FOR and ABOUT WOMEN

MUST WEAR BONNETS

ENGLISH WOMEN DOOMED TO DON UNBECOMING HEARGEAR

Queen Alexandra Announces Her Preference for Millinery That Gives the Widow an Advantage Over the Maid—Bonnet Is Unbecoming Unless a Tiny Affair.

The royal order for "bonnets" at Holyrood "court" has thrown the millinery world into a small commotion. This fact, combined with Queen Alexandra's previously well-known preference for this kind of headgear, makes the revival of the bonnet more than a possibility. It is indeed true that, as a rule, fashions do not usually come from the north side of the English channel, but it is an historical fact, according to the Millinery Trace Review, that such a thing has happened, and a preference for small hats and toques is already manifesting itself in Paris.

Many women will be very unwilling to wear bonnets, for while they are exceedingly becoming to some, the majority of women would look their worst in a bonnet, inasmuch as it brazenly reveals defects instead of concealing or modifying them. An exception may be made in the case of a snug widow bonnet that serves as a black dressing to the coiffure and more frequently than otherwise is a becoming setting for the face.

And the perky little opera bonnet is a charming bit of millinery, since there is nothing of it but a flower and a bow of lace or a feather or two, all pretty accessories for the head.

But the larger bonnet for street wear is quite a different matter for most women. And the bonnet with strings that tie in a stiff little bow under the chin is the most violent form of this style of headgear and usually turns out a despoiler of all chances of compliment, for the woman who has the temerity to put it on her head as a part of her costume.

SOCIAL.

Mrs. L. A. Wood, of Dayton avenue, gave a party yesterday afternoon for her son Allan.

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Mrs. Samuel Borg, of Dayton avenue, gave an informal reception Monday afternoon. The guests included several people from out of town.

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Miss Bowlin, of Summit avenue, gave a luncehon at the Town and Country club Monday for Miss Hutchinson, of Chicago.

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A wedding of interest to many St. Paul people was that of Miss Agues C. Bryan, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Jomes Rogers Bryan, of Plainfield, N. J., to William Wallace Chandler, of St. Louis, which took place at the bride's home late yesterday afternoon. Miss Bryan is a sister of Mrs. Russell R. Dorr, and spent last summer visiting Mrs. Dorr at her home on Oakland avenue. Mrs. Dorr attended her sister as matron of honor.

* * *

Maurice D. Brennan, claim agent for the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railroad, was married to Miss Katherine Rahn, also of this city, yesterday morning at 11:30 at the cathedral. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Dolphin. Mr. and Mrs. Bresnan will take a trip on the great lakes and will be at home to their friends in August at the Buckingham.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

The board of managers of the Women's Christian Home will meet Friday at the home of Mrs. Donaldson, at White Bear lake. The train will leave the union depot at 9:05 a. m., and the members going out will get off at Tenth street station.

Mrs. Adolph Giesen, of Mound street, entertained at cards yesterday afternoon for the members of the Informal club.

The annual meeting of the Somerset W. C. T. U. will be held this afternoon at the home of Mrs. Addie Bixby Upham, on Central Park place.

The Woman's Aid Society of Dayton Avenue Presbyterian Church is planning to hold a sale of fancy articles early in the fall. There will be no meetings of the society during July and August.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. James' English Evangelical Lutheran Church will meet Thursday afternoon with P. H. Peterson, 907 Fuller street.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Benjamin Brack has returned from California.

Mrs. Bayard Wilkinson will leave soon to spend a part of the summer visiting friends in Illinois.

Mrs. R. G. Lewis, of Laurel avenue, has returned from Arizona.

Miss Lyon is spending the summer in Paris.

Mrs. Homer Johnstone is visiting her mother, Mrs. Axtell.

Mrs. Henry Brack, formerly of St. Paul, is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. Sarah P. Baker is spending the summer in Iowa.

Miss Velma Prouty, of Summit avenue, has returned from the East, where she has been attending school.

Miss Eleanor Ware, of Laurel avenue, who has been very ill in Washington, D. C., for several months, will return soon if she is well enough.

Miss Clara Baldwin has returned from an Eastern trip.

Dr. M. D. Edwards, of Laurel avenue, will leave soon with his sons for a visit at Isle Royale.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Jones, of Lincoln avenue, have gone to Prior Lake.

Mrs. C. M. Collins, of Maquoketa, Iowa, is visiting her mother, Mrs. N. M. Dean, at 123 West Fourth street.

Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick and Miss Katherine Richards Gordon are spending a few days at Lake Chisago.

Heath-Jacobs.

Special to The Globe.

DELANO, Minn., June 30.—The marriage of Miss Stella Jacobs, one of Delano's most prominent young women, to A. C. Heath, of Buffalo, took place here today at the home of the bride's parents.

Graduates All Girls.

Special to The Globe.

PLAINFIELD, Wis., June 30.—The twelfth annual commencement of the Plainfield high school was the event of the season. There were three graduates, all girls—Miss Ethel Scott, Miss Allie Sherman and Miss Rose Abbott.

Woman Appointed Ambulance Surgeon

NEW YORK, June 30.—Dr. Emily Dunning, the first woman physician to be appointed an ambulance surgeon in New York, began her work today. Dr. Dunning's appearance in the ambulance, wearing the regulation cap, aroused much interest in the streets and at the hospital.

Society Gambling.

"Speaking seriously," said a matron with a conscience recently, "I think we ought to pause and consider where all this card playing and gambling will eventually carry us. You see," she continued, "I include myself, for I feel, although I never play for high stakes, and am certainly no 'bridge fiend' in the accepted sense of the term, that I have done my share in contributing to the general laxity, toleration or license—whatever it may be called—which is becoming constantly more pronounced. The elastic line which we who are supposed to be high principled have drawn is stretched more and more, until I very much fear it will snap, and there will be no restraint at all. Take, for example, my own family. A few years ago, when bridge first became the fashion, there was very little card playing in society, and no one I knew played for money. The game was taken up enthusiastically, and became the vogue. Then the men at my house began playing for very small stakes. No harm in that, they said. 'No, none at all.' I acquiesced. Next, my daughters asked if they might put something up on the game. 'Every one does it now,' they said, 'and what is the harm? If Bob and Dick and papa do it, why should not we?' That sounded perfectly reasonable, and we all began to play for money. 'Everybody,' who is so often quoted as an authority, doing about the same thing. But, then, this 'Everybody,' who seems to be an occult power that has no distinct personality, but yet governs society, began to make the game subservient to the stakes. No one cared to play unless the latter were high enough to excite interest. So, little by little, and almost unconsciously on our part, we have allowed a regular gambling spirit to invade the social life of our young people. That we who are heads of families are in a measure responsible for this state of affairs does not make the problem any easier of solution. Every parent knows how impossible it is to curtail or even direct freedom that has once been conceded. We can open or shut the door of our authority more or less as we choose, but once open we are powerless to close it again. That the craze for gambling, instead of waning, is greatly on the increase; that the amounts played for are being constantly increased; that those who cannot or will not play for money find that their society is not particularly desired—all these are very obvious facts; while another arraignment, equally serious, might be made against this universal card playing on the score of its stulifying influence on the character. It destroys ambition, creates false standards and develops manners and ways which would have shocked people a few years ago, but which are now considered quite permissible. Apropos of the latter effect, some of the stories told are almost incredible. A young American who went out a good deal in London last season, and who certainly was well enough known to be treated as a gentleman, was asked by a woman of position to dine and play bridge. The stakes were much higher than he anticipated, and as fortune was against him the amount of money he had with him was soon exhausted. He went on losing, and when they stopped playing he owed quite a considerable sum. 'I will send my checks the first thing in the morning,' he said, thinking the whole affair perfectly simple; but he was astonished to see his proposition received chillingly by his fellow-players, while his hostess flushed angrily. 'We always come prepared to meet contingencies, Mr. B.,' she said sharply. 'Kindly write your checks now.' 'But I have not brought a check book,' he answered, astounded that in a private house, among people he knew, he was treated as if he were in a gambling den. 'I prefer,' said Lady M., 'that the matter should be settled before we break up. I will give you blank checks and you can insert the name of your bank.' 'You can imagine my feelings as I wrote those checks,' said the man afterward. 'Of course, there was nothing for me to do but to treat the affair as a matter of course. Anger on my part would have been misinterpreted and they would probably have said that I was "nicely caught" by Lady M. So I thanked the latter for her foresight, with no inflection of sarcasm in my voice, but I had a bad attack of anglophobia when I returned home. Such a thing could only have happened in the house of a "smart" English hostess.'"

The Veranda in Europe.

