

WHAT TO BUY "HIM"

AND MORE IMPORTANT STILL, WHAT NOT TO BUY HIM

Do Not Give Him Sofa Pillows or Ribbon Things That He Doesn't Know What to Do With—Men Like Small Things That Have Some Utility.

Some one asks "what can a girl give a man for Christmas?" Clear as this question apparently is, it is, after all, vague, because it depends very much upon the degree of friendship, how long you have known him, how well you know him, and the previous condition of servitude. It seldom comes amiss to give a man books or magazines, no matter whether he is your husband, prospective husband or merely friend. Then there are many trifles in silver which one can give which men like, such as match boxes, stamp boxes, toilette things, pencils, penholders, ink bottles, sleeve buttons, scarf pins, handkerchiefs, gloves, if you know him well enough and what number he wears (few men seem to know this themselves), or Gibson pictures of pretty girls framed in red, which are always acceptable to a bachelor. For the bachelor, too, there are all sorts of things in leather for his room and his desk; men like leather. It seems more masculine to them than silver.

A few things which should be avoided in Christmas giving to men are pin cushions, satin things for the neck smelling to heaven of violet perfume; slippers you have made yourself, cushions, unless you know he wants them, and thing-em-bobs of all descriptions which cannot be enumerated here, but which the soulless man much dislikes and with which he has not the least idea what to do. Neither do they like things with ribbon bows attached. As a rule, the smaller a thing is you give a man the more pleased he will be; if he is your very best young man and is to eat his Christmas dinner with you, give him something that he can slip into his pocket. If he leaves the house laden down with a sofa pillow and other large packages, he may love you just the same, but it will rankle with him. Men do not like to give large parcels. It makes them feel silly. Indeed, it is only the rare man who will carry packages of any kind; of course, he will carry them for you, but he doesn't like to go about like a pack horse, and who can blame him? Not the woman's department of this paper, for it—the department—does hate to carry bundles itself.

Above all, never give a man anything woolly that goes round his neck to keep him from taking cold; after you have said, "It has taken me three months' dear, to make this for you, and I want you to wear it every day," he will say, "Yes, dear, it is fine, I'll certainly wear it," but he will inwardly groan and wonder what other men will think when he scents up the whole car with "illy of the valley," with which you have perfumed it. Just as sure as the world that woolly thing will be mislaid.

Use your head when giving something to a man; you will rise wonderfully in his esteem, and men do (in the ultimate analysis) like common sense in a woman—after good looks. Women who use their heads will never give a man anything that will make him appear foolish and ridiculous, and sofa pillows and thing-em-bobs made of ribbon certainly do.

Marie

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE

Mrs. Rittenberg, Miss Dittenhofer, Mrs. Westheimer, Mrs. Steln, Mrs. Alfred Guterman, Mrs. Ambrose Guterman, Mrs. Rothschild, Mrs. A. N. Rose, Mrs. Weil and Mrs. Weiss were among the ladies assisting yesterday at the dinner served by the members of the Temple guild at Cambridge hall, Ryan annex. Excellent dinners will be served today and tomorrow from 12 to 2 by these same ladies. The young ladies of the guild, attractively gowned in white, wait on the patrons and add much to the attractiveness of the holiday-decked dining room.

Miss Adine Frye, of Ashland avenue, has returned from school, near Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Dyer, of Lincoln avenue, will spend the winter in the South.

Mrs. George Mueller, of Albert Lea, is in St. Paul for a few days.

Mrs. Frank F. Loomis, of Avon street, will entertain next Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Cook, of Hall avenue, will give a dancing party New Year's eve in honor of Miss Cook.

Ladies' Aid Society No. 12, Auxiliary to St. Paul Church, No. 1, St. of V., has elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Alice E. M. Darling; vice president, Mrs. Mary L. Creigh; chap-

CURES THE DRINK HABIT

THE ST. OMER REMEDY is a scientific preparation for the treatment and cure of alcoholism. It is purely VEGETABLE, non-poisonous, harmless and a positive cure. It is recognized fact that alcoholism is a disease, that it cannot be cured by restraint, signing the pledge, etc. by will power. The awful craving from which the alcoholic suffers must be considered when the cure of this cursed appetite is desired. The most intelligent and thoughtful is embodied in the ST. OMER REMEDY for the Drink Habit. It has the unqualified endorsement of many of the most prominent physicians, temperance workers, and those who have personal knowledge of the great work performed by this remedy. It is prepared in two forms, the liquid for treatment where the patient is willing to take the remedy, and the powder for secret administration. The powder is colorless, tasteless, odorless and can be given without the patient's knowledge in tea, coffee, milk or water. The ST. OMER REMEDY is sold by druggists or sent by mail, prepaid, either form, St. Free sample writing Mrs. A. M. Eldridge, 15 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. Sold by SCHUNEMAN & EVANS—DRUG DEPARTMENT.

lain, Mrs. Sarah S. Evans; treasurer, Mrs. Allie Lyons; guide, Mrs. Myrtle Jones; assistant guide, Mrs. Effie Chase; guard, Mrs. Mary Bradshaw; outside guard, Mrs. Lizzie Wormley; delegate to national convention, Mrs. Sarah E. Milham; alternate, Mrs. Mary L. Creigh.

