she did not know whether it was because she did not live on Summit avenue, or because she was of a low order of intelligence, but she was obliged to confess that Mormonism had attempted to make a convert of her. She had been sent literature and otherwise approached on the subject, and while it was not pleasant to her to act as Exhibit A on an occasion of this kind, still in the interests of honesty and to answer the question asked she had given them an opportunity to gaze upon a woman who had been plied with Mormon arguments and had been loyal to orthodoxy. The discussion broke up in a gale of laughter.

Mistake of a Mere Man.

One of the St. Paul debutantes of this season is the heroine of a mystery which may lead to a romance. Some weeks ago when she made her debut, among the many boxes of flowers which she received on the day of her tea from relatives and friends, was one which contained a dozen American Beauties, with particularly long stems, and in the box was a card simply inscribed "To My Queen." There was no name and the donor was a delightful mystery. The girl in question was naturally anxious to know whom they might be from and she telephoned the florist whose name was on the box, but no satisfaction could be gained in this way, as the man replied that the giver desired to remain anonymous. So the mystery is unsolved. It would seem that any young man—and it is fair to presume that it is a young man—who could afford to buy American Beauties for the girl he admired, would like to receive credit for them. Up to now he remains unknown, and the roses are faded and well night forgotten. He was not a very clever young man, and if this should reach his eye it is to be hoped that he will realize his mistake and send her some more with his name and address.

Most Sensible of Fads.

St. Paul women have gone mad about physical culture. All the stout women are trying to reduce their hips and the thin women are endeavoring to develop their chests, and all that is necessary is a few exercises behind closed doors night and morning. Before long the physicians will become roused to the seriousness of the present fad, for all the exponents of physical culture tell you to throw away medicine, give the doctors a long holiday and treat yourself. Morover, this treatment, if carried out, will prolong one's life, and boys and girls of eighty and ninety will be frisky as at eighteen. Two meals a day are sufficient for a normal person, we are told, and when in good condition from proper exercising there is no danger of indigestion, catarrh, or, indeed, any of the ills which flesh that was not up to date was formerly heir to. As for appendicitis, which was rapidly getting into the class of the few things absolutely certain, like death and taxes, it is not necessary at all, and after a few lessons in physical culture your appendix will—metaphorically— take a tumble to itself, go hence and be nor more felt. While this fad lasts, and it is infinitely more sensible than most fads—it is an excellent thing for the professor.

—The Looker-On.

St. Paul, Nov. 27, 1902.

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OF VELVET, LACE AND FUR.

This exquisite set of stole cape and muff is made of brownish colored Irish crochet lace over white satin, the cape has a fall of embroidered velvet, with flounce of plain velvet below, long ends of velvet consisting of the full breadth joined and gathered into rosettes at the ends, and drawn in twice above. The neck piece is trimmed with sable bands and tails. The muff has deep velvet flounces at the hands, and a bunch of tails on the front. From "Florette."

SOCIAL.

Miss Florence Ryan, of Laurel avenue, gave a small cinch party yesterday afternoon for Miss Edenia Kreidler, of Miles City, Mont., who is visiting Miss Hazel Tussler, of Laurel avenue. Cards were played at four tables, and favors won by Miss Grace Sproat and Miss Tussler. Miss Ryan and her mother, Mrs. Ryan, were assisted by Miss Tussler and Miss Fannie Schwartz, of Portland, Or. Chrysanthemums were used in the decorations throughout the rooms.

* * *

Miss Ernie Constans, of Summit avenue, gave a small informal tea yesterday afternoon for Mrs. George Ames, of Toledo, Ohio.

* * *

Mrs. Frank B. Kellogg, of Fairmount avenue, will give a luncheon next Wednesday afterroon for Miss Stickney and Miss Brown, of Toledo, Ohio.

* * *

Mrs. C. E. Furness and the Misses Furness, of South Exchange street, will give a breakfast today at their home.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. John Edwin Olds, of Dodd road, will give a reception today from 5 until 9 o'clock.

