

# Tired, Nervous Mother

A nervous, irritable mother, often on the verge of hysterics, is unfit to care for children; it ruins a child's disposition and reacts upon herself. The trouble between children and their mothers too often is due to the fact that the mother has some female weakness, and she is entirely unfit to bear the strain upon her nerves that governing a child involves; it is impossible for her to do anything calmly. She cannot help it, as her condition is due to suffering and shattered nerves caused by some derangement of the uterine system with backache, headache, and all kinds of pain, and she is on the verge of nervous prostration.

When a mother finds that she cannot be calm and quiet with her children, she may be sure that her condition needs attention, and she cannot do better than to take

## Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

It builds up her system, strengthens her nerves, and enables her to calmly handle a disobedient child without a scene. The children will soon realize the difference, and seeing their mother quiet, will themselves become quiet.

Read what the Vice-President of the Mothers' Club at Hot Springs, Ark., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will make every mother well, strong, healthy and happy. I dragged through nine years of miserable existence, worn out with pain and weariness. I then noticed a statement of a woman troubled as I was, and the wonderful results she had obtained from your Compound, and decided to try what it would do for me, and used it for three months. At the end of that time I was a different woman, and the neighbors remarked it, and my husband fell in love with me all over again. It seemed like a new existence. I had been suffering with inflammation and falling of the womb, but your medicine cured that, and built up my entire system, till I was indeed like a new woman.

Sincerely yours,  
Mrs. CHAS. F. BROWN, Vice President Mothers' Club,  
21 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark."

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was married for five years and gave premature birth to two children. After that I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it changed me from a weak, nervous woman to a strong, happy, and healthy wife within seven months. Within two years a lovely little girl was born which is the pride and joy of our household. I feel every woman feels as grateful and happy as I do, you must have a host of friends, for every day I bless you for the light, health, and happiness your Vegetable Compound has brought to my home. Sincerely your friend,  
Mrs. MAE P. WHARTY, Flat 31, The Norman,  
Milwaukee, Wis."

### FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

From a vast experience in treating female ills, extending over 20 years, Mrs. Pinkham has gained a knowledge which is of untold value. If there is anything in your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. Address is Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, always confidential and helpful.

**\$5000** FORFEIT 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.



## FOR the FAIR SEX



IT IS WRONG TO GIVE YOU SHOULD NOT INCONSIDERATELY GIVE AWAY MONEY

Modern Thinkers Do Not Approve of Giving Anything Away, and Criticize Mr. Carnegie for Bestowing Libraries Upon Communities.

A writer in one of the prominent weeklies writes against the promiscuous giving away of great benefactions like the Carnegie libraries, which profusely sprinkle the country, and says that almost any gift enterprise is demoralizing. He contends that if church organs and libraries can be had for the asking the effect is anything but uplifting. In fact, he believes that begging has become a fine art, not upon the part of individuals, but by townships and villages.

Now this may all be very true, but what is a poor rich man to do with his money if he cannot give it away? Mr. Carnegie is unpleasantly rich; indeed, he himself is convinced that he is richer than any one man has any right to be, and he proposes to allow the poor, both individuals and corporations, to share his good fortune. No one can say that this is anything but laudable on the part of Mr. Carnegie. Surely the problem of who to endow and what to endow must make his life anything but one long, untroubled and untroubled upon him and witty at his expense, we should sympathize with the poor, puzzled millionaire. More than that, even at the expense of being a great bore to Mr. Carnegie's secretary, or whoever the unfortunate is who has to open his mail, we should write him and give him an idea of the untold good he could do with some of his millions round these diggings. Why not do something for Minneapolis and St. Paul? It might be demoralizing to us to have a public library presented by an outsider, but it would be pleasant and would help out Mr. Carnegie. Minneapolis needs ethical culture; a building for that purpose even there might do untold good. And when it comes to demoralization following gifts, the same rule will apply to all gifts and would preclude anybody from giving anything. Now there are some worthy persons whose chief pleasure in life is giving things away. And now comes along a sociologist and tells he is all wrong, and that if he wishes to bestow something on a person or an institution, he must make them pay for it. Sociology was invented by a man for mean men. It is, of course, wrong to encourage pauperism, but surely a sweeping rule that it is never right to give does much harm.