Mr. Edward Raymond Coppock, of Fort Leavenworth, arrived in St. Paul yesterday.

GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM.

If any woman in New York prides herself on her tasteful gowns it is Mrs. Jules J. Vatable. She has an adaptable style, being tall and well proportioned. But she suffered a Waterloo at the opera when she sat in the Perry Belmont box. It was her first appearance of the year, and Mrs. Vatable knew nothing about the fatal crimson and gold upholstery in the boxes. She wore an emerald green chiffon velvet with a really superb frock. But with a background of crimson, the combination was awful to contemplate. Even the least artistic observer could not help noticing this unfortunate error.

The opera corridor echoes with complaints of men and women who object to the box appearances. Not alone are the lights unbecoming and, therefore, unsatisfactory, but the rich hangings make most evening gowns impossible. The dressmakers are beginning to use a variety of colors in their conditions, they recommend only black and white or a plenitude of spangles. Somehow tinsel and glitter triumph over the crimson hangings. Some of the attempts made to master these evil conditions have been laughable. Mrs. Seth Barton French wore a cerise velvet one night that was killed by the other velvet of red, and her guest, Mrs. H. Le Roy Emmet, matched the box hangings to a nicety, but this was ineffective, too. Black velvet and white satin are the most advisable, and anything approaching a pale blue pink or lavender, unless accompanied by a sea of spangles, is hopeless. Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, who has an eye for the newness of the materials, as if they had been resurrected from some grand or great-grand mother's chest. For tall, slight women they are very becoming and when made to complete a handsome costume the result is charming.

An exceptionally pretty gown of this order seen lately at a large reception is shown by the accompanying illustration. The gown is of pale gray panne velvet, and is made with a five story that the wife of a millionaire is having her shadowed. The portrait of her son is such a speaking likeness of the multi-millionaire that persons wonder whether the widow is still on friendly terms with the man whose wife is alleged to be employing detectives. Whatever romance there is in the story is old, and the end of the romance dated back to the time when the wife in the case insisted that her husband should spend his evenings with her on one of the most magnificent yachts in the world. Even then the proud-spirited wife, who was Mr. Whitney's ball last night, might have gone to divorce courts only that her mother is a sensible woman and brought peace. And then the widow has been chafing, and her story of the detective, mythical as it is, proves that the gentleman's lack of attention for a long time past has aroused feelings that may bring inevitable publicity to one of the greatest financiers and railroad men of the country can boast of.

Perhaps the most cruel thing done in a long time is the act of a widow who has caused the publication of her son's portrait in connection with a story that the wife of a millionaire is having her shadowed. The portrait of her son is such a speaking likeness of the multi-millionaire that persons wonder whether the widow is still on friendly terms with the man whose wife is alleged to be employing detectives. Whatever romance there is in the story is old, and the end of the romance dated back to the time when the wife in the case insisted that her husband should spend his evenings with her on one of the most magnificent yachts in the world. Even then the proud-spirited wife, who was Mr. Whitney's ball last night, might have gone to divorce courts only that her mother is a sensible woman and brought peace. And then the widow has been chafing, and her story of the detective, mythical as it is, proves that the gentleman's lack of attention for a long time past has aroused feelings that may bring inevitable publicity to one of the greatest financiers and railroad men of the country can boast of.

CHINAMAN BRINGS SUIT FOR DIVORCE

First Instance in Jersey Where Celestial Seeks Separation.

TRENTON, N. J., Dec. 22.—The first Chinese suit for divorce ever filed in this state has just been commenced in the court of chancery by Lung Gee, of Atlantic City, who seeks a legal separation from his wife, Long Who Toy, who, he declares, is now living with a fellow countryman, Chung Bung, in Washington.