* * *

Miss Minnette Lovering, of Laurel avenue, will entertain informally this evening at her home.

* * *

The Misses Timberlake, of Arundel street, will give a tea this afternoon for Miss O'Shaughnessy, of New York, the guest of Mrs. M. J. O'Shaughnessy, of Summit avenue.

* * *

Miss Messner, of the Ashland, gave a small luncheon yesterday at her home for Miss Ferguson, of New York.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

The Lower Town Mothers' club held a regular meeting yesterday afternoon in the kindergarten room of the Hawthorne schools. A musical programme was given by Charles Howe, the cecilian player. The programme included "Impromptu, op. 29," by Chopin; "Witches' Dance, op. 17, No. 2," by McDonell; "Two Larks," by Leschetizby; "Valse, op. 34, No. 1," by Moszkowski; "Liebestraum," by Liszt; "La Campanella," by Raganini, and "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2," by Liszt. Miss Marion Miller, vocalist, also contributed to the programme.

Guiterman Bros.' Benefit association gave a Thanksgiving ball last night in Elks' hall. The music for dancing was furnished by the Twin City Mandolin club, and the committee in charge of the arrangement included Misses Graham, Kennedy, Schultz, Anderson and Fehlan, and Messrs. P. Birch, H. Salt, E. Olson and B. Haberkorn.

Division No. 274, Auxiliary to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, gave its annual ball last night in the Ryan hotel. The following women had charge of the arrangements: Mrs. E. McDonald, Mrs. Higdon, Mrs. J. J. O'Neal and Mrs. W. C. Cavanaugh.

Miss Louise Fowble, of Hamline, will entertain the members of the Lyric club this evening at her home.

The members of Minnehaha Camp No. 674, M. W. A., will give their thirteenth annual Thanksgiving ball and turkey supper this evening in their new hall. Clark Havan, E. H. Shipley, Charles O'Meara, George Pringle, John Carroll, Ralph Slocum, A. J. Clifford, F. Peterson and H. Myers were in charge.

There will be a service at the Church of the Good Shepherd today at 10:30 a. m.

The La Mode Social club will give a dancing party at Twin City hall Saturday evening.

The committee that will assist at the card party and musicale given at the Buckingham Saturday evening by Constellation chapter, O. E. S., are: Mrs. G. R. Simpson, Mrs. A. E. Paradis, Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Furness, Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Sayre, Mrs. Vanderker, Mrs. H. F. Yates, Mrs. Hibbard, Mrs. Machies, Mrs. R. C. Williams, Mrs. A. E. Campbell, Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. J. C. McCall.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Greenleaf, of the Buckingham, will leave this week to spend the winter in California.

Mrs. J. H. Abbott, of Los Angeles, Cal., is the guest of Mrs. R. A. Lanpher, of Summit avenue.

Mrs. J. W. Cooper, of Summit avenue, has gone to Mount Clemens, Mich.

Mrs. A. E. Knights, of Grand Forks, N. D., is the guest of Mrs. F. C. Listoe, of St. Anthony avenue.

Miss Nellie Robinson, of Hartley, Iowa, is the guest of Mrs. E. F. Collins, of North Exchange street.

Frank T. Keeting, of the Aberdeen, has returned from a hunting trip at Moose lake, and will leave today for New York.

Miss Clara Goldberg and Miss Helen Blomberg, of Chicago, are the guests of Miss Martha Podlaski.

Miss Clum, of Highwood, is spending Thanksgiving in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Pierce, of Riverview place, have gone to Greer, S. C., to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Fagley, of Holly avenue, are in Culver, Ind., spending Thanksgiving with their sons, who are in school there.

Miss Virginia Chandler, of Chicago, is the guest of Mrs. Russell R. Dorr of Oakland avenue.

Mr. Sherwood's Recital.