"I have often wondered," said an American woman, "why verandas, which are so universal in America, should be so completely overlooked, as a rule, in European domestic architecture. The very grand houses are almost entirely without any out-door living spaces, and to get fresh air one has to go out on uncovered terraces, or in very fine weather to have rugs and chairs brought out from the house and put under some shady tree—a delightful substitute for a porch, it is true, but necessitating a good deal of preparation. In Italy and the South of France the veranda proper is also conspicuous by its absence; but, on the other hand, the upper terraces to their villas are generally paved with marble and guarded by a stone balustrade, while awnings at either end afford spots of cool shade, which, surrounded by tubs containing flowering trees, and furnished with warm-hued rugs, brightly covered divans, comfortable wicker chairs, and small tables for books and refreshments, leave nothing to be desired. In England, however, even these temporary outdoor living rooms are unprovided for, and the American who takes an English house for the summer is apt to miss greatly the comfortably furnished solid home porches. American architecture, however, like everything else in this country, is beginning to find favor with out English cousins. Several houses have been built recently by American architects, with all our American comforts, including the veranda, which, having at last arrived in England, has undoubtedly come to stay."

Concerning Introductions.

"Introductions are very curious things," he began, after the conventional words had been spoken and the hostess had moved away, leaving the man whom she had just presented standing before the girl. "I have met you, Miss Brown, half a dozen times, at least and spent hours in your society." "Yes?" said the young woman interrogatively, although a covert smile betrayed her knowledge of the occasions referred to. "Once," he continued, "I sat next to you in church. Another time I occupied a chair near yours in a Pullman car. Another time I had the privilege of passing your change to the driver of a Fifth avenue 'bus. I hope you will not mind my saying that I admired you and wished to make you acquaintance. I knew who you were, and knew that we belonged to the same social world, and that your people would not object to your knowing me; but just because there never seemed to be the needed third person who had been introduced to us both to utter the charmed words of release, I was under the dominion of that old witch, Mrs. Grundy, and was obliged to remain dumb in your presence and to ignore your very existence. Even a gleam of recognition you would have have considered an impertinence, but now that the necessary third person has been found in the person of good Mrs. Z——, and she has uttered the magic formula—Mr. Smith, Miss Brown—the embargo is removed and I am permitted to say how pleased I am to meet you." The maiden laughed. "How absurd!" she said.

Laird-Weller.

WINONA, Minn., June 30.—This afternoon Miss Maude G. Weller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Weller, of this city, and Scott Laird, business manager of the Winona Republican and Herald, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents. Rev. Percy E. Thomas officiated. The couple left for Minneapolis and thence will go to Denver and Colorado Springs.

When Friendship Ceases.

Cautious individuals, who regulate their lives on the principle of "Dont's," are advised by the top-floor girl to add another rule to their list.

"Don't," said she, "let any of your friends make any clothes for you. If you value that friends it will be a most unwise transaction, for unless both you and she are posssessed of unusual tact it will change the friendship into mortal enmity. I know, because I have had the experience.

"Early last spring I gave four shirt waists to a friend to make. She wanted to make them. She said it would help her out, and as her own clothes, which she makes herself, always look as if she had been molded into them, I thought it would help me out, too. But somehow we didn't prove such a comfort to each other as we had hoped to do. The poor girl tried awfully hard to fit me, but she couldn't for the life of her get the hang of my figure, and the waists she turned out were models of imperfection. I simply couldn't wear the things, and as she seemed unable to remedy the defects I had to take them to a regular dressmaker and get them made up over at greater than the original cost of making would have been. Naturally that made me feel rather ugly.

"I suppose I acted ugly, too, even though I couldn't relieve myself by saying mean things to her as I could to a real dressmaker. I didn't want to tell her about the remaking, but when she asked me, a week or so later, how I liked my waists I couldn't bring myself to say that I was pleased with them. I was always careful not to wear one of them when I thought there was any possibility of seeing her, but one day I accidentally ran across her when attired in one.

"She saw at a glance that it had been made over, and then it was her turn to be angry. She said all sorts of uncomplimentary things about my cranky disposition, which kind friends duly repeated. Nowadays we do not see each other, for which I am truly sorry. The girl is simply splendid, and I used to like her immensely, as I am sure she liked me. If it hadn't been for those waists we should have kept on liking each other to the end. The friendship that can stand the strain of unsatisfactory dressmaking never existed."

A Handkerchief Pocket.

