

# For the Fair Sex

## BOSTON MISER'S STORY

HE LIVED ON TWENTY-ONE CENTS A DAY

Left His Money to City for Charity When There Was No Charity in His Soul—Value of Money Is in Purchasing Power

One sometimes wonders at the makeup of the human mind when its sole desire is to make money to leave behind when it is blotted out. When a man has a family to provide for, especially many daughters, he naturally thinks of the future.

But what of the childless widower? Or the man with a wife who is already well provided for? Why cannot a man stop working when he has enough and try to get some enjoyment out of life while he is still young enough to enjoy?

All these questions were suggested by the story of a Boston miser who reduced his living expenses to twenty-one cents a day. He was never known to give a dollar in charity or to act in any way like a normal, rational being, but at his death it was found that he had left a large fortune to the city of Boston and its charitable institutions.

Now, of course, no one can judge accurately of another human being, but may be permitted to wonder about his mental processes and point of view. Some minds have never been able to grasp the joy there is in being praised after death. It is human and rational to want to do pleasant things while one is alive and see the comfort they bring to others. Money when properly regarded is essentially valuable only because of its purchasing power. In itself it is so much dross. But when bringing cheer to human beings and driving the wolf away from the door of those who suffer, it is doing a great work.

The Boston miser can only be despised, and when it is said that he lived an unlovely life, without friends, helped no man and worshiped only money; then his will, instead of being beautiful becomes doubly absurd.

Sometimes those who coldly refuse to give in charity while living are the very ones who give all they have for charity at death. One has one's doubts whether this is real charity. There are indeed those who have no doubt about it, but are quite decided in their minds and affirm that post-mortem charity, following a life of miserliness, has no value whatever.

This Boston miser had nieces and nephews in plenty, but did not even speak to them. He owned a valuable building in Boston, and in order to save, was his own janitor, even scrubbing the windows himself to spare that expense. He spoke to no one, had no friends, because friends cost money. His will was a most remarkable document. He specified what charities he wished to endow, remembered his relatives with a few hundreds and the bulk of his estate went to various institutions. If any blessing follows the expenditure of this money, many will wonder. The worship of money as money, and not for what it can do is the most despicable trait which flesh is heir to.

When one thinks what this horrid old miser could have done with this money which he loved more than his immortal soul, the kind of a mind he had becomes more of a mystery. If there can be any greater pleasure than using money to lighten burdens of others, it has not been discovered. Why any man should be called upon to save and skimp for the benefit of the city of Boston is not stated. Now some are obliged to seek aid from the very institutions which their uncle enriched.

After all, what a pitiful soul he was, and how fate has robbed him of the only thing he seemed to want, the admiration of the world when he was gone. In place of it there is only execration, and his relatives will probably contest this will. Let us hope they will succeed and spend it as lavishly as he did the exact opposite. Some one may say: "It was his money; if he chose to save and leave it thus, he had a right to." Yes; legally, he was within his rights, but morally he was unspeakable.

Marie

## Mainly About People

Mrs. Henry Reimers, of Cedar street, will entertain the Evening Star Aid society this afternoon.

Mrs. and Mrs. Ashton Yokem have returned to Minneapolis.

Mrs. Milton Baldy, of Laurel avenue, left yesterday for her home in Spokane.

Mrs. H. A. Stone, of Dayton avenue, gave a card party yesterday afternoon.

The ladies of the Central Christian church will give an entertainment in

Nothing will please him better than a box of

**2- Cigarettes**

for a present. If he's a pipe smoker, we have it. Perfect assortment

Meerschmump Pipes From... \$3.50 up  
Brier Root Pipes in Cases... 75c up  
Cigar Cases From... 25c up

Large, complete and new line of Tobacco Jars. Lots of real novelties in Pipes.

