

FOR THE FAIR SEX

'TIS THEIR OWN FAULT

IF GIRLS DON'T MARRY THEY SHOULD BLAME THEMSELVES

A Writer Says That Every Time a Girl Is Forward or Fast She Is Injuring Her Entire Sex and Disgusting Some Man With the Idea of Marrying

My dear girls, were you aware that if you are not married that calamity is your own fault, according to some one who has recently written upon the subject? If you have acted in a way that is unwomanly you may have disgusted some bachelor with the sex in general, and he may eschew matrimony because of you. The writer in question would awaken women to a sense of their responsibility in this matter and says that the girls who are ready to accept attentions from any man, or to flirt with them, are doing a great deal of wrong to their sex, and if they have not the required self-respect to behave with dignity they should do so for the sake of the greatest good of the greatest number.

The girl, the writer says, who is willing to go to theaters or restaurants alone with Tom, Dick, or Harry is disgusting the really eligible man who wonders much and concludes that all girls are alike and care merely for the good time of the moment.

Flirting aside, there is a good deal of truth in this criticism, for many a woman does turn men against her sex by forwardness, which destroys his illusions concerning woman. For there are few men with mothers and sisters who have not a high opinion of women in general and feel much chagrined when they see other women acting in a way to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of their sisters. Anthony Hope has recently written a book which concerns several married couples who seem to have many troubles, and with each the cause is different. But one of the stories stands out and shows the terrible results which come from the giving way to temptation.

This particular wife finds fault with her husband because she considers him inattentive, and he in turn blames it all upon the terrible fits of anger to which she is subject. When she is suffering from them she is not responsible for what she does. The husband is not, perhaps, to be much blamed when he refuses to go home, where he is never certain of his reception or whether there will be a storm brewing. This tale ends in a tragedy and the ill-tempered woman picks up her little girl in a fury of rage, throws her heavily on the floor, cutting her head and injuring her severely. She always comes to her senses after the outburst, and is consumed with remorse. This is a very painful story, but is, after all, a natural one, for, unfortunately, too many women allow their tempers to run away with them. Nothing is more fatal to domestic peace.

Of course a bad-tempered husband is quite common and just as bad, except that a fiercest disposition in a man is not quite the shock it is in a woman. The woman who forgets her dignity and degenerates into a common scold is doing much more harm than she has any idea of, because, as the writer above referred to says, she is bringing down the entire race of women with her in the eyes of many men who are bachelors hear the shrill voice of an angry woman in cars or on the street they lose that feeling of reverence which men feel for women, and wish to feed for them.

The girl who flirts regardless of consequences, just to see how many conquests she can make, is also doing incalculable injury to her sex. When she really loves a man she may find that he has no faith in her, knowing of her flirtations, and unhappiness results. But the girls who do this sort of thing are legion. They think that the more string they have to their bow—and more attractive they are—the more attention they will get. But that is not true if the man is the right kind. If he loves her in the proper way, he will be rather glad, than sorry, that she has not been engaged or had a great many suitors. But how few girls think of these things when having a good time; they should, however, stop for a moment and reflect upon whether they are doing anything which may lower women in the eyes of men.

Marie

Mainly About People

Dr. H. S. Rosenholtz left for Chicago last night. He is to be married to Miss Rubens, of that city, tomorrow. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenholtz, Miss Rosenholtz and Miss Florence Rosenholtz left Monday.

The Knights of Pythias will give a card party followed by a hop at their hall, Sixth street, tomorrow. Twenty-four prizes will be given and refreshments served.

Carleton Auxiliary Ladies' Society Army of the Philippines will give their first social hop at Central hall this evening. Those on the reception committee are Mrs. F. E. Krembs, Mrs. T. C. Fernald Jr. and Mrs. Woodworth. Those on the honor committee are Miss A. Haskell, Mrs. J. Craven and Mrs. A. E. La Rocca.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnold have moved to their new home on Portland avenue.

Mrs. A. H. Stern, of the Angus, gave a tea yesterday afternoon.

St. Luke's Aid Society of St. Paul's Church will meet Friday afternoon with Mrs. Cumby, of Olive street.

Miss Muir, of Laurel avenue, is entertaining Miss Norton, of Northfield.

The Woman's Alliance of Unity Church will meet with Mrs. Yapp, of Laurel avenue, this afternoon.

Miss Anna McCullough, of St. Albans street, is visiting in St. Louis, and will make an extended trip through the South.