But isn't it a little hard to tell a well-inclined millionaire like Mr. Carnegie that he must not give away his money? Ordinary channels for charity, such as orphan asylums, refuges, church societies, homes for the aged, do not appeal to Mr. Carnegie as do towns and villages which have no libraries, and therefore he is engaged in the laudable business of bringing culture within the means of the horny-handed farmer, as well as the citizen of small towns. Many of them can now say with Mr. Wegg, of immortal fame, "all print is open to me," and this certainly would not have been so had it not been for Mr. Carnegie's conviction that he was unduly rich. And in depriving the rich of giving their plenty to those less fortunate, surely their greatest pleasure is taken away from them, for what is the use of having means unless one is able to do good with it? So let us hope Mr. Carnegie will not be discouraged by his critics, but will continue in his praiseworthy efforts to help the needy with his superfluous millions.

The Art Workers' guild has obtained the services of Mrs. H. C. Burbank to lecture on "Italian Art," the course to consist of eight lectures on alternate Mondays, beginning Monday afternoon, Jan. 18, at 2:30, at the Central high school hall. Price for series \$2.00. The Art Workers' guild desires all those who wish to join to notify Miss Emily Cochran, 59 Western avenue.

Mrs. John Summers, of St. Peter street, entertained about twenty of her old friends informally yesterday afternoon in honor of her sister, Mrs.

## FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE.



Both walking suits and separate coats show the craze for military effects by the increasing use of braids, frogs, etc. One of the newest coats carries the military idea so far as to be almost an exact copy of an American army officer's fatigue jacket. It is made with a fitted back and loose straight fronts and reaches to about twelve inches below the waist. The collar is a straight standing one and is trimmed with two rows of flat black braid. Braid also edges the coat, both down the front and around the bottom, and it is fastened with small black loops and oblong buttons.

A walking suit that is effectively trimmed with braid is shown by the illustration. It is of gun metal zibeline and is made with a tight fitting Eton jacket and a plaited skirt. The skirt is cut a little low at the neck and is inset with black panne velvet, as is shown. Bordering this is inch wide

black braid, which is carried out on either side and formed into large loops. The fronts overlap and are buttoned diagonally by loops and edged with the braid, which also finishes the bottom of the coat.

The skirt has a box plait in front formed by three small plaits on either side turned toward the back, and clusters of plaits on either side and at the back.

The jacket is lined with gray satin but the skirt is made without a foundation and should be worn over a short gray or black silk petticoat.

A stylish gun metal gray zibeline hat that exactly matches the gown is worn with the suit. It is trimmed with a long black ostrich feather caught by a jet buckle in front.

Almost any fur could be worn with this suit, but mole, gray squirrel or black marten would probably be most suitable.

der the auspices of the Civic league, at which Dr. E. Vandike Robertson will talk on "Industrial St. Paul." All interested are invited without further notice.

Mrs. Gordon has gone to New York. She will go South next month.

The Dayton's Bluff Mothers' club meets this afternoon at 3:45 o'clock at the Van Buren school. Mrs. John Wharry will speak on "Social Settlement Work in St. Paul" and Miss Watkins will sing.

The Cottillon club gave a fancy dress party at Ramsey's hall last night, and the german was led by Miss Livingston and Miss Ferguson. The young women were in fancy dress, and the guests of honor were Miss Holabird, of

Keyes, who leaves soon for her old home in New York state. Mrs. Summers was assisted by Mrs. John Dunn, Mrs. Emerson and Mrs. Hayes.

The handkerchiefs were produced—four of them. One made the back of the bodice, and one the front, and the other two did duty as sleeves. Some spangled tulle, stripped from the skirt, near the pinnac beams, and a bunch of chrysanthemums covered up the peculiarities of the waist line. Even at the reception which followed the concert no one detected the imprudent character of this garment, and some one remarked: "What a pretty little waist that soprano has on."

It is a good idea to put a little shot in the bottom of tall vests. They

Chicago, and Miss Ramsey, of Wisconsin. The chaperons were Mrs. Samuel Hutchinson, Mrs. C. M. Griggs, Mrs. G. T. Slade, Mrs. P. J. Kalman, Mrs. George Rugg, Mrs. W. C. Winter and Mrs. W. F. Peet.

Mrs. S. R. Van Sant gave a luncheon at the Aberdeen yesterday in honor of Mrs. Gardner, of Fort Snelling.