With every summer we hear what the summer girl will do and what her fads will be. A dapper young creature, with an absurdly large hat and a shirt waist of damask, was riding in a Madison avenue car, and to the admiration of the other passengers she showed a neat device. When the conductor came around she pulled her handkerchief from her sleeve, and in one corner was a tiny linen pocket capable of holding a few coins. The pocket was appliquid cleverly and clasped with a loop. When the girl pulled forth a dime she looked about with a "Well-what-do-you-think-of-my-cleverness?" smile. The conductor must have been a waggish fellow, because he looked at the tiny pocket and counted out five pennies that he handed to the girl. Every one laughed, and after she of the damask waist had blushed prettily the conductor took back the coppers and gave her a nickel. Then she folded up her new-fangled purse and subsided.

Miss Ellen Stone's Handle.

Ever since Ellen Stone, the missionary, became a woman of international fame, Miss Mary T. Stone, a quiet member of the Professional Women's league, has been confused with the former captive of the Bulgarian brigands. Not alone have the two women similar names, but they look surprisingly alike. This combination is sufficient to lead to complications. When Miss Mary Stone lunches in public she is sure to be pointed out as the famous Miss Stone. When one hears her name is also Miss Stone the illusion is complete. But to Miss Mary Stone this resemblance is most distasteful. The missionary was not a beautiful woman by any means, and Miss Stone really has an agreeable face. Moreover, Ellen is a stout and unwieldly person, and the leaguer is many pounds lighter. Once a reporter stopped Miss Mary Stone and asked for a few anecdotes of her Bulgarian experience. Miss Stone kept up the joke and told several absurd stories that found their way into print.

She Got the Interview.

Since Sarah Bernhardt has become a fixed quantity in the theatric world she has shut down on interviews, and no longer do we hear the divine Sarah cant on the "uplifting of the stage" and "the future of the drama." But an English girl who was correspondent for a London magazine was commanded to write of Mme. Bernhardt at home. With the aid of a few bribes, the English girl played substitute to the chambermaid, and for a full week she took care of the great actress's apartments. She would listen eagerly to any stray word that the actress would drop, but grieved because Sarah had no evident idiosyncrasies. One day the upper servant ordered the girl to do heavy housework, and the mock chambermaid rebelled. "Well, if you want to know the truth, I am here only to interview Madame." Bernhardt, who heard this astonishing disclosure, came into the room and rewarded the plucky Englishwoman with a rollicking chat.

New in Spoons.

Despite the many styles of individual spoons now in use, inventors are continually on the alert to supply come particular need or convenience.

A novel housewife's assistant is the measuring spoon, like the ordinary teaspoon in size, but marked in the bottom of the bowl with lines and figures to guide her in proportioning ingredients for cooking mixtures. The warning labels, one-half, one-quarter, one-eighth spoonful, are affixed just as on a measuring glass. The spoon is of sterling use in the making of gravies, of puddings, cakes, salads, or any dishes of a nature requiring exactness in the seasoning.

The measuring spoon is to be had in grades to suit all purses. This is the case, too, with the newly devised baby's spoon, which is a very practical improvement on the original.

The bowl of the baby's spoon is shaped as usual, but the handle is curved backward and welded to the end of the bowl, forming a loop like the loop in the handle of a ring. The looped handle is just big enough for five small fingers to grasp, and a little fellow making first attempts to feed himself can get along much better with a spoon of this sort than one of ordinary pattern.

Then there is a new model mustache spoon, a special ice cream spoon, and an egg spoon for lifting poached or fried eggs from the dish. They fill a manifest need, showing the possibilities for additions to the spoon family, notwithstanding the enormaus variety of styles and shapes already in use.

Bearded Women of France.

Women with beards have been occupying the attention of a couple of French doctors, who have collected elaborate statistics on the subject. They have found that in France 290 out of every 1,000 sane women have beards. Of these 230 have only a slight down upon their faces, hardly visible to the naked eye; forty have beards which are distinctly visible, and ten in every 1,000 have well-developed whiskers.

An examination of 1,000 insane women showed that beards were more common among them than among their more fortunate sisters. Of the 1,000 examined 491 had slight beards and 50 whiskers which would have done credit to faces of the sterner sex.

