

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

The Train That **MAKES TRAVELING A PLEASURE**

Is the **"North-Western Limited"**

Leave Minneapolis..... 8:00 p. m.
 Leave St. Paul..... 8:35 p. m.
 Arrive Chicago..... 8:55 a. m.

A prominent man writes: "One cannot board the 'North-Western Limited' without being deeply impressed with the magnificence and splendor of its appointments. It is a veritable moving palace and the dining car is especially worthy of praise."

ALSO, the NORTH-WESTERN LINE runs more trains and carries more people into and out of Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago every day, than any other railway line.

Ticket Offices: MINNEAPOLIS, 600 Nicollet Ave. ST. PAUL, 382 Robert Street, UNION DEPOTS BOTH CITIES.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

WAS GREAT SUCCESS

ST. PAUL HAS REASON TO BE SATISFIED WITH CHRISTMAS

While Congratulations Are in Order, a Word of Admonition Is Given to Mothers Regarding the Liberty They Allow Their Little Daughters.

And now it is all over, the house is quiet, the tree has a melancholy droop, the eyes are out of all the woolly lambs, and many a doll is headless and crippled. But what difference does it make? We have had a good time, haven't we? And, better still, we have made some other people have a good time. Christmas this year was a great success, in spite of the fact that in many homes there has been sickness and sorrow. One reason of the success of the great day was because there was so much done for those who have little. The orphan asylums and various charitable institutions were laden down with good cheer, and many a heart has had a load of care lifted by somebody's thoughtfulness.

Appropos of nothing at all, some of the mothers are coming for a scolding on this page today, and as we have a very tender spot for mothers it is an extreme case which occasions any severity toward them. From the windows of the woman's department of this paper, for the past few weeks, little girls are to be seen every day going about the streets alone, and it is because of this that we desire to scold. Girls who cannot be over five or six are to be seen trudging along, carrying mandolins and other musical instruments, going into large buildings to take a lesson. Now, mothers, this is all wrong. Little girls should never go on the down-town streets alone, nor should they go to strange teachers for lessons alone at any time. Even girls of twelve and thirteen should not be allowed to do it, but that mothers will allow little children scarcely large than babies to go down alone, into buildings alone, and heaven knows where alone, is past belief. But they are doing it right here, each day, and can be seen any afternoon. The woman who does not know any better than to allow this is not fit to be a mother. If there is any mother who doubts this statement, let her pay the woman's department a visit some afternoon and see the tiny girls who go into a certain building with mandolins under their arms almost as big as themselves.

A recent English magazine states that English society's return to domesticity in the matter of dining and dinner giving may be in a measure caused by the inevitable game of bridge. It is much more convenient to settle down to a succession of rubbers in one's own house than to hire a room in a hotel or drive to the home of the hostess after the dinner. Bridge, in this case, is certainly a means to a desirable end.

The Princess Ferdinand of Rumania is said to be extremely fond of perfumes and to have a large collection of all kinds of scent-bottles. Her first cousin, the empress of Russia, takes great delight in flowers of dainty fragrance and has several closets strewn about her apartments daily.

GOLDEN RULE

7th to 8th - ROBERT TO MINNESOTA STS.

W.H. ELSINGER & Co., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Saturday a Terrific Slaughter Sale of Coats and Jackets Waists and Wrappers

A most effective clearance sale of all broken lots, odd sizes—stocks must be in good shape for inventory in a few days—hence—

At \$5 We offer you choice of a large assortment of women's coats in fine kersey and covert cloth, with shaped collars or collarless—season's best styles—sold regularly at \$8.50, \$10.00, \$12.50 and \$15.00.

At \$10 Coats and Jackets in 32 to 46-inch lengths—small military effects, corset coats, half-fitting and swell cape styles—these are regular \$18.50, \$20.00, \$22.50 and \$25.00.

At \$5.50 Children's and Girls' Long Coats—A marvelous collection of season's prettiest styles, fine materials; values \$8.98 and \$10.

At \$2.75 Children's Coats—in kersey, chevrot and zibeline, the best styles and materials; reduced from \$5.00 and \$5.50.

\$3.98 For Choice of Silk Waists worth \$6.50, \$7.50, \$8.50 and \$9 —in black and colors.

\$3.48 For Waists in Many Styles and materials—these sold up to \$5.50.

69c For Wrappers, all seasonable goods and dark colors—values 98c, \$1.25, \$1.50.

\$1.25 For Flannel Waists—These sold up to \$2.75.

\$1.98 For Flannel Waists—These sold up to \$4.50.

STILL TO THE FORE

Andy Call Holds His Place Another Day.

Votes Will Not Be Counted Again Until Saturday.

