

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

THE artistic faculty is one of the inherited traits of woman. It is betrayed in her earliest efforts at adornment of her person and surroundings. It is the temperament of woman, as well as her natural birthright, to guard the beautiful in life, and to make her whole existence a visible manifestation of it. Civilization has given to her opportunities in this direction denied her in the past. She has been emancipated from the slavery of conditions which narrowed and destroyed these possibilities of personal expression born within her. Yet even in barbaric times she was not blind to the influence of personal adornment. The evolution of her dress may have been from the rude blanket and wild boar's skin to the modern silks and furs of unrivaled beauty and picturesqueness; but there were always, even in the beginning, a method of wearing the garments that betrayed the dormant gifts. She could be artistic even with the simplest and rudest of garments.

The art of dress becomes a factor of importance, not only in the life of the woman who devotes her time to it, but in all those who associate with her. The expression of her artistic temperament may be manifested in no other way than that of dress, and yet she may produce an effect of immeasurable importance on the world. It is hardly consistent to belittle the effect of woman's dress even when carried to an extreme, and thoughts of it absorb all other considerations of life. The painter is justified, according to human standards, in devoting all of his time and strength to the production of beauty on his canvas; and the poet is considered legitimately employed if he merely strives to express in the highest artistic form those thoughts and emotions of love which come to him in the highest degree. The decorator, the musician and the singer are all appealing to the sense of sight or hearing through beautiful forms of sound.

The woman who understands the art of personal adornment finds gratification of artistic expression in her dress. She studies it from many points of view; considers the harmony of colors and style; views herself apart from her personality and environments; and finds in the whole work a service of love which is little lower than that which the poet or painter feels for his productions. Dress performs the double task for woman of adorning her and of conserving her health; it should be antagonistic to neither. It should be the outer expression of her mind and temperament, and at the same time consistent with the laws of health and strength.—Ledger Monthly.



Concerning the latest points in dress-making a fashionable modiste says: "The long waist is to be worn. To get it the bodice must be pulled down, not up. Cut the goods from a perfect pattern and baste. Try on. You will find that there is something wrong, as a general thing, on the shoulders and across the bust. Pad the bust if too loose, but for the shoulder treatment pull the waist down, not up. Pull down as far as you can and fit in at the side seams. Do not lift it on the shoulder seams if you can possibly help it. Keep on pulling down and pinning in, and very soon you will have a well-fitting waist.

In plain materials there are plenty of serges, and same with herringbone weaving in pastel shades, reps, chevrons, satin cashmeres of all colors, light and dark, fancy chevrons with zibeline effects on fancy weavings, as well as the plain, good cashmeres always in demand, but now apparently returning to special favor. Rich and soft are panne cloth, for which there is a universal demand in grays, violets, navy and other shades. They are so silky, soft and charming it is not wonderful they have had so great a following, and are likely to continue it.

For Thin Necks.
In a little porcelain kettle melt one-half ounce of cocoa butter and two ounces of lanolin. At night rub on to the throat, sending the finger tips round in small circles, pressing inward to revive circulation in the under layer of muscles. Follow with upward strokes with the fingers flat, holding up the chin well and sweeping up the jawbones.

After ten minutes of this, go in for exercise treatment. Take the soldier's position of chin up, chest out, heels together, hips back. Place the hands on the hips. Hold the shoulders firm and straight and allow the head to drop first to one side and then to the other. Do this for five minutes, inhaling and exhaling deeply and slowly. Drop the head forward, then back as

far as it will go. Do this for five minutes. Wipe away as much of the developing cream as you can with a dry flannel cloth and go to bed.

In the morning bathe with cold water dashing the water on the throat and chest with a big sponge. Rub briskly with a coarse towel. Breathe deeply. You'll feel like hurling the furniture around and you will be buoyant and clear-headed.

The purpose of exercise is to develop and fill out the flaccid muscles. The muscles form the foundation for the nice little fatty cushions that make a throat and chest plump and beautiful.—Mme. Qui Vive.

Woman Assistant Pastor.
Miss Ida Belle Sanders, the only assistant woman pastor in St. Louis, is a charming little lady of the Southern brunette type, who has already won her way into the hearts of the flock of the Wagoner Methodist Episcopal Church. She is a graduate of the training school for deaconesses at Washington and admirably fitted for the duties she will fill in her new post of assistant pastor. These will be largely concerned with the children's work of the church, with the young people, with visitations to the homes of the members and with the Sunday school and young people's societies.