**DIPLOMATS ARE DINED.**

President and Mrs. Roosevelt Entertain at the White House.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 14.—The annual dinner of the diplomatic corps was given at the White house by President and Mrs. Roosevelt tonight. There was a large attendance, those present, in addition to the guests of honor, including senators and representatives who are members of the foreign affairs committees and out-of-town guests.

The guests assembled in the east room, where the introductions were made by Col. Synnolds and Maj. McCawley. The president escorted Mme. de Aspizoz, the wife of the Mexican ambassador, to the table, while Mrs. Roosevelt was escorted by the Russian ambassador.

**Women Start a Reform.**

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—Social ostracism for divorcees, wearers of décolleté gowns, gamblers, and players of bridge whist and users of liquors is the object of a society which has been organized here under the name of "Daughters of the Faith." Its purpose is declared to be to discountenance these usages and customs that are the evident causes of the spread of moral evil in society. Women of the best family in New York city are among the charter members. The most severe strictures are contained in the manual, which contains a foreword by Cardinal Gibbons, Mgr. O'Connell and Archbishop Farley.

**PEOPLE AND THINGS.**

The acme of frivolity in dog decoration has at last been reached. A small brown cocker spaniel seen the other day on one of the fashionable streets had fastened to his elaborate light-blue ribbon bow which ornamented his bright-blue blanket a chou made of white tulle. What self-respecting dog could endure such indignity?

The prize for physics, one of the annual Nobel prizes given by the Norwegian government, for the greatest achievement in literature, chemistry, physics and medicine, and for the most meritorious work in behalf of international peace, Henri Becquerel, of Notional arbitration, has been divided this way, and M. and Mme. Curie, of Paris. Becquerel is the discoverer of the Becquerel rays, and M. and Mme. Curie are the well known discoverers of radium. Each of these prizes amounts to about \$40,000.

Mrs. Hannah Archer, whose death lately occurred at Stratton, St. Margaret's, England, was one of the first persons to advocate the boarding-out system for children. In preference to workhouse schools, she was known far and wide by the name of "the children's friend."

**HOUSEHOLD TALKS.**

A writer in the current number of "Good Housekeeping" tells how she made a concert waist out of four large pieces of material. One was a piece in a glee club, and had gone out of town for a concert. On opening her suitcase at the theater she found that the bodice of her gown was missing. Consternation reigned, for there could be no concert without a soprano, and in half an hour the curtain was to go up. But the sister of the soprano was an ingenious person, and, dashing to the men's dressing room, she demanded all the white silk handkerchiefs they possessed. The handkerchiefs were produced—four of them. One made the back of the bodice, and one the front, and the other two did duty as sleeves. Some spangled tulle, stripped from the skirt, near the pinnac beams, and a bunch of chrysanthemums covered up the peculiarities of the waist line. Even at the reception which followed the concert no one detected the imprudent character of this garment, and some one remarked: "What a pretty little waist that soprano has on."

It is a good idea to put a little shot in the bottom of tall vests. They

are not so liable to be knocked over by careless hands.

When cracked eggs have to be boiled a little vinegar added to the water will prevent the white from boiling out. The acid coagulates the albumen and stops the leaks. The cracks may also be covered with a bit of paper wet with the exuding albumen. Nothing sticks like white of egg, and not even the boiling water will remove the paper.

Old towels may be made to renew their youth, says an economical housewife, by cutting them through the center and sewing the two outside edges together. The raison d'être of this is that the towels get thin down the center long before the sides are worn.

**GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM.**

Messages of condolence continue to pour in on Mrs. Cleveland, and they come from hundreds absolutely unknown to her. All breathe a heartfelt sympathy for the mother's loss, and they have kept coming from all parts of the country. Many are from women who never saw Mrs. Cleveland nor any one of her children, but they pour out to her as well as the children in the hour of her supreme sorrow. To the great majority "Baby Ruth" has been the idealization of pure and perfect childhood; they have read of her, and studied pictures and poses of her, until they have come to believe that she was of them. The expressions are the exclamation of a strange and unexplainable telepathy that exists between women. The wife of the former president has been held up—as she is—as an ideal mother, and the conclusion is drawn that her children must partake of her qualities of gentleness and ingenuousness. Of course, this was to have been expected from the intimates of the family, but coming as it does from so many strangers, the tribute must be all the more sincere and heartfelt.