\$5.00 ON SUBSCRIPTION, 1000 VOTES.
 \$4.00 ON SUBSCRIPTION, 600 VOTES.
 \$3.00 ON SUBSCRIPTION, 400 VOTES.
 \$2.00 ON SUBSCRIPTION, 250 VOTES.
 \$1.00 ON SUBSCRIPTION, 100 VOTES.

- FOLLOWING IS THE STANDING OF THE CONTESTANTS UP TO 4 P. M. THURSDAY:
- ANDY CALL, Policeman, St. Paul.
 - MISS ELIZABETH HUNT, Ferguson Falls, Minn.
 - MISS NELLIE SUTHERLAND, Austin, Minn.
 - MISS NELLIE KELLY, St. Charles, Minn.
 - MISS MAMIE SEWARD, Emporium, St. Paul.
 - GEORGE VACHON, Wahpeton, N. D.
 - MISS MARGARET MCARTHUR, Golden Rule, St. Paul.
 - MISS MAYME HANDRAN, Mannheim Bros., St. Paul.
 - MISS HARRIET W. AUSTIN, West Publishing Company, St. Paul.
 - ROBERT COLE, Associated Press, St. Paul.
 - MISS CLARA NORCOT, Teacher Irving School, St. Paul.
 - MISS KITTY GRAHAM, Guitman Bros., St. Paul.
 - PETER CARROLL, Policeman, St. Paul.
 - MISS SARAH MAHON, Teacher Longfellow School, St. Paul.
 - HENRY W. HIRT, Browning, King & Co., St. Paul.
 - W. W. STACK, Bannock's, St. Paul.
 - MISS MARTHA ERICKSON, Field, Schlick & Co., St. Paul.
 - ROY TYLER, Finch, Young & McConville, St. Paul.
 - MISS LIZZIE GOOD, Northwestern Telephone Company, St. Paul.
 - MISS NELLIE PETERSON, Red Wing, Minn.
 - JOHN TRACY, Chicago Great Western Railway, St. Paul.
 - HORACE EASTON, Noyes Bros. & Cutler, St. Paul.
 - C. HERMAN, Lindeke, Warner & Schurmeier, St. Paul.
 - RUTH LINCOLN, Ferguson Falls, Minn.
 - MISS LULU HUMMEL, 808 Ohio Street, St. Paul.
 - MISS ETTA DEE, Golden Rule, St. Paul.
 - WILLIAM L. CLIFT, Great Northern Office, St. Paul.
 - LOUIS MICHAUD, Michaud Bros., St. Paul.
 - MISS JOSIE POWELL, St. Peter, Minn.
 - MISS NELLIE DOW, Teacher Lafayette School, St. Paul.
 - JOHN BOLLINGER, Golden Rule, St. Paul.
 - MISS ETHEL T. HOSTETTER, Northern Pacific Office, St. Paul.
 - MISS MARIE THURSTON, Northern Pacific Office, St. Paul.
 - JAY BABCOCK, 441 East Page Street, St. Paul.
 - MISS HATTIE M. M'KENNY, Omaha Office, St. Paul.
 - WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT, Northern Pacific Office, St. Paul.
 - MISS GRACE O'BRIEN, Emporium, St. Paul.
 - MISS MINNIE FINK, Fairbault, Minn.
 - MISS STELLA HOLMES, Mannheimers', St. Paul.
 - CHARLEY MUESSELL, Westby's Drug Store, St. Paul.
 - HERBERT STUBBS, Omaha Office, St. Paul.
 - MISS IDA RANSOM, St. Peter, Minn.
 - BEHRENS SLOGGY, Associated Press, St. Paul.
 - MISS M. ADELIN DOW, Red Wing, Minn.
 - ALVIN SELL, Red Wing, Minn.
 - SAMUEL HOEFER, Gladstone, Minn.
 - IVOR D. FRYCKHOLM, Great Northern Office, St. Paul.
 - JOHN H. FERGUSON, Northern Pacific Office, St. Paul.
 - MISS BESSIE NUTTING, Fairbault, Minn.
 - GEORGE A. WATSON, Great Northern Office, St. Paul.
 - THOMAS GAMBLEY, Bannock's, St. Paul.
 - AGNES SMITH, Yankton, S. D.
 - WALTER MACKAY, Street Car Motorman, St. Paul.
 - AUGUST LINK, Street Car Conductor, St. Paul.
 - BENJAMIN KAUTERMAN, 310 Smith Avenue, St. Paul.
 - THOMAS RANDALL, 419 Iglehart Street, St. Paul.
 - MISS MYRTLE TRACY, 140 East Robie Street, St. Paul.
 - LEWIS LONDON, Fourth and St. Peter Streets, St. Paul.
 - JOHN W. GALLAGHER, M. & St. L. Railway Office, St. Paul.
 - MISS MARIE BAUR, Mannheim Bros., St. Paul.
 - MISS MARY M'QUADE, Mannheim Bros., St. Paul.
 - WILLIAM SCHOCH, 298 East Seventh Street, St. Paul.
 - J. W. COOK, Kunody & Forsell, St. Paul.
 - MAX HAZENBECK, National German-American Bank, St. Paul.
 - GEORGE R. BECKER, Becker's Drug Store, St. Paul.