The Smile Cure for the Blues.
The smile cure for blues is the latest remedy and it is the suggestion of a physician who has made a specialty of nervous diseases. His experiments are said to have resulted satisfactorily in numerous cases. "If you keep the corners of the mouth turned up you can't feel blue," is his dictum, and his directions are "Smile, keep on smiling, don't stop smiling." When his patient is suffering from melancholia without any bodily ill he gives no medicine, but just recommends the smile cure. He first experimented on his wife, who was of a nervous and rather morbid temperament, and he used to jokingly say, "Smile a little, until the saying came to be a household joke. The result was so good, however, that the doctor determined to try its effects on his other patients. "Laugh and the world laughs with you," is a familiar adage, designed to keep folks in good humor and spirits, and if just smiling will cure melancholia then it were worth while for morbid mortals to make an effort to keep on smiling, even though it does sound somewhat ridiculous.

Girls and Their Interests.
A trick of preserving flowers in sand is worth trying at the seashore and bringing a supply of sand home for winter use. Fine, clean sand must be used, washed if not perfectly clean, and when dry sifted through a fine sieve into a rather deep pan or other vessel. When the sand is deep enough to hold the flowers upright, more of the sifted sand is filled in around them with a spoon. Care should be taken not to break or bend the leaves and to see that no little holes or interstices are left unfilled about the flowers. When they are covered thus carefully, so as to be entirely invisible, the pan is set away to dry for several days; they must be taken out with great care as the leaves are dry and brittle. Ferns and flat flowers like pansies are successfully treated in this way. Flowers in cup shapes are laid lengthwise in the sand, the spaces in and around them carefully filled in to make the pressure even and exclude all air.

New York's Woman Lawyer.
Miss Mary Coleman, the only woman lawyer who has practiced at the New York criminal bar, declares that the only kind of criminal cases she cures to appear in are murder trials. All others she says, are unalterably ending.

Miss Coleman achieved distinction recently by her defense of "Lamp-lighter" John Davis. Her expertness in cross-examination had a great deal to do with bringing about the defendant's acquittal in this case.



Sweet-smelling Rooms.
A delicate and pleasant odor may be diffused in one's room by orris root in powder form put in little vases and sprayed with water to keep it moist. This will give the odor of fresh violets if the powder is of good quality, not too old when bought, and changed frequently. The orris root, too, gives about the most delicate and agreeable perfume to one's bureau drawers. The tiny Japanese bonbonnières, or vases, are good receptacles for the orris powder.

For Very Oily Hair.
Melt a small bar of castile soap in a quart of water, boiling down to one pint, cooling and adding one pint of bay rum, one tablespoonful of pure borax, thirty grains of bisulphate of quinine. Keep in a glass jar, and use three tablespoonfuls each time, or more if necessary. When the hair gets stringy sponge with diluted alcohol.

WE HAVE HEARD OF IT BEFORE

There is no necessity for us to suffer pain and endure useless agony. There is a remedy for all aches and pains—Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Pleurisy, Soreness, Stiffness, Headache, Backache, Pains in the Limbs and Pains in the Feet, that remedy is

St. Jacobs Oil

It never fails. It acts like magic. Instantaneous relief from pain always follows. It has cured thousands of cases which had been given up as incurable. One trial will convince any sufferer that St. Jacobs Oil

Conquers Pain

Price, 25c and 50c.

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Typewriters and Handwriting.

Like many other good things, the spread of the typewriter is not an unqualified blessing. There are those, for instance, who see in it a threat to do away with the well-marked character which is so often the accompaniment of a "bad hand," and who assert that its moral influence will result in a pernicious lowering of the ethical standard. Other men than Horace Greeley have excelled in wretched handwriting, but only once, so far as one's memory serves, has a poor and illegible autograph really endangered the reputation of any class of people. This was in the matter of an extraordinary announcement at one time posted outside the office of the New York Tribune. It was apparently addressed to "Editors on a Spree," but was really intended to refer to an "Entrance on Spruce Street." The former interpretation was the result of a little obscurity in Horace Greeley's handwriting.