In his bill of complaint, Gee declares that he and the woman were married in China Aug. 1, 1897, that they came to America soon afterward, and that the wife was sent back from the port of San Francisco. Later she entered by way of Victoria, B. C., where she was met by her husband. Together they crossed the ocean and in time located at Atlantic City, where they lived happily, according to the Celestial husband, until about a year ago, when Bung began paying the woman marked attention. Later the couple eloped, leaving behind Gee's child, Lung Kiu, which, it is said, the mother has since made several vain efforts to regain.

Stockholders Are Assessed. NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 22.—Judge Kirkpatrick in the United States circuit court today issued an order permitting Henry Tattal, receiver of the National Asphalt Company, to issue a call assessing the stockholders of the company. The company's assets, of which he is also receiver, are \$24,000,000. This sum represents the unpaid portion of the company's capital stock. The suit was brought by the Land Title and Trust company, of Philadelphia, trustee for the holders of the company's outstanding bonds. It was charged that only 20 per cent of the subscriptions for the purchase of the stock had been paid in.

Secretary Hay is at Work Again. WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 22.—After two weeks' confinement from an attack of grip and cold, Secretary Hay is at last able to leave his bedroom and spend most of each day in his library where he transacts a good deal of business.

FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE.



Quaint, indeed, are many of the capes worn this winter which look, except for the newness of the materials, as if they had been resurrected from some grand or great-grand mother's chest. For tall, slight women they are very becoming and when made to complete a handsome costume the result is charming. An exceptionally pretty gown of this order seen lately at a large reception is shown by the accompanying illustration. The gown is of pale gray panne velvet, and is made with a five story that the wife of a millionaire is having her shadowed. The portrait of her son is such a speaking likeness of the multi-millionaire that persons wonder whether the widow is still on friendly terms with the man whose wife is alleged to be employing detectives. Whatever romance there is in the story is old, and the end of the romance dated back to the time when the wife in the case insisted that her husband should spend his evenings with her on one of the most magnificent yachts in the world. Even then the proud-spirited wife, who was Mr. Whitney's ball last night, might have gone to divorce courts only that her mother is a sensible woman and brought peace. And then the widow has been chafing, and her story of the detective, mythical as it is, proves that the gentleman's lack of attention for a long time past has aroused feelings that may bring inevitable publicity to one of the greatest financiers and railroad men of the country can boast of.

and lined with a beautiful piece of gray and gold brocade. Gray velvet hat, with soft crown and brim, trimmed with a long white plume, like the hat illustrated, was worn with this gown. With such a costume an ermine hat would have been extremely effective, and while everyone cannot wear ermine—and no woman past her first youth should attempt it—to her who possesses a fair skin and fresh coloring there is no more charming or becoming style. The newest hats of this fur are of medium size and trimmed with bits of fine lace and feathers, either all white or black and white, no touch of color should be introduced or their smartness will be lost. Other fur hats are plentifully displayed at the milliners, but are not nearly so much worn by well dressed women as during the past season or two. Velvet hats trimmed with feathers, or perhaps with a little fur, are par excellence the hats of this winter.

Saved by Christmas

It was very close to the end of the year 1899 that the last of the Filipino insurgent armies was effectually defeated, and the battalions that formed its strength were scattered among the mountains of Northern Luzon as guerrilla bands. American soldiers garrisoned the principal towns along the coast, but the distance between them was some times more than a day's travel. Thus, the traveler who cared to risk the dangers of the road, had sometimes to pass a night in some ungarri-soned town, miles away from the nearest American post.

I was in Vigan at that time, and wanted badly to get to Manila before New Year's day. No steamers were scheduled to sail in the interval, so I was forced to go down to Dagupan, the railroad terminus, by horseback, a distance of more than a hundred miles, miles. Natives and Americans alike warned me of the danger of capture from insurgent bands, but so necessary was it for me to reach Manila on time that I was compelled to ignore their warnings.

Leaving Vigan early on the morning of Dec. 21, I reached a village called San Esteban that night, ungarri-soned, but in a peaceful district. When morning came and nothing had occurred to disturb my sleep, danger from insurgents seemed very vague, and I set out on my second day's travel with an easy mind. At noon I struck the first American post, Candon, and the post commander tried to persuade me from continuing, as the next post could only be reached in one day by starting early in the morning. But, as I have said, my hurry was great, and so at 2 o'clock I was once more on the road.