Marie

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.

Miss Messner, of the Angus, gave a large Christmas dinner yesterday in honor of Miss Chittenden and Mr. Coppock. The guests were the bridesmaids and ushers of next week's wedding.

Mrs. Archibald Guthrie, of Summit avenue, is spending Christmas in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. J. M. MacDonald, of Holly avenue, is spending Christmas in New York.

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS.

An interesting little sentence in Philip Stuffs' "Anatomy of Abuses" shows that in spite of the acknowledged extravagances in dress which the modern woman indulges in she is really rational when compared with her Elizabethan sister. The "Anatomy of Abuses," describing the appearance of a party of women of those days who had been caught in a shower of rain, says: "Then their great ruffs strike sayle, and flutter like dishevelours" about the necks of the "poor drowned rattes," in spite of their "supportasses or under-propps of wire covered with gold thread, silver or silk." The proclamation against the wearing of great ruffs was issued by Queen Elizabeth in 1562.

A favorite entertainment of the gilded youth of London, according to a writer, is the smoking party, at which they display to each other the latest

THE FISHER

BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

A SPLASH of yellow light fell from the doorway of the cafe of St. Maurin into the still, blue darkness of the little quay, where a couple of flickering lamps only served to make the gloom more profound. The moon had not risen, and the pale radiance of the stars showed the long, slow swell of an oily sea. Against the wall of the quay lay a tiny sailing yacht. Further out, midway between the horns of the harbor, a fishing boat with wide spread sails that seemed hardly to catch the faint evening air drifted like a shadow through the night.

In the cafe, half a dozen men, fishermen of the little port, lounged idly over their glasses. Old Antoine, the innkeeper, dressed as usual, in his corner chair. Jean Modeste, his grandson, sat with a book in his lap, and a pipe in his mouth. The rest sipped their coarse wine, and talked to each other spasmodically of the weather or the prospects of a good catch.

Suddenly Jean Modeste, looking up from the tear in his net, made with his free hand the sign of the cross. The others started, and with curious, self-righteous eyes. He was staring through the

FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE.



Among the latest novelties in sets of collarettes and cuffs are those of white or cream colored crash embroidered with scarlet, black and green crevells. They are extremely pretty and add a delightfully brilliant touch of color to gowns of somber tones. The work should be done by hand and the more original the design the better, for originality in the small accessories of dress is of great importance at the present time. These sets cost at the shops anywhere from \$3.50 up, but if made at home the cost is infinitesimal and the work is not only easy, but very interesting.

The left hand collar and cuff illustrated in this style, and the right hand one is embroidered in dull blues and black. The old-fashioned German cross stitch is also very much used for embroidering these little sets, as well as bands of different widths, which are used for trimming blouses in numerous ways.

The simple blouse illustrated is a pretty model for a separate waist or silk, or for a bodice to a mohair or cashmere shirtwaist suit. It is made of dark blue silk with a plain black gathered slightly at the waist line and equally simple fronts which, however, are cut V shape at the throat and fastened by three straps caught by fancy buttons. The vest is of tucked blue chiffon, and the stock with long ends, which are drawn under the straps, is of the silk trimmed with Arabian lace. Waists of this style for morning wear are superseding in popularity the plain silk and flannel blouses of the past few years. Or waists for general use should either be of heavy white wash goods of the regular shirtwaist models, or of silk, mohair or woolen fabrics of the same color as the skirt they are worn with, thus making, with the coat that matches the skirt, a pretty three-piece suit of one color.

"THEM THAT GIVES, GITS."

There's a quaint and homely saying That is true, though ill expressed, And you'll find upon the weighing, That it measures all the rest— "Them that gives, gits."

Is it wealth you're seeking after, Do not tightly close your palms, But with love and happy laughter Give your brother, needing alms— "Them that gives, gits."

Is it fame for which you're longing? Follow still the Godlike plan, Help the needs forever thronging Round your door, and follow man— "Them that gives, gits."

Is it knowledge you would fether? 'Tis within your earnest reach, But you'll get it quicker, better, If another you will teach— "Them that gives, gits."

Is it love, earth's dearest treasure, You would gather for your store? Give of love, nor stint the measure, 'Twill return to you the more— "Them that gives, gits."

