For the Fair Sex

GOING TO ST. LOUIS

THE CLUB BIENNIAL WILL OCCUR IN MAY

Circulars Have Been Sent Out to Inform Women of Arrangements and Accommodations at St. Louis—Several St. Paul Women Are Going.

The club women are beginning to think of going to the biennial in St. Louis, which is the meeting of the general federation held every second year to discuss current events and the great issues which women consider their special province. This spring the delegates will be able to combine pleasure with business, as the meeting is in May and the exposition will be ready for visitors. The only trouble with going at that time is that St. Louis is said to be the warmest place in the universe from then on until autumn and as this has been such a cold winter everywhere, it is quite likely to be followed by the warmest summer ever known.

The convention opens May 17 and closes on the 25th. The local committee having the matter in charge has sent out preliminary literature telling of the elaborate preparations now in progress to give the club women a welcome and insure their comfort during their stay. There is to be a day of celebration at the world's fair grounds, the entire details of which and the programme will soon be published. The pamphlet sent out acknowledges that every boarding house and hotel in the city has raised its prices in anticipation of the rush, but the committee promises to do its best to see that the delegates pay only a rational aomunt for accommodations.

In arranging the programme for so large a body as the general federation heretofore, there have been several sessions on different subjects held at the same time, like the modern four-ringed circus, but at St. Louis it is not intended to have it so, and the sessions will be arranged so that each delegate can attend all of them.

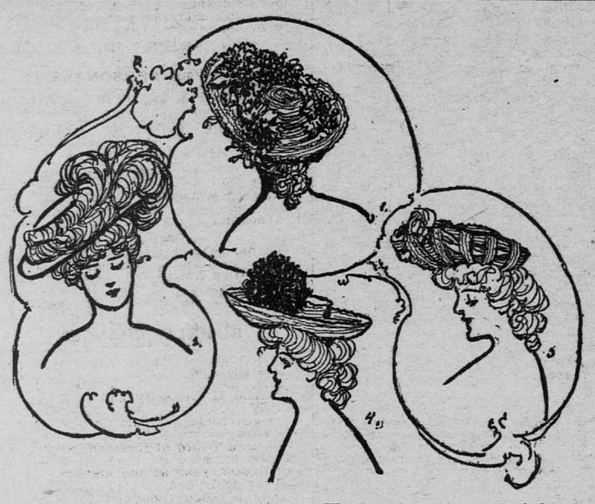
The questions to come up and the formal programme are not yet decided upon, or at all events, not yet ready for publication, but there is one matter that has developed within the last two days which makes us believe that there are to be several candidates for the presidency. It may be remembered that two years ago many of the delegates were in favor of Mrs. Platt Decker, of Denver, for president, and she declined to allow the use of her name, but added that if they desired it two years hence, she would stand. Now it seems that Mrs. Robert Burdette, who is the first vice president, has announced herself as a candidate for the chief office, and it is said that the present incumbent, Mrs. Dennison, of New York, is not averse to a second term. This makes somewhat of a complication, but it will undoubtedly be smoothed out as club women as a rule are not officeseekers. Indeed, it has become so in St. Paul that it is almost impossible to find a woman willing to take an office. It is quite likely that the subject of child labor in the South will come up for discussion, but further than this and the ordinary routine, it is not yet known what the main issue will be.

From St. Paul will go Mrs. R. R. Dorr and several others, possibly, who have not yet decided, from Minneapolis a delegation of some size will probably attend, notably Mrs. L. P. Williams, who is one of the women in every way eligible for the presidency. It is surely time that the Middle West should be more fully represented in this largest and most important body of women in the country.

Marie

FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE.



Although small hats have been worn all winter by the best dressed women, it does not mean that large picture hats are about to be entirely discarded, but that small hats will be the smart size for most occasions.

This return to small hats is due mostly to the frightful monstrosities which have been worn by badly dressed people and that have been such an eye sore to all women of taste. These caricatures of hats have brims, sometimes, twelve inches wide and are worn generally on the top of an immense, bulging, wad of hair that falls over the forehead nearly to the eyes.

Of course, such hats as the above are only cheap imitations, but they have disgusted well-dressed women to such a degree that the wheel of fashion has been rapidly turned back.

Wide brimmed hats are, however, so becoming to young faces, particularly when trimmed with wreaths or sprays of flowers or long drooping feathers, that they will undoubtedly be much worn by the younger set during the spring and summer.

Those worn at the exclusive shops have much narrower brims than last year's hats and the brims are generally shaped or bent in such a way as to appear even narrower than they are.

The hat shown in cut 1 of the accompanying drawing is a charming model of this type. It is of rough burnt yellow straw and is trimmed with large clusters of red cherries and lovely leaves shading from green to brown.

