

# FOR and ABOUT WOMEN

## WHAT ST. PAUL NEEDS

SUGGESTIONS ARE WANTED FOR PROPER CELEBRATION.

Put the Prisoners in the Library and the Readers in the Jail—A Large Dose of Public Spirit Is What the City Most Needs.

Next year, if we all live that long, we may participate in the city's celebration of its fiftieth anniversary. Something must be done to filly observe such a great occasion, and the committee having the matter in charge is very anxious to receive suggestions for a celebration. In order to facilitate the affair they have sent out letters to some citizens asking advice about what shall be done to fitly commemorate the occasion. Up to date the committee declares it has received but few replies.

If that isn't just exactly like St. Paul! Not only does it not seem to have any ideas, but not even public spirit enough to give five minutes to thought of the affair, five minutes to writing a letter.

The very best thing that could be done would be for the citizens to suggest the building of a library to commemorate the anniversary of the city's beginnings. A great big public subscription would probably bring in enough at such a time to build some kind of a library. We should be glad to have one as large as Stillwater has, or Mankato or Winona.

As it is our library is upstairs over a grocery store! And when you read in summer the smell of the onions and potatoes makes a long sojourn impossible. This in a city of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, with a larger proportion of well-to-do people than many other cities in the state.

We ought to build something to commemorate our fiftieth anniversary; something that will help us to live up to the tower on the workhouse and the jail. There's art, if you please!

We have such funny notions in this city. The real fitness of things should send the prisoners to the library to smell the onions, and turn our elegant jail into a public library. There is not the slightest danger that the jail will ever be unoccupied; it is even said that prisoners sigh when released. All the comforts of home are in the jail.

In the library there are a few books, most courteous assistants and a grocery smell! Oh yes, there is also the man who talks in his sleep in the reading room.

Another thing St. Paul wants is an auditorium; for lack of it Semblich and Patti (also for lack of a little enterprise) are going only to Minneapolis, where the citizens never sleep.

A woman's clubhouse where lectures and small concerts can be given is a thing we need.

Above and beyond all we need some large doses of pure spirit, some get-up-and-go to things.

By another year it is doubtful whether we can get any musical attractions. Bishopman appears at the People's church; either man would fill a house anywhere else. If St. Paul does not turn out tonight to hear those two noted musical St. Pauls, might as well get out of the music business.

When the celebration comes off next summer it will probably consist of a man on a horse, a brass band and a few prominent citizens in carriages, and the only thing that will be remembered by will be a large livery bill.

## Marie

### MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE

Clan Campbell No. 116, O. S. C., will give a Halloween party at the club Thursday evening at Mozart hall. Mrs. Yale and Miss Cochrane will sing.

The Ladies' Social Union of St. Paul's Universalist Church will meet today with Mrs. Rothschild, 553 Marshall avenue.

Mrs. C. A. Dibble, of Summit avenue, entertained informally Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Schultz, of the Aberdeen, entertained informally at dinner Sunday evening.

The Monday circle met last evening with Miss Kirk, of Laurel avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Davidson will be at the Aberdeen for the winter.

Miss Linna R. O'Brien, of Summit court, will give a series of musicales at her home Friday afternoons.

Mrs. George W. Walsh, of Portland

## Answers to Correspondents

Homer D. I would like to have a list of the book stores of St. Paul and where located. Who is the president of the Northern Pacific? Is it not very improper to dine in the middle of the day?

I fear I cannot give you a list here of the booksellers of St. Paul. If you will send me a stamp I can give it to you privately. It will not take long, for there are only a few in St. Paul. The president of the Northern Pacific is Howard Elliott, elected about one week ago. It is not improper to dine in the middle of the day if you desire to. It is a matter of taste.

J. M. I wear my hair on the top of my head and some one told me I was out of the style. Is this so? How can I lose ten pounds? What is the name of the last book written by Cyrus Townsend Brady?