QUEEN OF NEWPORT, PERHAPS.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt will arrive in Newport in July. She is hailed as the coming "leader" for the summer at least, and she has never denied that to rule the fashionable set is her highest ambition. Everything tends to her undisputed sway this summer, and to top off her social ambition the German imperial family has beamed upon her this week. At Kiel she has been honored and distinguished as few other American women have been at any time, and with two such gentlemen as the German emperor and Prince Henry of Prussia dancing attendance, what more could be desired? This Kiel campaign was well planned. There were other women of distinction there, but none pleased so well as the blonde wife of Cornelius Vanderbilt. The German empress also found her charming, and the cable dispatches say that at the garden party of Prince and Princess Henry, Emperor William chatted with Mrs. Vanderbilt for twenty minutes.

Among the women outdistanced by the clever Mrs. Vanderbilt was the Countess of Ormonde, an English woman famous for her attainments. But the Germans confined their attention to Americans exclusively. Mrs. Oliver Harriman Jr. was there as the guest of James Henry Smith, but her undoubted beauty failed to attract the admiration it deserved. Another American woman was Mrs. Edmund Lincoln Baylies, a descendant of the Van Rensselaers and the alleged best gowned woman in New York. Of course Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Mrs. Vanderbilt's sister, who was at Kiel, helped in the triumph and accompanied the Prince and Princess of Prussia aboard the Vanderbilt yacht, the North Star.

With the stamp of royal approval, it is natural that Newport will hail the conqueror of an emperor as "queen of the season." It is a crushing blow to the other Vanderbilts, who have opposed her ever since she and Cornelius were married. They have fought her socially and financially, and the former Grace Wilson has won the sympathy of society. What a thorn it will be in the side of Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt when Mrs. Cornelius comes marching home! And old Mrs. Vanderbilt, although not a rival for social honors, will feel a pang probably when her son's wife opens Beaulieu. When the Vanderbilts were married the wife was snubbed by the family and the husband partially disowned. Mrs. Vanderbilt, the mother, said her son "was throwing himself away." But he stuck bravely to his wife, and for this devotion he is rewarded by seeing her preeminent among American women of fashion. He allows her to pursue these active campaigns according to her whims, and he is ever by her side to aid her by his own well-bred and winning manners.

It is a glorious opportunity in Newport for such a masterstroke as Mrs. Vanderbilt intends. Last summer her vaudeville show was the greatest success of the season. She brought a Broadway comic opera to her villa. Even Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish has never thought of anything so astonishing. By the way, Mrs. Fish says she will lead a tranquil summer and is "too old for those childish stunts." With Mrs. Fish out of the way and Mrs. Mackay and young Mrs. Astor in mourning, there are few leaders in the field. Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont is a formidable rival, and whenever she is in doubt she sends for her daughter, the Duchess of Marlborough, and saves the day. Mrs. Oelrichs is settling down and believes in a quieter life, and Mrs. Philip Lydig, the great beauty, lacks friends among the women. If Mrs. Ogden Mills craved the honor of leading the Newport set, she probably would have her wish gratified, but she is too conservative to make the necessary splash. She is too essentially refined for the duties of a "leader." Imagine this arch aristocrat "toting" dolls down Bellevue avenue and wading in fountains at moonlight! Mrs. Burke Roche is rich and beautiful and enjoys the giddy world, but her bitter tongue has turned many against her, and she is too opinionated for the "job." Mrs. Vanderbilt is the very woman. Rich, good-looking and clever, she has the courage of her convictions. She has enemies and stanch friends and powerful family affiliations. She has a popular and adoring husband, and is just the right age—in the middle thirties.

Ancient Gold Mines.

The only ancient gold diggings yet discovered which are of sufficient magnitude to be those of the Ophir of David and Solomon are those of the Zambesi region. The gold contributed by David alone to the building of the temple, being "3,000 talents of the gold of Opir," would be in value $80,000,000.

A "WEST END" TRAVELING SUIT.

A comfortable, cool and useful suit, made of "champagne" colored linen and Cluny lace dyed to match. The foot of the flare-cut skirt is faced with the new "Paquin" stiffening. The coat is cut in the new French blouse mode, and can be worn without the basque. The interlining of these coats is lightly boned.