Charles Dudley Warner was another editor who wrote a bad hand, and one of the effects of his fault in this case was an actual promotion of patriotism during the war for the rebellion. The tale is now well nigh forgotten, but it is none the less both true and remarkable. At a troublesome crisis in national affairs, a conjunction, in fact, which seemed to forebode ruin, Mr. Warner, who was then in charge of the Hartford, Conn. Courant, wrote for that paper an editorial of particular force calling for more troops. The next morning the foreman of the composing room offered his resignation. No appeal would keep him there. He was bound to enlist for service in the war, and so at last he did "Naturally," said Warner, "I was staggered, but charmed by the result of my eloquence—at first. But the man explained that he had rather go to the front and be killed than decipher any more of my editorials."—Philadelphia Press.

The Old Mission house at Mackinac is a hotel with a picturesque past and most interesting literary associations. The early French missionaries built it with their own hands as a home for themselves and their Indian pupils. All the original buildings are in use today. The great brick fireplace still serves its intended purpose. The long low hall where the Voyagers hung their harvest of furs to dry is now the dining room. It was in this interesting inn, overlooking the glittering Straits, that Edward Everett Hale, with pencil and pad, began his immortal short story, "The Man Without a Country," and it was here that Mary Hartwell Catherwood, to whom the place is a second home, did some of the best work in her new novel, Lazzaro.

Natural History.

They were admiring the rattlesnakes in the state museum and had been informed that it was much in need of live rats.

"Will he swallow a rat whole?" questioned one.

"Naw," growled the custodian; "we have to take 'em out of the holes first."

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.
Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home, in New York. Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, Lefroy, N. Y.

Force of Example.
Tit-Bits: Teacher (instructing class on manners)—Now, Willie Brown for example, if you were sitting in an electric car, every seat occupied and an old lady entered, what would you do?
Tommy—Please, sir, I would pretend I was sleeping.

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CLEGG & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

We'll Within the Law.
Yonkers Statesman: "What are you doing there?" shouted the night-watchman to the fellow who had broken into a tobacco shop.
"Well," replied the burglar, "I didn't really think there was any law against a fellow taking a little snuff."

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED?
Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2oz. package 5 cents.

Working It Both Ways.
"It's a poor rule that won't work both ways," said the old gentleman as he stood the boys back to back and operated the ruler so that it caught one or the other of them, both going and coming.—Chicago Post.

ELY'S CREAM BALM is prepared for the particular benefit of sufferers from nasal catarrh who are used to an atomizer in spraying the diseased membranes. All the healing and soothing properties of Cream Balm are retained in the new preparation. It does not dry up the secretions. Price, including spraying tube, 75 cents. At druggists or Ely Brothers, 56 Warren street, New York, will mail it.

Another for Pa.
Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a stepmother?
Pa—"A mother by marriage, my son."
Little Willie—"Then a stepladder is a ladder by marriage, ain't it, pa?"

All goods are alike to PUTNAM FADELESS DYES, as they color all fibers at one boiling. Sold by druggists.

On That Plan.
Boris—Naggus, I'm writing a story I would like a name for. It's some what on the plan of Ships that Pass in the Night; but I want the title to be as different from that as possible.

Naggus—How would Elevators that Pass in the Daytime do?—Chicago Tribune.

A Suggestion.
"No, I'm not very well impressed with the house," said the prospective tenant. "The yard is frightfully small; there's hardly room for a single flower bed."
"Think so?" replied the agent; "but—er—mightn't you use folding beds?"—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, the bottle.

"WHAR DEW I CUM IN"

(Being the Soliloquy of a Farmer on the Free Raw Sugar Question.)

That's a mighty lot er talkin' about farmers 'n thar rights, 'N the wonderful prosperity the beet growin' invites. Thar's er heap of foolish crowin' in the 'beets' begin ter shout 'N holler fer the Tariff ter keep free sugar out! But I nolla that the beet-producin' farms are very few, An' the farmers through the country ain't got much of it ter dew. The hull land ain't a-raisin' beets, 'n ain't goin' ter begin. Beet growin' right fer sum, I guess—but, whar dew I cum in?

