FOR WOMEN READERS

SELFISHNESS AMONG MEN AND WOMEN

Girl Whose Mother Was So Unselfish That She Made Her Family Miserable

Selfishness is at the bottom of more troubles in this world than we dream of. The utterly selfish man or woman is a blight, and the one who makes a friend of him or her will live to regret it. There are times in our lives when we come to the parting of the ways; when we discover the real value of our friends and whether they will sacrifice us to their own good, or will be content with less themselves in order to be loyal.

Men have been dubbed selfish indiscriminately, and you will hear some cocksure woman say that all men are selfish. It is not so. There are just as many selfish women as there are men, and it would be hard to find a more despicable thing than a thoroughly selfish woman. She lives in the shadow of herself, and the thing grows on her until she cannot focus her mind or her wisdom upon anything that does not affect her. The selfish little girl makes the selfish woman, although sometimes a girl recognizes her self-absorption as a fault and strives to correct it.

The colossal vanity of some men is on a par with the selfishness of a few women. They make men and measures bend to their way and force everything to their interests, no matter who is sacrificed. You will see this in business and social life everywhere. The man who is self-centered cannot expect people not to know it.

At times in families one can see unselfishness carried to a painful degree, and apropos of this a girl in St. Paul said the other day: "I have the most unselfish mother who ever lived, and I almost wish she was the other thing, for her unselfishness makes me so wretched. Giving everything to me has become a mania with her, and she has carried it to such an extreme that I don't know what she wants, or whether she ever gets it. If she thinks I want a new dress she will refuse to have anything for a whole season; she will do things she hates, bore herself to death and all in the interests of others. I almost wish she was like a horribly selfish woman I know."

If that girl had a selfish mother she would see the difference. For somehow, being a mother is a kind of an unselfish profession anyway, and when we find one who sacrifices her children, her husband and her friends to her own whims, we thoroughly despise her. Perhaps unselfishness can be carried too far, but it is hardly necessary to state that selfishness can. And yet it is that which makes success. In order to be entirely successful you must trample on others; you must not let any heart enter into your transactions or you are gone. The moment you step aside for pity's sake to help a man up you lose your place. You must be one-ideaed, pitiless and concentrate solely upon your own individual prosperity. You may not be loved, but you will be feared and looked up to, which is very pleasant to some natures.

Selfishness pays in material things, but the other thing pays in ways that cannot be measured. There are rewards that are felt but not seen, and there would be no use of explaining to those who have never experienced the pleasures of self-sacrifice.

Giving up one's career or even a temporary good, for one's fellow men or for a friend, is not the best worldly policy. The one who does it will be laughed and sneered at. But there is an invisible balance struck once in a while, and almost every man knows on which side he stands. If he is on the right side what others say will not matter, but if he knows he is on the wrong side no adulation or plaudits from outside will make up to him for his spiritual losses.

Marie

A BEDFORD CORD STREET GOWN

(Copyright, 1905, by R. F. Ayers)

At the risk of being trite, it must be remarked again that there is very little in the way of fashions which does not return to us periodically. Especially is this true of fabrics. Among those which have once more received the sanction of good style is that delightful rigid cloth known to popularity a few years ago under the name of Bedford cord.

In today's sketch is to be seen a smart long coat stret costume carried out in this material in a soft mastic shade. There is a seam directly down the middle of the skirt front—a Parisian idea which is noticed on nearly all the costumes from that center, whether they are of heavy or light weight fabrics. Round the bottom of the full skirt, which is longer than the customary walking model, there are three rows of self colored silk braid, stitched in straight flat bands.

In the coat is seen a combination of blouse and the fashionable three-quarter garment. The back and sides drop modishly over a belt, and the circular skirts of the coat are fitted at the waist by means of very narrow tucks—pin tucks, in fact, stitched down from the belt to a distance of perhaps three or four inches. The effect is that of a sunburst due to the radiating lines of tiny tucks.

As though the front of the coat were designed to be worn open, the long straight jacket parts are slit at the sides to admit the belt, which continues on under here and fastens over the skirt in front. These fronts start at the middle of each shoulder seam and are neatly stitched their entire length on each side. The lapels, collar, belt, cuffs and facings for the fronts are made of crimson canvas solidly stitched in a pattern, with white thread. The bottom of the coat is finished with two rows of machine stitching in self colored silk, and three smoked pearl buttons are supplied to fasten it.

