FOR THE FAIR SEX

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

WOMEN WHOSE BUSINESS IT IS TO FOOL OTHERS

They Keep Putting Cold Cream on Their Faces for Sixteen Years—Women Are Easily Taken in When It's a Question of Beauty.

How it is possible for any woman to write more advice to their own sex about their complexions, it is difficult to understand, and yet the Eastern papers devote pages to telling how to be beautiful, how to be young, how to keep the hair brown, how to avoid freckles, how to make your feet small and your eyes large, etc., etc.

If any luckless woman should attempt to do one-half of the things she is advised to do by complexion experts she would have to work hard all day and sit up all night as well. There is, at times, some good advice given by these people, but it would not be natural for them to advise a woman to let her skin alone, if there is any chance of selling their particular nostrums.

I knew of a young woman who was much worried about her complexion and was told of some black stuff that somebody else had told her friend of, whereupon she purchased it and covered her face with it for several nights running. After a few days the skin of her face broke out with a most disgusting eruption, and she became frightened. Finally she went to a doctor, wearing a thick veil, and told him what she had done. He said some very severe things to her and gave her such a fright that she never tried anything like that again. It took her weeks to get well, and it was a good lesson which she never forgot.

That is one case of hundreds.

Women are so easily taken in by anything that is recommended, or even by circulars they find on the doorsteps. It is simply incredible that a woman will take medicine of which she knows nothing; put evil looking-lotions on her face and never inquire about them from a nearby druggist. But she will. There are some women who would stand all day on one foot and with both hands up in the air, if a man should inform them that by so doing their hair would turn to a beautiful golden color. Knowing that the world is full of gullible women, "complexion parlors" flourish.

The thing is not hard to work. You write a letter to one of the "complexion editors" and ask her how you can make the red spots come off your face and take the wrinkles from under your eyes. She will reply that you must cover your face with cold cream every night and massage it as well. Of course she does not mean that you must go to the corner drug store and buy any old cold cream; she sells a particular kind for $2 a bottle that is perfectly pure, and is the only one she can conscientiously commend. Then she also has a little rubber hand glove that is what you want to massage with, and she can let you have it for three-fifty, but would advise your getting the $5 kind. She doesn't care to recommend the three-fifty one, although a few women do use it. So you purchase the cream and the other thing and start in. At first your face becomes very red, but you conclude that is a good sign, so you persevere until you have been doing the thing for two months and the cold cream has given out. The red spots on your face still being with you, you write the "complexion lady" a letter in which you say that you fail to see that you have been the least bit benefited. Then the letter you get in reply shows that the woman is an artist. She calls you her "dear child," and says what in the world were you thinking of to imagine that you could do such wonderful things in two months and one bottle of cream! It takes "time, dear, time;" you must have two more bottles of cream and start again with the intention of persevering. You are advised never to give up; there is no such word as die in the complexion business.

Just the same in regard to hair. Buy the particular kind of hair wash recommended by the woman who answers your letter, and use it for sixteen years, after which you will surely have a "magnificent growth of natural hair." But if you should use any other kind of hair wash it would be exceedingly injurious to your scalp.

And so it goes. Other women just as easy are constantly filling the ranks and the complexion business goes merrily on.

Marie

FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE.