You should wear your hair in the way that is most becoming. It is a fact of the moment for girls to wear their hair low on the neck when on the street and in the day time, and some women even wear it that way with evening dress. But you will not be entirely out of it, if you wear your hair high. It is good style either way. You can lose ten pounds by dieting and by exercising; cut out breakfast, eat a light luncheon, a light dinner, no sweets, very little water with your meals, and no potatoes or other starchy foods. Walk all you can, and have some gymnastic exercises. Let me know how you come out and whether you lose flesh. It would be quite impossible to tell you the name of the last book of Cyrus Townsend Brady, as he seems to put out a new one every day. One of his latest achievements is to condense that old novel, "Ten Thousand a Year," and edit it. Write again.

We are bakers by profession and have been in the business for years. Have always made good bread—the favorite now is "Chidlow." Your grocer returns your money if you don't like it.

## DISSECTS AMERICAN WOMEN.

English Writer Pronounces Them of a Dangerous Abnormal Type.

LONDON, Nov. 2.—American woman is declared to be a dangerous abnormal type in an article by H. B. M. Watson, published today by the Nineteenth Century. From the writer's point of view American femininity is little better than a white sepulchre.

The character of the American woman of today," he says, "is a product partly of racial modification and partly of the social conditions of a commercial age. We have many opportunities of studying the American woman, for she has undertaken to annex as much of Europe as practicable and has succeeded very fairly. It is considered by the taste of the day quite creditable that some pork packers' dollars from certain sociological facts as a foundation. The American woman is destroying these and with them, therefore, the structure of the American woman. Evidences that American woman are gratefully turning their backs on natural laws have accumulated in recent years.

"It would seem that, while the American man unaturally devotes all his days to money making, the American woman, as unaturally, devotes her days to pleasure. Whereas the savage woman acted as a beast of burden to her lord, the American man works like a beast of burden besides his triumphant lady. Unless American civilization alters it would seem to be doomed."

### Women and Missions.

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 2.—At today's session of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church reports of missionary work in Mexico, South America, South Japan and Burma were read. All the national officers of the society were re-elected, as follows: President, Mrs. C. D. Foss, of Philadelphia; secretary, Mrs. T. Gracey, of Rochester, N. Y.; treasurer, Mrs. H. B. Skidmore, of New York.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Nov. 2.—The election of officers for the board of managers of the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church took place today. The following were chosen: President, Mrs. Clinton B. Fisk, New York; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Delia Athrop Williams, Delaware; recording secretary, Mrs. A. A. Allen, Cincinnati, Ohio; treasurer, Mrs. George H. Thompson, Cincinnati, Ohio. Mrs. Jane Bancroft Robinson, of Detroit, was for the fifteenth time re-elected as president, and Mrs. J. C. McCabe, of Delaware, Ohio, was elected second vice president.

### Strictly Women Paper.

LONDON, Nov. 2.—From the office of the Daily Mail, London, is sent forth the maiden issue of the Daily Mirror, a new morning paper, designed to be an especial purveyor of news for the female in society. The paper makes its boy with an exclusive news item upon which the editors declare they are prepared to risk their reputations. It is in the form of an announcement that a committee of three has been appointed for a reorganization of the national defenses. This committee is to consist of one admiral, general and a civilian. Lord Esher is given as the civilian member. The naval member is Admiral Sir John Fisher, and the general is to be selected from a list of soldiers that include the Duke of Connaught and Lord Kitchener. Several pages are devoted exclusively to society gossip, fashion and beauty notes, together with a great display of advertisements from modistes.

### GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM.

Just how the Nelsons are taking the engagement of Jules Blanco Neilson and Miss Daisy Wall is not known. Mrs. Frederic Neilson is ambitious. To her world she captured a Vanderbilt for one daughter and A. T. Kemp, also a millionaire, for another, the alliance with the Wall family is disappointing. But Jules always disappointed his worldly mother and sisters. He was a tall and good-natured lad, who dined out-and-dried social affairs. He hated Newport, and whenever he appeared there he was on tenterhooks until the day of his departure. Neilson did not cultivate the fashionable folk and much preferred quiet Lenox, where Miss Wall passed last summer. Miss Wall is not known in the fashionable sets at all. She is a fine looking girl and is popular, but the friends of the Nelsons are amazed at Jules' choice. They had picked out for him a great heiress.

An engagement that has caused rejoicing in the family of the man is that of Ernest Iselin and Miss Polly Whit-

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Miss Whittier is a great belle, and is in the heart of the fashionable set. Young Iselin is a fine fellow, and one of the best liked of the younger club men. He has devoted himself to society, which proves he is a true son of Mrs. Adrian Iselin Jr. Mrs. Iselin always has been fond of the social game. Miss Whittier is not in her element, but her father, Brig. Gen. Charles A. Whittier, has prestige, and few girls hold a better place in society than the future Mrs. Iselin. The Whittier friends are the Mills and Burden girls. Her sister is the Princess Belosselsky of Russia.

The "smartest" women, married or single, are wearing their hair low on the neck. Some of the extremists have it sprawled over the shoulders in the loosest possible knot. The examples of Miss Elsie Whelen, Mrs. E. Moore Robinson and Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt may be cited. With evening gowns these women are returning to the old-fashioned "waterfall" of a half century ago. Soon we may see women in public with their hair "a-hanging down their backs." Last summer, when Miss Schenck and Miss Roche wore their hair in plaits "just for the fun of the thing," nobody took them seriously, but in the wake of these pigtails has come the low coiffure. The hairdressers are promoting this fashion with enthusiasm, as few women have the art of arranging their own low knots. Many persons think a woman looks younger with her hair on her neck. What more need be said?

The low coiffure is strictly British, and the Countess of Minto, when she visited Newport last summer, had an astonishing way of dressing her hair. All the London women of fashion are wearing their hair low. Some have it parted also. This is called the Lady Curzon style. The wife of the viceroy never has changed her simple manner of dressing the hair. Miss Muriel Wilson, the London beauty, has her front hair frizzled and curled and the back hair low on the neck. But if a woman's face shows the ravages of age this low coiffure is dangerous. She is likely to look silly. The woman with a long face and prominent nose must avoid this new style, and when the hair has traces of silver the low knot will not look well.

At the Columbia football game on last Saturday a girl in the grand stand attracted attention by her beauty. She was a Philadelphia girl, and her brown hair, black eyes and high color formed a fine combination. She was dressed in original and excellent taste. Her frock was a brown cloth and the skirt was corded plaited. The jacket had a bolero effect and a rich red velvet girdle added a bright touch to the costume. This shade of red was shown at the throat and on her dainty toe. Instead of killing the color in her cheeks this bright tinge enhanced her complexion. When a youth offered her a Pennsylvania flag—dark red and blue—she rejected the emblem and said: "I'd love to wear it, but it would spoil my color scheme. One can't be

too careful." Then she waved her handkerchief toward the gridiron.

HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

All the good things to eat are not concentrated in America. Linda Hull Larned, in Good Housekeeping, writes about some of the enticing dainties she found in her travels in Europe. In Cologne she found the moats; honey-bonbons which proved to be the very queen of the chocolate family, for its like is not to be found outside of Cologne. Each bonbon was as big around as a silver quarter of a dollar and half so deep. It was incased in tiny cups of tinfoil, the top covered or trimmed with chopped nuts, and underneath a soft, creamy mass of macarino and cream and chocolate, skillfully mixed and flavored.

