

Feminine Snapshots

Co-operative Housekeeping, Like Marriage, Sometimes a Failure

Lately there appeared in a newspaper an amusing account of how some girls tried to realize the harmony of community housekeeping. They began beautifully—new furniture, pretty china and stuffy little "cozy corners" till you couldn't rest. It was so sweet, so homelike, so restful and all that, they said. Presently one girl determined to make all the others keep their rooms, even to their closets and bureau drawers, in the exact same order in which her own were maintained. The course there was a grand kick, and feminine irritation followed. Next the girl who managed the bed linen and housekeeping—purse invited one week several of her friends to dinner, thus entailing added expense. Of course her sense of justice should have prompted her to pay the added expense herself. But she apparently had no sense of justice, so she told the co-operative family they must contribute the next week, and that girl was mean enough to cut down the meals and skip all the rest to pay for her hospitality. Next there was a girl whose special brand of theology was not approved by some of her mates, and they undertook to reconstruct her. If there is one thing the powerful feminine mind is strong on it is theology, and the girl refused to adopt a more fashionable creed than the one she held already. More friends. At length some of the other girls detested to tell one of their number how she should dress herself, and that was the last drop in the bucket. "Harmony flat" broke up in due time. "I'll never ever learn to mind their own business and not meddle with one another!"

If you are obliged to speak disagreeable truths, practice gentle ways of uttering them, that you may give as little hurt as possible.

"There's an old lady here who looks like a perfect picture. She's one of our saleswomen," said a girl in the suit department of a great store. "She must be seventy years old. She has been here years and years, but she never misses a day or an hour from her work. Some of the girls give up and stay away from business if the least little thing gets the matter with them. Mrs. Blank goes right along. She's got more grit and more endurance than a dozen young girls." Later I saw Mrs. Blank. Really, seventy years old though she was, she had the handsomest face on that floor, although it was the suit department, where the good looking saleswomen are generally placed. She had the features, soft, smiling, waiting gray hair and a smooth, pretty complexion. She had also a sweet, gracious manner, that was mightily taking. Here, then, was a woman who had passed through all life's storms and sorrows and come out at seventy years of age handsome and peacefully faced, her powers of body and mind perfectly held and she earning her living as a cloak and suit saleswoman. This item is for girls.

Note this remarkable clipping from a newspaper. "During a fire in a hotel a woman dressed herself in less than fifteen minutes." The newspaper further adds, "This record is likely to stand for at least a century."

Among the called dispatches at the beginning of the St. Petersburg outbreak was the following highly significant one: "It appears that the women are becoming a highly important element in the situation. The majority of the common people has become rabid for revolution, and government officials say this is the gravest development thus far."

Somebody asks whether public officials and employees are paid to be civil. If they are, then certainly no more than half of them earn their money. It always pays to be civil, whether we are paid for it or not.

Miss Martha S. Bousley, a graduate of Vassar and a teacher, adopted the role of nursery governess and went about investigating the child question in the families of the very wealthy. She found almost everywhere a disposition on the part of rich American parents to shunt off their family duties and hire others, almost anybody, to take care of their children. Mothers in fashionable societies see their children once a day, the fathers only a few days together, Miss Bousley says. Well, if this is what we are coming to, the next move will be the fashionable infante hotels that are talked of, where babies and little ones may be cared for night and day at a stated price and a good high one. Thus they will be no bother at all to their parents, perhaps when some of them die and require a funeral.

Here is something women should bear constantly in mind: In so far as we depend on others to that degree we weaken our own powers. If a wife lets her husband manage all her financial affairs, she being in utter ignorance as to them, she will suddenly find some fine day that he has managed them into the ground and there is nothing left for her.

ELIZA ARCHARD O'CONNOR

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DIVINE TRANSMISSION.

Alfred Hart Tells How He Communicates With The Dead.

A MIRROR REVEALS MESSAGES.

Columbia University Photographer Says That in Letters of Fire Secrets of Other World Are Written on Its Surface—Asserts He Has Communicated With the Distinguished Dead Mentioned in the Bible.

Alfred A. Hart, seventy years old and for thirty years the official photographer of Columbia college, who lives in New York, asserts that he has discovered the secret of the divine transmission to earth of the Ten Commandments and that he has been able to communicate with the dead, says the New York American.

Although students of psychic research discredit the claims of Mr. Hart, the septuagenarian is persistent in his assertion that he has discovered the means of universal communication and says that ultimately the world will know what becomes of the soul. He declares he has had communication with the distinguished Biblical dead, including Moses, Solomon, the prophets and the disciples, and has written down their messages, which he says, were transmitted to him.

Mr. Hart says this is not an invention,

but a discovery of the mechanism of the rock upon which the Ten Commandments appeared to Moses and the old Egyptian magic mirror, known as the Urim and Thummim, used by the priests in the temples of India, Egypt and the Holy Land.

