

For the Fair Sex

WORRIES ABOUT FLESH

THE STOUT WOMAN HAS HER TROUBLES

There Are Various Exercises Recommended for the Woman Who Would Keep Her Figure, but Dangerous Systems of Banting Should Be Avoided

The fear of too much flesh hangs over many a young woman who comes of a family of stout folk, and the various women's pages are constantly full of advice about getting rid of the superfluous avoidpounds. Women who feel each day their increasing girth often allow to become a terror to them, and in consequence their faces are adorned with wrinkles from sheer worry. The woman who is normal, neither too stout nor unduly thin, has no idea how thankful she should be. But uncomfortable as it is to find one's self growing very stout, the woman who does anything and everything advised by friends for the reducing of her flesh is a very foolish woman. No system of banting, as it is called, should be adopted without the advice of a physician. Women have killed themselves in that way. Sometimes the system will involve a complete change in the manner of living, a diet much limited, and walking and other exercise, carried to a degree affecting the heart's action. It is certainly distressing to be too large, but the stout woman may be willing to admit that she would prefer being stout and alive to being beautiful, slender and dead. There are many simple exercises which a woman can make a habit of taking, which, if they do not reduce, at least will keep her normal and ward off the daily increase which is so terrifying to large women. A woman who knows a good deal about these things said the other day—in print—that she regarded the early hours of the morning as the best time for a woman to exercise.

"I get my very best exercise early in the morning," she said. "No matter how tired I am, I get up and exercise. By the time I get through my regular routine I am in fine fettle for the day." This idea of exercising in the morning, she says, comes from the Parisian women, who, when on their country estates, never waste the best hours of the day in sleep. The habit of early rising is an excellent one, and, carried to extremes, this woman just quoted says that women in general do not realize the value of that early hour for the proper use of the whole day. She says: "I regard one good hour in the morning as absolutely essential to my health and happiness. Few people know how important an effect the first hour has upon the rest of the day. I make it a habit to wake in the morning and relax. That sounds foolish, but it means letting the mind lie vacant. I never wake up and begin to plan. That is a poor way to begin the day. I waken and lie still for awhile. If I think upon my blessings. That is the best way to start off in the morning."

The physical culture exercises which most women do these days try to practice sometime during the twenty-four hours, this woman thinks should be done in the early morning hours. Few of us but know what a strain it is to do these "stunts" at night when one is tired after a long day. But when one first wakes, refreshed after a night's rest, is an excellent time to try to work off, or keep down, the superfluous flesh which becomes such a nuisance to many women. Riding horseback, or a bicycle before breakfast, in the spring and summer, are excellent means of keeping one's figure down to the proper dimension. The regular formula of trying to touch the floor without bending one's knees, and other exercises which most modern women know how to do, are given by a specialist in these matters. It is to drink a glass of hot water before beginning the exercises, and others at intervals during the morning. Many physical culture teachers tell women that they do not drink nearly enough water at any time. Water is said not to be fattening except when taken with one's meals. Then there are those who do not believe that, if one is ordained to be stout, exercise or regimen will make any difference. The thin woman has also her point of view and can tell a tale fully as depressing, in her opinion, as that of the one who is above the normal weight. The world, the flesh and the devil is a more serious trial than some of us realize.

Marie

Mainly About People

Miss Burkhard gave a game dinner Friday evening for all the employees of the William R. Burkhard company.

The Territorial Pioneer Woman's club will meet with Mrs. Remer, 135 Rondo street, Tuesday, the 10th.

Mrs. John Dunn, of Lincoln avenue, entertained informally yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Van Meter entertained at dinner yesterday for Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Brown.

Miss Ida Jones, of Luverne, is the guest of Mrs. George Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Perfect, of Lincoln avenue, have returned from New York.

Miss Monnie Gordon has returned

WHIRLPOOL BREAD

N. Cournoyer, grocer, 547 Mississippi street, says:

"Whirlpool Bread is a great seller. The first loaf sold makes a steady customer of the user."

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FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE



Extravagance in dress is shown at the present time in every part of the wardrobe, for even the simplest garments that are intended entirely for use are made of beautiful and one should judge thoroughly unserviceable materials. As an illustration of the extremes to which this is carried is the bath robe shown which is made of light blue panne velvet. It is a really lovely model and it may, of course, be worn as a room gown as well as a bath robe, but it is far too simple in character to be used for any save the most informal wear, and as a model to be copied in any appropriate and inexpensive material such as single faced cloth, cachemire or flannel. The back is close fitting with sufficient fullness let in below the waist line by inverted plaits, and the fronts hang straight from the shoulders

and are edged with white silk braid. This is used to border the three large buttonholes and breast pocket, which is embroidered with the wearer's monogram in heavy white silk. The upper part of the left front turns back to form a broad revers and was faced with white panne velvet, for which white silk, satin or cachemire could be substituted if the robe were made of a less handsome fabric. Slightly more elaborate and very pretty was another dressing gown seen lately. This was of heavy rose pink satin lined with china silk to match and fashioned after the Directoire models with long skirts falling from a short bolero or deep yoke, which was edged by a puffing of the satin twisted into scrolls on the bust, and fastened by silk cords and tassels that fell nearly to the bottom of the gown. The sleeves were large and flowing and were trimmed by scrolls of the pink satin puffing and tassels were under-ruffles of white chiffon.

from Hutchinson, where she spent the vacation with relatives.

