THE ST. PAUL GLOBE, FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1902.



FAINTING IN HERS school and the Victoria Street Sunday school will give a basket picnic this afternoon at Como park.

ton.

coln club.

island.

held on the evening of Aug. 20.

and euchre was played.

this afternoon.

The regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Christian Home takes place

The Ladies' Aid Society of Plymouth

NEW WOMAN SCORNS APPEALING WAY OF "CLINGING VI.E"

Despises Adoration of Mere Man, Frowns on Hysterics in Heroism, Gloats Over Passing of Heroism of Ancient Fiction Who Taught Men Greatness of Simple Faith.

"We are glad," said a woman writer recently, "to be able to chronicle the passing of the clinging vine." Of course, the writer referred to a class of women, novelists of an earlier school made popular. We are not sure that the clinging

vine has passed. If she has it seems a pity. For the clinging vine had her at-traction, and not the least of these was her disposition to cling. The other day a woman of the type dubbed "new" rescued a man and two children from drowning. She did it in the calm, superior manner so characteristic of the type. A little crowd of men, hearing of the accident, hastened to the pier in time to witness the rescue. They cheered the rescuer lustily. Had the clinging vine accomplished the rescue -and even the prejudiced must con-fess that both history and literature have proved her capable of heroic acts would have fainted gracefully -she would have fainted gracefully away as soon as she was satisfied that everybody was safe. The superior woman did nothing of the sort. Non-plussed, but admiring, the men who witnessed the brave deed cheered lust-

The clinging vine, had she success-fally warded off a feeling of faintness, would at least have blushed and wept at this demonstration. But the superior woman was without nerves. In ac-knowledgment of the tribute of gallantry paid her by the men, she merely them not to make fools of lves. The group melted away themselves. as if by magic. The superior woman stalked haughtily, and alone, to her

The clinging vine brought out by her helpfulness the best that was in a man's character. The superior woman will have no such credit placed on her record. If the clinging vine has really passed she deserves a resurrection.

STRINGENT RULES RELAXED.

Although a Stowaway, Mrs. Schaller Is Permitted to Remain in America.

Church Chapter Parlor meet this aft-ernoon at 1:30 o'clock. NEW YORK, July 10. - Notwithstanding that the woman was a stowa-way and without means the board of special inquiry at the immigration sta-A special meeting to install officers of the Rathbone Sisters, Myrtle Tem-ple No. 2, will be held this afternoon at Bowlby hall, Sixth and Robert tion has given Mrs. Louisa Schaller her

berty and remitted her fine. Mrs. Schaller, who found herself unstreets. able to support her ten-year-old son in Germany toiled until she had saved up

The Ladies' Aid Society of Immanu-



STORK VISITS MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.



A happy event has occurred in the family of Col. John Jacob Astor, the famous millionaire. The stork came to the beautiful New York city residence of the Astors on Tuesday. This is the reason Mrs. Astor did not go to Newport this year, but is staying at her town residence, which is usually closed during the summer.

is spending the summer with her pa-rents, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Breslauer, 13 Thompson ayenue.

Miss Withey, of East Robie street has returned from Chicago. Mrs. E. S. Geer, 466 Iglehart street, is entertaining her daughter and granddaughter, Mrs. and Miss Holt, of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. C. S. Cowles, of Carroll street, has returned from Lake Pepin. Miss Bessie Bennett, of Superior, visited Mrs. Carrie Steece, Aurora avnue this week.

Miss Briggs, of Merrilan Junction, Iowa, is the guest of Mrs. Inga Olund, of Laurel avenue. Mrs. J. H. Bell and son, North Dale street, are spending a few days at Rush Lake, Minn.

Miss Jennie Vance, of Western avenue, has returned from Chicago. Miss Edith Pray, ef Toledo, will be the guest of the Misses Hope, Dayton

avenue, next week.

Oatmeal

Rolls.

Roast_Chicken.

MENU FOR FRIDAY. BREAKFAST.