Seamstresses Get the Worst of It—WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 14.—President Roosevelt's directions regard-

FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE



That the vagaries of fashion are past understanding has been a long established fact, but if one can judge from the suppressed murmurs of discontent to be heard at the smart dress-makers it would seem as if those dull changes from a becoming to an unbecoming style would not be accepted by womankind after a few more years. Already there is much rebellion over the antiquated ruffled and beribboned evening dresses that are being forced forward by the importers, for if one may speak the truth, many are far from pretty. One very dainty gown of this order was, however, seen lately. It was made of pale velvet colored mouseline over a deeper shade of lilette. The skirt, which was shaped to the figure and was trimmed with three flounces, gracefully festooned and with graduated spaces between and at each upward point of the ruffles were fastened small velvet bows. The low bodice was trimmed with ruffles and a wide band of three small velvet bows. The skirt or girle is one of the prettiest

ing the employment of sewing women at the Schuylkill arsenal in Philadelphia have not been carried into effect. Michael Francis Doyle, of Philadelphia, representing the sewing women, called on the president today and informed him that his orders had not been heeded; that only a part of the work had been restored to the women in direct connection with the president's orders. The president sent a note to the department, asking for a report on the matter and calling attention to the fact that he had directed that the work be given to the women. When his intention of ascertaining who had violated his instructions and why they had been violated.

Working Girls Will Have a Hotel
NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—A hotel for working girls and working women will soon be built in this city if the plans now under consideration are carried out. Philanthropy and business combine in the hotel. Plans have been submitted by an architect involving the expenditure of \$300,000, but several well known men interested in the project think that there will be no difficulty in raising whatever money is necessary, because assistance has been offered by many prominent in the local world. The hotel probably will be in the neighborhood of the large department stores on the West side, where many girls and women are employed. Their board at the hotel will be about \$3 or \$4 a week. They will have the use of the hotel laundry when they wish to do up their collars, handkerchiefs and cuffs and such light articles. There will be a room with sewing machines at their service, when they want to do mending. A number of small reception rooms will be on the first floor, where the girls may receive friends. Nothing will be said to the guests about religion, or their family affairs. If the girls are out of employment at any time the management will try to tide them over until they get work.

The Fairbanks Will Go East
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 14.—Senator Fairbanks, vice president-elect, and Mrs. Fairbanks will go to Connecticut the last of this week to the football game Saturday between Harvard and Yale at New Haven, where their two sons, Richard and Robert, are students. Senator Fairbanks will go from New Haven to New York city, where he has matters that will engage his time for a few days. He has an engagement to address the Home Market club at Boston, Dec. 1. President Roosevelt has invited Senator and Mrs. Fairbanks to the St. Louis exposition. Engagements in the East at that time, however, prevented the senator from accepting. The senator expects to visit St. Louis later this month.

Appeals for the Wounded
ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 14.—M. Perlov, the millionaire merchant of Moscow, has received a pathetic letter from Mme. Stoessel, wife of Gen. Stoessel, dated Port Arthur, Oct. 24, appealing to the rich Muscovites for money to assist the helpless wounded defenders of the fortress, some of whom have lost both arms, others either

of the many new shapes now used. It is very wide in front where it is sharply pointed at the lower edge and rounded at the top and is stiffened both here and in the back, but the sides are unbanded, so that the corset, which is made of the softest silk or satin, conforms to the curves of the figure. On the gown illustrated, which is of rose-madder crepe, there is a tight under bodice of chiffon velvet of almost the same tint as the crepe, which has much the same appearance as a high corset. It is stiff and straight in front and trimmed with a double row of round jeweled buttons and over it the crepe is draped on the lines of the bodice and caught at the bust by a large bow of the crepe shirred over wires. The bodice is edged all around by a puff of crepe bordered by narrow lace ruffles and the draped sleeves are finished by two puffs with a lace ruffle below. The skirt is in nine full gores, gathered to the belt and trimmed with a front panel and wide band of lace applied with puffs of the crepe arranged in double loops, as is shown, and below there is a narrow flounce of the crepe.

an arm or a leg, some of them being blind and others suffering from wounds in the spine and who will be cripples for life. There are, she adds, very many such unfortunate.

Their Portuguese Majesties
LONDON, Nov. 14.—The official programme of the visit of King Charles and the queen of Portugal to this country include a state banquet at Windsor on Wednesday and a state visit to London and luncheon at the guild hall on Thursday. The route of the royal guests through London will be lined with troops. There will be theatrical performances at Windsor castle. The visit to Windsor castle will terminate on Nov. 21. It is stated at Lisbon that an arbitration treaty between Great Britain and Portugal will be signed during this visit.

Samuel J. Randall's Widow Dies
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 14.—Fanny Ward Randall, widow of Samuel J. Randall, for many years the Democratic leader in the house of representatives, is dead at her home at Chestnut hill. She was daughter of Gen. Aaron Ward, of Ossining, N. Y., who was a member of congress from 1827 to 1842. Mrs. Randall was well known in official circles in Washington during her husband's long career as the representative of the Third congressional district in this city, but since his death has lived quietly at Chestnut hill.

