

For the Fair Sex

KNOWN BY OUR COLORS

SO SAYS A LEARNED ENGLISH PROFESSOR

The Various Shades of Color Which Surround Us Indicate Our Moral Qualities—We Are Not Sufficiently Developed to See the Colors; but the Professor Tells About Them

There is something new under the sun once in a while, in spite of the fact that almost everything has been invented or discovered. It would appear that life was sufficiently surrounded with perils of one kind or another in the germ theory and other theories as terrifying, but now an English professor comes forward to say he has made the discovery that each of us has a color, according to our temperament and moral worth. Now, if a color which has only kept still and attended strictly to his own affairs, those of us who are yellow in tendency might have been able to rise above it or live it down and nobody been the wiser. But with that absurd desire to get to the bottom of things which characterizes heads of educational institutions and professors everywhere, the man in question claims to have been quietly making an investigation, and considers that it has gone forward enough to make an announcement. Therefore he says that while, in a color which clings about us though we are not sufficiently developed to perceive it as yet. Well, thank heaven for that much anyway. Color blindness in this case is indeed a blessing.

The professor, not content with this astonishing statement which is calculated to break up families and do untold damage, still further put his foot into it by elaborating his theory and telling what each color means when pervading the atmosphere of particular persons. If you are passionate, you are deep red; if pink, you're good, if blue a thinker, if light blue, well meaning and pious; if muddy brown, you are impossible and bad; if orange, ambitious, if yellow, you love art, if gray depressed, light green, progressive, and dark green means you are mentally ill. And by the way, professor, what is being mentally ill? So long as he is in the explaining business I think the professor should tell everything. Indeed were the gentleman within halting distance he would be simply inundated with questions and properly so. What right has a man to make the remarkable statement given above, and not tell a great deal more. Also, without prying into his private affairs, I should like to know whether the professor himself is a pink person. A man who pretends to teach the world theories should be exceedingly pink and I leave it to anybody if I am going too far. Perhaps, after all, he is dark green, and that would surprise nobody. One might as well admit, however, that he is light blue, which is giving him the benefit of the doubt and certainly showing the writer to be verging on pink-pale pink, let us say, without throwing any bouquets at the woman's department.

Some folk will disagree with the learned professor about yellow meaning a love of art. If, however, his theories prevail and are accepted by the scientific world, our idea of art will be completely revolutionized. The papers we have been calling yellow, may now properly claim that some rather singular developments were merely indications of love, and the rest of us could not properly appreciate. If, indeed, all the known theories of science do not tremble in the balance when the professor's ideas are thoroughly assimilated.

Although the professor admits that people generally are unable to discern the color of their own minds, it is evident that he himself is cleverer than others, or he never would have made the discovery, hence it behooves those persons who are in the way of a muddy brown shade to try to change their spots, or remain at a distance from so alarmingly learned a man. It is said that there is nothing as being too smart as with no hard feeling intended it seems to me that the professor comes under that head.

There is only one thing to do; to give up brown, green and red, and to become straightway pink, and pinker and pinker as time goes on. And here's hoping that pinkness will prevail.

Marie

Mainly About People

Mrs. Herbert Davis, of Fairmount avenue, gave a very pretty tea yesterday afternoon to introduce her daughter, Miss Lucille Davis. The house was elaborately decorated with roses and chrysanthemums, and the debutante stood in a bow of blossoms. Mrs. Davis was assisted by Mrs. L. H. Maxfield, Mrs. W. H. Vittum, Mrs. Burnside Foster, Mrs. Charles Wheaton, Mrs. William Dawson, Mrs. Paul Kallman, Mrs. T. L. Wann, Mrs. Harold Bend and others, besides the debutantes.

The Lower Town Mothers' club met yesterday afternoon at the Hawthorne school. Miss Hanson, of the Associated Charities, spoke on "The Industrial Schools of the City." There was good music and Mrs. B. W. Kirby was in charge of the programme.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, of Dayton

Wiggle-Stick

WASH BLUE Costs to cents and equals 50 cents worth of any other kind of bluing. Won't Freeze, Spill, Break

Nor Spot Clothes DIRECTIONS FOR USE

Wiggle-Stick around in the water. At all wise Grocers.

FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE



The great majority of walking suits are made with long coats, but there is no strict rule regulating the length of the coat, that being determined by the figure or taste of the wearer. Some of the jackets reach only to below the hips, while others extend nearly to the knees, but they are all close fitting garments, with sleeves that are slightly full at the top. An extremely smart suit of black zibeline is shown by the illustration. It is made with a seven gored skirt with narrow box-plaits of graduated height, let in the seams, which are pointed at the top and ornamented with three buttons made of twisted silk braid. The coat is tight fitting and is of medium length and the fronts are made to button together or to be turned back, in the manner illustrated, over the short pointed vest of copper-colored suede fastened with small copper buttons. A narrow coat

collar of black velvet finishes the neck and the small sleeves are finished at the top and are trimmed with wide cuffs, trimmed with shaded crushed velvet roses and black ostrich feather. Now that tailor made gowns and suits are so plainly made much care should be taken about the small details of the costume. For it is these small points that much of the style of a gown depends, though, of course, the principal feature of all such clothes is the fit. Buttons are used to a greater extent than ever before, and several different varieties and sizes are often seen on the same suit. Stitching is, also, once more popular, and some of the smarter suits are merely ornamented by wide stitched hems, collars, revers, cuffs, etc., while on others the stitching is done in some ornamental way, such as loops, sharp points or scallops.

friendship of the mikado and the latter's hope for the president's continued good health and happiness. Prince Fushimi's address, which was in Japanese and interpreted by one of his aides, bespoke closer and stronger relations between the two countries. The president in his response gave assurance of this sentiment by the American people and wished the Japanese people prosperity. Later the president called on the prince at his hotel.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 16.—Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky, the minister of the interior, has granted permission to many Jewesses to attend the lectures for women at the university.

ROME, Nov. 15.—The Marquis Des Monstiers Meriville, formerly Miss M. C. Caldwell, who founded the Roman Catholic university, the Washington some years ago, has renounced Catholicism.

Mrs. Charles L. Spencer, of Summit avenue, gave a bridge party yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Hutchinson, of the Angus, gave a bridge party yesterday afternoon.

The Violet Social club will give a dance Saturday evening at Bowley hall.

Mrs. S. H. Nunnally and the Misses Nunnally have gone South for the winter.

Mrs. A. B. Driscoll, of Summit avenue, has gone to St. Louis.

Mrs. James Schoonmaker and Mrs. C. J. Conroy of Madison avenue, gave a bridge party yesterday in honor of Mrs. Schoff, of London.

Minnehaha Camp No. 674, Modern Woodmen, will give their annual turkey-supper and dance Thursday evening, Nov. 24, at their new hall, 160 West Ninth street.

Portuguese Monarchs at Windsor

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 15.—Prince Sadamuru Fushimi, a near relative of the emperor of Japan, today called at the White House and conveyed to the president the good wishes and

of patent leather, with a high vamp which fastens over with two brass buckles. The "Vassar" is an ordinary high shoe of soft, but opens all the way up the front and fastens across with ribbon about a half-inch wide, which is tied in a bow at the top. This gives a charming effect and is as popular with Mrs. Storrs Wells as with the Fish girls.

In bidding farewell to Bishop Leighton Coleman at the steamer when he sailed for his ten months' tour of the Holy Land one could not fail to notice his beautiful ecclesiastical ring. Of purest amethyst, carved with the emblem of the church and set in a heavy rim of Etruscan gold, this ring is a noticeable bond of old-time friendship. It was a gift to the bishop many years ago from Mrs. J. P. Emory of Philadelphia, who is known well in social and church circles and is a prominent member of the D. A. R.

One of the startling utterances of the suits, bespoken by George Bernard Shaw is that "we are all wrong in regard to beauty; what is called plainness is really beauty and what is called beauty is plainness." Everything seems to go by contrast with this writer. "But what is chance? It gives us all!" Fancy Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Clarence Mackay, sitting in mad haste, one of them saying to the other, "Stuyvesant Fish and May Van Alen are acquainted with the president?" As the world goes now, however, the palm for beauty goes to the "plain" kind.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 15.—The Rev. J. Adele Horwitz, of other days. Of her many admirers, it is said that she has a rose in her hair and it is so soft and fragrant.

One afternoon last week five charming women, heavily veiled, were at luncheon in a restaurant. Each had been a member of the gay and clever "Bachelors' Club" of some city. Each wore a blouse which caused the restaurant to be a scene of commotion.