DINNER.

trifles; one both loved and respected; not seeking love nor admiration, but winning both. Circumstances called her to a distant

city, and she disposed of the room to a friend. Going into it a few days afterward, one would scarcely have recognized it, so strongly had the stamp of another individuality been placed upon it. The rocking chair seemed to invite you to sit in it; in the sunny window the curtains, drawn gracefully apart, disclosed a pleasant view of lawn and old elm trees. The piano was placed across a corner, with mus-

ic open upon it; a vase of sweet flow-ers was on the little table; books and magazines were scattered about; the sofas and chairs had found new places, and bright cushions gave a cosy effect; and with a rew touches the whole conveyed a sense of beauty and

comfort She, too, was a good woman; per-haps more anxious to please; more de-pendent on sympathy; loving and gentle, but not so deep a thinker; not given to taking borned as encoder to given to taking herself so severely to task. Simply enjoying and giving pleasure, scarcely knowing why. How subtle a thing is individuality, when of a room.

WHITE ROSE.

stove or gasoline—yes, even kerosene —in preference to it. Have the new-est kinds of cans, with glass covers and new and tight fastenings. It is the bast economy by for the total states

-in preference to it. Have the new-est kinds of cans, with glass covers and new and tight fastenings. It is the best economy by far to have en-tirely new rubbers eacn season. Even those that have been used only once are usually not to be trusted. Your preserving kettle should be an iron one, porcelain lined. Use a wooden spoon, a wooden pestle, a large-han-dled cup, have plenty of pans for sugar, a good pair of scales—and there you are ready for work. As for covering jellies, it is pretty generally agreed that while paraffin prevents the admission of air if it is perfect, it is likely to slip up the side of the glass when that is tipped, and it is quite sure to in putting it on the closet shelf; furthermore, mice are fond of paraffin, and one nibble de-stroys the cover. The pest way is to cover the jelly or jam with paraffin first and then paste paper over the ton. first and then paste paper over the top. You may feel sure then that your jelly will not shrink or lose its fresh-ness before you are ready to use it.

Famous Women's Diversions.

Usually the woman of accomplish-ment has learned how to take recrea-tion. In the hours when they turn resolutely from the particular busi-ness of their lives, these are the plays in which a few well known women in

Ellen Terry spends her leisure hours driving, reading and yachting. Ada Rehan is a great reader and fond of travel. Mrs. Kendall also reads much, but

never newspaper criticisms. Floriculture is Mrs. Brown-Potter's

pastime. Amateur farming and horseback riding are the favorite pleasures of Maude Adams.

John Strange Winter, the novelist, says her "great distraction is attend-ing the sales of a French auction

Mary Anderson Navarro is fond of riding, of cards and or reading aloud, while her music is also now among her recreations.

Dogs, bicycles, golf and botany are the four-fold pleasures of Olga Neth-

Cissie Loftus cycles, and swims, too. She is a photograph and autograph collector.

Amelia Barr finds rest from her lit-

Amena Barr, mus rest from her me-erary labors in the cultivation of flowers and in music. Sarah Bernhardt has a diversity of interests. She loves painting and sculpture, is devoted to cycling, dab-bles in literature, delights in boating and fishing, plays tennis and scales cliffs cliffs.

SOME FASHIONABLE FADS.

Brick red is a fad. Some of the most catchy tailor rigs are of white mohair strapped with white taffeta.

taffeta. Those moire cleaks hold too much dust. The trouble with your one black utility dress is that you wear it all the time. Black and white hats are the vogue. So are neck ruches in the same magple

So are nock ruches in the same magple scheme. As a rule dead white cotton lace looks best on a dead white dress. When the real laces are used it is different. Petal flounces are dainty and pretty. Ribbon lattices continue their vogue. Yellow lace is effective on pale blue. Finest grass linen shurt-waists are love-ly with brown suits. French flannel shirt-waist suits are ad-visable for those going northward. Burnt straw is an ideal crown for most tailor rigs. Hats do not flare backward. They either incline forward, sit straight, or, if worn back, have a forward bend to the brim. Chenille embroidery rivals the more novel wool.

Chemile embroidery rivals the more novel wool. Tulle rosettes are more modish than roses or bows so long worp in the hair. An aigrette is often added. Five or more fine tucks best edge the flaring flounce of silk.

Three Hot Weather Dishes.

