

# For the Fair Sex

## HEARTS STILL WARM

### ACTS OF KINDNESS ARE DAILY SEEN

The Pessimist Ought to Take His Stand on the Corner and Watch the Policeman—How the Druggist Works Overtime for Nothing

Once in a while we meet a man who is a thorough-going pessimist. He thinks the country is going to the dogs, hearts are hard and nothing is right. How any man who is observant and keeps his eyes open as he goes about, can take such a gloomy view of things, is hard to understand. There is a great deal of goodness and kindness left in the world and if we do not find it in our immediate surroundings, one certainly cannot walk even three squares down the street without seeing some evidence of good will. If you are inclined to take a depressing view of things go to some prominent street corner and take up your stand for an hour and see if what you observe around you does not revive your faith in humanity. There stands a big policeman in the street and in him alone you will find a great deal that is encouraging. He is just there to preserve the peace and to save life if necessary. But if you stand at your post long enough you will discover that what he is obliged to do is about one-tenth of what he does. He will guide timid old ladies safely across the street, answer silly as well as sensible questions, point the way to strangers, and more than that, will go into the nearest drug store and look for names and addresses in the directory, carry little children across, drag a small dog from under carriage wheels, see fair-play between two belligerent newsboys and do a thousand things which are too numerous to mention. Now it must be remembered that the largest part of what he does comes from sheer good nature.

Then if you watch the street cars coming and going at that corner, you will discover that with all the multitudinous duties of the conductor he will find time to help the old ladies into the car and lift the babies down. He will answer questions, wait a long time for a lame boy who has fallen along quickly, and find time to make the selfish man who covers two seats move up and give a little girl a seat. Even the motorman who has to save the life of a cat that is proceeding leisurely across the track.

This pessimistic man can see, if he keeps his eyes open, hurried pedestrians stop and go a square out of their way to show some stranger the right street, or stop to pick up the spilled contents of a basket some child is carrying.

If the grumbler has not seen enough by this time to convince him that the well springs of kindness are not dried up, let him enter the drug store and watch the proprietor. One wonders if anybody ever stops to think of what we expect of a druggist for nothing. He stops some important word to sell a 2-cent statin upon which he not only makes nothing, but loses time, or to inform some one who can use the telephone and he waits fifteen minutes to transact his own business while the giggling girl asks "Mama" why she hasn't been "up." Then when an accident occurs in the street the injured man is carried into the drug store and the proprietor furnishes medicines and bandages, blocks his business for an hour and all for nothing. And he does everything with a pleasant smile. It is safe to say that a druggist is one of the most put upon men in the city. But did you ever hear him complain?

Then if the pessimist takes a car home he will see some men paying the fare of an older man whose transfer is not good, and other men rising to let tired-looking women sit down, for there is a good deal of this sort of thing done yet even though some men have rebelled.

Now if that crabbed old man hasn't a better opinion of humanity than he had, if he does not withdraw some of his accusations against the mass of people, then he must be a very cross-eyed old man indeed.

Marie

## Mainly About People

The regular monthly meeting of the board of managers of the Church Home of Minnesota will be held on Thursday, Sept. 8, instead of today, on account of the state fair.

Mrs. George Van Sickle arrived Monday morning from Fargo and will remain a week to attend the fair.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Raudenbush have returned from Europe.

The Misses Boeckmann, of Marshall avenue, have returned from the country.

Mrs. J. D. Lawler, of Virginia avenue, has returned from Osceola.

Mrs. F. E. Rice is entertaining Mrs. A. D. S. Johnson at her country place at Brainerd.

Mrs. Webb and Miss Webb, of Ashland avenue, have returned from Red Wing.

Miss Lee Clark, of Stillwater, has been spending a few days with Mrs. F. I. Towle, of Fairmount avenue.

Mrs. John Wharry and Miss Wharry, of Dayton's bluff, have returned from Europe.

Miss Page, who has been the guest of Mrs. Thomas Foley, of Summit avenue, has returned to Chicago.

Miss Koehler, of White Bear, will give a dancing party Saturday evening in honor of Miss Hinrichs, of Wisconsin.

## GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM

After a prolonged honeymoon Sir Edward and Lady Constance Stewart Richardson have returned to Scourie house, Sutherlandshire. She was Lady Constance Mackenzie when she became a seven-days' wonder to New Yorkers on her visit a year ago. "The most charming tomboy that ever lived," was

the phrase applied to her by the Duchess of Buccleuch. When she was here she amused the set that "took her up." Even as a wife she is unchanged. Wearing a man's corduroy coat and a leather skirt that reaches to her knees, she shoots grouse on her Sutherlandshire estate. She is the idol of the gamekeepers, and her marksmanship is worthy of a man. The tenants of the Cromarty estate have sent to Lady Richardson as a wedding gift a huge silver bowl. That shows in what high favor she is held by those who know her best.

When Mrs. Alexander T. Van Nest is in Bar Harbor she becomes a leader, and it is amusing to watch the Bostonian Philadelphiaes seek her favor. Mrs. Van Nest is impressive to the eye when she attends a dance. Her staidness is heightened by a necklace of emeralds and diamonds and a small tiara. Her husband-in-law is Mrs. Richard Gambrell and the mother of Mrs. J. Stewart Barney she has two villas to visit in Newport, but she prefers Bar Harbor.

Another interesting figure in the Bar Harbor season is Maj. G. Creighton Webb, the bachelor brother of W. Seward Webb. Creighton Webb numbers as many friends in and out of the ultra-fashionable set as any man in New York. Twenty years ago runner had him engaged to a different girl, of course—to almost every belle in New York, but he disappointed the gossips. A few years ago, when Maj. Webb's infant friend A. Trustum Seal married Miss Oge, of San Francisco, Webb was the chief arranger of the wedding plans and bought the Bible in a Fifth avenue shop. "It is for a wedding," said he to the clerk. Thereupon it was rumored that after fifty years of single life Webb had determined to take a wife. The clubs were agitated until Webb explained.

Wearing a sweater and a white skirt, Mrs. James E. Martin, sister of William Gould Brokaw, has been doing a great deal of good coaching. Her craft has been named the "Catch Me," and she operates the steering gear if not the power. In the Catch Me Mrs. Martin wears no hat, but has a veil wrapped about her head. She does not mind being doused by spray. Mrs. Martin has one of the fine Brokaw villas in Great Neck, and her hospitality is along luxurious lines.

The two Brokaw boys have deserted Great Neck for Seabright. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Brokaw and Mr. and Mrs. Irving Brokaw have cottages in the Rumson road. There is far more life on the Jersey coast, and Mrs. Howard Brokaw, as sister of William Goadby Loew, manages to hold a high position there. Mr. Brokaw came from St. Joseph, Mo. She was Miss Lucile Nave. As a young girl she was looked on as one of the great Western beauties. Seabright has so many cliques that there is no general society. There are sets of ten or twelve families that hold aloof from the others, and the lines are drawn tightly.

Mrs. Sewall Boardman, formerly Miss Niles, is one of the best looking women in Seabright. She has a remarkably high polo cart, to which a black filly generally is hitched. A footman sits behind, and every afternoon she calls at the Monmouth Beach station for Mr. Boardman. When the New York train pulls in she plunges and cavorts, and the young matron gives a pretty display of skill with the reins.

## PEOPLE AND THINGS

As there are always people who are in despair over the fleas on their cats, it is worth while to know that a lover of sulphur rubbed into the fur will rid the cat of the pest. Emily Webb, writing to Our Fourfooted Friends, recommends it. She says: "It is perfectly harmless and does not hurt the cat. It will not hurt her. Then comb the fur with a fine toothed comb. Mix a little sulphur and butter (never use lard) and rub under the chin, under the legs and down the backbone. Mange is the result of poor and insufficient food and cleanliness generally in the case of the cat. Little worms form under the skin, and the incessant squirming and crawling almost set the cat crazy. Let the sulphur paste remain on the cat all day. Conclude this treatment by bathing the cat with warm water and a soft rag."