Mrs. Roosevelt in New York
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 14.—Mrs. Roosevelt left today for New York, where she will be the guest of relatives and friends until Friday.

GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM

Hereditarily cannot be the myth the newest school of medicine asserts it to be when it draws all the way from Oregon's shore to the national capitol a woman whose chief reason for desiring to establish herself in Washington is that her grandmother and great-grandmother once graced the White house. Mrs. J. Wesley Ladd, of Portland, is a direct descendant of the beautiful Emily Donelson, whose two marriages to Andrew Jackson stirred official circles more than a half century ago. She is a great-granddaughter of the woman for love of whom President Jackson went about with a chip on his shoulder that meant trouble for somebody every time it was knocked off, but there is none of the blood of "Old Hickory" in her veins, for her grandmother was a daughter of Mrs. Jackson's first husband, Mrs. Ladd was brought up by her father, the younger Andrew Jackson Donelson, near New Orleans, but at the time of her marriage was living with her grandparents, Col. and Mrs. R. S. Howard, in the Northwest. She is doing her best to have her millionaire husband named for congress, and hopes soon to hold a place in the official society in which her grandmamma shone.

New York and New Orleans are likely the coming winter to have a glimpse of an American girl known throughout Europe as one of the most lavish spenders among the royalties of the world—the Princess of Monaco, who was Miss Heine, of the Crescent City, and who carried to her husband a dot he found more than acceptable.

She is not letting him have all the disbursement of her fortune by any means—in fact, she helps him with both hands in his heroic efforts to splurge the bright gold pieces and crackling bank notes he takes in through his overlordship of Monte Carlo. The princess recently founded a Paris magistrature by testifying she never counted her money and really couldn't say how many jewels she possessed. Her apartment in the Hotel Mercedes was robbed, but she was unable to tell how many thousands of dollars had been stolen. She was equally helpless in describing the missing gems. "One of her women" might know, but the princess—perish the thought!—"Oh, when I go shopping," she said in answer to a searching question, "I just fill a bag with money and buy what I want." Untitled matrons inclined to envy may console themselves with the reflection that if they would care to have the spending of wealth poured from the notorious gambling casino into the coffers of the prince, he isn't much of a monarch, anyway.

An agreeable contrast to a lady-royalty is the common sense of a coming American countess—Miss Elsa Tudor, of Boston, a second cousin of Mrs. Marie Tudor, of Paris, who recently was married to the fabulously rich New York banker, a year after divorce. Miss Tudor's three charming daughters, she is to be married in the middle of November to Count Dedous de Pierrefeu, of Paris, whom she met when visiting her aunt, Countess Kleckowsky, a French noblewoman, French capital a few years ago. Miss Tudor, therefore, will be the second countess in one New family, but when she leaves her Beacon street home it will not be to take her millions to Europe. She and her husband will live in New Jersey, where the countess is a prosperous businesswoman. He will not leave that place for the fabulous delight of squandering a Yankee girl's fortune in the boulevards of Paris. Another happy international alliance, no doubt.

Onionskin collars are the newest fancy in luncheon frocks, and it was a particularly fetching specimen Mrs. Orme Wilson wore in Delmonico's the other day when she entertained a small number of recent arrivals in town, including her mother Mrs. Astor, Velvet of the most delicate cherry color and darker shades of the same. The dress assumed the creation. Being the latest from Paris, it had a tailored skirt, a broad band of two grades of plait and a couple of pointed tabs hung four inches below the belt, the skirt being tucked on them. Both back and side cores were tucked to the girdle, but before that was done Victorian tucks gathered the whole bulk of material in a way that set off Mrs. Wilson's slender figure to excellent advantage. Elbow sleeves are worn with most of the other luncheon frocks. The usefulness in displaying dimples is not to be overlooked by the woman with arms.

Green has a vogue this season greater than in many years. Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt rode up the avenue early this week in a carriage covered with the shade of the same color. The shade, shot with little tints of blue and gray, and with a suggestion of steel and darker shades of green, gave a Parisian air to the whole. Mrs. Perry Belmont passed her in the Waldorf-Astoria block in a severe dress of the same color, almost an olive and was faced with lighter tints of the same color. She had walked down from Shermy's, and was as hearty as any Englishwoman in the city. A reception gown in which Mrs. Mortimer Brooks will appear next week is close to apple, and is adorned profusely with velvet straps and bands and billows of lace. The waist is of green chiffon, with white puffs of the same material. A frock closely resembling Mrs. Brooks' is that of a little darker shade of green, which has been built for Mrs. George Gould, who is to wear it at an informal reception in Lakewood.

