

FOR and ABOUT WOMEN

ADOPTED TWENTY-FIVE

KINDLY WOMAN WHO HAD A HEART FOR THE MOTHERLESS

St. Paul Woman Who Has Returned From Europe Thinks We Might Learn Some Lessons From Older Countries—How She Was Treated Here and Abroad.

The story of the woman who adopted twenty-five children and brought them up to be good citizens and then regretted that she was too old to take more, has a very large moral to it. There is more of Christian charity in taking children out of orphan asylums than there is in putting them in, although there are occasions when it is a great mercy to the little ones to send them to some institutions of that kind. But what a different world this would be to what childless parents, who are able to, would give homes to the homeless ones. Perhaps before long we would be able to get along without asylums and "homes." What a blessed time that would be, for oh, the world of difference there is between home and a home! Do you remember that story of Hopkinson Smith's about the two old divers who had a lifelong friendship? One—Tom—had eleven children, and John had only two. Finally John lost his life, and his friend, Tom, took care of them as his own. When some one spoke to Tom about it and said what a noble thing it was for him to do, Tom failed to see anything remarkable about it, and, replying, said that it was fortunate for poor John that it was not he who had lost his life, for he had eleven children for John to take care of. It never occurred to him that there was anything unusual about this procedure.

A St. Paul woman who has just returned from a year in Europe was talking to Marie recently about some of the contrasts between the old and new countries, and, strange to say, she did not seem to think that the continental countries had everything to learn from us and we nothing from them. On the contrary, she drew some comparisons between the courtesy of the people over there and that of similar classes here, that were not in our favor. She spoke particularly of the treatment of customers in the shops. In Paris, she said, the women who waited upon her were so very courteous and helpful that it was a delight to buy. On the contrary, she remarked, when she was treated in a St. Paul store the other day was a sharp contrast. She said she went into the ready-made department of a store here and she was some time before any of the young women even rose to their feet to wait upon her. Then she found something she wanted to try on, she put it on entirely without assistance, while the young woman sat in a chair and waited until she had struggled with the hooks. She thought of Paris and sighed. Now, this is all wrong, and there is too much truth in what she said.

Another thing of which she spoke was of the electric trolley in Paris, Italy, which is so perfect that we might take some lessons from it. Fancy our condescending to learn anything from Italy, which we are pleased to call ahead and demand. And yet this St. Paul woman says we can learn a great deal from Italy and much that we sorely need. It is surely difficult for us to realize that we do not know it all, for ever, this country is good enough for most of us.

Marie

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE

Mrs. S. C. Harris, of Laurel avenue, returned home Sunday after a two weeks' visit with her son in Chicago, and with relatives in La Porte, Ind., and Milwaukee.

Miss Murphy, of Grand avenue, will go to St. Cloud next week to visit her sister, Mrs. Gale.

Mrs. C. Kinney, of North street, has gone to Nebraska for two weeks.

Mrs. S. M. Hayes and her mother, Mrs. Brisbane, of Nina avenue, gave a tea yesterday afternoon in honor of Mrs. and Miss Farrington, who leave soon for New York. Mrs. John Adams, Mrs. W. S. Wood, Mrs. McMaisters, the Misses McMasters and Miss Brisbane, of Minneapolis, assisted the hostess, and the guests were largely old settlers.

Miss Anna Baker and her brother, W. W. Baker, of St. Peter street, have gone to Spokane and Seattle for a month.

Mrs. Rebase will give a card party this afternoon at Mahomed in honor of Mrs. Jenks.

Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Dadmun, of Lincoln avenue, have returned from Chicago.

Mrs. Jules Denegre, of Sixth street, is visiting in New York.

Mrs. John Humbird, of Dayton avenue, is entertaining Mrs. Herzler, of Pittsburg.

Mr. C. W. Zorn, of Iglehart street, is entertaining her brother, Horace Zorn, of Burlington.

Miss Kerwin, of Central park, has returned from Buffalo.

Mrs. Beals, of Western avenue, has gone to Wisconsin for a week.

Young Woman Christians Have Ride. WILLIAMS BAY, Wis., Aug. 18.

"CLEANLINESS"

Is the watchword for health and vigor, comfort and beauty. Mankind is learning not only the necessity but the luxury of cleanliness. SAPOLIO, which has wrought such changes in the home, announces her sister triumph.

HAND SAPOLIO FOR TOILET AND BATH

A special soap which energizes the whole body, starts the circulation and leaves an exhilarating glow. All grocers and druggists.