Whatever had the woman of fashion may have it is pretty certain, she indulges in it for her own amusement and to interest her friends—not for any greater reason. Mrs. E. R. Thomas' fancy runs to one horse, Mrs. George Gould collects rare fans. But these tastes are commonplaces compared with the fan of Mrs. Almee O'Connell, Ash-Gillie-Gouraud. Hers is almost startling. It is tattooed—only a limited number of Mrs. Gouraud's friends can be expected to enjoy her collection of pictures in pigment for the excellent reason that those pictures are upon her most sculptural outlines. A lovely butterfly nestles against one shoulder in true Psyche fashion; a heart and an arrow are symbolic devices; a large snake of wonderful scales and colors encircles her modish waistline, and should this original woman's tastes slip a bit some night at the opera the blue outlines of a little bird might be seen. Mrs. Gouraud and her latest husband will be at home at their Madison avenue home after this week.

Marked individuality in her footgear is one of the particular aims of the "smart" girl. Marian and Janet Fish, cousins, have been busy at their shoe-maker's selecting styles for the coming season. The clever artisan knows how to turn any peculiarity of foot construction to effectively account in the making up of the modish shoe, and Miss Marian's unusually narrow heel and broad toe make on a style all their own under a high vamp adorned with a large conical buckle. This she calls the "Princess" shoe. Two other makes popular with these girls are the "Wellesley" and the "Vassar." The "Wellesley" is

immediately wrote the guides that they must send her as many skins as possible, at least a half dozen in the next lot. Moreover, the new pelts must be a little finer than the first. She gave orders that all the mink skins be sent direct to her. Now the guides are wondering whether their duty to their employer demands acquainting him with his wife's activity as a fur trader or regard for their positions makes it behoove them to preserve a discreet silence and tend their traps assiduously.

THE BIRDS IN THE SHADOWS

Are whistling of love And sweet are the meadows In phantasy land. And the farmers come home to the cots Where I roam.

Where the loved ones are— I am dreaming of home, I am dreaming of home.

There comes from the Illies A message of peace And the slumbering rill Is the glimmering light from the heavenly dome.

But my heart is afar Where the loved ones are— I am dreaming of home, I am dreaming of home.

—Kansas City Journal.

ROOM UP FRONT

In the jammed and jouncing street car I was hanging to a strap. Trying hard to keep from sitting in some total stranger's lap; Every time we stopped some others scrambled hurriedly aboard. While in tones that thrilled with earnestness the blue clad man implored: "O, there's plenty of room up front there! Step a little more along and hunt— Step a little more, people, for there's Room up front."

Up front! Up front! Up front!

If we'd heed that little lesson as we struggle day by day; Toiling on and toiling onward in a dull, half-hearted way; We'd make a resolution that we'd do our work so well That unless the others hustled we'd be certain to excel.

We would feel a lot less crowded as we do our daily stint— If we'd stop a little livelier! Room up front!

Good Deeds and Good Words

A traveler through a dusty road Strewed acorns on the way; And grew into a tree.

Love sought its shade at evening time. To break its early vows; And gave as pleased, in heat of noon. To back beneath its boughs.

The drowsy loved its dusky twigs. The birds sweet music bore; It stood, a glory in its place. A blessing evermore.

A farmer dropped a random thought. "I was glad, and yet was new— A simple fancy of the brain. But strong in being true; It shone upon a genial mind. And in its light became. A lamp of light, beacon ray. A monetary flame.

The thought was small, its issue great. It shed its radiance far and wide. And cheers the valley still. —Charles Mackay.

Good-year Rain Coats and Macintoshes are stylish and serviceable. They answer for cool and wet weather. Good-year Rubber Co., 375-377 Water street.

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A Man Who Knows The Food Value of Soda Crackers

An Automoblist left Los Angeles for Seattle, a journey of over two thousand miles. For provision against emergency he carried in his car only a package of soda crackers and tin of sardines.

It happened that he did not have occasion to resort to his emergency rations, but the dependence he placed upon that package of soda crackers showed that there is one man at least who appreciates the high value of the soda cracker as a food.

Uneeda Biscuit, the perfected soda cracker, has been aptly termed the Staff of Modern Life. While bread which has the usage of ages to entrench its position, may never be entirely supplanted by the soda cracker, yet certain it is that as people are learning the real value of Uneeda Biscuit, they are coming to be more and more used in hundreds of thousands of American homes. Uneeda Biscuit are sold in air tight packages everywhere—5¢.

of Soda Crackers

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Robinson Made Himself Useful

"MY DEAR," said the husband of the woman who had just moved into the Harlem flat, "I am going to stay at home today and help you get things fixed up."