The combination of the mastic shade with the red and white is stunning without being startling. On the collar and lapels the rows of machine work follow the outline of each, and on the girdle the rows are parallel; but the cuff presents rather an intricate design of points. Running up the outside of the sleeve there is a separate piece of red canvas cut in points, and the stitching fills in this space solidly. In the center of each point is a tiny trimming button.

The model would be an excellent one to use in making up a smart white or colored linen street costume. There will be many of this variety worn, and the touch of color on the coat is just the thing for wash materials. Rose colored linen, Saxony blue, dark tan or light tan and even pale blue are good style for such trimmings. In addition to the gown decoration some dressmakers supply spats to match, though this is something of an affectation, for when it is warm enough for a linen suit anything high about the ankles, even though it be of linen, is apt to feel uncomfortable.

For dressier costumes fancy pointed coats and tunics are the latest novelty. One pearl colored taffeta gown had a tight fitting coat of silk, with a skirt cut in three points, which were almost as full as though each were circular. The front was richly embroidered in pearl passementerie. The sleeves were long and of the coat and the border of the points snug until within a few inches of the shoulders, where they widened becomingly. With this novel visiting coat was worn a skirt of pearl tinted mousseline de soie, trimmed horizontally with three bands of taffeta like the coat. The middle band was at least six inches wide and the other two were not over an inch and a half.

A pointed tunic costume of equal beauty and daintiness was also of taffeta, but of a delicious peach tint. There was no trimming on the long trained skirt, but over it, to a point below the knees, fell a tunic of exquisitely embroidered lace, separating in the front and forming deep points here, at each side, and in the back. The medallion design of the lace was picked out with tiny pearls, and outlined with quillings of rose colored taffeta, and dotted here and there with ribbon flowers. The bodice presented three embroidered lace medallions across the front, with a plaiting of taffeta to finish the round yoke. Sleeves came to the elbow and were trimmed daintily with frills of silk and lace. The deep pointed girdle was built of taffeta, and the yoke appeared to be a foundation of thin lace upon which was arranged a succession of strings of pearls.

Redfern

Mainly About People

Mrs. Victor H. Smalley has returned from California and is with her mother, Mrs. Dalrymple of Summit avenue.

The Garfield society of the W. R. C. will give a social tonight at the old capitol.

Miss Stevens of Selby avenue has returned from Toledo.

Miss Moon of Fuller street has gone to Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. George Weinhagen of Milwaukee are guests of Mrs. Charles Weinhagen of Bates avenue.

Mrs. E. P. Moore of Iglehart street has gone to New York.

Mrs. J. A. Hartigan of Carroll street will entertain the Merriam Park Euchre club Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Berry of Rushford, Minn., is the guest of Mrs. C. W. Moore of Rondo street.

Dr. and Mrs. Welch of Nina avenue have taken apartments at 115 Western avenue for the summer.

EMPRESS REWARDS HEROINES IN AMERICA

Bestows Diplomas for Assistance to Slocum Disaster Victims

NEW YORK, April 21.—Consul General Buenz of Germany today received from the German empress, Augusta Victoria, fifty-one diplomas to be presented to the women at the city hospital on North Brother island, who assisted in the work of rescuing and caring for those who were saved from the steamer General Slocum, which burned last June. The diplomas recite the story of the disaster and convey to the recipient the congratulations and gratitude of the empress. For one of the young women who rendered conspicuous service the empress has sent a gold brooch set with pearls.

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.

GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM

Perhaps the thousands of women wearing those little round hats misnamed polo caps think the caps are pretty—there's no accounting for tastes. Certainly they are a good deal of trouble, for to make them reasonably becoming they must be worn with the hair arranged "just so," and every woman knows what that means. So do the hairdressers. All the fashionable coiffeurs in Manhattan are at their wits' end for help. Even a passable assistant is at a premium, so general is the rush for such arrangement of woman's crowning glory. Of course, here and there one runs across a woman to whose beauty the novelty is suited. Mrs. T. J. Oakley Rhinelander was bewitching on the Pioneer, a few days ago, with one of the new hats on her shapely head. Her fair hair was wavy as a rippling brook, and the daring headgear went well with her trim coaching suit.