Cut 2 is an all black straw hat with a medium width brim faced with white straw, which is trimmed with two long feathers that fall over the brim on the side a little towards the back.

Cut 3 is a smart turban of fancy green braid with cross pieces over the brim under which a soft green silk scarf is drawn and knotted in front with a dull gold ornament.

Cut 4 is a good model for a morning hat to wear with run-about gowns. It is of mixed blue and white straw trimmed with a dark blue military pompon of coque's feathers.

Many of the newest Paris hats are made of vivid greens, and while such hats are striking worn with black suits one soon tires of them. These brilliant shades of green are, however, very effective as trimmings on white and black hats.

For instance, a remarkably smart little toque seen lately is of black lace and chiffon and is ornamented only by a spray of large green and gold chiffon roses fastened on the left side.

A WEAK HEART.

What a Fearfully Dangerous Thing It Is!

And Yet How Few People Heed Its Terrible Warnings.

What Does That Palpitation and Shortness of Breath Mean to You?

Persons with weak heart get out of breath easily and have palpitation on the least exertion. As it gets worse they have dizziness, swimming of the eyesight, headache, faint, sinking feelings attended by strange sensations. There is generally more or less nervousness and sleeplessness.

It is fearfully common, and neglect is fatal. You can get well by taking the right medicine now. Mrs. Fannie L. Taylor, Quinapoxet, Mass., says:

"I want to give my testimony in with the hundreds of others in regard to the value of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

"About eleven years ago, after suffering many years with a nervous heart trouble and heart weakness, and having been treated by several eminent physicians, some of whom told me I could never be any better, I finally heard that Dr. Greene, the famous blood and nerve specialist, would be at the Bay State house, Worcester, on a certain day, so I resolved to see him if possible.

"At that time the least exertion would

cause me to almost lose my breath. In fact I could scarcely breathe unless lying down, and was on the verge of hysterics all the time from nervousness. I think it took me fully ten minutes to go up one flight of stairs to the doctor's room. He said my heart was in a bad condition, but on his return to Boston prepared me a special medicine of which I took several courses. I tried Nervura instead, and seemed to feel better after each dose as soon as taken. You may judge of my surprise, after taking so much medicine as well as being treated by a Boston hospital, to find myself getting better in every way. In less than one year I was able to do all my work, with my heart seemingly as strong as ever.

"For the last ten years I have taken no medicine and have had no trouble with my heart. I am sixty-three years old, and have ever since then been physically well.

"I have recommended it to friends, always with the same results—a complete cure.

"You are at liberty to use this testimonial as you think best, and I hope it will reach the eye of someone who needs it as much as I did. I feel that I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Greene's Nervura."

If you have weak heart, weak nerves or bad blood, take Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It cures. Dr. Greene, its discoverer, is our most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He can be consulted free, personally or by letter, at his office, 101 Fifth avenue, New York City.

Recommended and for sale by all druggists

DR. GREENE'S LAXURA CATHARTIC PILLS
SUGAR COATED — FOR THE CURE OF — ALL DRUGGISTS
BILIOUSNESS & CONSTIPATION

Mainly About People

There will be a meeting at the Commercial club Tuesday night at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the Thursday club, and in the interest of the club's scheme for the children of the city. Dr. Van Dyke Robinson will preside, and Prof. S. B. Green will speak. Mrs. von Encke will sing.

* * *

Mrs. W. E. Adams, of Goodrich avenue, entertained the Alert Euchre club Tuesday afternoon.

* * *

Mrs. Rudolph Schiffmann entertained informally Wednesday.

* * *

Acker W. R. C. will meet this evening for initiation.

* * *

Mrs. Leo Guiterman, of Dayton avenue, will leave tonight for the East.

* * *

Miss Tomasek, of Seven corners, has gone to New York.

* * *

Mrs. Broughton, of Grand avenue, has gone to Florida.

* * *

St. Paul chapter, O. E. S., met last evening for a business session.

Will Care for Soldiers' Widows.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 11.—The National Relief society has been formed here to undertake the work of affording such relief as may be practicable to widows and orphans of deceased officers, sailors and marines. This is the first organization of its kind. The president is Mrs. Hagginson. Auxiliaries will be organized throughout the country.

GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM.

Although she was known only as Mademoiselle and Miss in the later days of her long career, Matilda Bauermeister was one of the singers who might rightfully have been called Madame or Mrs. She was married first during the early days of her stage life to the son of a wealthy Swiss hotelkeeper who had gone to London to learn English.

The young couple returned to his home in Geneva, but were not happy long, and parental opposition to the marriage eventually led to a separation. Mme. Bauermeister returned to London and to her work, and her husband stuck to his hotel in Geneva. He came into notice last when the Empress Elizabeth, who was a guest at his hotel, was assassinated on the quay at Geneva.