Mrs. J. T. Clark, of the Toledo, has returned from the East.

The Zionist club will give a dance tomorrow night in its club rooms.

Mrs. Barnett, of Superior, is the guest of Mrs. A. N. Trenholm, of Fairmount avenue.

Women Stone and Wound Soldiers. MILAN, Jan. 6.—Women to the number of 600 employed in a tobacco factory at Fricase have struck for increased pay. They bombarded the factory with stones. The object of the province of Milan sent a company of infantry to suppress the disturbances. In the collision eight soldiers were wounded. Many women were arrested.

GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM

Society never has dropped altogether the good old custom of watching the old year out, and watch night was observed through the length and breadth of the world of fashion. All the Vanderbilts are partial to the merry-making incidental to the occasion, and the Goulds and Astors are not far behind. As for the Ogden Millises, Goetles, Stewarts and dozens of other old New York families, to give brief sketches of their plans for the evening would require columns. Perhaps the most novel celebration was that of Charles M. Goulds, whose beautiful home in the city of the future saw the last of the Hunt club, for whose permanent success they worked so hard. Mrs. Gould was a young woman of rare intellect and powers in the line of gaiety when, as lovely little Bell, she captured the heart of the Flushing millionaire. She is even more ingenious as a matron, and the few friends who have gathered in the big drawing room on 194 had the time of their lives.

The party was in pleasing contrast to the size of that gathered under the roof of the "club waken," when almost a round hundred sat at the eight tables. Only about a score were there this time, but all were close friends of the couple and each equal to a host in funmaking. A living moving picture had been arranged by Mrs. Gould to typify the old year's death and the new year's advent. The antiquated garments and with snowy hair an old man representing 1904 entered the first drawing room soon before midnight, and in a brief speech written by the hostess, recalled the interesting and amusing incidents in the lives of the guests in the past twelve months. As he talked his voice became gradually weaker, his joints relaxed and at the end of his little piece he sank languidly to a bearskin beside a portiere. When the clock struck 12 Mr. Gould created a momentary diversion by pledging his guests a wassail cup, and when they looked back to the rug they saw in place of the veteran a dapper youth in clothes of the newest fashion who, as 1905, wished "A happy New Year to all."

Everybody in society who knows Natica Rivers—and who does not?—has commented on her increased loveliness, and many have been the whispered questions and guesses among her dear 500 friends. It is remarked not only that the lines of her face have assumed curves ever softer than they had before, but that her complexion has become the ideal of artistic coloring. No, nobody suspects for a moment that Miss Rivers aids nature in the least—not, at any rate, with anything purchasable in a pharmacy. The simple fact is that this altogether charming young woman has lived so much more in the open air than formerly—and she always was an outdoor girl, at that—that every passing month has added to her bloom and her beauty the freshness of a schoolgirl's. For one thing, Miss Rivers is a constant auto driver. She cares little for park

riding, preferring to whizz along country lanes and follow the river roads as closely as possible. She gets the full benefit of the Hudson's breezes in a dash to Yonkers and points beyond, and it is nothing out of the ordinary for her to cover forty or fifty miles in an afternoon. No wonder the heads of the men are turned and the women's eyes are busy with harmless gossip of the new attractions "the simple life" has given her.

Of course, as with her friend, Cynthia Roche, Wagner's phrase becomes a mere figure of speech when applied to Miss Rivers. She and Miss Roche are the gayest of the gay and few are the cottolins they miss. As for informal dances—well, the hostess who failed to get at least one of them would regard her affair as flat, stale and unprofitable. Both young women are excellent dancers, and it is said society mamas hold them up in nursery as examples to bread-and-butter misses. "This or that," says the ambitious parent, "and when you come out you'll be as popular as Miss Rivers or Miss Roche. You must be good, my dears, else you'll never be as nice as they are." But neither Miss Roche nor Miss Rivers believes in sacrificing her beauty on Mrs. Grundy's altar. Each is not only willing but eager to have all the fun society yields, but each also insists on enough of life in the open to keep the roses in her cheeks without recourse to the apothecary.