Collared Mackerel-Bone the mackcollared Mackerel—Bone the mack-erel and sprinkle with salt, pepper, a tablespoonful of allspice, cropped on-ion and parsely. Roll them up and place in a pan. Roll over them enough water and vinegar mixed to cover them and let boil gently for an hour. Keep them in the pickle and serve cold with graniture of lemon slices and parsley garniture of lemon slices and parsley. They may be baked istead of boiled



The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of - and has been made under his per-Chat H. Flitchers Sonal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children-Experience against Experiment,

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil. Pares goric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea-The Mother's Friend.



The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY. and the second s

in a quart of water. When done, take out of the water and remove the bones. Mince the meat very fine. Return the meat to the water and cook until al-most dry, taking care that it does not

PICTURE PUZZLE.





enough send him to relatives in America. She accompanied him on board a steamer at Bremen, but was unable to bear the separation when visitors were ordered ashore and se-creted nerself below. A relative prom-ised to see that she will not become a public charge, and one of the stringent migrant rules will be relaxed in her

SOCIAL.

Mrs. William Funk gave a euchre party yesterday afternoon in honor of Miss Becker, of Denver, Co. The high prizes were won by Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. George D. Taylor and Mrs. Lyman, and the consolation prize by Miss White, Mrs. Funk was assisted by Mrs. Tay-lor, Mrs. Hughes, Miss Hughes, Miss lor, Mrs. Hughes, Miss Hughes, Miss Reid, Miss de Lambert and Miss Funk. There were eleven tables. The house was prettily decorated with ferns and flowers.

. . . Mrs. F. M. Bingham has issued cards for a tea from 4 to 6 in honor of her sister, Mrs. M. L. Chmidlin.

Miss Cecyl White, of Portland avenue, will entertain informally at cards this evening for Miss Geer, of Hartford, Conn. . . .

Dr. and Mrs. M. D. Edwards, of Laurel avenue, give a reception this even-

Mrs. Alexander G. Bigelow, of 1930 Iglehart street, Merriam Park, will give a tea from 4 to 6 this afternoon.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Sigfrid's Church met yesterday afterno at the residence of Mrs. Kjellberg.

The Woodlawn Park Baptist Sunday

A HANDSONE

Gas Range

Is the pride of a well ordered

kitchen. It is always clean and

neat, and is not only the per-

fection of usefulness and

economy, as well as comfort,

but an ornament. There is no

modern labor saving appliance

that can be compared to the utilization of GAS as applied

with a GAS RANGE

St. Paul Gas Light Co.

This pudding is subject to many varia-tions. For instance if time is limited by our may put the batter in one-half pound baking powder tins and the puddings will be done in thirty minutes, or in one-there are many people to be served, double the rule and pour into a melon mould and give it one and one-half hours. In hot weather time spent in a kitchern of in the company of a heated range should all be filled to the best advantage. For the pudding add one tablespoon of melted butter to one-half cup of sugar and beat together; add an unbeaten egg

el Baptist Church will hold an outdoor meeting this afternoon at Como.

PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Wallich, of Selby avenue, are entertaining the Misses Bertha and Lillian Levy, of New York city

Mrs. John Knuppe has gone for a week's visit to Baraboo and Devil's Lake, Wis.

The Rev. D. E. Raeder, of the First M. E. church, is visiting Ocean Grove, N. Y. He will return in time for prayer meeting next Wednesday. Miss Emily L. LeFebvre has closed

Miss Ennity L. Lerebyre has closed her theatrical season and returned to St. Paul. She will spend the remain-der of the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph LeFebyre, of Carroll street.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hughes are at Dellwood for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. G. Holmes are vis-iting at Pine Island, Minn. Mrs. J. J. Caldwell, 50 Central ter-race, is visiting her daughter in New

York city. Miss Caroline Krieger, of Bates ave-

Miss Delano, of New York, is the guest of Mrs. Emerson Hadley, Farington avenue

Mrs. F. E. Hall, of Smith avenue left last evening for the East to spend two months in New York and Boston. Dr. Knox Bacon, Dayton avenue, re-turned from Ashland in company with W. A. Scott, Judge Otis and S. E.

to Philadelphia.