William H. Sherwood, the well known pianist of Chicago, will give a recital this morning at 11 o'clock at the Visitation convent, presenting the following programme:

1—Haberbier—Prelude from "Etudes Poesies." Guilmant—Organ Fugue in D, arranged for piano by Mme. Rive-King. Beethoven—Sonata in C flat.

2—Bach—Gavotte in G minor. Schubert-Liszt—"Hark, Hark, the Lark." Schumann—Nocturne in F. Wieniawski—"Valse de Concert."

3—Chopin—Impromptu in F sharp, op. 36. Etude in E flat. "Arpeggio chords. Etude in G flat, "Butterfly."

4—Sherwood—"Exhliaration." Seebach—"By the Frog Pond." Gottschalk—Tremolo.

5—Grieg—"Wedding Anniversary at Teoldhaugen." Op. 65. Wagner-Liszt. "Lohengren's Reproof to Elsa." Liszt-"Walder Rauschen" ("Woodland Murmurs"). Paganini-Liszt—"La Campanella."

Miss Ringen in the City.

Miss Jessie Ringen, the St. Louis singer who is to sing under the auspices of the Schubert club Monday night at the Park Congregational church, is now in the city the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. O. Kreiger, of Goodrich avenue. Two of the numbers that Miss Ringen will sing in her recital have never been sung before in St. Paul. They are: "La Fiancee du Timbalier," by Saint-Saens, and "The Children," by Massenet.

Death of Well Known Club Woman.

CHICAGO, Nov. 26.—Mrs. Sylvia Doton, a well known and wealthy club woman, has died of heart failure in the rooms of the Columbia Woman's Relief corps in the Masonic Temple. Mrs. Doton, who was one of the color-bearers in the ceremonies marking the annual inspection of the corps, had just saluted the American flag which draped the front of the platform at one end of the big hall and stood with her right arm extended toward the banner. Without an instant's warning her hand fell limply to her side, she reeled and dropped unconscious to the floor. Physicians were summoned, but they failed to revive her. She died two hours after she had been stricken. Mrs. Doton spent large sums in charity in a private way. Her husband, Charles Doton, a retired business man, died four years ago. She was the daughter of Mrs. Elmina Springer, a prominent club woman and one of the early residents of Chicago.

Roosevelt Family Dinner.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 26.—When the president and Mrs. Roosevelt sit down to their Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow they will be surrounded by practically all the members of their immediate family. All the children will be present except Kermit, who is in school at Groton, Mass. In addition, the several house guests of the president and Mrs. Roosevelt will dine with the family. It is not unlikely that three or four intimate friends of the president and Mrs. Roosevelt will be at the dinner. The feature of the president's Thanksgiving dinner menu will be a thirty-two-pound chestnut-fed turkey which reached the White house last night. It was sent by Horace Vose, of Westerly, R. I., who for a quarter of a century has supplied a fine specimen of the noble American bird for the Thanksgiving dinner of the president of the United States.

Cake for Christmas.

If you are wise you will make it weeks before time; wrap it carefully in a cloth, then in paper and keep it in a big stone jar; do not ice until needed.

If you will allow a pound of everything to a dozen eggs, you will find the cake big enough. Weigh raisins after they are washed and stoned; currants after washing and drying; pecans and almond meats—half pound of each—after shelling and chopping, half pound each of citron and candied lemon peel after mincing very fine. Brown the flour; use brown sugar; beat yolks, sugar and butter together; roll all the fruit, when it is dry, in a little extra flour, add a wineglass of sherry, three teapsoonfuls of baking powder, and, last thing, a half tumbler of brandy. You will thus secure a deep color and a moist cake that will keep indefinitely. Be sure the butter is perfectly sweet, and only add the beaten whites as the batter grows thick with the flour. If the batter seems too thick, thin with a half cup of molasses, but no milk. Spice to taste; a half teaspoonful of allspice, powdered cloves, cinnamon and a pinch of ginger will be found sufficient.