Several of the choicest of the native wildflowers may be as easily grown in pots and brought into flower in one's house as are tulips. Edward J. Cantrich, director of the botanic garden of Smith college, is responsible for this statement, which he makes in the September or man's number of Good Housekeeping. Among the most easily grown of these plants are helianthus, jack-in-the-pulpit, yellow and pink lady's slipper, blood root, squirrel corn, columbine, marsh marigold and trillium. Mr. Cantrich recommends the roots of these be purchased from dealers, that they be potted next month or early in October, and that they stand in a sunny window. In a short time they will begin to grow, and will flower as freely as if in their native haunts.

Delegates and alternates to the annual convention of the New York State Federation in Syracuse, in November, are to have their districts marked off by banners or signs, for the purpose of lessening the confusion. Each club will have two rows of seats—one for delegates and one for the alternates, who, although allowed on the floor, cannot vote. Already two social festivities are booked for the days of the convention—one a reception, to be tendered to the club women at the Kanawatch club by the club women of Syracuse, the other the reception of the Fortnightly club, which will take place at some private house.

That the wart is not the harmless thing it is commonly pictured as is a theory which, when propounded recently by Dr. W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia, at a meeting of the American Academy of Medicine, met with considerable support from other physicians present. Dr. Keen compared a wart to a "match that could produce a great conflagration," and recommended that all such growths be removed during the harmless state. He pointed out that many warts—and moles, as well—were congenital, or else, having arisen later, had persisted in apparent harmlessness for many years, and then, in consequence of injury, friction of the clothing, frequent scratching or other irritant, they began to increase in size, and were then already malignant. He advocated that they should be removed with the skin in which they grow before any malignant change occurred.

"A new aid has been found for radium," said Robert F. Amend, the representative of a chemical supply house. "If it proves practical it probably will go even higher than it now is. If radium be placed near the receiving end of an ocean cable the message will be received much more clearly and distinctly than without it. This would be a great advantage in ocean telegraphy, but just in what way this in-



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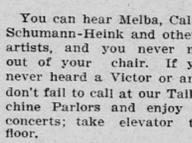
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## THE METROSTYLE PIANOLA



One of the most reasonable and natural additions that can be made to the home.

Almost every home contains a piano of some kind, and the Pianola, by making it possible for everyone to use it, has realized the splendid possibilities for enjoyment contained in that instrument, and makes it worth all that it costs.

The METROSTYLE PIANOLA, the latest development of this standard piano-player, furnishes, in addition to technique, a standard Guide for Interpretation. It does not hamper a player's individuality, since the Metrostyle markings may be accepted only in part, or even rejected altogether. It serves the important purpose, however, of showing exactly how some authority considers the composition ought to be played.

## FASHIONS FROM VOGUE



Although separate blouses may not be as extensively used for dressy occasions as in the past, still no one can deny that they are one of the most important articles in a woman's wardrobe, and that they fill a want that nothing else can replace.

As the blouse or shirtwaist has also been the means of revolutionizing the cut of women's bodies, it is greatly to be regretted that the old-fashioned tight-fitting, bonnet-comfortable waists by the present day soft, square affairs, that permit one to place in every woman's heart, would be hard to dislodge. Both plain

and fancy blouses are worn almost universally with tailor-made suits, but if not of wash material, it is more correct to wear a blouse of the same color as the suit rather than one of some white fabric. Lace waists, however, in the off shades of white (ecru, champagne, oyster, ivory, etc.) are much worn with black suits, and these of medium shades, such as fawn, tan, light gray, pastel blue, etc. Linen waists are greatly used this season for entire waists, as well as for yokes, collars and cuffs. It is similar to the lovely silk maitresse, but is naturally much less costly. Among the wash waists nothing is smarter than

those of heavy linen with elaborately embroidered fronts; they may be plaited or tucked, but plain fronts with the embroidery starting at the belt and running up towards the shoulder, instead of from the shoulder seam down, like the shirt illustrated by figure 2, are the newest.

The other illustration shows a dainty pearly gray crepe blouse made with a round yoke cut in square tabs and embroidered with a conventional flower design in soft gray blue silks. The stock corresponds and the lower part of the waist is shirred across the bust and blouses over the tight fitting belt.