Rumors as to newcomers in New York always are plentiful, but the latest as to the Biddles and Cadwalladers, of Philadelphia, may be regarded with distrust—especially with respect to the Cadwalladers. That exclusive old family, whose genealogical tree is laden with honors obtained in the Revolutionary days, never will abandon the vine and fig tree under which they have sat for more than a century for the activities that come with living behind marble thresholds and onyx columns bare of vine and destitute of figs. The Biddles are a little more progressive. We have a few of the newer bloods now, but the last remaining representative of the old stock, whose proudest days were in the infancy of the republic, will cling to the quiet and conservative of the United States village on the banks of the Delaware, and continue to repel as an impertinent jest the story that the Hon. Herbert Playfair, to whom at the Assembly bar there was pointed out twenty odd gallants, with the explanation, "That is a Biddle," asked, "Pray, what is a Biddle?" A few more of the newer bloods here, perhaps, but never a Cadwallader.

**GIRLS FORM A UNION.**

Della, Gretchen and Chloe have cast off the shackles of servitude. Since their mistresses have talked of banding for self-protection, the hired household help feel they can do no less. A servant girls' union is being organized in Orange, N. J. The girls have moved to that step because the Women's club, at a recent meeting, discussed plans for forming an organization which would protect employers and would provide for "the education of young girls in the principles of domestic science." Della and Gretchen and Chloe look upon this action of the club as an insidious plot against them and they expect to fight it.

Miss Margaret Walsh, a labor organizer, has been in town carrying forward the work of banding the girls together. It is said she has brought about 100 into the fold. The operations have been carried on with great secrecy; even the place of meeting has not been divulged, though it is known to be in East Orange. Miss Walsh is president of the union.

**An Experience Meeting.**

At the Women's club meeting many members narrated their experiences with great candor and servants came in for hard knocks. However, it is not the intention of the club to antagonize servants. Members say the situation is bad enough without that. "Affairs have reached such a stage no one dares to be unjust to a servant," says one sad housekeeper.

No girl can be found who will admit she is a member of the union, but most of them say the union is a good thing and ought to be successful.

"It's a shame the way some girls are set upon," said an angry maid today. "To show you how we are treated, the last time I was in they expected me to wait on table and wash the dishes, and all for \$20 a month. Did I do it? Yes

I done it, but I just let her see I didn't have to. That woman was the meanest I ever seen. Of course I couldn't help breaking something once in a while. I'll tell you what she done. I knocked a vase off the mantel one morning. It was just a little old pale blue jar, but she flew into a rage and made me pack up and leave the house. She wouldn't pay me my full month, either, though I'd been there nearly three weeks. I went to the police, but they wouldn't do nothing for me."

**What the Demands May Be.**

It is not known exactly what the new union will demand, but it is believed by many that the organization will frame this schedule: A minimum wage scale of \$25 a month. Eight hours to constitute a day's work. Half a day off on Thursday and all day on Sunday.

The use of the parlor three nights a week.

The use of the piano for practice after breakfast.

Breakfast at 10 o'clock, luncheon at 1 o'clock and dinner when it is ready.

The girls, it is said will refuse to handle non-union food, or to save any remnants of a meal. The "lady of the house" will not be permitted to receive more than six callers in an afternoon. If more call she must answer the door bell herself.

Mrs. Henry P. Bailey, president of the Women's club, was surprised today when informed that a horner's nest

had been stirred up by the action of the club.

"Why, we have taken absolutely no stand which would be inimical to the interests of servants," said Mrs. Bailey. Her tone was one of alarm. Perhaps she was in dread of what might be brewing in her own kitchen at that moment. "Our ultimate object is to form an association to help good girls get good places. We want to form an association and a training school for girls, where they will be taught domestic science and made to feel they can enter domestic service with perfect self-respect. Of course, of course, here Mrs. Bailey's countenance took on a look of firmness, "the organization will look up all references in order to protect the employer from imposition. If these women have placed a wrong construction on our motives I am sorry, but it is one of the things we will be called upon to combat and I suppose we must do it."

Mrs. Albert O. Field, of East Orange, said present conditions were intolerable.

"My servants are all right and I have had no trouble myself, you know," said Mrs. Field hastily, "but there are others. Why, I have many friends who have been forced to break up housekeeping in Orange because of the servant problem. I am sure, however, it is not the intention of the Women's club to antagonize the servants. I don't think it would be well to give that impression. The club, I am sure, will take a middle course and be just to both servant and employer."