As I have a fair knowledge of the country, I knew that evening my horse would bring me near a small village called Sevilla, and there, in the house of the municipal president, I expected to pass the night, Christmas eve. I kept looking for the town, but it was almost dark and still no sign of houses. Finally I met a passing native and asked him "Where is Sevilla?" "There," he answered, pointing. I saw nothing but a big mango tree. "Where?" I asked again. "There, behind that tree." Investigation disclosed the town on the other side of the tree—six small huts and a church in the distance beyond. This was unpleasant, for towns of that size were really dangerous. In

the larger communities, a traveler would have been safer, as "mishaps" usually brought American punishment on the place. Here the inhabitants had little to lose. However, the local president received me well enough, and after supper I turned in and soon fell asleep. I was awakened by the clanging of the church bell. In the Philippines it is the custom to hold mass at midnight on Christmas eve. Once awake I determined to attend mass.

Outside I met several natives, and together we went across the little plaza to the church. The inside was lighted up by candles, and about one hundred natives were kneeling there, services having already begun. The little native priest was no Latin scholar, so he spoke in Spanish. Thus understood him, and became interested in his simple words. A choir of native girls sang, and the service altogether was rather impressive for its simplicity. For this reason I had not turned my head when I heard the muffled steps of many feet behind me, and the thud of numerous metallic bodies against the stone floor. It was long afterwards when I turned, and started nervously at what I saw.

Behind me, stretched from wall to wall, knelt a company of insurgent soldiers, their heads uncovered and bowed, their guns before them on the floor. All religious emotions left me at once, and I thought only of getting out of the side door and reaching my horse. Quietly, slowly, I edged my way over to that side door. No one heeded me, although all must have known by my khaki uniform that I was one of the hated Yankees. Finally, just as the services ended, I reached the door and bolted out into the darkness. I ran toward the president's house, but my haste to reach my horse made me incautious and at every few steps I stumbled.

Suddenly I fell over a stone wall. For a space I lay on the ground, stunned by my fall, and much dazed. I must have reached the president's house by a roundabout way, for I was only conscious of seeing it before me as it came to me. The room I had slept in was lighted as I had left it, by a small lamp. I had left my saddle-bags there, so ran up the stairs to get them. At the table sat a young native in an insurgent lieutenant's uniform. I turn-

ed quickly, and at the foot of the stairs stood an armed soldier. Realizing my helplessness I walked in. The insurgent officer arose, but appeared to feel no surprise at seeing me. "Christmas greeting, friend," he said, calmly. "What is the matter with your head?" I raised my hand to my forehead and found it bleeding. Meanwhile the insurgent seated himself again. I did likewise. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a handkerchief. This he gave to me, and even knotted it after I had passed it around my head. I now felt firmly convinced that I was a prisoner. The officer and I fell into conversation, but apparently by mutual consent, made no mention of the war, nor my present situation. To my surprise, he did not ask for my revolver, but I thought it prudent to lay it down on the table. "Let us retire," he proposed at last. "I am afraid I must ask you to let me share your cot with you—some of my soldiers must sleep on the floor."

Both of us stretched out on the cot, and later a dozen soldiers came in and occupied the floor. The boy officer was soon asleep, and so innocent was his juvenile face that I felt no worry over my personal safety at least. Of course I did not sleep. The dawn was just making the trees outside visible when I arose and carefully stepped my way across the room over the sleeping soldiers. A thrill of hope passed through me as I got down the stairs and found my horse tethered beside the house. I was untying him when a voice from a window above arrested me. "Good morning. Are you leaving us?" I was the insurgent officer. "Yes," I replied, boldly. "Well, good-bye, then," and his face disappeared.

A sense of shame overcame me. Then, too, I disliked leaving my saddle-bags behind. So I tied my horse to a post again and reentered the stairs. The boy officer looked surprised to see me. To his questioning look I replied: "I think I shall wait till breakfast." "Then I lay down on the cot again, and strange to say, fell asleep. The sun was high up when again I awoke. The insurgents were up, and a native was setting the table with colored rice, coffee and coffee. The president, the young lieutenant and I breakfasted together. Afterwards, looking out of the window, I saw they had saddled my horse. I determined to see if I was really a prisoner or not. Rising, I bid the lieutenant good-bye. "Adios," he said, reaching out his hand.

I turned to go. "One thing," I said. "Tell me, why don't you take me a prisoner?" The officer looked at me; his eyebrows rose in astonishment. "What, on Christmas eve?" "That evening I was safely housed in a garrisoned town. CHRISTMAS EVE. Across the outland Christmas night, The echoing darkness and the cold, I see the city crowned with light And every window touched with gold. Their new gods come, their old depart, Their strange creeds into dust have died. Yet He must live, O troubled heart, Who gave to men this Christmas-tide! He dies not, for still clear His star On such a night stands forth since we Remember now the Christ we are! And watch the man that He would be! And through the dubious outland night, Across the gloom, alone, forlorn, I see glad homes re-crowned with light, And each light swings His star reborn! —Arthur Stringer in the Reader Magazine for January.