The messages from the unknown were transmitted to him, he says, in letters of fire written upon the magic mirror, and they have been intelligible not only to him, but to his wife and daughter. He asserts that Shakespeare had the Urim and Thummim in his mind when in the scene of the witches in "Macbeth" he wrote, "And yet the eighth appears who bears a glass." "Therein was written the prophecy," "Do thy best to hold thy tongue, laugh to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born shall harm Macbeth."

Mr. Hart said in his interview: "For twenty-five years I prayed to comprehend the life of man. Then of a sudden—it was in 1878—I was awakened by three lightning rods. There was a bright light in the room. I read in letters of fire on the wall, 'Seek ye all that knock and the door shall be opened.'"

"The light disappeared, and there came another, above which was written, 'The law of heaven; and under it, 'The law of earth.' Again there was a chance, and I read, 'If you choose the law of earth you will be popular and wealthy; if you choose the law of heaven you will gain spiritual knowledge, but all your friends will turn against you.'"

"Believing there was some sensitive plate, the same as nature had supplied to the ancients, that would register thought through electrical vibration, I set to work. Within a year I had discovered the secret in the shape of a sensitive black backed mirror. I held it in my two palms, appealed for a letter, if you choose the law of heaven, and as I was being weighted down seemingly by a tremendous electric vibration there appeared in the mirror before me this message: 'You ask for knowledge; it shall be given you.'"

"This message was from the apostle Mark. I have since received hundreds of messages, all of which I have preserved in writing. These include a message from heaven, which came to me at intervals."

Mr. Hart pronounced a book in which he had written down the poetry which he said had been transmitted to him from a divine source.

Dr. Isaac K. Funk, the noted scholar of psychic research, said: "Doubtless Hart is sincere in his belief that he has communicated with the unknown, but such phenomena cannot be credited. The black mirror of olden days is merely an instrument of mythology. No scientific importance can be attached to Hart's claims."

The Conventional Idea. Recently a very black negro appeared in the mayor's office in New York city. He conveyed a negro woman under his wing. "You're Dr. Cooper, sah, and I want the mayor to give me a divorce." The Rev. Dr. Cooper had the usual ideas of masculine supremacy even though he didn't know enough to know the mayor could not grant divorces.

Among the Women

Female Extremists—The Shade Shows the Character—The Art of Contrast

Why does lovely woman rush to extremes if she goes in for society, she has no time for anything else. If she loves animals, behold, she provides herself with a menagerie. If she goes in for woman's rights, she is more insatiable than the men themselves. If she sighs for a career, people have to hear about nothing except that career morning, noon and night.

The other evening at a dinner a very charming woman came in wearing a black gown covered with what appeared to be royal decorations. Close observation showed that they were what trophies. There were ten of them, testifying to the lady's ability as a player and her devotion to the game.

"Yes, indeed," she gurgled on being questioned, "I play it in the morning before breakfast, all the forenoon, before lunch and most of the afternoon till it's time to dress for dinner, and then I try to find congenial people for a nice evening game. I have a little art to me, you see. I recently had a most delightful journey and made several new friends in this manner, for we played nearly all the way from New York to Chicago." This indiscreet whist lover, by the way, is sixty-five years old!

A maiden lady from out of town who sat opposite felt somewhat left out of the conversation, and so she started out to tell what a fiend she was at fox hunting. "When you speak of playing all day, my dear," she remarked, with a little air of superiority, "I can't help remembering how we used to get up at 5 in the morning to go hunting and keep it up until long after dark. We would never think of



COVERED WITH INSPERATIONS. going visiting without taking along each of us, a pair of horses and a pair of dogs. In fact, we lived in our riding habits."

Colors and Character.

Have you ever noticed that the colors of a woman's dress are a pretty fair index to her disposition?

The lady of a colorless temperament delights in grays, dull blues and muddy shades of tan—in a word, those tones guaranteed to "go with everything" like the wearer. The imperious woman of warm imagination and vivid impulses dresses on crimson and scarlet tones of every sort. The subtle woman mixes two or three odd shades in her costume in a way that you find bewildering. The very religiously inclined woman wears black and wears it soulfully.

Innocence has come to be associated with white and pale blue, and worthiness with pink and yellow, therefore the feminine actress who wishes to create either the color or the other impression robes herself accordingly.

There's more than dye that comes out of the dye pot!

Effective Feminine Diplomacy.

Nature often places a lovely flower in ugly surroundings in order to set off its beauty, and woman has learned her little lesson from nature. Observe the beauty making friend of the ugliest girl she knows and the clever woman accentuating intellect by comparison with her stupid sisters.

Here's a case in point. In a prominent woman's club recently the secretary, a very brilliant woman, was forced to resign on account of outside duties that could not be neglected. She was asked by the president to name some one who would be an able successor to her. Without a moment's hesitation she spoke bravely in favor of one of the least capable members of the club, a woman unable to write a single clever or even suitable line.

"Why did she do it?" Watch the result. Every day she hears how her brilliancy is missed and that the club management will go to pieces if she does not return.

MAUD ROBINSON.

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