Then, after your cake is well mixed, you must use your hands. Have your oven hot, but not fierce; grease the pan, which should be large and with a funnel in the middle, with lard and cover the bottom with three layers of brown paper, cut to fit and also greased. Such a cake will need two hours and a half or three hours to bake thoroughly. A thick paper may be put over the top when it begins to brown. When done, which will be when a broom straw comes out dry, turn out very carefully, not to break it, on a sieve and let it get perfectly cold before putting away as directed.

Town Governed by Women.

Kansas has had a varied experience in the management of the state's affairs, but none has been so remarkable as the city government of Haddam, which is the first city in the United States to elect by a direct vote of the people a full city ticket composed entirely of women.

Haddam is located in the center of the great wheat belt, and the surrounding country is dotted with fine houses and barns, which bespeak for it much prosperity. The city enjoys a fine country trade, and the present incumbents who manage the government of the city have made it a model place in which to live.

The mayor of the city is Mrs. F. N. Vedder, a woman of strong personality and highly respected. She manages the office with entire satisfaction.

The council is composed entirely of women, and during their term of office have done much to beautify the place, having improved the walks, driveways and city parks.

An Awful Jolt.

"The fools are not all dead yet," said the angry husband.

"I'm glad of it, dear," calmly replied the other half of the combination. "I never did look well in black."

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The Globe's Daily Short Story

In a Dining Car.

Except for one other traveler, Merrick had the luxurious chair car to himself. His fellow passenger, a fashionably dressed young woman, was evidently ill at ease.

Merrick regarded her with interest. She was not an ordinary personage. She was Spanish, undoubtedly, he decided, after a lingering inspection. One could see tnat at a glance. The oval olive cheek, the long black lashes, the dark eyes and the masses of blue-black hair, all proclaimed her foreign nationality.

Merrick studied the various labels on her satchel, but could make out only the word "Rico."

Clearly she was from Porto Rico, and Spanish was her native tongue. He remembered with a pang that he had once thought seriously of taking up Spanish. He was suddenly filled with regret for having decided in favor of shorthand.

Steadying himself by the chairs, for the train was running at the rate of sixty miles an hour, Merrick went forward.

"I beg your pardon, senora," said he, pausing at the young man's elbow. "Halba y Espanola?"

"Si, senor," replied the distressed one, with a perfect accent and an upward sweep of her long lashes.

Merrick, having reached the end of his Spanish vocabulary, sat down upon the arm of the opposite chair and gazed in respectful silence at the lovely foreigner, who flushed slightly, turned her back upon the intruder and looked steadily out of the window.

Suddenly he had an inspiration. He leaned forward. Parley vous Francais?"

"Oui, monsieur," replied the lady, looking at him expectantly.

"Thunder! I wish I did," ejaculated Merrick. "Avez vous—oh, thunder!"

"You might try English," suggested the lady, displaying a dimple.

"Oh!" gasped Merrick, turning crimson. "I thought you were Spanish."

"So I imagined. My home is in New Orleans."

"I wanted to offer—you seemed uneasy—"

"Oh, so uneasy," admitted the lady.

"You are in trouble; perhaps I could help you."

"I am hungry," she confessed, flushing prettily. "I am starving."

"There is a dining car forward," began Merrick, eagerly. "The service is excellent."

"But not for me. I'm a pauper. I have no money. My companion carried my purse. We were separated in a tremendous crush in Twenty-third street. Fortunately, I had my ticket and enough change to pay for my seat in my glove. It was hopeless to think of trying to find anyone in such a crowd, so I escaped with my life and came straight to the train."

"That was certainly the best thing to do," said Merrick approvingly.

"I am afraid, though," confessed the lady, "that I have been foolishly extravagant. I should have gone into the day coach and saved my luncheon, but I hoped my friend would catch the train. I ate very little breakfast; you can't think how it makes me feel whenever that man pokes his head inside the door and calls out, 'Dinner now ready in the dining car.'"