PEOPLE AND THINGS
Her street gown is the one in which a woman is oftentimes seen by her neighbors, and on which her sartorial reputation depends, says the modern fashionist. It is this that she dons for shopping and travel tours, for morning calling, church and all practical purposes. Bearing the brunt of wear for one—and perhaps several—seasons, it cannot be too carefully considered.

Pointed fingers are said to indicate a love of luxury, combined in many cases with a tendency to idleness. Here may be seen the influence of heredity. Ancestors in the past in easy circumstances had no need to work. They had hard places smoothed for them, and servants did the laborious tasks. So their skin remained fine and their muscles unstretched, and their finger tips in fair shape. They bequeathed the sign of ease, rest, affluence, to their posterity. Tramps of the genus "Henry Willie" often have this sign of pointed fingers. Money does not descend with the luxurious instinct. Workers bequeathed square, flat tips to posterity, and with them stores of energy. Square fingers are a well proportioned hand show much ability to reason and to plan, and to carry out plans. The owner of the pointed fingers may reason equally well, but is likely to lack executive ability.

The picture postal card craze affords a good idea for church bazaars. If there is an artist in the congregation who can decorate a lot of cards with drawings of the church or city, or with any appropriate design or motto, they will readily sell at from 5 cents upward, according to the amount of work expended on them.

It is a popular fallacy that the first love is the true one, unique in its excellence. Ancestors in the past in easy circumstances had no need to work. They had hard places smoothed for them, and servants did the laborious tasks. So their skin remained fine and their muscles unstretched, and their finger tips in fair shape. They bequeathed the sign of ease, rest, affluence, to their posterity. Tramps of the genus "Henry Willie" often have this sign of pointed fingers. Money does not descend with the luxurious instinct. Workers bequeathed square, flat tips to posterity, and with them stores of energy. Square fingers are a well proportioned hand show much ability to reason and to plan, and to carry out plans. The owner of the pointed fingers may reason equally well, but is likely to lack executive ability.

Every year the Consumers' league finds it necessary to tell the Christmas shopper "how not to shop." Its recommendations are so simple and so sensible that it seems a pity they should be limited in any way to Christmas shopping. Don't shop after 5 o'clock, says the league. Don't shop on Saturday afternoon. Don't leave your Christmas shopping until the week before Christmas. Don't give your address carelessly to salespeople. Don't neglect to ask for underwear bearing the Consumers' league label.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS
A muff chain is a necessity to the woman shopper who is continually taking her hands out of the muff to make change or examine materials. A prettier chain, delicate in workmanship, but strong, which was bought recently to go with a set of chinchilla, is of gun metal with small green stones set in at every two inches.

A butterfly hairpin of jet, to be worn when the hair is dressed high, costs \$4.95. There are three long prongs to secure it on the hair with the butterfly perched on the top of the pin.

The lovely gilt bags which have the appearance of innumerable shining fish scales are being marked down now. Some of them are on gilt frames and are used as handbags, while others which close by a drawstring make useful opera bags.

Scotch flannels, suitable for shirt-waists, are selling now for 23 cents a yard in a Broadway store. They are a change or examine materials. They are a change or examine materials. They are a change or examine materials.

For everyday wear with the winter shirtwaist suit turnover sets of heavy linen decorated with English embroidery may be bought for 50 cents. Besides brightening up the suit which begins to look a bit dingy before winter is over, the little cuffs are really useful as protectors of the edges of the blouse cuff, which usually begin to show wear before any other part of the suit.

An exquisite hair ornament is in the form of a cluster of berries on a stem. Diamonds form the fruit and gold the stem.

She who is interested in taffetas will find some bargains in lining and petticoat silk at a store on Broadway. A good quality for this purpose sells at 59 cents a yard.

A tea caddy that costs a pretty penny for such a small article—it is only five inches high—is entirely of silver in a high, fine, chased design.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Littlejohn*

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The man of the nursery tale who "killed the goose that laid the golden egg," founded a SCHOOL OF FINANCE and an ECONOMIC SYSTEM which have not yet become extinct. He has an occasional follower among the merchants of today. These disciples of the "Golden Egg School of Finance" are the merchants who discover that they are paying too much money for newspaper advertising. While the past year has been a prosperous one, and they have made more money than ever before, the totals of their advertising bills for the year frighten them, and they ask: "Wouldn't it be fine to have all of this money in bank? And, as a founder of that philosophy, who wanted all of the golden eggs at once, they figure that they might just as well put the money in bank as to pay it to newspapers. And if the man who killed the goose in order to secure the golden egg was wise, then the merchant who tries to SAVE THE MONEY WHICH ADVERTISING COSTS HIM is wise, too—for the two propositions are of exactly the same nature. Perhaps, however, the man of the fable would have been wiser to have fed, to have cherished, to have cared for his valuable fowl—to have spent money for her comfort. If this is true, it applies to the store advertiser. Always use The Globe.

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