## IS IT WORTH WHILE

Is it worth while that he jostle a brother Bearing his load on the rough road of life? Is it worth while that we jeer at each other? In blindness of heart that we war to the knife? God pity us all in our pitiful strife! God pity us all as we jostle each other; God pardon us all for the triumphs we pierce to the heart; words are keener than steel. And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey Over the isthmus, down into the tide, We give him a fish instead of a serpent, Ere folding the hands to be and abide, For ever and aye in the dust at his side? Look at the roses saluting each other; Look at the herbs all at peace on the plain; Man and man only, makes war on his brother. And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain. Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble Some poor fellow soldier down in the dust, Humbled, indeed, down in the dust, Joaquin Miller.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

## A Baron's Capture of a Countess

IT WAS near midnight when the telephone in the castle of Zsaby began to ring sharply and excitedly. Baron Sebastian Petrovics, the owner of Zsaby, had not yet retired, but was deep in a book. He was in hunting costume, as always when he was at home. Lying on his side, and revolver

was waiting for him. Petrovics swung himself on his horse and called to his men: "Follow me as fast as you can!" He spurred his horse and galloped toward Gyongy.

Gyongy was the property of Countess Galscy, separated from Zsaby only by a narrow strip of woodland. The owners of the two castles led a retired life, the baron from necessity, his finances did not allow him to continue the extravagant life he had led in first youth; the countess from a hatred of people which she had inherited from her father.

She turned to her husband and said: "You see, countess, you make me happy when you allow me to amuse and entertain you. If you are willing, we can arrange things so that I may hear your voice even when it rains, or in the long winter evenings whenever you would enjoy a friendly talk."

"You know, countess, the countess had interrupted, "that I am no friend of society. You would often seek me in vain, and find only Mme. von Csongay, my companion and friend."

"But if you will give your permission, I will have a telephone connection made between Zsaby and Gyongy, so that you can call me when you please."

The young woman smiled and made no objection. Then the "devil's machine," as the servants called it, was introduced; but up to that time the story opens no one had as yet made use of the telephone.

One day, the week before, the mistress of Gyongy was in very bad humor, and even vented it on her companion. "My dear Csongay," she cried, petulantly, "we won't receive Baron Petrovics again! He has abused my friendship and confidence."

When she saw three horsemen coming at a gallop. Shots were heard outside. The noise was deafening, and above the tumult rose the death cry of the burglar who had stood guard over a white quiet dog barked furiously, but a pistol shot soon made an end to the faithful animal. The report aroused the inmates of the house. The mistress of the castle hurried to bolt the doors, and then she had the happy inspiration to telephone to hunt the game which abounded in the neighborhood.

He hurried to the telephone. "Hallo! Petrovics. What can I do for you, countess?" An excited female voice, the sobbing cry of the country, said to him that something had happened, replied: "Are you there, baron? Thank God, you are at home! Please come over at once; burglars are breaking into the house!"

"I will come immediately," the baron shouted into the telephone. "Bolt the doors, and let no pests prevail upon you to open until I am there. I shall take men with me. In ten minutes! Be brave, countess!"

He did not wait for the answer; snatching his hat, revolver and sword, he rushed out of the room. There was no moon, but the night was not dark to the eyes of the country-side. These nights are as if made for the hunt, and evidently this is what the baron had in mind, for in the yard two armed and mounted huntsmen were waiting for him.

Once he had said to the countess: "You see, countess, you make me happy when you allow me to amuse and entertain you. If you are willing, we can arrange things so that I may hear your voice even when it rains, or in the long winter evenings whenever you would enjoy a friendly talk."

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The Fatalist. The fatalist believes that results are pre-ordained, that effects are not produced by causes, but by inevitable determination. All good Presbyterians are fatalists. All infidels are fatalists. Sing—What is FATE but will be? If I have not jumped out after her, The countess would have lost her hair. For answer the baroness, flushing with pride, held out her arms to her husband, who smiled and said, pointing to his wet clothes: "Was a minute, dear, until I have changed my things."

Mme. von Csongay looked triumphantly at the baroness as if to say: "You see, he is a hero, after all. From the Hungarian of Stefan Barony."