Expatriates often are funnier than they think they are—witness James J. Van Alen and William Waldorf Astor. Maybe, as those men think, America is "a country not fit for a gentleman to live in." One thing is sure, though—its people at least know how to make their homes comfortable. Mr. Van Alen retains enough Americanism to like the good things of life, such as one cannot find in "the stately homes of England." He is spending a lot of money to "Americanize" his new home in Northamptonshire—putting in a steam heating plant, elevators, electric lights and all sorts of modern improvements. As he has a forty year lease, he is making the alterations with an unsparing hand. They are so extensive that he won't be ready for his first house party until the yuletide. Mr. Astor's Yankee notions in the "restoration" of Hever castle astonish the natives. He is having the ancient moat flooded and added a brace of artificial lakes to the water views. Eight hundred workmen are engaged in the task. Mr. Astor, with true American prodigality, has sacrificed hundreds of old trees in the park and changed the course of the River Eden to feed his moat and lakes.

Riding to hounds has such a hold on scores of New Yorkers that they are taking up their abode in faraway places for the sake of the sport. Year around hunting colonies are becoming more and more popular, and if this sort of thing keeps up the horsey set will soon exile itself from the metropolis. The Temple Gwathmeys already have settled down permanently in Warrenton, Va. Their new home, Glenburne, is a hunting lodge rather than a residence. Forty horses can find accommodation in their stable. Another colonist of Warrenton is Mrs. Peter Labuisse, formerly Mrs. Osgood Pell. She has a fine little place in the Springs Road. Warrenton's pink coats meet throughout the summer. The Colliers, by the way, are more enthusiastic followers of the horn and hounds than ever. Not only is P. F. master of the Meadowbrook pack, but his son Robert is M. F. H. of the Monmouth County Hunt club.

One does not often glance through the lorgnette at the graver side of life, yet there was a charm in the golden years of Mrs. Ida Adolphus Meyer, widow of Isaias Meyer, that lives today and enables her hundreds of friends to bear their sorrow when they look behind her death in the Savoy last Sunday over the wonderful stretch of her metropolitan experience. Mrs. Meyer's husband was widely known, both as a prosperous wholesale silk dealer and socially, but her individuality by no means was lost to sight in his. In fact she was regarded by all who knew her as one of the most remarkable women in New York. To begin with she was more than 80 years old, yet seemed 50 at most. Her youthful beauty was reincarnated in a matronly loveliness that defied the flight of time. The last sixty years of her life were passed in this city, and her marvelous memory teemed with enthralling recollections of all those six decades. As a patron of opera she was revered in musical circles. Moreover, she was one of the few New Yorkers living in 1905 who could describe from personal experience Jenny Lind's first American concert—the crush in Castle Garden, the breathless interest with which the audience awaited the great singer's opening note. Malibran, Grisi, Alboni—it was a treat to hear her recall the early triumphs of these velvet-voiced celebrities. Mrs. Meyer was a member of Temple Emanu-El, and from great wealth contributed largely to its charities.

Supposin' It Should

My mind is filled with horrible fears
Lest I should swallow my tongue!
What is to keep it from slipping down
If it should come unhung?
—Leslie's Monthly Magazine for May.

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

THE ST. PAUL GLOBE JUVENILE FASHIONS

2882

Little Boys' Overalls

With the advent of the first sunshiny spring days the mind of the provident mother is filled with visions of balmy summer days in the country and down by the salt sea waves. And not for herself are her first plans made, but for those dear little men and women intrusted to her care. This blouse and bloomer overall can be slipped on over a nice suit when the child goes to play, or in extremely warm weather can be worn with merely a suggestion of underwear. For a medium size, this pattern requires 2½ yards of material 36 inches wide.

A pattern of this garment, No. 2832, which is in three sizes, 1 to 5 years, may be obtained postpaid, by filling out the blank below and sending it with 10 cents to the Fashion Department of the St. Paul Globe.

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Distressing Kidney and Bladder Disease relieved in six hours by "New Great South American Kidney Cure." It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidneys and back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy. Sold by Noyes Bros. & Cutler, Druggists, St. Paul, Minn.

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For St. Paul and Vicinity—Fair.
For Minnesota—Fair and warmer today and Sunday, except in northeast portion, light variable winds.

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For everybody---fine for tobacco jars or work baskets, made of terra cotta. Hustle up if you want one; while they last.....

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Sixth and Minnesota Streets, St. Paul.

WE TRUST YOU

Current Verse

The Twenty Hoss-Power Shay

You have heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it up and bust,
And all that was left was a mound of dust?
Holmes—O. W.—told it well
In a rhyme of his—what there was to tell—
But the one-hoss shay wasn't "one, two, three"
With a vehicle once belonged to me.