Mrs. B. F. Mantlebaum, of Chicago,

Duchesse Potatoes. Lettuce. Pineapple Souffle. White Rose, so near the gate, Does she pass out and in? The summer twilight long and late, When whippoorwills begin Their swift and mellow cries Below the veiled blue skies, Does she pass out and in? SUPPER. Chicken Salad. Brown Bread. Radishes Rice Cake. White Rose, that scent of thine So rare and sweet and old, "Tis some preception half divine Thy petals pure enfold, A sense of Heavenly things Thy line from Eden brings, So rare and sweet and old.

Cream and Sugar. Coffee.

Value of Individuality.

Given the same material for compo sition, or arrangement, how diverse may be the results achieved by difmay may be the results achieved by dif-ferent individuals. The writer has in memory a room furnished and used as a sitting room by a lodger. She was lacking in artistic taste, but was scrupulously neat and clean. A pretty car-pet covered the floor; a piano stood exactly in the middle of one side of the room close against the wall; chairs and sofa were also placed in straight

lines. A table with a neat cover was, in the middle of the room. Plain muslin curtains — snowy white—fell in severe folds from the pole; even the rocking chair assumed a stiff atti-tude, and the books on a narrow shelf seemed to look severely down The seemed to look severely down. The room had the beauty of cleanliness and sweetness, but no other grace-no

Then does her spirit come, As in the long ago, Around the old, sweet-gardened home To wander to and fro? When dew is on the grass Along that path to pass, As in the Long Ago.

Dost thou not talk with her, White Rose, so near the gate, When her pale angel-garments stir The twilight deep and late? Oh, while she bends above Then whisper love-my love-White Rose, so near the gate!

Preserving Time. Preserving time is dreaded by house-

RATHARINE

DA NOTED ES

EDUCATIONALIST

IN MUSIC

BURROWES

keepers. The common annovance in charm. Its owner was a good woman, an in-tense lover of children, "a born nurse," severely conscientious in the merest let the range fire go out and use a gas

MISS KATHARINE BURROWES.

To Miss Burrowes American school children and their teachers are indebted for the investion of modern methods of music teaching that rob its early routine details of their dryness. Dramatic little stories, pretty little songs, lead the young pupils pleasantly onward. Miss Burrowes is a resi-dent of Detroit, and her method has made her known to music lovers

throughout the country.

if desired. In boiling, roll up in a fish cloth in order that they may retain

their shape. Salmon Jelly—Break boiled salmon season with allspice into flakes and season with allspice, salt, pepper and a dash of nutmeg. Fill a mold with alternate layers of salmon and aspic jelly. Set on the ice to get thoroughly cold, then turn out when serving on a flat dish and garnish with lettuce leaves and slices on boiled eggs.

Chicken Cheese-Boil two chickens

Find these children's parents.

Solution for yesterday's puzzle: He is back of foremost girl's head; she is over the other's hat.



Aunt Martha's Story

BY EMMA M. WISE

Spinning ceased to be fashionable in , deed you are not. You're very beautiful.' our neighborhood years ago, but for all that Aunt Martha still spins the home-carded wool and knits the stockings.

She is spinning this afternoon beautiful. June. The wheel whirls rapidly round and round beneath her dexterous stroke, and the spindle whirs and buzzes and sings. The child sitting in the doorway listens intently and watches with never-tiring eyes. At last there is a pause in the spindle's song and Aunt Martha leans against the wheel to rest. The child speaks then.

"Aunt Martha," she says, "why did you never have a beau."

A pained expression quivers over the wrinkled, yellow face, and a mist gath-ers before the blue eyes.

"Because," says Aunt Martha, slowly, "I was ugly and awkward, I guess." Untold grief is vibrant in the lowtoned voice, but the child does not notice it.

"Why are you ugly, Aunt Martha?" she persists.

Youth is very cruel.

"Because I've always had to work so hard," replies Aunt Martha.