**F.W. Tuckett's Sons**  
Opposite Court House. 349 Wabasha St.

## FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE



A remarkably pretty and picturesque dinner gown is shown by the accompanying illustration. It is made of light yellow brocade combined with white lace over white tulle. The foundation skirt is cut in five gores, and on this are mounted full ruffles of white lace, the bottom two running all around the skirt and the others merely across the front. Over this hang the long skirts of the light bodice, made of the yellow brocade edged with yellow satin loops where the fronts are cut into scallops. The bodice is cut square at the neck, has a soft front of net, crossed with lace folds and finished at the top by a large yellow panne satin bow, and the neck and sides of the bodice are edged with narrow ruffles to correspond to the skirt. The finishing and distinctive feature of the gown lies in the treatment of the sleeves, which are made with the satin puffing and with full lace ruffles below. This gown would seem

at first sight a very expensive model to copy, but in reality it could be carried out quite reasonably, particularly if one has a slightly soiled or unused evening gown, and almost every one has, to start with. Not a great deal of lace is required, for the upper ruffles are very short and there is practically none used on the waist except as sleeve ruffles, but if lace is found to be too expensive, net or chiffon ruffles might be substituted. The bodice, sleeves and long brocade skirt should be carefully copied, but as only a few yards of material are needed some handsome piece of silk, satin or velvet could undoubtedly be found among the remnants at a good shop at a greatly reduced price. Another way in which this model could be used in an economical way would be as an adjunct to an all-over lace ball gown. In this case the skirt would be entirely of lace and the bodice and sleeves would be made of lace. This would give one two totally different gowns at a very small cost.

The church, corner of McBoal and Leech streets, this afternoon from 2 until 5.

Miss Hare, of Western avenue, has returned from school in Virginia for the holidays.

Miss Hazel Thompson, of Summit avenue, has returned for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hatch, of Chicago, will spend the holidays in St. Paul.

Mrs. F. L. Johnson, of Dayton avenue, has gone to Florida for the winter.

## GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM

Shetlands are the newest fancy in the way of equine pets, and Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt is responsible for the craze. She started it in the course of the Chicago horse show, when she offered unusual prices for handsome parallel teams and promised a small fortune to a dealer who should procure for her a quartette of perfectly matched ponies for a four-in-hand. The young matron is likely to astound the average when her husband returns from exile, for she already has a four-and-a-half pair of the funny little horses which she drives to a Kentucky breeding farm. She is so black-chained would make a white mark on them, and each is such a morsel one wonders how they can draw even so ethereal a beauty as Mrs. Vanderbilt. Yet they prance along with a knee action highly creditable in view of their ambling ancestry and with palpable consciousness of their position as the favorites of a millionaire's chaperone. So wide is the demand for Shetlands that a dealer on a large scale sells them by carloads fast as he can ship them. They are sold "sight unseen," usually being offered for sale by mail and ordered by wire.

Their cousins, the Iceland ponies, also are in demand, and another Vanderbilt matron—Mrs. Willie K.—recently purchased four of this breed for her little girls. But, cross as the Shetland can be at times, he is more patient than Griseida when compared with the Icelandic. Millions therefore prefer the "shetlands" for their children's use. It is an interesting example of the fickleness of fashion to recall that twenty-two years ago an attempt was made to popularize a particularly small breed of pony, several specimens of which were between thirty and thirty-six inches high, and the rich would have none of it. The bare idea of requiring such diminutive steeds to draw even government carts was regarded as equally absurd and cruel, although the breeder demonstrated the ease with which a pair of the ponies could pull a traction holding a heavy man. Now that same breed would be worth its weight in gold—and even the Vanderbilts and Goulds don't know where to find them.

Disappointment is the doom of the many fashionables who looked forward to this month for the reopening of "Castle Romance," as society dubbed the beautiful home built by the widow of H. Walter Webb before her marriage to young Ogden Codman. The newly wedded pair made arrangements for a December housewarming, but the death of the bridegroom's father, Ogden Codman the elder, in his country home in Lincoln, Mass., the last week in October, killed that plan. Mr. and

Mrs. Codman were taking an automobile trip from Paris to Vienna when the distinguished Bostonian died, and it was impossible to get the news to them for two or three days. At the request of the family they continued their wedding trip, and at last accounts were touring Austria. They will do so until the customary period of mourning is past. It is expected that at the end of that time the palace built with Walter Webb's money, the accumulation of which cost his life, and constructed on plans supplied ante-nuptially by young Codman, who is an architect of repute, will become famous for the size and brilliance of its house parties, to say nothing of more formal affairs.