"The famous gingerbread cakes of Nuremberg proved to be anything but gingerbread. None of them resembles the gingerbread familiar to the youthful American. These cakes are all covered on top with frosting, either white or chocolate, and garnished with nuts and bits of candied fruit. The bottom is covered with a layer of thin, sweet paper, so that these cakes, whatever their mixture, are so impervious to the air that they may be kept interminably. Some others are made of fruit and spices, others of chocolate, and still others of nuts and honey, but I failed to find the flavor of ginger predominating in any of them. They were all so good, and the boxes so pretty, that we did not hesitate to carry a supply with us when we left for Carlsbad."

Nuremberg gingerbread was soon dissected for the Carlsbad wafer, however, a cake as thin as blotting paper and as large around as a dessert plate. At Vienna, cafe parait took her fancy. "Cafe parait from a Viennese cake is a square piece of coffee-ice cream, topped with a layer of raspberries, and all through this square chunk of deliciousness are tiny bits of raspberry jelly and burnt sugar, a sort of hardened caramel. The cakes served with this are too good to be described.

"Creamed potatoes are a specialty of Vienna. Boil the potatoes in their jackets in a very little water, with plenty of salt. Let them cool, peel them and cut them into thin round slices, cover them with boiling cream and let them simmer until the cream begins to thicken. Add pepper and salt, a tiny bit of mace and a small piece of fresh, unsalted butter and a few drops of lemon juice. Serve at once."

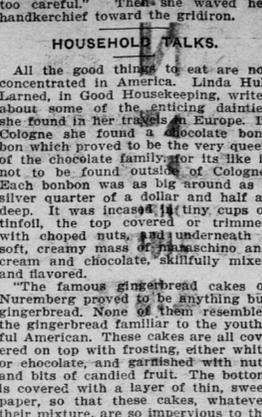
Inexpensive Molasses Cake.

There are many excellent rules for molasses cake and gingerbread, but they nearly always call for a whole cupful of butter or lard; and at this time of the year and in winter butter is always high, while lard is, according to a well known doctor, the bane of American cookery. The economical housekeeper may welcome, therefore, a delicious rule for molasses cake which calls for only two tablespoonfuls of butter.

Mix together a cupful of molasses, a cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Sift into the mixture four cupfuls of flour, mix well and add a cupful of milk, in which two even teaspoonfuls of soda have been dissolved. Then add one large egg. Beat the whole in a nice, even batter and bake in shallow pans in a hot oven for about twenty or twenty-five minutes.

This cake has a sweet, nutty taste, and will be welcome at luncheon or tea. A little ginger can be added to the batter if desired, thus making a gingerbread.

Satin will be much worn this winter, as well as the heavy, rich silk stuffs which are so well suited to the new (or revived) gaudet skirt.



## How Much Does a Man Love?

BY HELEN OLDFIELD.

"How much does a man love a woman?" The question, asked in more than one popular novel of the day and mooted by several correspondents, is of those to which there can be no definite answer. As well assign a fixed velocity to the wind, which "bloweth where it listeth," the wind which dies to a dead calm one day and rages as a hurricane the next.

There are men and men, and what is still more important in the problem, there are also women and women. To one man love may be merely an episode, a storm plucked by the wayside and blown under faded, then cast aside readily for another quite as pretty in his eyes. To another man, on the contrary, it may be as the breath of life, "bound with all his heartstrings," his cherished vine and fig tree under which he builds his home, and the loss of which leaves him desolate. One can measure feeling and emotion only by their visible effects.

There have been men, not a few, who, craving love, have counted all else worthless without it, and finding the one precious drop lacking in the cup of life have cast the goblet from them and gone shrieking out into the dark unknown, cursing fate and deifying the future, in mad despair at its absence. Fortunately for the race, men and women alike, such lovers are the exception. There are many more men who love as well, but more sanely, who, when their heart's desire, are henceforth bankrupt in love, yet who live their lives as befits men and do their duty to the world and their maker as well, perhaps better than they might have done if the venture upon which they risked all their hopes of happiness had been successful.