Her mother interposes then. "Be still, child," she says. "You mustn't ask such questions. Yes, it's the work that's done it. When Martha was a little thing, she was just as cute. She was almost the prettiest child I ever saw, by all odds. She was plump and dimpled, her skin was as soft an' white as that wool there, her hair was thick and dark, an' her hands beautiful-jest

as white an' peaked like." The child looked at Aunt Martha again. There is nothing beautiful there now, she thinks. The form is as tall as any good-sized man's, and large-boned and angular; the half is nothing but a wisp of gray threads; the eyes are sunken and faded; the face is hollow sunken and raded; the face is notion and sallow, and the hands that now fumble aimlessly with the wool are anything but white and "peaked-like." Great, calloused hands they are, with the strength of a lifetime gathered in their knotted knuckles. As the child's eyes fall upon them she seems to un-derstand intuitively the lesson they teach. A wave of remorse passes over her heart, and she sobs aloud in her contrition. She throws herself at Aunt Marthe's feet and clears the blue cel-Martha's feet and clasps the blue cal-ico gown caressingly. She looks up into Aunt Martha's face, and the in-

note beauty irradiating those pink features subtly penetrates the child's soul, and she cries passionately: "You're not ugly, Aunt Martha; in-

not much account any more. I'm all worn out." The woman in the doorway leans for-ward and presses a kiss on the hands that have tolled at the hardest of manual labor for the past sixty-five years in the interest of others. Where is there a gauge that can measure the work these hands have done? Not this side of heaven, surely. No wonder Aunt Martha is wore out." It is another afternoon in June. Aunt

It is another afternoon in June And at that moment Aunt Martha

emerges from the chrysalis of the com-monplace and thenceforward, to the child's eyes, she never ceases to be

It is another afternoon in June. Aunt Martha is not spinning today; neither is she knitting. For once the hands lie very still and motionless. They will always be so hereafter. Aunt Martha died the night before last. Even today the peo-ple remember that she never had a beau, and some one remarks that it is very sad that Aunt Martha has no husband or child of her own to follow her to the grave. It is another afternoon in June. The child, now grown to be a woman, is sitting in the self-same doorway, and as of yore she is watching Aunt Martha.

child of her own to follow her to the grave. In the last flush of sunset the funeral party flies out of the yard and across the upland meadows to the new-made grave under the branches of the wild cherry tree that shades the well where the catile drink. It was Aunt Martha's last request that she be buried here at this time. As we near the spot a man comes across the pasture from the oppo-site direction. He is old and bent and his hair is white. He pushes his way, through the crowd to the side of the minister as one who has a right to be there. Martha. Aunt Martha is not spinning today. The wheel is still there, but it has been relegated to a corner and many a day has passed since the spindle song broke the stillness of the old house. But Aunt Martha is not idle. The tracted fingers are employed in knitknotted fingers are employed in knit-ting a woolen sock for one of "the boys," and the steady click-click of the shining needles reveals to the wom-an's keen insight a story which was totally unperceived by the child's lim-

not much account any more. I'm all

Aunt

through the crowd to the side of the minister as one who has a right to be there. "Tell me," he says, "is it Martha?" Something in his volce commands at-tention, and the minister nods. "I should like to see her," says the old man, softly. "She would wish it." Someone removes the coffin lid, and on Aunt Martha's cold lips is pressed the long-delayed, reverent kiss of a lover. In the fast-gathering shadows of the night the old man slips away. Who he is, whence he came, and whither he re-turns, we do not know. Where, when and how Aunt Martha knew and loved him, is also an inscrutable mystery to us, and ever shall be. But we do know that her life has not been the barren, loveless desert we had supposed it. Whether she was happier so, and whether she found it better to have "loved and lost, than never to have loved at all," we cannot tell. Her secret, guarded so jealously in life, is buried with her, and will remain hers throughout eternity. Dear Aunt Martha. ited understanding., She knows now that most all the music of Aunt Martha's life has been played in minor keys, and that the saddest of all these notes to the neigh-bors' ears is that which has for its theme, "She Never Had a Beau." They teen sounding it nernetually. It is a keep sounding it perpetually. It is a reproach that is inseparably associated with Aunt Martha's name. Just how keenly Aunt Martha herself feels her disgrace-for such it is considered in the neighborhood-no one knows. She is very reticent. However bitter may be her loneliness, however fierce the longing for that love which a one suffices to round a woman's life to com-pleteness and which has been withheld from her, she bears it all without uthers the Martha.