Mme. Bauermeister sang with success in her profession, and after a few years married a singer who is now a vocal teacher in New York. They made several attempts at management, which exhausted the soprano's savings and led to her ultimate separation. The opinion of her colleagues of the little woman who has just retired was shown by the number of flowers she received from her more distinguished sisters. Most of them sent her bouquets.

The combination of business and filial respect recently shown by a Wall street firm lends a glow of domesticity to the usually unsympathetic course of commercial life. The head of a firm of brokers died not long ago. The daily bulletins of the firm sent out to their customers since that sad event have been surrounded with a deep mourning band. Such exhibitions of feeling are rare in business in the street. This instance of family grief in the midst of business may not be so tasteful as the aesthetic exodus of a young society matron from mourning, but it is quite as novel. This youthful beauty has surprised her friends by the varied shades of purple that surround her stationery. They began, as her period of mourning came to an end, in deepest hues of violet. As the duration of her period of grief grew shorter, the color gradually became lighter, and her early return to all the pleasures of the world is now foreshadowed by bands of palest mauve about her writing paper.

The theatrical magnate invited his visitor to a seat.

"But you are about to take your lunch," said the visitor.

"That will make no difference, replied the manager. "I have sent out for it, but we can talk here."

The visitor pictured to himself what the luncheon of such a power in the world of amusements would be. Nothing short of canvas back duck and Burgundy seemed possible for such a great man. Presently a colored man returned bearing a yellow paper bag. It contained three bananas.

"I told you to get only two," said the manager, beginning to peel one critically.

"They was three for five," answered the man, handing him back the change from 10 cents. "So it was just as cheap."

Then the manager consumed the costly lunch.

An out-of-town hotel man, anxious to break into the New York circle, bought out not many years ago an established house here which had long known great prosperity. That failed and the proprietor, whose personal popularity had made the fortunes of the hotel, stepped out. For several years he had no hotel. Only last week he opened a new establishment which had been built for him. The new hotel was so certain, in the mind of his successor, to absorb all the business that remained for the old one, that the newcomer sold out at the first opportunity. That came, luckily for him, the day before the new hotel was opened to the public. Such a prompt retreat had rarely been witnessed here and hotel men are still amused at the celerity with which the new proprietor ducked as soon as his predecessor came into the field again.

MELLIN'S FOOD
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS
TRADE MARK

Fretful babies become calm and peaceful babies when fed on Mellin's Food. Mellin's Food nourishes.

A sample of Mellin's Food costs you nothing but the asking. Will you not then ask for it for your baby's sake?

MELLIN'S FOOD CO., BOSTON, MASS.

HEALTH GIVING CHIDLOW BREAD
WARD - CORBY CO.

What the NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY Has Done and is Doing

It has brought the science of baking close to the point of perfection. It has by modern methods and constancy to purpose given the world

INTER SEAL

Better Food
Cleaner Food
Purer Food

If you want a better idea of what the National Biscuit Company is doing for you try a package of Graham Crackers. So different from the common Graham crackers you buy in a paper bag. Different in baking—different in flavor—different in packing. More palatable—more satisfying—more nutritious. Made of the purest Graham flour, baked in a manner that only the National Biscuit Company knows, and packed in an air tight package, on each end of which is the above trade mark in red and white.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THE HONOR OF THE CARPIS.

Lot of an Embezzler in a Country Where Even the Robbers Are Honest.

From the Italian of Emile Bergerato.

FOR a long time the change had been commented upon, for in small cities nothing passes unobserved. In Corsica this is especially so, where almost every one is more or less related, and we are at St. J——, seventeen kilometers from Bastia.

Yes, the demeanor of Taddeo Carpi was becoming strange. There was often absentmindedness; sudden reddening of the face, and sometimes his beautiful black eyes rested on you with such enigmatical glances. One would have said that he wanted to see everything, all at once.

If one entered his little office unexpectedly and without knocking, one would find him with his head resting between his hands, lost in a reverie from which he roused to show wild amazement, like a miser who steals out from his hiding place. And one day when Angelina, his little daughter, whom he adored, came lovingly to climb up on his chair while he was writing out his accounts, Taddeo turned upon her with such ill humor that the child was afraid, and took refuge in the skirts of her mother.

All this made gossip under the statue of the Madonna, which was over the fountain of the place, and tongues began to run fast.

Taddeo was about forty years of age, honored in the country as much for his personal merits as for the name he bore. The Carpi family was an old one of nobility. Their honesty was proverbial in a country where robbers are honest.

At the desire of his mother, a woman of great intelligence and a celebrated beauty,, Taddeo had studied at Paris, but he had returned to St. J.—— to marry. He married his kinswoman, Catarina Bollini, a daughter of a cousin from Bastia, who was chosen by Mme. Carpi to become the mother of her grandchildren.