According to gospel no man hath the right to live solely unto himself. "Who art thou, O man," asks a quaint old writer, "that thou shouldst expect happiness? Learn instead to do the work which God giveth thee, not bewailing its hardness, and so shalt thou find blessedness, which is better." There be some who must toil in the dark while others labor in the full light of the sun, and coal and corn are alike essential to the welfare of mankind.

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its brilliancy, dash themselves against it and die for the sake of one brief instant of agonizing joy. On the other hand, the homely candle, though it be of wax, serves only to attract a few stray insects, content to buzz around it at a safe distance from the flame and to light the bloodthirsty mosquito to his prey. There are some chemists which will set fire to ice and there are women who wear the veriest clod in the shape of man will adore, and, if need be, die for. And by the irony of fate, these few women are in most cases apparently destitute of heart and care not at all for the lives they wreck and the misery which they occasion. There are also women with hearts warm enough to love all humanity, the sort whom nature created for wives and mothers, who never make any man's pulses throb a beat the faster and whose heart history is summed up in the brief couplet:

"Four words comprise it: I was never loved,  
The pain of grief, thou wilt allow, is mine."

Moreover, when a woman has won the love of a man, however devoted he may appear, it is usually necessary for her to take some pains to hold fast to his love if she wishes to keep it. There are exceptions, but most men's love is a fire which easily dies for lack of fuel. Shakespeare asserts that—

"Men were deceivers ever,  
One foot on sea and one on shore, to one thing constant never."

Indeed, it seems sometimes as though the love of man were like a toy rubber balloon; let go of the string and it is off in a jiffy, while, for yet another point of resemblance, there are loves which must not be kept in a too warm atmosphere lest they shrivel to nothingness in the hands of the holder. In this strenuous era no man of affairs can afford to make love the chief, much less the sole, business of his life. He must hold it as a thing apart, something for himself alone, and although he may court the earth only that he may give it to some woman, he must forget the woman for the time, while he struggles with other men for the prize which he intends to lay at her feet. And the more of a man he is the more thoroughly able he will be to do this, turning back to love, always, when labor is done.

CASTORIA.

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Wm. D. Mitchell

## FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE.



The Sunday frock for small maidens must always be considered, and for these there is nothing so prettier than the landownes, collennes or the French vellings, for the houses of the present day are always too well heated to allow of any heavier material for indoor wear. Today's sketch shows a very attractive frock for a girl just in her teens, of biscuit color landownes, with deep tan velvet in belt, cuffs and wide band outlining of yoke. The skirt has front panel in plaits, meeting at center and caught over by small tab straps stitched on edges and finished by fancy gilt and pale blue enameled buttons. Tucks in yoke effect at hips and back where the fullness is in inverted plaits. The hem is three inches deep. The waist has a yoke of tucked cream French batiste and deep cream Cluny lace insertions. The velvet band is bordered by stitched straps ending in tabs, which on back comes from the top strap and ends over sleeve top, and on front finishes at shoulder sides in a similar design. Buttons in points, and groups of buttons beyond the right strap, which extends at waist line. Below the yoke are pin tucks on fronts, and two full length groups at back. High soft girdle of the velvet. The sleeves are tucked almost to elbow and very bouffant above the gauntlet cuffs. Narrow waist full of accordion plaited batiste edged with Valenciennes. In the country, where one seems to find colder weather and certainly colder houses, this model would be extremely smart in serge, or some of the

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever. DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL DREAM OR WONDERS BEAUTIFUL REMOVES TAN, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, MOLE PATCHES, RASH AND SKIN DISEASES, AND EVERY BLEMISH ON BEAUTY. It has stood the test of 50 years, and is so sure it is proper to make a receipt counter-fact of similar kind. Says a lady of the highest social position: "As you ladies will use them, I am sure you will find Gouraud's Oriental Dream as the most beautiful and least harmful of all the Skin preparations in the U.S. Canada and Europe. FERO, T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., N.Y."

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