The farmer gits four dollars now fer every ton o' beets—A hausum price, I must allow—but hidin' sum deceits. Beet sugar manufacturers admit es they hev found Thet "granulated" costs 'em sumthin' like two cents a pound. In fact the leaves a profit on which they'd greatly thrive—And—if it kin be sold fer three, why should we pay 'em FIVE? It seems ter me es thers a game thes' mighty like a skin—But—if thar's any benefit—waz—whar dew I cum in?

When Uncle Sam's in want o' cash we're glad ter help him out, 'N we'll stand all the taxes that are needed, never doubt, But when his pocket-book's well lined an' nary cent he lacks, Et seems ter me his duty's ter repeal the sugar tax. Them fellers wot is interested sez it's to protect The beet-producin' farmer thet the duty they collect. But I guess thet explanation is a little bit too thin—The sugar maker,—he's all right;—but—whar dew we cum in?

Take off raw sugar duty an' the price will quickly fall. To everybody's benefit, fer sugar's used by all. The poor will bless the Government thet placed it in thar reach—'N millions of our citizens free sugar now beechin'. The dealer 'll be delighted—less expenditure fer him—More demand 'n bigger profits—which at present are but slim. An' the farmer 'll be as well paid as he ever yer los been—But he'll buy his sugar cheaper—thet's whar he an' 'I cum in.

Now, whar's the sense er reason of the sugar tax to-day. When our treasury's a-bulgin' an' we've no debts ter pay? The duty on raw sugar's Fifty million every year—An' the people's got ter pay it—thet's a fact thet's very clear. Fifty million! Great Jerusha! Ter protect beet magnates, too, Why should they tax ALL the people—Just ter help a scattered FEW? And the FEW? Beet-sugar MAKERS! Don't it really seem a sin Thus ter help an' fill thar coffers? Whar dew you an' I cum in?

The farmer growin' beets hev got a contract price fer years.—Free raw sugar wouldn't hurt him, an' of it he has no fears, But mebbe, like myself—he's also growin' fruit so nice—Ter preserve it—at a profit,—he needs sugar—at a price! The repealin' of the duty, surely cuts the price in two—Thet'll make a mighty difference, neighbor, both ter me an' you! Let the sugar manufacturer make such profits as he kin—Ter him it may seem right enuff—but whar dew I cum in?

An' I ain't agoin' ter swaller all the argyments they shout Thet the farmers need protection—an' must bar raw sugar out. Common sense is plainly showin' that the people in the land Want raw sugar free in future—an' its freedom will demand. 'Tis a tax no longer needed—hateful to the public view,—Taxin' millions of our people to enrich a favored few. They can't blind me any longer with the foolish yarns they spin—While they're busy makin' money—whar dew you and I come in?

I'm agoin' ter keep on hustlin', talkin', pleadin' with my friends,—Ain't no sense in lettin' others gain thar selfish privet ends. I'm agoin' ter write ter morrow to my Congressman 'nd say Thet he oughter do his best ter kill that tax without delay! Feller-farmers, do your utmost—whether you grow beets or not—To repeal the tax on sugar—you can but improve your lot! Cheaper sugar helps your pocket, greater blessings you can win—When we've three-cent granulated—that's whar you an' I cum in!

At What Age is Woman Best.

That problem was recently discussed by an artist, an author and a woman of society. The artist urged that he disliked to paint the portraits of women between the ages of 25 and 40 years. Before 25 the face has an expectancy which charms. It is looking forward with joyous freshness and hope, and it is full of puzzling promises. At 40 the character is formed and the lines of the countenance are stronger in the painter's study, but in intervening years the face has lost its expectancy and is liable to be indifferent, says Woman's Life.

A man can reform himself; nobody else can.

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must understand quite clearly, that in order to meet the above conditions a laxative should be wholly free from every objectionable quality or substance, with its component parts simple and wholesome and it should act pleasantly and gently without disturbing the natural functions in any way. The laxative which fulfills most perfectly the requirements, in the highest degree, is

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The sale of millions of bottles annually for many years past, and the universal satisfaction which it has given confirm the claim we make, that it possesses the qualities which commend it to public favor.

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is due to the originality and simplicity of the combination and also to the method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and which ensures that perfect purity and uniformity of product essential to the ideal home laxative. In order to get

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always buy the genuine and note the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package. In the process of manufacturing figs are used as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal virtues of Syrup of Figs are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinally laxative and to act most beneficially.

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