One hoss? No, sir! Nor six nor nine—
Twenty there were in this rig of mine!
Twenty hosses as tough as rocks,
And all caged up in a sort of box
That stood jist back of the forward wheels!
Right! she was one of those automobiles
With twenty hosses bottled inside—
Hosses that not only pull but ride!
Wonder what Holmes would have had to say
If the mare had rode in his one-hoss shay!
I reckon the shay would have logicked out
Before the century rolled about.

Well, this big touring car, I say
Was built just like the one-hoss shay—
Some dependable, logical way—
Flipflaps, dujabs, wheels and things,
Levers, thing-gum-bobs and springs,
Hub, and felloe, and hoss-power chest—
One part just as strong as the rest,
So "logic is logic," as Holmes would say,
And no one part could first give way.

Wonderful vehicle, you'll admit,
With not one flaw in the whole of it;
As long as I had it, I declare
I hadn't one cent to pay for repair,
It couldn't break down because, you see,
It was such a logical symphony.

Now for my tale. We're not so slow
These days as a hundred years ago,
And it's like enough that the one-hoss shay,
Ambling along in its sleepy way,
Should creep a century 'thout a break,
But nowadays we aim to make
A pace that is something like a pace
And if that old shay got in our race
It would stand the pressure twenty days
And go to the home of played-out shays.

"Logic is logic." Just figure this out—
For I know just what I'm talking about—
If a one-hoss vehicle, genus shays,
Will stand our pressure twenty days,
Then, vice versa, a twenty-hoss shay
Should stand the pressure just one day—
Well, mine was a logical automobile,
From rubber tire to steering wheel,
I bought it one morning at just 10.42,
And the very next morning what did it do,
Right on the second, but up and bust!

Talk of the old shay's pile of dust—
That's not logical; my mobile
Vanished completely! Brass and steel
Iron and wood and rubber tire
Went right up in a gush of fire,
And in half a minute a gassy smell
Was all I had left by which to tell
I ever owned a touring car—
And then that vanished, and there you are!

End of my twenty hoss-power shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.
—By Ellis Parker Butler in Leslie's Monthly Magazine for May.

Seven Ages of an American

All America's a field,
And almost all the men are baseball players;
They have their innings and they chase the ball,
And each man in his life is struck out many times;
His standing is well shown by seven;
At first the infant, with serious mind intent,
Alert to learn how best to play the game;
And then the boy, with eyes to knot hole glued,
From far off following the progress of the game;
And then the youth who proudly tends the bats
And gains admittance to the game itself;
Then as a strong young man himself oft seen
In uniform and playing with a will;
So drifting on in years, but always bent
To see each game and criticise the play;
And then the rooter hoarse who knows it all,
And is confirmed, unshakable, a bleacherite;
Last scene of all, too feeble to attend the game,
But eagerly demanding to the last the score.

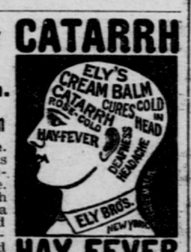
To May

I have no heart to write verses to May;
I have no heart—yet I'm cheerful today;
I have no heart—she has won mine away
So—I have no heart to write verses to May.
—E. P. B. in Leslie's Monthly Magazine for May.

THIS REMEDY is sure to GIVE Satisfaction.

Ely's Cream Balm Gives relief at once. It cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. It is absorbed. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50c, at Druggists or by mail. Trial size 10c, by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren street, New York.

CATARRH



HAY FEVER

SPRING STYLES IN WALL PAPER

With many homemakers the absorbing question of the moment is the selection of new wall papers. Even the dweller in a flat has a voice in the doing over of the rooms, for the agent of the house now places a price limit and allows the tenant to select the paper which comes within these limitations. It will considerably lessen the ordeal at the shop for both paper hanger and patron, if the general color scheme of the house is settled before the homemaker starts on her tour of inspection. Here are some practical hints from a wall paper dealer which may be of service to the perplexed housewife:

In choosing paper for a hall, care must be exercised that it harmonizes with the papers in all the rooms which open from it. One of the many shades of light or dark brown will usually blend most satisfactorily with varicolored decorations of adjacent rooms, while a world renowned English decorator never uses any tone but brown in its many shadings for his general color scheme through an entire house. Stripes and moire effects are particularly effective in a long expanse of hall, and a yellow paper with two inch satin stripes, alternating with lighter yellow stripes in dull finish, will give a most cheerful and sunshiny appearance to an otherwise dark passageway.