There is a genuine eagerness among the dowagers to entertain Tom Lawton, of Boston, because, whatever may be thought of his methods in frenzied finance, he is regarded by every woman who has met him as an undeniably handsome man, of charming address and of a certain readiness in repartee. He has dark, soulful eyes and a complexion which, while not exactly copper color, is of that soft, dark hue which is noticeable in men whose hair is jet black and curly. He talks with the same readiness that he writes, and knows just how to appeal to the susceptibilities of women who no longer are in the flower of youthful charms.

On Jan. 17, in Trinity chapel, will take place the marriage of Miss Catherine Morgan Dix, daughter of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Morgan Dix, to William H. Wheelock.

Mrs. Robert Hunter, the young millionaire philanthropist, believes it would be salutary for New York society girls to emulate their London cousins by taking a course as trained nurses to prepare them for the care of a household. She has money enough to hire every hospital staff in Manhattan in the event of illness in her own home, but she looks on it as a woman's duty to be able to supervise the work of those engaged to look after patients, and thinks that knowledge can be acquired only by experience. Besides, the relief of human suffering is a task that must deepen any young woman's nature and teach her that life, even for the wealthiest, is not all champagne and chignon. Hundreds of debutantes in the neighboring dominion hold nurses' certificates—indeed, many of New York's hospitals recruit their forces largely among Canadians. The

**Don't Cut**

Your friends because their clothes are somewhat shabby. Advise them to go to the repair department of

**Reid Bros.**

At the Sign of the Red Goose  
Telephone 30

Let This  
Be An  
ORIGINAL  
Christmas

The choosing of the little gift troubles everybody. The more you think and study, the more puzzling it becomes. How weary you grow of the same old shop suggestions year after year—a handkerchief—a necktie—candy—some useless trifle.

But here is a new idea: give your friends, instead of the conventional gift, holiday packages of Nabisco Sugar Wafers—the most delightfully original little gift ever conceived.

These exquisite confections, in their glorious coverings of white and red and gold, are, for Christmas giving, further adorned with dainty holly ribbons, under which are beautifully illuminated cards to convey your compliments and good wishes. Nothing quite so pleasing as Nabisco for the little Christmas gift has ever before been seen.

Why not surprise your friends with this new expression of warmth and cheer—this charmingly original thought for Christmas?

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

## TROLLEY HONEYMOONS

Advent of Electric Cars Increases Marriages in Towns Near Chicago

Near-Chicago towns have broken all records in the matter of marriages during this much of the year 1904. In Rockford during the ten months up to Nov. 1 there had been 631 marriages. In the same period in 1903 there were 564, and in 1902 490.

The electric railways are in a measure responsible for the increase of this class of business. There are now three interurban lines centering in the town. They bring in hundreds of couples from other towns and from across the state line in Wisconsin.

The same increase is noticeable in other electric railway centers. Aurora, although it is not a county seat, gets a great deal of business of this class. The town is now connected with Chicago, Joliet and all of the Fox river towns, the third rail system grid-ironing the most prosperous section of the near-Chicago territory.

The court officers are performing most of the out of town marriages. Now and then a minister is hunted up and the ceremony said in the parsonage. A Rockford minister relates that recently a Wisconsin young man gave up his last time to be married in his parlor. He had saved enough to carry himself and bride back home on the trolley line. But 10 cents of his store of cash remained. He apologized to the minister for his not being able to offer more, and when the parson found that he was giving up his last cent he refused to accept it, telling the blushing groom that he was quite welcome to his services and insisting that he keep his money. But the young bachel-

or refused to do any such thing; he laid it within the reach of the good pastor and went off with his bride as happy as if he was carrying with him a pocketful of coin.—Chicago Tribune.

## One of Barnum's Finds

In the days of Barnum an old "auntie" lived in East Tennessee who was reputed to be of great age. Like all of her kind, she was extremely proud of the distinction, and never underestimated her age in the least. She had outgrown that weakness decades past.