SOPRODONT

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH

In the Church of St. Pierre de Chaillet, Paris, of Charles Light, architect of Philadelphia, and son of Ridgeway Knight, the artist, and Alice Boucherie, daughter of Baron Boucherie de Cuzien. The witnesses to the civil ceremony were Henry Vignaud, first secretary of the United States embassy, and Charles Meissonier, the son of the famous painter.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt vary the gaieties of Newport by a few days' sojourn now and then at their Adirondack camp, and Mr. Vanderbilt's mother and sister, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, recently left "The Breakers" just at the beginning of the season for a trip to the New England coast. Later Mrs. Vanderbilt and her daughter will go to the Adirondacks, where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt.

C. Oliver Iselin has arranged for several carrier pigeons, which will be used to carry bulletins from the tender Sunbeam on the result of the race between Relevance and Shamrock III. to Mrs. Iselin, as she will be unable to see any of the contests. This is the first race

Court is having two state dinners a week. She has passed out a heaping basketful of invitations and Goelet invitations are snapped up eagerly. Mrs. Goelet never gives "big things." She is a quiet hostess. Everything moves like chain lightning yet nothing startles. Her table appointments surpass those of almost any hostess in Newport, and her table, in the gold fruit vase for the center of the table. This is a basket of gold with tiny vases extending on arms. These vases contain flowers. Mrs. Goelet had candlesticks made to harmonize with her gold central ornament, but, alas, candleabra are out of fashion and the gold sticks are packed away. The raft of brass imitations swamped one of the prettiest dinner decoration schemes—that of the subdued light of the candle.

In Mrs. Edward Berwind's widely discussed villa there are no incandescent bulbs in her dining room, and all magnificent homes have the same arrangements. The roof of the dining room at the Berwinds is colored glass in a fascinating design. Above this glass are the electric lights, and the rays from them get through upon the table below. In this way there is the subdued light without the unsightliness of electric bulbs. Mrs. Berwind says when she wears of the red and yellow shades of her glass lining room ceiling she will have another color scheme installed.

"Mr. Roslyn," the mythical being

EARLY AUTUMN SUIT



This smart useful suit is of fine woven paper and salt mixture, with fine green thread running through. The front breadth, as also the front of the Russian coat, shows flat stitching. The skirt is in flat plaits at back, as is also the coat, spreading in fan style. Double collar and cuffs of dark green velvet, piped with black and white.

In several years in which Mrs. Iselin has not been upon the American boat during the contest.

The Governor-General of Canada and Lady Minto have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid this week at Camp Wildair, on upper St. Regis lake. Lady Minto and Lady Ruby Elliott, daughters of Lord and Lady Minto, have been also guests of Mr. and Mrs. Reid.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Yellow seems to be the pet color of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, and, to tell the truth, this color is becoming immensely to her. She discovered that she looked best in yellow about three years ago, and since then she has been forcing it upon her friends. Mrs. Fish chooses a corn-colored tint that is trying to most women. In Newport she has shown an astonishing hat, the crown of which is of pannels and yellow violets. One of her most sumptuous evening gowns is embroidered with yellow orchids, and she wears an afternoon dress of lemon-colored chiffon, trimmed with harmonizing lace. Mrs. Fish's other fad is sashes, and on several occasions she has worn schoolgirl ribbons about her waist. They seem a trifle unbecoming, especially when the effect is heightened with juvenile bows on the shoulders.

But Mrs. Fish vows she does not care a finger's snap about dress. "Please accuse me of anything else on earth, but that," says the mistress of the Crossways. It is ludicrous to hear how Mrs. Fish shops in Paris. She scarcely looks at frills and furrowings held before her gaze. After a fleeting glance she will say: "Very nice; that will do. Send it up." It may cost a thousand francs, yet she never scrutinizes. Her gowns when not conspicuous, always have a twist or turn that her neighbor does not show. You may tempt Mrs. Fish with a novelty, and no matter whether the effect is pretty, she will choose it because of its originality. In days gone by Mrs. Fish wore a velvet gown, the sleeves of which were black velvet stripes applied like a lattice. It was not becoming or harmonious, but Mrs. Fish wore the gown persistently. She took the greatest pride in these weird sleeves.

That famous gold service of Mrs. Ogden Goelet is doing brave service this summer and the mistress of Ochre

dent of Yale college during the Revolution, and also a great-granddaughter of the Rev. Joseph Bellamy, at whose divinity school in Ridgefield, Conn., Henry Ward Beecher's father and Aaron Burr were educated for the ministry. She was a member of the Association of New England Women and the Emma Willard society.