—Eleanor S. Insole in New York Sun.

OVER THE COUNTER.

We met, you see, in the Catskills, Let's see, 'twas the 17th of July. He flirted perfectly awful, And so, I confess, did I. "Who he is?" he spoke meditatively, "Ah, that's no one you know. Who he seeks—that's another matter. They do say."

He broke off and glanced again through the open door. The black sail was drifting very slowly toward the land. "Well, who do they say?" Bontemps asked, impatiently.

"The young man turned again to his net. "They say," he answered in the same low, unwilling tone, "that he fishes for the souls of men."

Bontemps stared for a second. Then he flung back his rough black head with a great laugh.

"The souls of men! Ah, my faith, that's the good! Are you Christians, then, in this harbor of St. Maurin's?"

"As good as any in the port of Nice," Jean Modeste replied, with a touch of scorn.

Bontemps laughed again. "No offense, my friend. But come, it's absurd, you know. It's moonshine—that's what it is. The Fisher of yours?"

Jean Modeste cut through his speech, and lifted a finger from his net to point through the door.

"There," he said, "is the Fisher. Laugh if you please."

Bontemps was silent. The shadowy sail had drifted very near. Again stillness fell upon the little group, broken only by the old man's hoarse breathing.

"Laugh—if you please!" Jean Modeste said again. "None of us here will laugh with you. What's the matter with you, Fisher? We know his work well enough. Did he not follow my brother's boat, the Mordant, on the last voyage ever she took? Never a man came back to tell the tale—but the Fisher sailed behind them out of sight of our eyes. That I saw—with these eyes—yes!"

Bontemps did not answer. A kind of breathlessness had fallen upon the rest. Jean Modeste shifted the net across his knees and spoke once more.

"You ask what the Fisher seeks," he said. "Well—in the port of Nice he may have other business for what I know. But here, in the bay, he seeks a man's soul."

Again there was silence. Through the doorway they could see the black shadow of the sail almost touching the quay. The strange fishing boat was very near. The fall meal seemed to touch the stars, the sails were like the wings of an immense bat stretched between them and the luminous blue of the clear night sky.

Bontemps sat motionless, with his fingers stretched out to take up his unfinished glass of wine. For some reason he did not take it. His eyes, too, were fixed upon the shadowy sail hanging about the quay.

Then, silently as it had come, the boat heeled over, and sank under the weight of wind caught the huge sail, and swept it before it out into the bay. The still dark, floating thing became a moment alive, buoyant, incredibly light and swift, a white flicker of foam tore at her bows as she headed for the sea.

The men in the cafe watched with a deep, unacknowledged sense of relief. Still for a while no one spoke. The little grimy, ill-smelling place was extraordinarily silent; it seemed as though something within the walls had ceased—it held the emptiness of a room in which a piece of machinery had just run down.

Bontemps was the first to speak.

"Well—there," he said, drawing a quick breath, "your Fisher's gone. He knows how to sail his ship—I'll say that for him, whoever he is. But what did he seek, eh? What fish was he after, your Fisher of souls?"

No one answered, and Bontemps chuckled a little, quietly. Jean Modeste gathered his net upon his arm, and rose to all his height as he turned from the open door.

The suddenly he stood rigid, and the nets slipped and fell at his feet in a brown tangle. The others, nervous with the reaction after the tension of that moment when the shadow of the black sail lay across the quay, followed the direction of his startled look. There was a quick movement of horror, of surprise, and with the shuffling of rough sea boots upon the bare floor the lean, blue-shirted seaman rose to their feet.

For old Antoine's gray head had fallen forward on his breast—his horse-breathing was still. He sat dead in his corner chair, with his untouched wine beside him!

Without, in the clear blue night, a dark-sailed boat went racing to the sea. The Fisher, had not fished in vain—Black and White.

Chidlow Bread

To the victor belongs the spoils

If Chidlow Bread was the first to please your palate and tease your appetite without waging war on your digestive apparatus, it deserved your steady patronage. CHIDLOW BREAD is good because it is made from the choicest wheat of the best wheat country and baked by skillful bakers by special process. If you haven't been getting bread you like, try Chidlow. If you like what you are using pretty well, try Chidlow; you will like it better.

WARD-CORBY CO.

On the Florida East Coast.

You will find the greatest system of winter hostilities and pleasure spots in America. We can tell you all about them, how to get there, and will be glad to arrange all details of such a visit.

Burlington Route

TICKET OFFICES: 460 Robert Street and Union Depot.

F. M. RUGG, N. W. P. A., St. Paul, Minn.

The "Burlington Chicago Limited" daily at 8:40 p. m.

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.