

FOR THE FAIR

NEW KIND OF SCHOOL

A BOAT TO START IN SEPTEMBER TO GO AROUND THE WORLD

Boys Are to See the World as They Study—Suggestion for a Household School for Girls on the Same Lines.

There is now and then something new under the sun, even in this day when we think we know everything and have seen everything. The new thing I refer to is a novel kind of a school for boys which originated somewhere on the Atlantic coast and is nothing less than a school maintained on an ocean steamer constructed for the purpose, and which sets sail in September for a cruise round the world. This school on the ocean wave takes boys from fourteen to nineteen; they start at just the time all other schools open, and they stop at fifty ports in Europe, Africa and West Indies, covering 19,000 miles, returning in the following June.

On board a regular preparatory school for boys is conducted, but managed just as a training ship of the navy, and the discipline is rigorous. The particular is so planned that the object lessons are constantly being given at the different places at which the boat stops. The boys are to be accompanied on shore by members of the faculty, and while they will be enabled to see the world, they are not allowed to follow their own sweet will. The ship is planned and built for this school, and contains a music room, library, printing presses, photographic room, gymnasium, laboratory and scientific museum. There is to be a crew on board, and due time will be given for recreation. The ship is fitted with small launches and twelve sailing and rowing boats. The boys are to be under the managing of the boat, at infantry drill, and given full nautical training. The scholars take no part in the working of the ship, as there is a crew, but are instructed how to manage the boat if necessary. It simply adds a great deal of practical training to the regular course, and affords the great advantage of seeing the world as they study it.

There does not seem to be any real reason why this kind of a school should not be a great success. One advantage held out by the managers of this unique scheme is that it removes boys from the temptations of cities, which surround them in most schools. It all sounds very well, but it is of course a question as to its working out. The faculty may have its own troubles in keeping the boys together in foreign parts, and it is easy to see that the ship may have to be held sometimes in order to collect some boys who have slipped away from teachers in charge. Boys are anxious to get at inside facts, and a pretty tight rein will have to be held by those at the head of expeditions in foreign countries. No one will envy the instructors their jobs, but that the idea is a good one cannot be denied.

Now if someone would start a school for girls, not on a boat, but in a large house, where they would learn the details of housework, becoming good cooks, dressmakers, and learn the thousand and one things that women ought to know and are supposed to know, there would be no complaint on the part of husbands. No originality is claimed for this idea, as practically this is what every industrial school is, but what is here meant is that a girl who has been graduated from school or college should take a one-year course in such a domestic school, learning how to cook and sew. What a very good time a dozen girls could have in a school of this kind, if they took turns in preparing the meals, dusting, sweeping, having entertainments and doing their own housework. Many a girl will learn a great deal while having a good time, whereas in school the very same thing might be regarded as a hardship.

Marie

Mainly About People

Dr. C. E. Magraw, of Hamline, returned yesterday from California.

Invitations to the wedding of Miss Eleanor Dickinson and Mr. Isaac Nesbit Tate have been issued for June 16. The ceremony will take place at 8:30

Sale Ten Million Boxes a Year.

The BEST HOT WEATHER MEDICINE



THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

The GLOBE'S Free Trip Contest

OFFICIAL COUPON

Good for one vote for

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Ask for a voting certificate when you send in your remittance.

CUT OUT This Coupon and Vote Your Choice.

FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE.



Liberty satin, of a rich ivory tint, is the material used for the beautiful wedding gown shown by the accompanying illustration. The skirt is made in two-parts; that is, the train, which is of court cut, is separate from the skirt. This is made of fifteen gores finely tucked at the top, and is trimmed at the bottom with a wide flounce of point applique lace, headed by a garland of tiny white roses. The court train is about two yards in length, and is also trimmed with a flounce of applique lace and roses, and in addition a wide breadth of the lace falls over it from the belt to hem. It is lined throughout with heavy but soft finished taffeta, and the foundation skirt is of the same silk finished with a double plating of taffeta and chiffon and long ostrich plumes or flowers corresponding in color to sash.

The shoulders is draped a beautiful bertha of the point applique lace which is caught at the belt on the left side by a graceful spray of white roses. The sleeves are in four puffs, with deep lace cuffs and the tulle veil is very full and is arranged in a crown effect high on the head.