From this marriage Angelina and Tomaso had been born. Tomaso had just attained his sixteenth year and Angelina was nine.

But for many a year their grandmother had slept beneath the flowering earth. And now Taddeo was living in the midst of prosperity with his family, secure from every want by his office as tax gatherer—a happy father and envied husband, when suddenly he becomes morose and uneasy, without apparent cause.

Catarina was esteemed by her neighbors as being a model of domestic virtues. Angelina was developing each day in charm and health. Tomaso had not as yet given his parents any cause of anxiety, except for a certain maturity of character, a little precocious for his years.

He was a Corsican from his head to his feet, and his little sister was a perfect picture of Taddeo. In Tomaso lived again the older Angelina Carpi, the austere and magnificent grandmother.

One evening on returning from the woods, where he had gone to hunt partridges, Tomaso stopped at the fountain of the Madonna to quench his thirst. From this place also he saw the house of Guiseppe Rubbio, the father of that Guiseppe who sang with a flute-like voice.

Tomaso had put aside two partridges for old Rubbio, but the door remained obstinately closed, and the flute-like voice was not to be heard. A little sadly the young hunter went on his way, and after a while he noticed that every one avoided the return of his greetings, which he gave to all as he passed along.

He felt himself publicly injured, and his blood semed to flow strangely to his heart. The next person who was passing he accosted with the question:

"What is the matter?"

"The inspector of finances has come," was the reply. "You stayed too long in the woods."

"What of it?" inquired Tomaso.

"Go on quickly," replied the other; "your mother is weeping."

Tomaso remained perfectly still for a moment; he did not understand. Then suddenly he put his hand to his head and was seen to tremble.

At the doorway of the house Catarina was waiting for him, straight and pale as a ghost.

"There is no longer any Carpi family," were her first words.

"Where is he?" asked Tomaso.

"Who knows? He has gone the way of robbers."

"Catarina Bollino, then he was not really my father," gravely replied the young man. And without paying any attention to the pallor of his mother, Tomaso entered the office, where the inspector, a blond young man, was looking over the accounts of the tax gatherer.

"Monsieur," said he, "how much is missing?"

"I do not know yet, but it is serious."

Tomaso took his gun and went out.

Catarina passed the night lulling Angelina to sleep, who, understanding nothing that was happening, begged to kiss her dear father.

The next day at dawn the father and son returned, Tomaso behind Taddeo. Where and how they had met, and what had passed between them, was never told.

"Sit down there," said Tomaso, "and wait for me."

And Taddeo sat down near the corner of the hearth, without raising his eyes. Angelina was running toward him when her mother held her back.

At the end of a quarter of an hour Tomaso returned with the inspector of finance.

"My father was obliged to go to Bastia," said the young man. "He brings back the money."

The inspector understood, and bowed as he left them.

"Do you desire to go to the tomb of your mother to pray?" asked Tomaso, fixedly regarding his father.

"Today is not the anniversary of her death," replied the tax gatherer, who thought he suddenly saw old Angelina Carpi appear in the form of his son.

"Then go up stairs and do what is left to do. My mother, my sister and I will stay here to pray to God for your soul."

Taddeo stood up with terror.

"You want me to kill myself?"

To this question Tomaso replied in a solemn voice.

"There has never been a Taddeo Carpi in our family."

The unhappy man turned toward his wife, but she crossed herself and took her daughter in her arms to defend her.

That was the last blow. Taddeo did not resist any longer, but rushed up to his room.

"You have one hour, and a deep silence fell upon the house.

Catarina was kneeling before the crucifix and repeating the rosary in a low voice. Tomaso, leaning against the mantel, was in deep thought, as he listened to the tick-tack of the clock, the merciless boy was counting the minutes.

Up stairs, Taddeo was walking to and fro and his boots resounded on the floor. All at once a pesperate voice broke the horro of the silence.

"Angelina—my little Angelina."

"My dear," said Tomaso, "go up and kiss your father and then come down at once. Tell him that he has twenty minutes to live."

The little girl did not wait for him to repeat his words. She ran and jumped into the arms of her father, who idolized her, and his sobs and the caresses of the child mingled.

"You must have been naughty," she said to him, "that they punish you."

It was not more than five minutes when Tomaso called his little sister and loaded his gun. Catarina arose, pale. She looked at her son. The hour began to strike, and at the last stroke a body fell to the floor.

"Mother," Tomaso said, "I am the head of the family of Carpi. Their honor is saved; my grandparents would be glad."

The next day the obsequies of Taddeo took place, and all the family attended the funeral, Tomaso at the head.

Alone in her home, Cartina wept bitterly, for she loved her husband; but when her son returned her eyes were dry, and she gave up to him the keys of the house.

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