## His Maternal Grandfather

JIMMY MANNING, his big frame stretched comfortably in an easy chair, had been waiting expectantly for the last two hours for the remark he knew was inevitable as the tea and the thin slices of bread which Mary would bring in at precisely 5.

Meanwhile he chatted away easily with his aunt Margaret and his aunt Agatha, turning first to one, then to the other, to answer cheerfully their prim questions concerning his health, his trip and the people he had met, or smiling blandly on them both, when they asked him what a comfort it was to have him home once more.

And as they talked Jimmy was wondering where the inevitable remark would come in, and offering a silent prayer that he might have sufficient control of his facial muscles at that crucial moment to conceal the grin in his remark would be sure to arouse.

"You certainly seem greatly benefited physically by your trip, James," remarked Aunt Margaret.

"Have you noticed, Margaret," inquired Agatha, "how much he grows to look like his grandfather?"

Jimmy straightened himself in his chair and, by a powerful effort, clothed himself with the gravity of a judge.

"His maternal grandfather, yes," corrected Aunt Margaret.

This was too much, Jimmy rose and strode over to the window. Had anyone been passing the house at that moment he would have seen a young man standing by the window fiercely biting his under lip. When Jimmy's composure was somewhat restored he turned again to his aunt.

"I suppose," Aunt Margaret was saying, "that you will start seriously on your career now?"

"It is my intention to start a law practice as soon as innocent and unsophisticated clients can be unearthed," Jimmy answered lightly.

wisdom of omitting that portion of the query.

"The burglar was a very powerful man," Aunt Agatha explained, frigidly. "At that moment the clock struck 5, and, with the cups clattering on the tray, Mary brought in the tea."

Jimmy opened an office downtown and made his home with his two aunts, as he had done before college and a trip abroad had taken them to him.

He had a genuine affection for the two prim old ladies and, except for the fact that his grandfather's aspect was regarded before him on all conceivable occasions, life was pleasant.

To his two aunts Jimmy's bubbling good humor was a source of unending delight; while to Jimmy the genteel dignity of his two prim relatives was something quite beautiful. If only his grandfather's memory was allowed to rest in peace, Jimmy would not be full.

Then came the October night of Jimmy's triumph.

He had fallen asleep in his room over a rather dry essay he had been trying to read. Suddenly he found himself very much awake, sitting bolt upright in his chair, and listening intently. The book was beside him on the floor, his light still burning.

Surely those were strange noises coming from below. He rose, slipped off his coat and shoes and stood cautiously down stairs. He gained the dining room door and entering noiselessly, saw a faint light by the sideboard.

As his eyes became accustomed to the dim light, he could make out the outlines of a man bending over an open drawer. Jimmy advanced a few noiseless steps, measured the distance carefully with his eye, and sprang in an instant the two were struggling madly.

Jimmy's eye caught the gleam of metal; and the next instant he seized the other's wrist in a grip of iron, and the revolver went clattering across the floor. Back and forth they swung, upsetting chairs, banging into the table and making a hideous din.

Then there was a heavy fall. Jimmy landed the man on his back, crawled aside his chest, pinning both the man's hands in his own, and sat there panting. Frightened voices came from the top of the stairs.

"Oh, it's all right," called Jimmy. "Just a caller—an invited guest, as it were. I'm entertaining him. Come down. If you will, please. Don't be alarmed. Switch on the light in the dining room. Ah, thank you."

Aunt Margaret and Aunt Agatha entered, somewhat frightened, but rather majestically, after all, Jimmy thought, considering their bath robes.

"James!" gasped Aunt Margaret, as she caught sight of his flushed face and torn collar.

"You'd better go over to the Stanleys, Aunt Agatha, and get them to telephone for the police. Pardon me—if in the flush of success I say that in the apprehending line, I think I've gone my maternal grandfather one better."—St. Louis Star.

## HAND SAPOLIO

is especially valuable during the summer season, when outdoor occupations and sports are most in order.

GRASS STAINS, MUD STAINS AND CALLOUS SPOTS

yield to it, and it is particularly agreeable when used in the bath after violent exercise.

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.

There will be a meeting at the Commercial club this afternoon at 1:30 un-