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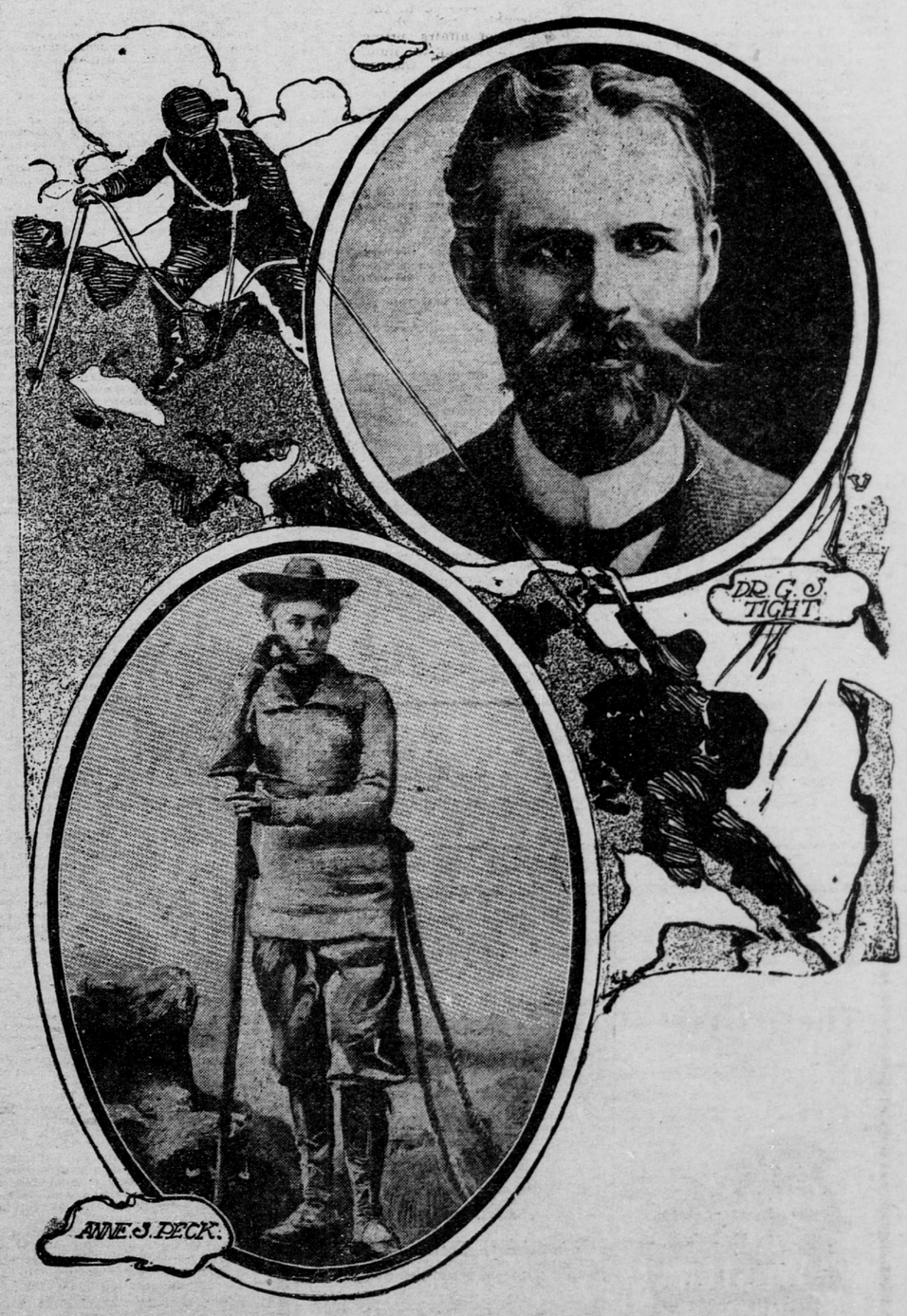
THEY SAIL ON PERILOUS MISSION.

American Expedition Headed by a Woman Starts Out to Discover a Pigmy City and Climb to Summit of Andean Mountain, Never Before Reached by Man.



The most interesting mountaineering expedition ever formed has started out on a mission to find a pigmy city and to climb to the summit of an Andean mountain never before reached. The leader of the expedition is Miss Anna S. Peck, a mountain climber of note. She is accompanied by President W. G. Tight, of the University of New Mexico, and two Swiss guides. The mountain they will climb is the Andean peak, Mount Sorata, said to be nearly 25,000 feet above sea level. So far as is known no one has ever reached anywhere near the top before. The natives 200 miles around believe that something more than human power prevents the top being reached, and they do not look with marked favor upon anyone who deliberately atempts the full ascent. The remains of the pigmy city are supposed to be in these same Andean mountains.