The cool days in summer must be provided for when ordering the season's outfit, and nothing will prove more useful than an etamine or a voile gown. White, too, should be chosen if it is to be an all-round frock, and make it over a drop skirt of white India silk as is the model in today's sketch. The skirt is in seven gores, and trimmed with tab-shaped straps that are piped with taffeta and ornamented with shirred white taffeta rosettes in three sizes. The little jacket is deep over shoulders and has straps bordering fronts and a single strap at center back. The sleeves are box plaited at tops and finished with deep-turn back cuffs of the material, piped and trimmed with rosettes, and the wrist ruffle is of pure white French batiste. The blouse beneath can be any pretty sheer cotton goods, with Valenciennes insertion, since that is the lace of the season, and nothing daintier can be imagined than these lingerie waists with hand-run tucks or little puffs between the rows of lace. The one shown with the suit is of batiste, shirred at edge of a yoke of batiste embroidery, with motifs of Valenciennes inset. The high girdle is of taffeta, with a dull gold buckle. A dress like this can be worn many times when one of linen or silk would suffer from dampness. The velvet collar gives the touch of color, and either pale blue or a pastel burnt orange is prettiest, the plaiting on the edge to be of the taffeta. The crush leather belts are rapidly losing favor as they give a bulky waist line. Taffeta is taking the place and also suede in pastel shades, the fad being to have the gown matched exactly in a made-to-order girdle, as most of the large shops do this for their old customers. The colors in suede are particularly pretty and soft, and many of the dresses are trimmed with straps and buttons of it also. Kid is much used as hatbands, trimmed with little gold buttons or gold open-work ornaments, and when buckles are used in larger sizes they are either of the same color or of dull gold.

Mainly About People

The regular monthly meeting of the St. Paul School of Fine Arts was held yesterday morning at the school. The president, Mrs. Herbert Davis, presided, and after much discussion and conference it was decided to remove the school in the autumn from its present quarters in the Moore building at Seven corners to the Arrol block on Fourth street, next door to the Minnesota club. Miss Bonta was reelected as directress for the ensuing year and received many compliments for her excellent management from the ladies present. Miss Eleanor Jilson, one of the school's best pupils, was elected as assistant to Miss Bonta. Mrs. John Knuppe and Mrs. J. G. Pyle were elected to fill vacancies on the board of directors. The annual meeting of the board will take place Tuesday morning at 10:30 at the residence of Mrs. Herbert Davis, 671 Fairmount avenue.

* * *

The junior class at the Central high school will be the host this evening at a reception to the seniors at Cambridge hall, Ryan annex. This reception has been an annual affair for over ten years, and each class tries to outdo its predecessors in the beauty of its decorations, etc., until it is now a very elaborate affair. It is expected that tonight's reception will be unusually fine, as all the other social functions in the school have been discontinued by order of the board of education and the students have been able to devote much time to this one. The committee in charge is composed of John Bunker, chairman; Horace Haldeman, Miss Vera Putz, Miss Lynda Reed and Karl Knoche. The teachers of the school will act as chaperons.

* * *

The closing exercises of Mrs. Backus' school for girls will be held next Friday night at the Park Congregational church, instead of tonight, as announced.

* * *

Mr. Homer Briggs has returned from the East to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Briggs, 286 Dayton avenue. Mr. Briggs has been on the stage for twenty-four years.

* * *

Mrs. Alexander Cathcart, of Goodrich avenue, gave a small tea yesterday afternoon in honor of Mrs. W. W. Price.

* * *

Mrs. W. C. Stanton, of Lincoln avenue, entertained informally yesterday afternoon.

* * *

Mrs. J. J. Ahern, of Capitol boulevard, gave a small card party Tuesday afternoon.

* * *

Mrs. Howard James, of the Aberdeen, has gone to Chicago.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott, of Virginia avenue, leave tomorrow for the West.

* * *

The Convent of the Visitation has issued invitations for its annual commencement exercises of the school Saturday afternoon, June 11. The newly organized Alumnae association will meet for the first time that day. Addresses will be made by Archbishop Ireland and Mr. J. D. O'Brien.

* * *

Mrs. John Bullitt, of Nina avenue, has gone to Louisville.

* * *

Mrs. C. A. Sherman, of Hague avenue, has gone to New York.

* * *

Mrs. James Schoonmaker, of Dayton's bluff, has returned from St. Louis.

Bryn Mawr Girls Get Degree.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 2.—The annual comencement exercises were held today at Bryn Mawr college. Degrees were conferred upon eighty young women, representative of every section of the country. The address to the graduates was made by Carroll D. Wright, United States commissioner of labor and president of Clark college. The degree of doctor of philosophy was conferred upon Edith Frances Clafin, of Massachusetts, holder of the Mary E. Garrett European fellowship, 1899-1900; Virginia Ragsdale, of North Carolina, holder of the Bryn Mawr European fellowship, 1896-1897; Marie Reimer, of New York, holder of the Mary E. Garrett European fellowship, 1902-1903; Sarah Henry Stites, of Pennsylvania, holder of the president's European fellowship, 1900-1901, and Gwendolen Brown Willis, of Wisconsin.

Iowa Nurses Adjourn.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, June 2.—The Iowa State Association of Graduate Nurses closed its annual convention tonight, delegates from all over Iowa having been in attendance. Davenport secured all the officers except secretary, which was given to Miss C. Metcalfe, of Cedar Rapids. The convention will meet in Cedar Rapids next year.

GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM.

Modern hostesses are surpassing records in the way of house parties. The luxury in country homes this season is astonishing. The guests merely lend their presence; everything is provided for them. No longer is the visiting woman accompanied by her maid or the man by his valet. The modern American hostess provides a servant for every guest, although in England the old method is preserved. The women at a house party receive flowers from the conservatories, and should tennis or polo or golf be the sport of the day, the host manages to fit out his guests with the necessary clothes. One woman, who has an estate at Hempstead, said: "I am buying six pairs of riding breeches for guests. Men never think of taking their riding togs with them, and my husband says we must fit them out." At an estate on the Hudson noted for its hospitality the men guests find in their rooms quilted dressing gowns and slippers. These are used to take the walk to a wing of the house, where there is a swimming pool.

When a person goes to Harbor Hill, L. I., as the guest of Clarence H. Mackay, the visitor provides only a ferry ticket to Long Island City. Mr. Mackay has autos meet his guests at the Long Island railroad station, and they whizz down to Roslyn. Harbor Hill has about four servants for every guest, and even in the informality of summer the dining room has four men in livery, who do nothing but stand behind chairs and fill an occasional want. These footmen do not wait on the table, as there are butlers for that.

At last the Mackays have cast aside the last vestige of mourning, and Mrs. John W. Mackay is arranging a series of fine entertainments in London. The young Mackays will be her guests, and will take an active part in other London gayety. Mrs. Clarence Mackay was just emerging from mourning for her father-in-law when her mother, Mrs. William A. Duer, died. That was a year ago, and Mrs. Mackay devoted an entire year to the memory of her mother. It is true she went to the opera and theater, but she refrained from all large entertainments last winter except that she was seen at weddings. Mrs. Mackay will go first to Paris to replenish her wardrobe, and some surprising gowns may be expected when she returns here in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Howard will occupy Frederick W. Vanderbilt's Roughpoint, one of the show places of Newport, all this summer. The Howards will move into the Vanderbilt villa this week and as the Vanderbilt servants still are there the Howards will have every opportunity for entertaining. Mrs. Howard was Miss Rose Post, and her family is one of the most fashionable in the city. The Howards are not rich as fortunes are reckoned nowadays. They live in a delightful but old-fashioned frame mansion in Hyde Park, N. Y. For neighbors they have Roosevelts, Livingstons and De Peysters. The Howards come to town for entertainments and put up in the Waldorf-Astoria. Mrs. "Tom" Howard is known as a woman of unusual charm. For this reason her reappearance at Newport is viewed with pleasure. She is known much more widely than the real mistress of Roughpoint. This summer the Frederick W. Vanderbilts will cruise along the Norway coast in their yacht Conqueror. Augustus Gurnee will be their guest on the cruise.

Her Own Interpretation.

"My dear," he said very gently, "we'll have to get down to business now and try to lay something by for a rainy day."

"Yes, Charley," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "one of those days that are distinguished by the phrase, 'track heavy.'" —Washington Star.

The Song of the Hack.

By profession I'm a writer
Of the kind they call a "hack;"
First I send out funny verses
(Which quite frequently come back),
Next I write a gushing story
Of a maiden and a man,
Then I tell in simple language
"How to Make a Feather Man."

Often times my mind will wander
To such themes as "Fancy Stock,"
"Yields of Milk from Jersey Heifers,"
"How to Make a Parrot Talk,"
"Feed for Laying Hens in Winter,"
"How to Cure a Wife Who Snores,"
"Is the Human Race in Danger?"
"Birds We See About Our Doors."

I have never been a farmer,
Never wielded rake and hoe,
But I tell the country "hayseeds"
How to make their melons grow;
And I write on raising poultry,
All the latest methods heard;
And "About Dehorning Cattle,"
For the pay—so much per word.

Anything will make a subject,
Tho' 'twas never heard before,
Study, think, imagine something
And forthwith two dollars more
Find their way into my pocket;
Just an hour the brain to rack,
Then the finished sketch or story—
O 'tis great to be a hack!

—Charles H. Chesley, in Leslie's Monthly for June.

IT AND I

"WELL, if you really want to," Bertha said, with more than a hint of doubt in her manner, "you might mind him for a few minutes while I go and see to things down stairs. I should advise you not to touch him, unless—"

"Why do you always insist on my treating it as if it were a high explosive?" I interrupted, rather piqued. "I have handled all sorts of things that needed care—guinea pigs, old china, meerschaums. Why—?"

"Not to touch him," pursued my sister, disregarding this, "unless he gets hold of some small thing and tries to swallow it."

"I will put it on a chair," I said, "and watch it closely."

"He," rejoined Bertha, with a faint emphasis on the pronoun, "will be much safer on the floor. I shall put him down here, where he can't bump his head against anything, and you must keep him amused. If he howls, ring the bell and send for the nurse at once."

* * * * *

It was not in any respect an unusual looking baby, so far as I could see. It was, I know, slightly more than one year of age, but I had been pressed to to wish it many happy returns of the day on my last visit to Bertha, only a few weeks before.

Its figure was small and somewhat dumpy—in fact, it was fat. There is no other word for it. Its head, which was only slightly smaller than its body, was of much the same general shape as that of the present lord chief justice, having an extraordinarily high and prominent forehead. Its hair, worn much in the manner of an Irish terrier, was a pale yellow. Its nose was short, and altogether too vulgarly molded to be dattered with the epithet "retrousse." Upon its mouth, which it habitually carried open, was stamped a curious expression of eager greed. There was no visible chin.

It wore on this occasion a blue garment reaching to the feet, one woollen boot, and a bib. It was sucking a ninepin. This object, which was of plain, unpainted wood, it had for some weeks refused to relinquish, waking or sleeping, for any consideration. The ninepin was carried about in its hand all day, accompanied it in its excursions out of doors, and was clasped to its bosom in the night watches. This treasure it always referred to as Goggle, or in moments of supreme emotion as Gog-gog-gog—and so ad infinitum.

Bertha and her husband (a man of cultivated tastes) had named it Ernest Ambrose.

* * * * *

It sat and eyed me with the motionless, unwinking scrutiny that is peculiar to certain reptiles and to all babies. It made neither sound nor movement, and the silence, which began by being awkward, soon grew horrible. I felt as if it and I were in an act in one of Maeterlinck's plays.

Still the silence persisted, still the immobility, still the hypnotic stare of the two circular, pale-blue orbs. I am a fairly strong man, and not, I hope, of a neurotic temperament; but I began to feel as if I must scream. I was quite certain the baby was going to.

At last, by a supreme effort of will, I managed to look away from the basilisk eyes. Sinking back in my chair, I gazed into the fire. What was I to do? It must be amused, or it would summon assistance. Should I recite to it? Should I dance before it, like the daughter of Herodias? Should I display the contents of my pockets? Should I—should—

* * * * *

"Well, stupid!"

Shocked suddenly out of my drowsy reverie, I turned sharply around. What was this? Surely that could not have been the baby speaking. And yet—the voice. I noted, too, an extraordinary change in the face. Could it be——?

All doubts fled as it showed its three teeth in what was unmistakably a sardonic grin.

"Didn't expect this, eh?" it said. "Well, I know it's against all the rules, but really you were making me desperate. It's a jolly hard job, let me tell you, for us babies at all times to keep our feelings under control; and now and then I can't help boiling over. Here you are, put in this room for the express purpose of amusing me, and here am I, come down from the nursery especially to give you a trial, when I and my friend"—it waved the ninepin—"were quite happy as we were; and what happens? You sit glaring at me for ten minutes like—like that brute of a Golliwog I keep up stairs, and then you begin dozing over the fire for all the world as if you'd just had a couple of ounces of food. And you expect me to say nothing."

During this harangue, which it delivered with great heat, I am afraid I sat looking at it with an air of stupefaction not calculated to raise me in its esteem; for, after pausing to take breath, it went volubly on, in its queer, high-pitched voice:

"Is there anything at all wrong with my appearance? or why are you staring like that? Upon my word, I seem to have come into a peculiar world. All lunatics—every single one. I really thought my father took the rusk for weakness of intellect; he sits grinning at me till I feel as if I never wanted another tooth in my head. But he can make himself useful now and then. He can sing a good song—no doubt you've heard him give 'Baby Bunting' and 'Ride a Cock-horse' and other old favorites—and he can, generally speaking, make himself fairly entertaining when he chooses. But you!—you've no more fun in you than my boot. It's a pity you haven't a little of the family genius for making yourself agreeable."

"Ah!" I said, relieved to be able to get in a remark. "Then you know I'm your mother's brother?"

"Well, I should hope so," it retorted, still in a strongly aggressive manner. "Did you think I was born blind, like the nursery kitten? I could recognize that silly look about the mouth anywhere. For simple unvarnished foolishness, give me my mother, any day in the week! Do you know what I heard her saying only yesterday? Told the nurse she thought my father resembled me slightly. She didn't put it quite in those words—poor thing! I often think she hardly knows what she's saying—but it came to that. Now, I ask you, would any sane woman have suggested such a thing? Have I prickles all round my face every morning? Have I got gums like a box of dominoes? Is my hair the color of the dining room table? Are my eyes always half shut, and does my nose grow downward, instead of the proper way? Have I a chin that gets in the way of my food?

"No, it's hopeless. Do what I will, I can't bring myself to feel anything but contempt and repulsion for the people I meet—they're all as bad as my parents, and many of them (I will say) worse. And what is life under such conditions? Upon my word, I'm often seriously tempted to swallow a safety pin and end the whole farce. I am, as sure as my name's Ernest Ambrose Merryweather!"

It folded its arms and gazed gloomily at the floor.

"——And I," it suddenly broke forth again with a rhetorical wave of a fat arm, "who came here trailing clouds of glory, as it were—I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—I, who came to you out of the Everywhere, am to have my nature cramped, my brain stunted, my soul warped by——"

Suddenly the door opened. At the same time something appeared to snap in my head.

* * * * *

"Has he been good?" inquired Bertha, catching Ernest Ambrose up and pressing her nose to the top of his head.

"Good is not the word," I answered. "He has been magnificent."

"He seems to have taught you not to call him 'it,' at any rate," said Bertha.

"He has, indeed," I replied.

"Whee!" vociferated Ernest Ambrose, and hit his mother with the ninepin.—London Daily News.

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THE GLOBE'S GREAT WORLD'S FAIR CONTEST

HOW THE CANDIDATES STAND

VOTERS WILL OBLIGE BY SENDING IN COUPONS FLAT, AND NOT ROLLED OR FOLDED.

Following is the Standing of the Contestants up to 2 p. m. Yesterday:

Miss Fannie Marmion Stone, 466 Dayton avenue, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Eva E. White, Park Rapids, Minn.
Will S. Bates, N. P. Gen. Tel. Office, St. Paul, Minn.
Ellis Lawson, Dry Goods Department, Golden Rule, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Anna Kearns, Mannheimer's, St. Paul, Minn.
Frank Bodine, Richwood, Minn.
Miss Amy Wilkinson, Teacher, McKinley School, St. Paul, Minn.
E. E. Parent, Somerset, Wis.
Miss Agnes Davis, Smith's Candy Store, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Fannie Swenson, Cashier, New Spencer, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Emma Lord, Buffalo, Minn.
Miss Jessie A. Bradford, Teacher, McKinley School, St. Paul.
Miss M. A. Maher, Teacher, Jefferson School, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Blanche Kelly, Teacher, Drew School, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Amelia Ryan, Teacher, Madison School, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Sadie Macdonald, Teacher, Edison School, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Gertrude Thiesen, West Pub. Co., St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Maud Stocking, Hutchinson, Minn.
Robert Cole, Associated Press, St. Paul.
Emil Swanson, Mannheimers', St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Annie Elcock, Kenyon, Minn.
Miss Alice M. Hosmer, Teacher, Central High School, St. Paul, Minn.
U. L. Cook, Stamp Clerk, Postoffice, St. Paul, Minn.
John Erickson, R. R. No. 2, St. James, Minn.
Miss Helen Koppelberger, Eau Claire, Wis.
Miss Malvina Allard, Red Lake Falls, Minn.
Miss Katharyn B. Smith, N. W. Telephone Central Exchange, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Carrie Pannier, Chippewa Falls, Wis.
Miss Daisy Kratka, Thief River Falls, Minn.
Miss Maud Brackett, Mora, Minn.
Miss Fannie Everett, Redwood Falls, Minn.
Miss Margaret McKinnon, Crookston, Minn.
Miss Kate Schubert, Hastings, Minn.
Miss Alice Sohns, The New Spencer Cafe, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Blanche S. Bigue, Teacher, Humboldt High School, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Rose La Valle, Michaud's Grocery, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Nellie Hawley, Sandstone, Minn.
Miss Martha Samuelson, Barrett, Minn.
A. I. Rock, Letter Carrier, St. Paul, Minn.
A. F. Davis, Fireman, Eng. Co. No. 1, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Ella Syder, Bannon's, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Emma Hymle, Michaud's Grocery, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Edith Carlson, Beaver Falls, Minn.
E. P. Bolton, Letter Carrier, St. Paul, Minn.
Thomas Ryan, Hastings, Minn.
Miss Kate Schubert, Hastings, Minn.
Miss Hilma Nelson, St. Hilaire, Minn.
Miss Laura Carpenter, McIntosh, Minn.
Miss Gertrude Marian, Mannheimer Bros., St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Elizabeth Bani, St. Paul Book & Stationery Co., St. Paul.
Miss Lena Glowe, Alexander's Candy Store, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Nina St. John, Fairmont, Minn.
Miss Takla Herwig, Mealey's Dry Goods Co., St. Paul.
Miss Margaret Berrisford, Stein's, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Alma Neitzel, Brownton, Minn.
Miss Maud Webster, Red Wing, Minn.
Miss Emily Newson, Menomonie, Wis.
Miss Susie Sample, Field, Schlick & Co., St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Julia De Wau, Cashier, Bannon's, St. Paul, Minn.
Edward P. Maher, Mannheimer Bros., St. Paul.
Miss Winnie Isham, Windom, Minn.
Miss Kate Egan, Hinckley, Minn.
Miss Lidia King, Montevideo, Minn.
Miss Elvira Sanby, Elbow Lake, Minn.
Miss Lillian Perkins, Pine City, Minn.
Charley Eastwood, Fireman Eng. Co. No 11, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Constance Day, Fairmont, Minn.
Miss Regina Reichert, Long Prairie, Minn.
Miss Hiler, East Grand Forks, Minn.
Miss Lulu Newman, Princeton, Minn.
Miss Clara Olson, Roseau, Minn.
Miss Kitty Carroll, Waseca, Minn.
Miss Mayme Kelly, Stein's Dry Goods Co., St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Blanche Woodward, Bemidji, Minn.
Miss Charlotte Vanduzer, Howard, Farwell & Co., St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Alvina Lachapille, White Earth, Minn.
Miss Ilo M. Lord, Glencoe, Minn.
Miss Nina Sweringen, Fairmont, Minn.
Miss Bertha Nemitz, Biscay, Minn.
Miss Blanche Stevens, Pipestone, Minn.
Miss Warninger, Fosston, Minn.
Miss Vita Weisel, Austin, Minn.
Miss Susie Geary, N. W. Telephone Co., Selby Office, St. Paul, Minn.

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