A pretty and appropriate waist for the bridesmaids to wear is of white silk mill of the same ivory tint as the bride's gown, with a soft, delicately colored sash and picture hat.

The skirt should be shirred at the top and trimmed from about the knees down with alternate bands of lace insertion and wide tucks, and the bodice should have a transparent yoke and stock of multi-colored tulle. The lace edged fichu knotted in front. The hat might be of either white lace or of a fine pliable straw trimming with chiffon and long ostrich plumes or flowers corresponding in color to sash.

p. m. in Park Congregational church, St. Paul. The prospective bride and groom are popular in society in this city, where Mr. Tate holds a position with the Wisconsin Lumber company. Miss Dickinson is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Dickinson, of St. Paul.

Mrs. R. Poupeny and daughter, Mrs. Samuel Wilson, who have been visiting in St. Paul, have returned to Chicago.

The board of managers of the Woman's Christian home will hold its monthly meeting tomorrow morning at 10:30 at the home, 180 North street.

Miss Obenauer, of Summit avenue, has returned from St. Louis.

Miss Rogers, of Summit avenue, gave a small whist party yesterday afternoon.

Miss Kathryn Sinks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Sinks, of St. Anthony avenue, returned yesterday from an eight months' sojourn in Boston and Providence, R. I., where she has been taking a course in instrumental music.

The closing exercises of Mrs. Backus' school for girls will be held at the Park Congregational church tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock. Class day exercises will be given this evening at 8 o'clock at the school.

Mrs. Richard Price, 817 Osceola avenue, will leave St. Paul for Boston on Saturday, sailing on the Cunard liner

Ivernia on Tuesday next for Liverpool, England.

Mrs. E. P. Fraker, of Nelson avenue, has gone to Osceola.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Wright, of Summit avenue, have gone to Minnetonka.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Prince, of Summit avenue, have gone to St. Louis.

Mrs. C. A. Dibble, of Summit avenue, has gone to South Dakota.

The regular monthly meeting of the board of managers of the Church Home of Minnesota will be held at Christ church guild house today at 2:30 p. m.

The Russian Orphan asylum will give a picnic Sunday, June 5, at the public baths, from 2 to 10 p. m.

Tuesday-Gerth.

WINONA, Minn., June 1.—This afternoon a friendly meeting was held between Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Henry C. Corbin to persuade Mrs. Fish to lend her presence to the public lawn party. She was told that her presence would be a great help to the patroness of Governor's island on June 2, and, being on friendly terms with Mrs. Corbin, finally she consented. Miss Marian Fish will be in charge of the party.

GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM.

Now that Mrs. John Ellis Hoffman has discarded legally her good-looking husband, she is being courted by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Watts Sherman in the Newport villa. The former Miss Sybil Sherman is one of the most active and generous in the Rhode Island city just at present, and the burden of a recent divorce hangs lightly over her head. Her divorce was effected quietly, and there was no sensational testimony. Of course, following the example of all fashionable divorcees, Mrs. Hoffman's visiting cards now bear the legend "Mrs. Sherman-Hoffman." Her friends at Mrs. Sherman's house are seen much in Providence society, since the Newport season is not really under way. Gossip has it that young Louis Brugere, of San Francisco, is more than casually devoted to this dainty divorcee. Mr. Brugere is a year younger than Mrs. Hoffman.

It is a rare occasion when a father of a New York family in society approves his daughter's match. This Hoffman-Sherman marriage was a romantic affair, and old Watts Sherman fought the issue to the last ditch. The young Hoffmans made their reappearance at the celebrated Bradley Martin ball, where they danced the minuet. For a while they were idolized by society. Not so Mr. Sherman the only stern parent in the so-called "400." E. bridge T. Gerry and James J. Van Alen each opposed systematically every suit for his daughter's hand. Commodore Gerry has thrice refused, one less foreign princelings and several Americans who had had too conspicuous a life. Miss May Van Alen's discarded suitors are many. Her father, Bishop was also exceedingly careful that his daughters married into well-established and rich families.

Rivaling the physical charms of Miss Violet Cruger, Miss Muriel Delano Robbins might also be called one of the beauties of society. Miss Robbins is one with her mother, Mrs. Price Collier, in Tuxedo Park, as does Miss Cruger, and in the past few years Mrs. Collier's daughter has developed from a merely pretty school girl into a beautiful woman. Miss Robbins comes by her good looks inevitably. Her father was one of the most handsome of the family, one of whom is now Mrs. Perry Belmont, Harry Pelham Robbins, a cousin, is a famously handsome young man. On her mother's side, Miss Muriel is one of the Delanos. Mrs. Collier is not

handsome, although she is distinguished. The young girl is tall and neither slender nor plump. Her coloring is unusual. She wears her ample brown hair in a low knot, and her hair seems shot with golden threads. Miss Robbins has fine brown eyes and a brilliant complexion.

It was at a dance that Mrs. Pembroke Jones gave for the Misses Delano that this Tuxedo beauty flashed before the eyes of society. But the Colliers have no tower house, and on rare occasions only was Miss Robbins seen about. At the Jones dance she wore a gown of white chiffon heavily embroidered in white, the gown was quite simple, and there was an attempt to reproduce the classic lines in lace beneath the ruffles. The dress was in her hair. After the dance she was most talked of girl in New York, although this success has not been followed systematically. A more ambitious mother would have conducted a campaign, but the Delanos and Robbins do not indulge in this worldly strategy.

On every side this summer one is apt to see evidences of this same Pembroke Jones dance. The cotton favors were costly, and every woman was provided with a director's cane trimmed with three ostrich plumes. These plumes were pressed into service, and one is constantly seeing Mrs. Jones' maid adorning the hats of some of the best gowned young women in town. It must not be supposed that these cotton favors tossed aside disdainfully. The maids who preside in the dressing rooms at the big balls never have a chance to bring away even a tissue paper toy for a trifle. The same girls enjoy nothing better than to walk to their carriage laden down with cotton favors. Of course it is an indication of popularity, and many of these favors come in handy for Christmas and birthday gifts. On the other hand, the men seldom bother unless the favors are of intrinsic value. Two years ago, when Mrs. Oelrichs gave good cigar cutters at her Newport ball, many of the men left their gifts behind, explaining afterward that they "had several of their own."

With the advantage that Gen. Corbin has at his disposal there is little doubt that the coming garden party at Governor's island in June will surpass in point of novelty and artistic effect any social event of the season. The party is for the benefit of the army relief fund. An effective feature will be a parade by a battalion of the Eighty-first Infantry, which is being "escorted" by colors. Later in the afternoon—June 2 is the date—there will be a music drill by a company of the Twenty-third Infantry, which is being "escorted" by colors. Two military bands will lend harmony to the scene. In the hands of such women as Mrs. Corbin, Mrs. Oelrichs, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, Mrs. Gilbert Tolgate, Mrs. Hilborne Roosevelt, Mrs. William Rockefeller and Mrs. William W. Walker, the garden party will be a scene fully as realistic as the outdoor performance of "As You Like It" in Columbia last spring.

The tremendous notoriety that is pursuing a well-known pair in society recalls a story that has caused many a laugh in the Fifth avenue clubs. The husband is devoted to "show girls," and although married he does not hesitate to parade the stage divinites in the Waldorf. On my bed in a hotel house, or wherever the lass pleases to go. One afternoon while slipping highballs with one of these frivolous maidens in the Waldorf, she appeared and quite calmly approached her husband. "Herbert," said the wife, ignoring the "person" in the heavily plumed hat, "I desire to come home to dress at 7 o'clock. We are dining out at 8." The theatrical "person" spoke up even more calmly. "Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Jones. I've got to be at the theater at 7, you know." What the wife said to Herbert while dressing for the dinner party is certainly not told here, but it is thought he loves to tell of the encounter of his wife and the "person."

After much coaxing Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish has consented to show herself at the garden fete on Governor's island for the benefit of the Army Relief society. It requires a friendly urging on the part of Mrs. Corbin and Mrs. Henry C. Corbin to persuade Mrs. Fish to lend her presence to the public lawn party. She was told that her presence would be a great help to the patroness of Governor's island on June 2, and, being on friendly terms with Mrs. Corbin, finally she consented. Miss Marian Fish will be in charge of the party.