Merrick, who had just lunched sumptuously in Jersey City, laughed sympathetically.

"I'm hungry, too," said he, unblushingly. "You must dine with me."

"Oh, no."

"Oh, yes. If you prefer, you shall sit at one table and I'll take another, but—"

"It isn't that. I shouldn't mind—"

"Last call for the dining car," said the steward, appearing at the door.

"Oh!" gasped the young woman, hungrily.

"You see, we must go at once," said Merrick, rising eagerly. "This is our last chance."

"But this is so improper," replied the distressed lady, rising reluctantly.

"Not at all," said Merrick, holding the door open encouragingly. "I assure you I am considered a very proper person in Boston. I once taught a Sunday school class."

In another instant they were seated at opposite sides of a small table.

"What shall I order for you?" asked Merrick.

"Oh, everything. I could devour the ferns in this dish."

"Blue points?"

"By all means."

In spite of her hunger the young woman from New Orleans ate daintily. Merrick liked the play of the dimple in her right cheek and the swift upward sweep of her eyes. How pleasant, thought he, to serve tomato bisque always to such a lovely creature! How pleasant to share all one's future mushrooms with one that ate them so daintily!

Just as her meditations had reached this point and the lady had reached the salad the steward approached with a telegram in his hand.

"Mrs. Bertrand?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the lady eagerly, but tremulously. "I am Mrs. Bertrand."

"A widow, perhaps," thought Merrick, hopefully. "All Southern girls marry early."

"Would you mind opening this?" she asked, turning to Merrick. "My hand shakes so. A telegram always frightens me. Read it to me, please."

And Merrick read:

"A Bertrand, Passenger Train No. 13, etc.

"Did you take train? Wire instantly. Pennsylvania station. C. Bertrand."

"Your father?" asked Merrick, eagerly.

"My husband," explained the lady, with a sigh of relief and a blush. 'Have you a pencil and will you kindly send a message for me? He must meet me in Washington. Imagine his state of mind, poor fellow. This is our wedding trip."—Frank Leslie's Monthly.

Treatment of the Dark Room.

There are always some rooms or room in the house dark and rather poky. While this room must have a curtain at the window it is not advisable to shut out the tiniest bit of light and it is here that the Anne Hathaway curtains come in handy. They are copied direct from the old linen curtains at the windows of the old house at Stratford, and there they give an artistic finish to a window that is not obtainable in any other way. They may be made of scrim or Swiss and should not be over half a yard long. For a finish there is a wide hem at the bottom and a smaller one at the top. The curtain is shirred very full on a brass rod and hung at the top of the window curtains. There is no light excluded and the horribly bare effect of shade and window pane alone is done away with.

Rings Outside Their Gloves.

Women of the New York smart set are reviewing just at present the fashion which prevailed about twenty years ago of wearing their rings over their gloves, and at Mrs. Osborn's club house the other night Mrs. Ollie Belmont thus adorned, while at Sherry's and in the other modish restaurants there are not a few who follow her example.

While it looks at first sight somewhat outre, yet it is quite logical that rings should be worn in this fashion. If they are worn at all, it is in order to be seen, and if they are to be seen, the most convenient way to place them on exhibition is by wearing them on the gloves.

Gloves are indispensable, especially in these days of microbes and impurities of one kind and another. Some of our daintiest beauties are seldom if ever seen ungloved. Now, the gloves worn over the rings not only conceal the latter from view, but likewise cause them to cut into the flesh.

Indeed, if one is anxious to wear both gloves and rings, there is only one way of doing so, namely, to wear the latter over instead of under the gloves.

FASTIDIO.
It is Genuine Havana Tobacco.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

Do you see her two lady friends on the other side of the street.

Solution for yesterday's puzzle: The farmer's head is in the background above large girl's arm, and the daughter above the baby's hand.

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE