FOR THE FAIR SEX

WIFE IS UNGRATEFUL

HAS HUSBAND ARRESTED FOR BEATING HER

Terrible Example of the Increasing Rebellion of Wives—She Would Not Clean the Stove, Feed the Chickens Nor Come When He Called

A very distressing case of marital infelicity has been aired in the local courts recently which is an instance of the inhumanity of woman to man and one more example—if one were needed—of the increasing tyranny of wives. Really, something should be done about it. In this especial case the man in question was arrested for beating his wife, but when he was given a chance to explain the enormity of his wife's offense, nobody wondered at his resorting to corporal punishment. The wife—horrid thing—had refused to obey him, to cook the supper, clean the stove or feed the chickens.

No sympathy can, of course, be felt for this misguided woman. To disobey such a charming man as her husband undoubtedly is, and refuse to clean the stove or feed the chickens, are reasons enough for a man to take matters into his own hands. What, indeed, is a wife for, if not to clean the stove and feed the chickens? Nice, feminine, dainty jobs, both of them. No one could expect a big brave man to do either of these things; he was probably smoking and wanted to be let alone. So when his wife was obstreperous he whipped her.

But these things mentioned were not the sum total of her offending. She stood about and talked to the neighbors, this bad wife, and did not come when her husband called. Probably he has a dog which comes when he calls and from this he argues that his wife should do likewise. "Of course I beat her," he says triumphantly, and then adds her crowning sin that she was sometimes not there when he came home. Incomprehensible woman! To go out when that lovely man was coming home to beat her. Well, it has been said by more than one that women are not to be understood and here, indeed, is added evidence of their eccentricities.

This loving husband probably does not see why his wife should want to talk to the neighbors when she has his perfect sympathy at home. But it may be that he likes to do all the talking himself and if she talks at all it must be to somebody else. Not that I am condoning what she did or desire to appear even remotely in favor of such unwifely behavior as was displayed by the ungrateful woman who did not clean the stove or feed the chickens. Far from it. I know too well what is owed to a strong man who kindly marries one and allows one to feed him and his chickens. But if there was a word of criticism it might be in extenuation of his wife's having an occasional chat with the neighbors. Of course, for the stove, the chickens and not coming when he calls, there can be no shadow of an excuse.

There is one thing that could be done and it is strange it has not been thought of before. The husbands ought to form a union. In union there is strength. They should organize, draw up rules and make wives abide by them. Then in case of insubordination they could strike, go to live at the club and starve the rebellious wives into submission. Men will be driven to something like this to keep women down where they belong. When a woman gets so high and mighty that she does not clean the stove or feed the chickens, things are coming to a pretty pass. Organize, husbands, and all right-minded people will be with you.

Marie

Mainly About People

Miss Mabel Pray and Miss Fannie Harnet, of Toledo, Ohio, are guests of the Misses Hope, of Portland avenue.

Instead of the regular monthly meeting the Chapman circle of the First M. E. church will have a picnic on the West side this afternoon. They will start from Fourth and Wabasha streets at 4 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Kendrich, of Dayton avenue, will leave today for a fishing and hunting trip in Northern Wisconsin.

Lynore Lodge No. 5, Daughters of Norway, will give a lawn social at the home of Mrs. Jacob Warnick, 1062 Front street, tomorrow afternoon. Carl Grabow will sing and recite.

Miss Stern, of Fargo, is the guest of Miss Guiterman, of Nelson avenue.

Miss Fromer will entertain informally this evening at Red Rock in honor of out of town friends.

Mrs. E. M. Sloggy has gone to Louisville.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Roach, of Dayton avenue, have gone to Chicago.

Miss Belle Martin, Miss Statia Hall and Mr. Frank Martin, all of Dubuque, are visiting Mrs. Kate Goodale, of Pleasant avenue.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Promotes the growth of the hair and gives it the lustre and silkiness of youth. When the hair is gray or faded it BRINGS BACK THE YOUTHFUL COLOR. It prevents Dandruff and hair falling and keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE

A very stylish gown for afternoon calls, etc., is shown in the accompanying illustration. It may be made of navy blue voile and ecru lace or another good material would be taffeta.

The skirt is cut full and at round lengths. It has the new panel front and is finished with four very deep tucks. The waist is made with a bolero effect. The body part is made of point de venice (although a great many pretty patterns may be found in the cheaper laces). The sleeves have a new long cuff capped by a moderately full puff of the material selected for the gown, over which the lace falls, making a semi-cape effect. The collar is finished with a jabot of navy blue liberty satin with lace ends, and the waist is finished by a crushed liberty satin girdle of the same shade.

With this gown may be worn a hat such as a shaped leghorn. The brim is bound by a narrow band of navy blue velvet and the crown composed of several shades of corn flowers.

GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM

There is something fascinating about Mrs. Robb De Peyster Tytus, who was formerly Miss Grace Henop. Mrs. Tytus is almost six feet tall, and her figure is lithe and slender. Moreover, she understands her own individual style, and her gowns are peculiarly suited to her willowy type. Some one said she looked like a "Burne-Jones" poster. Her hair is brown and she wears it in a single coil on her neck. One of her most effective gowns was in scarlet crepe. There was not even a bit of lace to relieve the flowing folds, and the angel sleeves and pleated skirt almost accentuated her height. Mrs. Tytus is one of the most active matrons in Lenox, and her cottage is furnished most artistically. Mrs. Tytus' sister, Miss Sydney Henop, looks like her. Miss Henop is now staying with Mrs. Tytus. The Henops have a beautiful estate in Scarborough.

When Miss Clara Tobin comes to New York as the wife of Charlie Clark she will advance further in society than did her sisters-in-law, Mrs. Everett Mallory Culver and Mrs. Lewis Rutherford Morris. Miss Tobin enjoys the distinction of being the most vivacious girl in San Francisco, and at one time Peter D. Martin was devoted to her. The Tobins are ambitious, and Miss Celia rejected several suitors. However, Mr. Clark met the exacting requirements of the family and the wedding will be in the autumn. Miss Tobin is a friend of Mrs. Peter D. Martin, and the former Miss Lily Oelrichs could launch her in the set to which she naturally would aspire. The Clarks never have been admitted to the fashionable set, although Mrs. Culver attended the marriage of J. Duncan Emmet and Miss Josephine Drexel.

With her sleeves rolled up and her shirtwaist collarless, Mrs. Lawrence M. Waterbury may be seen in her husband's thirty-foot sloop yacht in Newport Harbor. Mrs. Waterbury, who is a peerless sportswoman, handles tiller and sheets like a man. She looks best in outing attire. The sun has burnt her arms, neck and face a rich bronze and freckles are appearing on her nose. With Mrs. Waterbury in Newport, Westchester county has lost some of its gayety. Mrs. Waterbury does not spend her time in idling and gossiping. When she is not playing tennis or sailing, she is spinning about in her husband's automobile. Mr. Waterbury is now interested in his motorcycle.

Much is being said about the pink and blue frock worn by the Duchess of Marlborough at a recent garden party. Its daring color scheme was a revelation in chromatics. The foundation was pale blue taffeta silk and the entire dress was veiled with a rose-pink gauze. The sleeves were puffed and the skirt was trimmed ornately with ruffles and flounces. The duchess wore a fichu of pinkish gauze that imparted a quaint effect, and the skirt cleared the ground on all sides. Her hat was a poke bonnet in black straw with two long black plumes. With this pink and blue gown she wore blue gloves, and her slippers and stockings also were blue.

American millionaires who strive to outdo their neighbors have ignored the new European device of automobiles with beds. Several well known Parisians own these flying hotels, which cannot be excelled for purposes of continental touring. It is not absolutely necessary to use the beds for a continuous night's rest but for a nap they fill the bill. So far none of these machines have been imported to America, although many Americans go abroad to pick out the newest departure in motor cars. The Baron Leopold de Rothschild, who owns about ten large automobiles, has ordered one of these comfortable autos. The beds are built in the tonneau and there are spaces on either side for packing clothing and carrying provisions. These motors with beds, however, are too heavy for anything except hard touring. They are the last triumph of luxury, and it is only a question of time before they will be used generally.

Despite heat and discomfort, Miss Grace Dodge, a genuine philanthropist, comes to town frequently to look after the poor young women whom she befriends. There is not a woman in all New York who is more truly charitable than Miss Dodge, who delves into her own bank account without importuning her friends to contribute to her pet benefactions. The wholesome pleasure of working women is Miss Dodge's fad. She arranges outings for them to the Catskills and to the New Jersey coast and pays the expenses herself. While reformers preach about the pitfalls and temptations to which working girls are exposed, Miss Dodge does practical service by maintaining these outings. How much good Miss Dodge accomplishes will never be known, because she does not parade her philanthropy, nor does she give display lawn parties so that all might see how dearly she loves the "downtrodden."

The Dodge-Stokes families are as unselfish as any of the rich in New York, and all the children have been taught to respect the less fortunate and to make their burdens lighter. The daughters of Anson Phelps Stokes have been criticised for their persistent devotion to settlement work, and even Mr. Stokes' sons have taught classes and lived among the poor of the East side. Miss Grace Dodge's favorite niece, now Mrs. John McCullough, showed a lively interest in these charitable activities before she became engaged. She discontinued her labors in the East side and has not illumined that part of town since, but her bulging purse is always open to the workers. Her friend, Miss Martha Havemeyer, now Mrs. William R. Wilcox, was an eager worker until she was married.

A Butterfly's Luncheon

A yellow butterfly chased a man in Fulton street at noon on one of the hot days of the week.

The thoroughfare at that hour is doubly congested by the long lines of pushcarts containing all kinds of trinkets, books and new-fangled notions and cheap articles of wear. It is the hour when the battalions of clerks, men, women and children, are on the rush for luncheon. The only thing in sight that looks like an isle of safety is the churchyard of old St. Paul's.

Maybe this butterfly had escaped from the green patches and shrubbery of the churchyard. Anyway, it got mixed up in the crowd and crush of Fulton street.

The man was dapper. He wore a boutonniere, a rose, whose red petals lay open in the hot air of the street.

The yellow butterfly saw it. Several times it made a dash at the flower, but somebody came in the way and scared it off. At last it succeeded. It seemed to fall upon the rose, so direct was its attack.

Another man in the crowd who had been watching the maneuvers of the winged insect touched the wearer of the flower on the arm. The wearer scowled. This thing of touching a man in a crowded street of New York is not uncommon. Frequent as it is, nobody likes it.

The wearer of the rose hesitated, then growled:

"Well, sir?"

"A butterfly," replied the man who had made the touch.

The wearer of the flower scowled again, but said nothing. The man who had touched the pedestrian explained.

"There is a butterfly on your boutonniere. It has been chasing you for several minutes. It is now extracting the fragrance——"

The wearer glanced at the lappel of his coat. The little beauty with outstretched wings was pirouetting on the heart of the red rose.

The scowl on the man's face changed to a smile. He looked at the man who had spoken and thanked him. Both stood still. The jostling crowd at that point also came to a halt for a second—quite long enough to cause a blockade.

The butterfly, either satisfied with what it had extracted, or frightened, winged its flight upward. A Greek at a pushcart, who had been watching the incident, tossed his hat in the air after the yellow beauty and missed it. The crowd laughed.

The butterfly had had its luncheon. The diversion in Fulton street was over.—New York Sun.

INFORMAL TALKS

"Well, my dear," said Aunt Miranda, "if you ask me, I shall advise you to use your own judgment, but you are evidently determined not to make use of that valuable faculty. Why do I say that? For the plainest possible reason. You are inclined to a certain course because 'everybody does it,' and if that's the way you think of it, how can I do anything with you? I'm not everybody; far from it. I'm just the other thing. I believe in making that old bugbear, everybody, prove his own case. Why does everybody do it? That's the only question that concerns me! If everybody can prove that he has common sense on his side—that something more than mere tradition is controlling his course—I'll give in to him; not otherwise. Bless you, I wouldn't even have the washing and ironing done on Monday and Tuesday if I had a good reason for doing them on other days. Why Monday, I should like to know? Why not Monday? Well, I like your counter question. I'm having my laundry work done on Monday at present, for that very reason. I asked myself, why not Monday and since I discovered no immediate objection to that day I went on in the old groove. When there is an objection I'll change, but, you see, I don't care to change for the mere sake of changing. Only I insist upon a better reason for my actions than that everlasting old argument 'Everybody does it.'

"Well, no, I don't agree with you that it constitutes a good argument in itself. It may. Some things have been decided, I grant you, by the united common sense of humankind, and those things are likely to stand, no matter how formal and conventional they may appear to be. I'm not quarreling with the formal and conventional. I believe in lots of old-fashioned rules, old ways of protecting young folks from their own inexperience and headstrongness—chaperonage and the like. Of course I do. Anything for me that's got some horse sense back of it somewhere, even if impetuous folks can't see it. But why should we do fool things because everybody does them or has done them? I don't care if they've done 'em since the world began, and in a previous existence.

"Take that Fourth of July business, for example, and it's the worst example I know of. It comes in well just now; for I haven't got over it yet, and I can't get over it. I can get downright mad any day in the year merely thinking of the Fourth, and of course I'm specially mad all through July. The mere name of the month reminds me that I can't get over it. Talk about human sacrifices and those misguided Jews spoken of by the prophets who made their children go through the fire in honor of Moloch. I'd like to know if they were any worse than the enlightened Christian parents who turn their boys loose with toy pistols, and fill up the hospitals with silly little victims who don't know any better! And look at the poor innards all over the country—butchered to make a Roman holiday. I'd as 'lief be butchered as to get concussion of the brain or at least 'nervous exasperation,' as our 'wash lady' calls it, from a senseless orgy of noise. All useless noises ought to be made unlawful, I say. To be sure, we'd have the air blue with controversy then, as to which noises were useless and which were not. But I suppose that even the besotted parents who bestow toy pistols on their more or less valuable offspring would acknowledge that the noise they make is useless. But they keep right on, because 'everybody does it.' I've even heard them talk of patriotism in that connection, and I call it downright blasphemy. Makes my heart bleed for my country. How do parents expect the next generation to have any sense if they don't hand down any? I'll give you my opinion of parents some day. Grumble, do I? Never you mind, as long as I don't grumble over my own lot and my personal grievances. When I get down to that, you can remind me of it."

Woosey-Roosey

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

We've had Presidents of every blessed kind,
And some of them were slick and some were not,
And some just shut their eyes and went it blind;
But the Roosey is the rummest of the lot.
He's a little holy terror on the stump,
Always doing something strenuous and queer,
And a happy day with Roosey on the jump
Will last a healthy voter for a year.

So here's to you, Roosey-Woosey, with your record at San Juan;
You're a poor benighted statesman, but a howling fighting man.
We know you're game for anything and aching for a fray,
So we're going to have a romp with you on next Election Day.

He is always cutting loose and letting drive,
And always whacking someone on the head;
He is all hot sand and ginger when alive,
And he's generally shammin' when he's dead.
He's a daisy, he's a ducky, he's a lamb,
He's an injia-rubber idiot on a spree;
He's the only thing that doesn't care a damn
For such nonsense as official dignitee.

So here's to you, Woosey-Roosey, and your friends which are no more.
If we wasn't going to lick you we would help you to deplore.
And here's to you, Woosey-Roosey, though your teeth are on the bit
There's going to be an avalanche, and you'll be under it.

—Town Topics.

Wouldn't Stand for It

"I understand you're having a portrait painted by de Haillons?"

"That is true."

"Ah! Since you are connected with him in this way, perhaps you would not object to guaranteeing this little note which he wishes us to carry for him."