For parlor walls, brocades are again in high favor, and these are imitated remarkably well in heavy papers as well as in the more costly tapestries. A drawing room fitted out with furniture upholstered in light blue has the walls hung with an ivory brocade paper from which exquisite orchids in self-tone stand out like velvet blooms. Paneled effects also continue to be extremely popular for parlors and delicate colors furnish the most pleasing background for this, the show room of a house.

Tapestry papers and large flower designs are in general use for the walls of a living room. The former, even in cheaper papers, show rich blendings of color in the deeper shades. An indistinct peony motif in mulberry and a dark shade of pastel blue with a tapestry finish is delightfully restful to the eye, besides being a most excellent setting for gilt and bronze frames and the brilliant hues of many new art prints. Huge poppy blooms, especially in yellow against a cream ground, make the walls of a big living room look wonderfully festive and do not become appalling, as it might seem on first thought. Dark hued papers with heraldic designs and paper showing remarkable imitations of leather or wood are the most artistic for library walls.

Red has long been a favorite background for a dining room, and new papers show massive flower grounds in red with high satin finish. The dining room of a spacious country house near New York has the walls decorated in rose pink. A very deep frieze painted by a well known mural artist depicts the various scenes of a fox hunt with men and women mounted on sleek horses and attired in brilliant reddish pink coats.

Flowered papers are daintiest for bedroom use and new papers show big blossoms as well as ribbon stripes entwined with garden flowers. A gracefully curving ribbon stripe in blue on a white ground forms the trellis for a vine of large pink roses, mingled with drooping bunches of blue bachelor buttons.

To James Whitcomb Riley

He would sit in a sort o' careles' way,
Appearin' as if he had nothin' to say,
And sigh and yawn with a lazy drawl,
'Nen take up a pen and begin to scrawl,
And write as though it were nothin' at all,
'Nen the first thing, you know, when he'd got through
The grandes' poem ever you'd listened to
Would blossom full blown from the point of his pen
As if he had planted the seeds and 'nen
Gone off; and 'nen come back again,
Just at the very stroke of the hour
When they had blossomed into flower.

'Twas so natural for him to rhyme
He'd choose the right word every time
And set it in the only place
To give its meaning innate grace.
Like a brilliant flower 'gainst a somber leaf,
It would stand—clear cut in strong relief,
He'd write with such a familiar air
Seemed as if you were just "right there"
At the place that he was writing about,
Without the faintest shadow of a doubt,
He'd write of "Gobbleuns and Griffins" and elves,
Till you'd git so scared you'd be afraid of yourselves
And stare around yet a dreadin' to see,
And partially lose your identity,
Before you'd discover that you were wrong
And only listenin' to the siren's song
That Riley sings—his whole life long.
—K. Maud Clum.

STEERAGE PASSENGERS FRACTURE THE RECORD

Ellis Island's Clearing Capacity Is Greatly Exceeded

NEW YORK, April 21.—Four transatlantic steamers which arrived at this port today brought 9,675 steerage passengers, the largest number ever passed in quarantine in one day. It was impossible to handle the great throng in one day, and at least 4,000 had to remain over night aboard the ships on which they arrived, as 6,000 is the limit of Ellis Island's clearing capacity.

Up to last night 62,297 immigrants had been landed this month, compared with 42,442 to the same date in last year. The figures indicate that in May, always the banner month of the year, the Ellis Island record is likely to be outdone.

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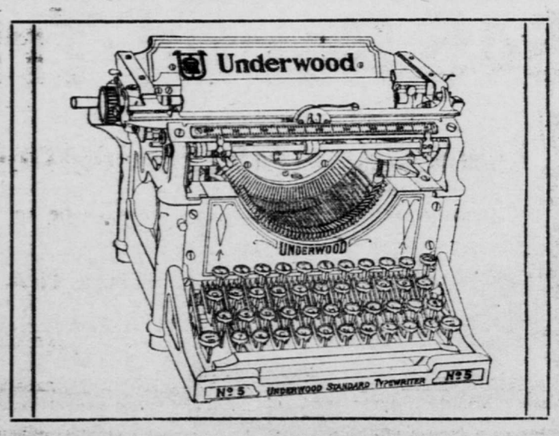

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