His wife smiled with gratitude across her coffee-cup and looked down surreptitiously at her bruised and mutilated hands that had gotten all scratched up in the fray of hanging pictures, polishing mirrors and driving nails.

"Oh, how nice," she sighed sweetly; "a man is so handy about the house. There are lots of things you might do."

"Well, trot them out, then," said Robinson in a businesslike tone. "Where shall I begin?"

"Well, first you might put a leaf in the dining table."

Robinson got up, removed his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves and began shoving the dishes to one side of the breakfast cloth.

"Oh, mercy!" cried his wife, anxiously, "do wait until Sarah takes away the plates and things."

"Now, my dear," said Robinson, reassuringly, "you just let me tend to this. I can't bother with any fol-de-rol."

At that moment he tipped over the cream pitcher and Mrs. Robinson had to run for a cloth to clean up the liquid and wipe the grease spots off the Turkish rug. But after she had done this and gone for a hammer and found a screwdriver and taken all the chairs and dishes and bric-a-brac out of his way, Robinson finally got the leaf in the table.

Then he proceeded to put up some nails in the packing room. Mrs. Robinson wanted them to hang her summer frocks on. He had been pounding away for a few moments when there was a rowl from the packing room and little Mrs. Robinson rushed sollicitously in to discover her braver half sucking a mashed thumb and saying things under his breath. For a moment she looked at him in pity, then she glanced up at the nails and gave a little gasp. If she ever expected to reach one of those nails she would have to stand on a chair. They were all driven into the sanitary wall, where they hung limply from the plaster, while the place in the woodwork under the mantel shelf where they should have been was conspicuously empty. But she said nothing. Not she! and Mr. Robinson proceeded to the "job" of staining the parlor floor.

"The stain is right in the closet, dear," said Mrs. Robinson, "but wait until I get a broom."

"A broom? What on earth do you want with a broom?" asked her better half sarcastically. "Gimme the paint brush."

"Well, my dear," remarked Robinson, "how is it going to look?"

"Oh, all right," answered the wife wearily, "only you've used the paint I bought for the kitchen hearth instead of the rosewood stain, and you've

pointed in all the dirt. I brought a broom to sweep it off with first. But I guess I'm too late," and she smiled wanly.

Robinson turned as red as the vermilion floor, but he grimly finished his task, though he had to hire a man next day to scrape it all off.

"Well, anyhow," he remarked, "I can gild up that old clock. It certainly does look shabby," and he took down the family timepiece from its honored spot on the mantel. Then Robinson conceived a new way of putting the gilt on. First, he gave the entire clock a coating of glue, and then, sitting at a table, he put small portions of the gold dust into little cylinders of paper and blew them onto the clock. It did look beautiful when he had finished, and it would have been lovely if that gold dust had not found its way over every article of furniture in the room. For months afterward they were known as "the gilded pair," and everybody who came to call upon them carried away a little of their treasure.

The Glade

Weave on your spell, oh, forest tall and splendid. Sing your sweet lays for aye you muring stream. Here on the rocks that your high, rugged banks build. Let me in silence sit and dream!

Let my ear listen to the gentle whisper. That the Wind-sod sends in breezes through the leaves. Let my eyes feel repose of sun sheen finely sitting on the velvet rest of moss that cleaves.

Just a secluded glade by high trees bounded. Only a few cool rocks in moist earth set. Just a bright brooklet tumbling, stumbling in foam froth waves that grooves and pitfalls fret.

Just a gold gleam of sunlight sweetly stealing through lacy roof of leaves to kiss the stream. Merely a fleecing bar of wood bird's lyric. Just a stray fragment of wood bird's lyric. Norma K. Bright in Book News.

The Goods Delivered

Mary Ann—I thought ye wor wurkin' fur Mrs. McBluff at folve dollars the week. Bridget—No, Shure, I hov a nice job now wid Mrs. Jenkins at \$4 the week. Mary Ann—But a \$4 job ain't as good as a \$5 wan. Bridget—Faith, 'tis better if ye get the \$4.—Philadelphia Press.

In the Car

"The fare register says, 'Out-80.' What does that mean?" "I guess it means the conductor is out of cents. Anyway, he looks short."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ATHLETES

TO KEEP IN GOOD TRIM MUST LOOK WELL TO THE CONDITION OF THE SKIN. TO THIS END THE BATH SHOULD BE TAKEN WITH

HAND SAPOLIO

All Grocers and Druggists