Barnum heard of her, and concluded that if she was as old as rumor made her, she would be a valuable acquisition to his show, and so he sent an agent down to make an investigation. She caught the direction of the wind very promptly, and was prepared for any test question that might be asked. Gradually the agent led up to the crucial interrogatory, and at last said:

"Auntie, do you remember George Washington?"

"Does I remember George Washington? WY laws-a-massy, mistah, I reckon I does. I orter, orter I? Fer I done nussed him. We played together ev'ry day when he was a little child."

"The court officers are performing most of the out of town marriages. Now and then a minister is hunted up and the ceremony said in the parsonage. A Rockford minister relates that recently a Wisconsin young man gave up his last time to be married in his parlor. He had saved enough to carry himself and bride back home on the trolley line. But 10 cents of his store of cash remained. He apologized to the minister for his not being able to offer more, and when the parson found that he was giving up his last cent he refused to accept it, telling the blushing groom that he was quite welcome to his services and insisting that he keep his money. But the young bachel-

"Yes—well, how about the fall of the Roman empire? Do you remember anything about that?"

The old woman took a good, long breath. In fact, it amounted to a sigh. She reflected for a few moments, and said:

"De fact is, honey, I was purty young den, an' I doesn't have a very extinet recemembrance 'bout dat; but I does 'member, now dat you speaks of hit, dat I did deah de white folks tell about hearin' some'n drap."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## WOMEN WHO DROP IN

Social Nuisance That Apartment Houses Are Fortified Against

One nuisance that modern customs have done away with and that promises to become extinct in cities is the person, man or woman, who makes a habit of dropping in to call on a friend or an acquaintance at all sorts of hours, without regard for the engagements or duties of the one visited.

In villages and in towns, where life is not so filled up with the duties imposed on persons socially active in New York, it is perhaps possible that persons may welcome the occasional dropper-in, but in this city it argues a fine and well developed selfishness in the woman who, because she may have an hour or two to kill, at once argues that some nearby acquaintance must necessarily welcome a visit from her.

People who dwell in houses are, of course, protected by their servants from these unexpected visits. Flat dwellers are the principal victims of the bore who assumes that she must be welcome at whatever hour she may happen to have the leisure to present herself.

So pronounced has this form of friendly intrusion become that in most of the well managed apartment houses visitors are not permitted to ascend the elevators unless their names are first sent up. A receiving day indicated on a card means that on that day the presence of friends is expected and provided for, but the indiscriminate caller, who takes chances of disturbing a dinner party, or perhaps a family quarrel, presumes on friendship.

Such people are often heard lamenting the inhospitality of cities, but the fact is they mark themselves once as undesirable acquaintances when they choose their hours for visiting with reference only to their own convenience and pleasure.

## STEWART EDWARD WHITE'S

New Book of Travel and Adventure

# THE MOUNTAINS



"Such a vigorous, true, wholesome book is the next best thing to out-of-doors itself." *The Bookman*.

"His words paint pictures, tremendous, luminous. They interpret the call of the mountain heights, they bring something of the Great Spirit of the wilderness down to those who cannot climb for themselves... one of the great books of the year." *San Francisco Bulletin*.

2d Printing. Cloth, large 12mo., illustrated. Postpaid, \$1.64; net, \$1.50

## A COMPANION VOLUME TO THE MOUNTAINS THE FOREST

"The intimate record of a 1,000 mile canoe and woods trip extending to Hudson Bay. Both the prose and poetry of woodcraft." *N. Y. Times*.

5th Printing. Cloth, large 12mo., illustrated. Postpaid, \$1.64; net, \$1.50

## BLAZED TRAIL STORIES

"There is a tremendous force in this writer's pen and his characters almost breathe the breath of life. No lover of short stories should be without this splendid collection." *St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

3rd Printing. Cloth, 12mo. Frontispiece in colors. \$1.50

THE SILENT PLACES  
Sixth Edition. Cloth, 12mo. Illustrated in colors. \$1.50

THE BLAZED TRAIL  
Eighteenth Edition. Cloth, 12mo. Illustrated. \$1.50

McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO., 44-63 EAST 23D ST., N. Y.