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR. A song for the New Year! Exultant its hours— The dust of defeat hath not sullied its flowers, But fancy hath dipped them in roseal dew, And brought them—all blooming in beauty—to you! A song for the New Year! A clarion Achievement—thru' service—refreshment thro' song! No mountain too mighty for Faith to remove; No labor too lowly, transfigured by Loy! A song for the New Year! A message of Joy, discord its music alloy! But, growing in sweetness and melody clear, —Ernest Neal Lyon in the Reader Magazine for January.

A SONG. My heart is empty, empty, Sweet clear of love and pain, I'll bid me to the hilt, I'll bow the rose again, I'll wander in the starlight, And lie among the leaves, And dream to the night-raindrops That beat about the eaves. My heart is empty, empty, Sweet clear of love, and you, Who stole me from my ills, Stole stars and lilies, too, O still the sighing forests, You broke the wind's control, And I forgot the sunsets When you were in my soul. My heart is empty, empty, It holds no more of you, Oh, enter, winds and sunsets, Starlight and roses and dew, Ah, faithful ones forgiving, Bend to me once more, Though you have guessed the secret That hides in my heart's core. —Louise Mack, Pearson's Magazine.

THE SELF-COMPLACENT MANXMAN. "Local color," he's bound to obtain, So he's bled him to Iceland's bleak plain, Feeding for his satisfaction, That the world, far and wide, Awaits a new book from Hall Caine. —C. A. in the Reader Magazine for January.

AFTER VICTORY. Yes, I have won; but, curb thy zest, In that thy earnest praise puts me to shame, But rather let thy silence smack of blame. Because I failed to do my best. —Clarence H. Urner, Pearson's Magazine.

Pressfeeders Are Indicted. CHICAGO, Dec. 22. Two officials and other members of Franklin Union of Pressfeeders were indicted by the grand jury this evening, the specific charge against them being riot. The men indicted are Charles Woerner, president of the union; John Shearer, treasurer; Frederick Kitcher; Joseph Mucher and Charles Smith. It is said the indictments were found on affidavits made by a dining room waiter who suffered from violence during the pressfeeders' strike.

Pleaded Guilty. CHICAGO, Dec. 22.—Five members of the Electrical Workers' union, who were recently indicted for participation in a plot to keep witnesses out of the state and prevent them from testifying, pleaded guilty today before Judge McEwen. The men were A. B. Wilson, J. T. Kingsbury, Charles T. White, John H. Mahoney and William Cleff. Tetanus Is Cured. NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—A case of acute tetanus has been cured at a hospital here

GOLDEN RULE 7th 10th - ROBERT TO MINNESOTA STS. W.H. ELSINGER & CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.



Christmas Greeting To Our Thousands of Patrons Thursday night the curtain rings down on the greatest holiday business in our 17th year in St. Paul; two days more and our Christmas trade will end in a blaze of glory, pass into history as another triumph of the most scored in the past and long to be remembered by the thousands who have been benefited by the splendid bargains shown broadcast among the people of St. Paul; accept our thanks for your kind patronage during the year, and wishing you one and all a Merry Christmas, we remain Yours Truly, W. H. Elsinger & Co.



by the use of antitoxin injected in large quantities. The patient was injured by a street car. His body was bent almost double when he was taken to the institution. Ten hours after the injured leg had been amputated sixty centimeters of antitoxin were injected into the large vein at the elbow. The next day forty centimeters were administered, and by the morning of the third day there was slight improvement. From that time on the injections were made in constantly increasing quantities. At the end of the fifth day the body began to relax, and by the eighth day the patient's condition was such the injections were discontinued. The man has now recovered entirely. Said to Have Swindled Farmers. PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 22.—Charles D. Fenstermacher, who was yesterday convicted in the United States district court of using the mails to defraud, today committed suicide by hanging himself with a towel in a cell in the county prison. Fenstermacher was employed as a bookkeeper for a firm of commission merchants. Postal Inspector Holden says his criminal record extends over a period of thirty years. His plan was to mail letters to farmers in various sections of the country through which he secured large consignments of produce. This he did in order to make financial returns to the farmers.

van Houten's Cocoa A healthy Stimulant. An invigorating Food. A delightful Beverage. Best & Goes Farthest

THE GLOBE'S FREE TRIP CONTEST OFFICIAL COUPON Good for One Vote for Town State Ask for Voting Certificate when you send in your remittance. CUT OUT This Coupon and Vote Your Choice.