Paris has dropped the corset cover as abruptly as the Londoner the garment was taken up and made a single trousseau of the hundreds made for wealthy or titled autumn brides throughout Europe. Wreaths of fashion were permitted to feast their eyes on

the truly royal outfit of Mme. Anna Massena d'Essling de Rivoli, recently married to the ambitious young Marquis of Albuera, who in vain for the abbreviated waist long regarded as an indispensable adjunct to stays. Instead, they saw stacks of wondrous chemises, each prettier than its predecessor, on which nimble fingers plainly had lavished unusual beauty to insure their welcome. As the bridegroom, the monsignor, a great-grandson of the Luchin of that name, and as the bride derives her ancestry from several of the oldest families in the aristocratic nobility, being a great-grandniece of Massena, it may be supposed the lingerie was designed with an eye to the newest fashion. The tuxedo set doubtless will cling to the corset cover for a while, but it must yield in the end—the chemise has come to its own again.

Jests at royalty's expense—yes, even good stories on the Great White Czar—are the social specialty of Miss Marie Herites, the talented daughter of the Bohemian novelist, Frank Herites, who shortly will appear in Washington society as the guest of the Countess Cassini, adopted daughter of the Russian ambassador. Naturally the young woman will not let down the floodgates of narrative so far as St. Petersburg is concerned while under the wing of the embassy, but it is probable she will indulge in a little boudoir gossip for the edification of her new acquaintances in the national capital. All her anecdotes are harmless, anyway, as may be inferred from the fact that she was the guest of the czar in the imperial family's summer home in Peterhof. Many of them reflect credit rather on the heart than on the head of the "Little Father," though, and when Miss Herites launches reminiscences of other monarchs she is less merciful. Her description of Kara-georgievitch is said to be "simply killing"—wholly in harmony, therefore, with the character of the unhappy despot practically imprisoned in Belgrade. King Peter fares sadly by the time she reveals a few of his eccentricities. Miss Herites is not hampered by paucity of terms in telling her stories, for she has excellent command of five languages. She gained her knowledge of crowned heads through her father's literary prestige and her own genius as a violinist.

Mrs. Jane Stanford is on her way hither to find a successor to Rev. Dr. Heber Newton as minister in charge of the fine Stanford chapel in Palo Alto. Nothing short of such conviction could have induced her to cross the continent at this time, for she is eager to reopen the Stanford home, which has been closed to society since the big reception held for Bishop Doane. Mrs. Stanford recognizes the earnestness of Western preachers, but she insists only a man of metropolitan experience can conduct the memorial chapel in accordance with her ideas, and makes no secret of her determination that Dr. Newton's successor shall be an incumbent of charge in Manhattan, when she makes her selection, but further she gives no hint of her probable choice. On her return to the Pacific coast, Mrs. Stanford will give a ball to introduce her niece, Miss Lathrop, who, in May, was graduated from the Sacred Heart convent in Menlo Park. It is expected California avenue will be lined with carriages for blocks on the night, not only on account of the popularity of the hostess, but because the debutante is said to be one of the most beautiful girls in the West.

One of the most un-American wedding innovations attempted in years is likely to be introduced in this city the coming winter, having been tried with success in London for the marriage of Lady Hermione Grimston to Lieut. Bernard Buxton, of the Royal navy. It is to have the bridesmaids present on their frocks the colors of the bride's coat-of-arms—therefore, it is limited to matrons-elect of noble, or, at any rate, patrician descent. Many American families are entitled to flaunt fairly ancient "scutcheons," however, and it is believed enough of them will take kindly to the novelty to give New York a glimpse of the extreme to which Saxons of pride of race can be carried. Lady Hermione's bridesmaids wore gowns of white, yellow and black, the heraldic hues of the Grimston line, and as if that combination was not sufficiently striking, they appeared in leather sandals instead of the traditional slippers, with long lace mittens in the place of gloves.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS

No more distinguished company of Contributors has ever appeared in a Christmas magazine than those in the DECEMBER METROPOLITAN

W. A. Fraser contributes a story so strong, and so remarkable for its originality and interest, that it was voted the \$500 prize in a story-contest open to all writers.

Joel Chandler Harris has an Uncle Remus story, as good as any he has ever written.

E. S. Martin treats sympathetically and happily of "Children and the Christmas time."

Alfred Henry Lewis sums up, and comments upon, the events of world-interest during the past few weeks. This is done in an illustrated review.

Thomas Nelson Page contributes a charming article in which he shows us a quaint old neighborhood in Virginia.

Other short stories and special articles are by Carolyn Wells, Oliver Herford, Broughton Brandenburg, Charles G. D. Roberts, Theodosia Garrison and Clinton Scollard. These articles complete a magazine brimming with interest and Christmas cheer

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