"I most certainly should! I am perfectly willing to sit for him, but not to stand for him!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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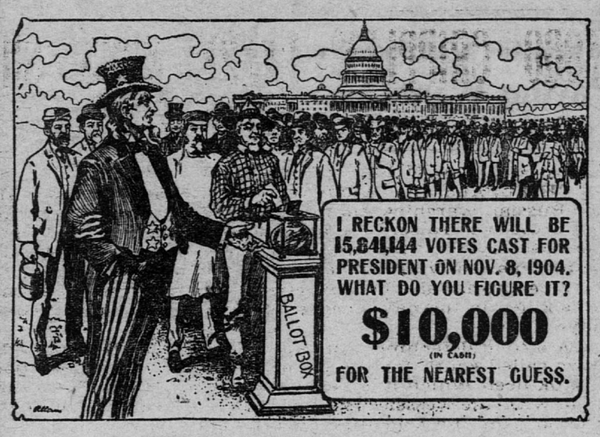

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Conditions of This Great Contest.

Every subscriber who remits for subscription to the Daily and Sunday Globe—Daily only Globe or Sunday only Globe—will receive guesses as follows:

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These certificates will insure to him any prizes which his guesses will entitle him to claim. When you send us your subscription also send us your guesses or estimates of the **Total Vote** to be cast on **November 8th, for the office of PRESIDENT.** In making your guesses consult the figures below showing the **total vote for President from Lincoln to McKinley.** Write your name, address and estimates of the vote in the **Subscription Blank** below and mail the **Blank** with your subscription to The St. Paul Globe. The paper will be sent to you regularly and we will mail to you certificates containing the figures of the guesses which you send to us. These certificates will guarantee to you any prizes which your guesses entitle you to. Keep these certificates until the prizes are awarded, so that you can compare your figures with the official figures at the close of the contest. The contest will close at **midnight, November 7th,** 1904, and no estimate received after that hour will be allowed. The **official** figures of the government showing the **total vote** cast for the **office of President** will determine who are entitled to the prizes and the awards will be made by a disinterested committee of prominent judges just as soon as the official figures can be ascertained. When the prizes are awarded every subscriber who holds a certificate in the contest will receive a printed list of the winners. In addition to the large general prizes there are **Eight Special Prizes** of **$500.00** each for **early subscriptions.** All have an equal chance to win these magnificent prizes. Those who estimate or guess **NOW** have a chance to win a **special prize** and just as good a chance to win the **capital prize** of **$10,000.00** as the one who sends in his guess on the last day of the contest. **Act at once.** It may mean a **fortune** to you. The money with which to pay the prizes has been deposited by the Press Publishing Association, in the Central Savings Bank, Detroit, Mich., and can be used for no other purpose. In case of a tie for any individual prize such prize will be equally divided between the contestants.

Participation in this contest is not confined to our readers, as the contest is being advertised in a number of other publications, the subscribers to all of which have an equal opportunity to share in the distribution of the prizes.

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For the nearest correct estimate or guess	$10,000.00
For the second nearest correct estimate or guess	5,000.00
For the third nearest correct estimate or guess	1,000.00
For the fourth nearest correct estimate or guess	500.00
For the fifth nearest correct estimate or guess	200.00
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For the 10 next nearest correct estimates or guesses, $50 each	500.00
For the 20 next nearest correct estimates or guesses, $25 each	500.00
For the 42 next nearest correct estimates or guesses, $15 each	630.00
For the 100 next nearest correct estimates or guesses, $10 each	1,000.00
For the 314 next nearest correct estimates or guesses, $5 each	1,570.00
492 prizes amounting to	$21,000.00

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For the nearest correct guess received before July 1st	$500.00
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For the nearest correct guess received on or after Oct. 1st and before Oct. 15th	500.00
Total, 500 prizes, amounting to	$25,000.00

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To aid in forming your estimates, we furnish the following figures:

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1864 was	4,024,792	
1868 was	5,724,686	Increase of 42.23 per cent.
1872 was	6,466,195	Increase of 12.94 per cent.
1876 was	8,412,733	Increase of 30.10 per cent.
1880 was	9,209,406	Increase of 9.47 per cent.
1884 was	10,044,985	Increase of 9.07 per cent.
1888 was	11,380,860	Increase of 13.30 per cent.
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