Before Mrs. Ogden Mills sailed away for three weeks of shopping in Paris, an astonishing friendly meeting was held between her and Mrs. Fish, and these powerful matrons, so long at daggers' points, seem reconciled at last. Ever since Mrs. Fish established her school, she has been a thorn in the side of Mrs. Ogden. When Mrs. Golet returns to America she will scarcely be pleased to see her ally, Mrs. Mills, on such cordial terms with the "fish crowd." This is what the conservatives call the little set that revolves about Mrs. "Stuyvie."

Great things are in store for Miss Katherine Eddy, the sister of Spencer Eddy, the diplomat, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus N. Eddy, of Chicago. Not alone is Miss Eddy one of the loveliest of Chicago, but she is a blonde of unusual beauty. The Eddys soon sail for Europe, where they will make their presence felt in the social circles of that city. They have not attempted London just yet, but the influence of Mrs. Arthur Caton, Mrs. Eddy's sister, could carry them wherever they may wish to go. Miss Katherine is not yet twenty, and is tall and slender. Her complexion is pink and her yellow hair is her chief beauty. She wears in the evening all her own. A thick braid is coiled around the crown of her head, forming a natural coronet. Persons who don't admire the "fish crowd" will say that Miss Katherine is of the "German peasant type," but few Chicago girls since the day of Miss Florence Odell have reached her degree of belleplish.

After a visit to the St. Louis fair Miss Helen Gould has returned to her home at Longwood, where her estate just now is one of the beauty spots of the Hudson country. Miss Gould always manages to be at her country home when her orchards are in blossom, and nothing can excel in splendor

the long rows of apple and pear trees, each one a mass of dazzling white. We do not for the grass between it, would seem like the result of a snow-storm, so densely covered are the trees with fruit blossoms. We betide the person who tears a bough from these trees. Miss Gould insists that her orchards be not molested. Grouped about the house proper are clumps of lilac trees. They have ceased to be bushy these days these lilac branches are plucked and vases and fireplaces are filled with the white and purple flowers. There is no estate in America better maintained than Miss Gould's, and this spring it is finer than ever. From North Broadway, the road that runs past the iron gates of the good place, it is a sight that never can be forgotten, and all days, except Sunday, one may drive or walk through the grounds. Gardeners and grooms stand ready to stop any visitor who dares to enter flower or plants. But the temptation is great.

HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

The Russian peasant, even if he bread he eats is black, has a bon bouche to add to his meal much sought by the natives in the Western world, says the Social Service. The wild mushrooms, which grow thousands upon thousands on the steppes of Russia. At such places, full and savory meal is provided with mushrooms and onions; even a mushroom alone often contents them for a meal with three courses rye bread. The poorest laborer has also a drink of the fruit available from the ever present samovar, and the tea they drink would be the envy of any American connoisseur of the beverage. Even the best of China's tea is found in Russia, and all classes enjoy its quality and fragrance. The tea water allowed to stand on a table over a few moments, so none of the poisonous tannin is extracted, and a delightful, mildly stimulating, straw colored drink is the result. It would be well if the Russian peasant would content himself with this, for his only great vice is drunkenness.

In the decoration of drawing rooms, unless of a very stately character, bookshelves are an important place. When Mr. and Mrs. Stanford White occupied the roof-floors in Gramercy Park, next door to the more stately edifice in Lexington avenue, now their home when in town, they made a generous use of bookshelves. Even the drawing room had the entire walls lined with low bookshelves, and this, with a big open fire, gave the room an air of coziness and comfort. Even when there is a library in the house, it is a pity to relegate all the companionable books to its precincts.

A woman who detests gas logs has evolved a scheme that may serve as a "word to the wise." Finding that for years to come a city flat must be heated, she has chosen a corner one, and, with four other families, tried and true friends, has decided to sign a lease with the landlord. The landlord has promised to put in fireplaces which lead out to the open air, and in which wood or coal may be burned. This is a great saving, as the gas logs are an open fire, but for the ventilation at first the landlord refused to consider this request, but when it was proved to him that an outside chimney would

be feasible and surprisingly inexpensive, he decided that for the sake of securing five good tenants for three years it would be worth while to build one.