Mrs. Norman Whitehouse, called by Mrs. Astor the most beautiful woman in New York society, has undoubtedly a charm which never lessens. She is not dependent in the least upon her gowns, looking equally well in the simplest costume and the most elaborate but girly. Her beauty is a distinctly patrician type, and consists largely of an exquisite white complexion, perfect features and a fascinating manner and expression.

The way to win a woman is the subject of a thoughtful article by Lavina Hart in a recent number of the Cosmopolitan.

The following paragraph contains good suggestions, which are quite as pertinent to women as men. "The man," says Miss Hart, "has indeed a perverted sense of honor who plays with the love of the woman he would win. To the man of character steadfastness implies avoiding of the appearance of evil, as well as of evil. There are better means for testing a woman's love than pricking it with jealousy, even though that which excites it is obviously unjust. A man's attentions to women other than the one he loves are often unconsciously given—at least, men say so—but surely the man who is at such great pains to win who he does not want, thereby losing what he does want, lacks several of the requisites of the winning of woman.

"And the man who consciously carries on a flirtation as a means for quickening the love of the woman he wants puts from him every chance of really winning what is noble in her. For the true woman sees only weakness in these maneuvers, and she is not to be won by strategy or cheap methods.

The ball given Monday night at her villa, Beechwood, by Mrs. Astor was not only the largest but probably will prove to be the most notable event of the present season in Newport. It may be Mrs. Astor's one distinctive entertainment of the season, as she has given no indication as yet that she will resume the series of weekly dinners at her villa which for so many years have been features of the season.

Older Newporters are recalling that it is nearly thirty-five years since Mrs. Astor first came as a summer resident to Newport and began the entertainments at Beechwood which have made that villa's hospitality famous. During the first decade of her summer life here Mrs. Astor's sister-in-law, the late Mrs. John Jacob Astor, was more prominent in social life, but for some years previous to and after the older Mrs. Astor's death the present Mrs. Astor came to the front as Newport's as well as New York's social leader.

Boston's loveliest belle is one of the conspicuous young women in Newport. Miss Eleanor Sears, daughter of Philip Sears, a well-known name in New York, if the Manhattan men continue to show such devoted attention, Miss Sears is described by a Calumet club man as "an ideal" and certainly her appearance does not suggest the blue-stocking. She is tall, majestic and a fine athlete. She has neutral coloring, and this summer her coat of sunburn is fine. Her arms to her elbow are copper-colored, and she glories in her tan. To the Thames street shopkeepers she is known as "the unvelled Miss Sears" because she is extremely careless of her complexion. She will sit for hours at Bailey's Beach without the protecting shade of an umbrella. Most Newport girls are careful of their complexions. Miss Anna Sands goes to the extreme of wearing white silk gloves at tennis. Even the most happy-go-lucky ones use vels and parasols.

At a Cinderella party a table of slippers is provided, says The Housekeeper, and each man is asked to choose one of these articles and find his partner by the help of the transposed name attached to the footgear. The men are then required to write the story of "Cinderella" in ten minutes, their versions of the tale being afterward read by their partners. A glass slipper is awarded for the best story. The party closes with slippers hunt to find one's fortune. The couple finding a dancing slipper will lead a gay and happy life; the leather one promises a life of hard work; the rice sock (covered with glue and rolled in rice) indicates an early marriage; the slipper decorated with a horseshoe gives good luck; the gold or silver one, riches, and the old carpet slipper, poverty.

One of the quietest of the Harrimans is Joseph Harriman, who is staying in Bellevue court, in Newport. She does not entertain lavishly and owns no town house. She is wearing some remarkable gowns this summer. Especially in her evening dress, she is careful of their complexions. Miss Anna Sands goes to the extreme of wearing white silk gloves at tennis. Even the most happy-go-lucky ones use vels and parasols.

And so the eventful cruise of the North Star is at an end. The Cornelius Vanderbilt yacht was berthed in Calais, last week. Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies and Miss May Goelet were seen in Paris. It was the most famous private cruise within memory and resembled the progress of a monarch. If Mrs. Vanderbilt repulses in her success, she does not betray her emotion. There is no danger she will "lord it" over her friends, who have met only embassy officials and private citizens, while her holiness has been hobnobbing with the German emperor and a brace of Russian grand dukes. She is a woman who goes in for great things and whom petty backbiting does not annoy.

ABSORPTION.