For a small narrow hall a young matron has designed a coat and hat rack that is perfect in its way. It is simply an enlarged roller towel rack, made of heavy wood, and long enough to hold several coats snugly. The carpet has been fixed firmly to the wall, opposite the door and about five feet from the floor, and it is filled with a sufficient number of brass hooks. This arrangement takes up little space and leaves room for pictures and a little mission table, with a middle shelf for those who would rather put their hats down than hang them up, and women's hats will not hang, except on the floor.

Literary luncheons, suppers or dinners have been among the most popular entertainments of the last season in New York, and have probably come to stay. They are generally club affairs, and the members are expected to be "extemporaneously prepared." That is, they read the book proposed for discussion, make notes on it, and read over the notes on the eve of the party, but they write no papers. The edibles at the literary luncheon must harmonize with the subject. The feast of Ruth McEnery Stuart's books as motif, the Sunny South must contribute her most famed dishes. Should Miss Wilkin propose the feast of reason, New England must furnish the substantial. The scene in which the story is laid may also furnish the keynote of the menu, and if the author can be induced to grace the board nothing remains to be desired.

Certain That He Would Win. "I once knew an old Irishman who would invest his last cent in any kind of a gamble he happened up against," said Magistrate Cunningham the other day. "One Christmas eve he came home with a ticket entitling him to a chance on a horse and sleigh that were to be raffled off."

"We'll be drivin' out through Fairmount park 't' morrow like 't' big guns, Mary," he answered, with pride in his wife. "O, pop, you're that big gun," chimed in his little son, "you can't be ridin' on the front seat, and mom and little Johnny'll be doin' no such thing!" asserted the old man. "I'll be the back seat fer you, lad, 't' yer mother will be on front 'til' me."

A Hard Proposition. "We are told to 'cast our bread upon the water,'" said a young wife. "But don't you do it," said her husband. "A vessel might run against it and get wrecked."—What to Eat.

A Harmless Revolution. "Have a care, madam," said Mr. Meeker, summing up a little spunk. "The worm will turn!" "I know the worm to turn, but anybody when it turned?" calmly asked his wife.—Chicago Tribune.

THE PEOPLE WE WROTE THEM

HE nibbled at the stub of his pen, looked pensively across at the wall, and then began to write. Once started, words flowed in a stream from the point of his pen.

"Dear mother," he wrote, "I cannot go to the city for the summer, but I am alone, which is pretty steep for my Jersey town. I wish I were at home, out on the front gallery, when the wappoerine calls to one another in the woods and the drowsy hum of the katydids and the rustle of the leaves in the woodlot would put me to sleep in time."

"I used to love to listen how a breeze in the summer from behind the house made its way down the woodlot, the wave of rustling leaves starting at the first line of trees and working its way on down to the big gate. With listening to that and watching ragged fragments of cloud drift across the moon's face, I had no trouble in going to sleep then."

"I intended coming home this summer to spend a couple of months on the farm, but the business has become so pressing that I won't be able to make the trip. The business is working me hard, but little mother, it is bringing in stacks of money that will enable you and me and papa to live in ease and all together in a few years."

"I was just thinking what a glorious time it would be to go to the city for the summer, but I am alone, which is pretty steep for my Jersey town. I wish I were at home, out on the front gallery, when the wappoerine calls to one another in the woods and the drowsy hum of the katydids and the rustle of the leaves in the woodlot would put me to sleep in time."

"I was looking forward to spending a good many quiet years on the river, too, mother, as I used to do, for which, you also know, I received many a laying out. You remember that little bluff just below the old Buffalo Hole, where pop always fished? That was always my favorite lounging place. I never went to fish—too much trouble. I would lie on the edge of that little bluff and look down at the river for hours, watching some dignified old crane stalking along the bank like old Parson Manning. Again I would gaze at a line of turtles on a log. They always seemed to be doing their dog-gonest to stick their faces into the sun's rays, and I would wish in those days, as I usually did, I would come back home, eat a good many eggplants, and have a bowl of cold watermelon. I never went to fish—too much trouble. I would lie on the edge of that little bluff and look down at the river for hours, watching some dignified old crane stalking along the bank like old Parson Manning. 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