Beloved, in the still depths of thine eyes Absorb my soul, that I may know no more. The pain of separation! I implore Thy love to take me in, and solemnize My union with thee in some mystic wise, In words and music, that would explore As thee, thy soul's dim temple, and adore Therein, as thee, with secret sacrifice. Oh, let me die to Self, and find rebirth In some fair body as one soul with thee!

There are no purposes in life for me, But as thy complements nor any worth In all the fame and splendor of England—Unless one perfect spirit we may be.—Elsa Baker in August Smart Set.

She Owed Her One. Miss Passee—I should like to see a young man try to kiss me. Miss Young—You could try!—August Smart Set.



Miss Alice M. Smith, of Minneapolis, Minn., tells how woman's monthly suffering may be quickly and permanently relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have never before given my endorsement for any medicine, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has added so much to my life and happiness that I feel like making an exception in this case. For two years every month I would have two days of severe pain and could find no relief, but one day when visiting a friend I ran across Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,—she had used it with the best results and advised me to try it. I found that it worked wonders with me; I now experience no pain and only had to use a few bottles to bring about this wonderful change. I use it occasionally now when I am exceptionally tired or worn out."—Miss ALICE M. SMITH, 804 Third Ave., South Minneapolis, Minn., Chairman Executive Committee Minneapolis Study Club.

Beauty and strength in women vanish early in life because of monthly pain or some menstrual irregularity. Many suffer silently and see their best gifts fade away. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helps women preserve roundness of form and freshness of face because it makes their entire female organism healthy. It carries women safely through the various natural crises and is the safeguard of woman's health.

The truth about this great medicine is told in the letters from women being published in this paper constantly.

Mrs. C. Kleinschrodt, Morrison, Ill., says:—

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered ever since I was thirteen years of age with my menses. They were irregular and very painful. I doctored a great deal but received no benefit. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and after taking a few bottles of it, I found great relief. Menstruation is now regular and without pain. I am enjoying better health than I have for sometime."

How is it possible for us to make it plain that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will positively help all sick women? All women are constituted alike, rich or poor, high and low—all suffer from the same organic troubles. Surely, no one can wish to remain weak and sickly, discouraged with life and no hope for the future, when proof is so unmistakable that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure monthly suffering—all womb and ovarian troubles, and all the ills peculiar to women.

\$5000 REFUND If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness, Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

A GREAT IDEA

"Now, I say it's a good thing. Here you are with a population of nearly 4,000 people, two or three mills, good schools and so on; in fact, quite a little city—and growing because we are trying to make you more civilized. Why, in about two or three months you'll wonder how you ever got along without free delivery! It's a great thing, I tell you."

"Young fellow, how long have you been in this town? About a year, hey? And you were born and brought up in a large city, and know nothing about the pleasures of country life. You've never been in the country more'n a day at a time, so I calculate you know darned little about it. Now, I was born and brought up in this 'ere town, and all my folks, for two or three generations back, and I'll warrant you I'd rather be where they are now than see that old postoffice go!"

"There, there, Farmer Hadley, don't get so riled over it. It's nothing. You know I'm just as fond of the office as you are—but I'm getting old—In fact, we're both getting old, and it's rather hard on an old man nearly seventy years old to have to jump up and down every minute. I'm not so spry as I was when you used to go to school and play your pranks on me. The boys now are just as prankish as the boys were then, and I get out of patience with them. They will have to escort their girls home from school now, if they want to keep up their little walks. They'll find a way to see each other, just rely on that. By-and-by, Manuel, especially on a cold, blustering winter day, when you see the mailman plowing his way through the blinding storm, you'll see that the right light, and it's yourself, it's a great idea.—Boston Post.

THE WANDERER.

At drowsy dawn I left the Gate—so very long ago, Whether that home be memory or dream I hardly know. The cloud-hung visions of the morn were far more real than Than now are thronging city streets and cries of eager men. The hours ere yet the sun was high were like eternities. But now how swift the shadows run, how near the darkness is!

Ah, well! 'Tis aye the happiest day comes swift to even-song; With merrier comrades never yet did pilgrim pass along. The paths that widest seem to part still widdening turn and meet; Perchance they do but homeward lead again our wandering feet. Familiar faces vanish, but the voices vibrate still; And nothing now seems far away, at the ending of the hill. To one warm hand alone I cling, as fast as the night grows late, And crave that my eyes come at last together to the gate.—William Cranston Lawton.

Among the questions asked at a recent teachers' examination in a neighboring county was the following in arithmetic: "If one horse can run a mile in one minute and fifty seconds, and another in two minutes, how far would the fast horse be ahead in a match race of two miles?" One teacher returned the question with this rattling: "I'll have nothing to do with horse racing."