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Anthracite COAL Bituminous
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We handle all kinds of hard coal that comes to this market. Two doors east of National Theatre. Prompt delivery.
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FREE TO THE READERS OF THIS PAPER.

By an especial arrangement, ED. PINAUD, the most famous of all hair tonic and perfume manufacturers of Paris, France, will give to readers of this paper, who will take the trouble to cut out this advertisement, a sample bottle of ED. PINAUD'S HAIR TONIC EAU DE QUININE, and ED. PINAUD'S LATEST CREATION IN PERFUME, and ED. PINAUD'S ELIXIR DENTIFRICE (For the Teeth).

This offer is made by the Parfumerie ED. PINAUD, who desires to convince the public by a trial test of the superiority of ED. PINAUD'S toilet preparations over those of all other manufacturers; that is to say, to give to that part of the public who are under the impression that ED. PINAUD'S Hair Tonics and Perfumes are too high priced an opportunity to test them. Cut out this ad., enclose it in silver or stamps, to cover cost of packing and mailing, include name and address, and send to

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Says: "RUNKEL BROTHERS COCOA is the finest cocoa made; an article of absolute purity with the highest nutritive qualities and a flavor of perfection."

If you try it once you will fully appreciate the wisdom of THE COCOA EXPERT.

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MADE OF COCOA BEANS ONLY

W. B. CORSETS

That torturing pressure on the chest and abdomen is absent from W. B. Erect Form and W. B. NUFORM

They fit without strain. Made in many graceful shapes and prices to fit all persons as well as all purses. W. B. Nufarm Corsets answer fashion's command that figures be natural—busts higher and waists rounded into greater slenderness.

On sale at all dealers.

Nufarm 404	(Average of Bust or Corset)	\$1.00
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WEINGARTEN BROS., Makers, 377-379 Broadway, New York

AN OLD VIRGINIA WEDDING

Recollections of a Woman Who is Now a Grandmother.

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

Arrival of the Bridegroom and His Cavalcade—Journey of the Bridal Procession to the Bride's New Home—Three Days of Merrymaking as a Welcome.

"How did rich people marry in your time?" asked a young woman of a stately woman who is a grandmother, who, like herself, was a guest at a recent noted wedding. And the grandmother, who comes from Virginia, told this story:

"Your grandfather was the richest young man in the country, and I had a fortune of my own. The day of our marriage he came on horse back to my home."

"He was attended by his young friends, each of whom rode a white horse. They wore high, white hats, white silk knee breeches and white silk hose. Their shoes were adorned with great buckles."

"They came up the long lane which led to the great lawn in front of my home and their coming was quite like a pageant. This cavalcade was followed by a large number of slaves, the property of your grandfather. They were also mounted there was one slave for each of your grandfather's friends."

"When your grandfather reached the entrance to the lawn he dismounted and was met by my father. As each attendant dismounted he was presented by your grandfather to my father, and the procession moved up the great walk to the wide portico of our home. There they were seated and served with such refreshments as all Southern gentlemen dispense to their guests."

"The attendants were conducted to various apartments to make ready for the event of the day. When your grandfather had been cared for by his special servant, he descended into the great family room and paid his most distinguished respects to my mother, who, at that moment, both by reason of her statelyness and splendor would have been a noticeable personage at any court function."

"After this brief interview my mother withdrew and came to me in my chamber. She was accompanied by my father. They bestowed upon me their most affectionate attention. Then the minister, the Bishop of the State, came in and laid his hands upon me as he had done when I was confirmed by him, and as I knelt before him he gave me his blessing."

"My bridesmaids were then admitted, and after each had kissed my hand all withdrew. My brothers and sisters then came in and we had a little reunion. Then came my maid, my old black mammy and her husband, the latter a venerable hostler."

"They bowed before me, as slaves in those days were accustomed to do before white people, and in leaving me those dear old black people wept as if they never expected to see me again. Then came the other slaves of the plantation in couples, in genuflection. The discarded wardrobes of the family were seen in that procession."

"Then I was left alone for a few minutes—all alone. In that time I bowed devoutly, and in that attitude my father came in and found me. I arose and he conducted me to the great room below."

"The ceremony of my marriage was much the same as that observed today. Our church has not deviated from its ceremonials in such affairs, however it may have been tempted to change some of its rubrics."

"A wedding breakfast followed. There was no music before or after the ceremonies. After the breakfast I was conducted to my mother's old family room and there under her direction my wedding gown was changed to a riding habit."

"As I passed out your grandfather met me and conducted me to the old stile block at the entrance of the lawn. It was covered with honeysuckle. Beside it stood the most beautiful animal that money and a thorough knowledge of blooded stock could procure."

"The saddle was of white silk; the outfit was caparisoned fit for a queen. My black mammy's old husband was the hostler. I do not know which seemed to be the proudest, that old slave or the beautiful horse which awaited my coming."

"The attendants whom I had watched a short time before stood uncovered while your grandfather lifted me into the saddle as lightly as if I had been a feather. He was in his saddle a moment later, and then his friends mounted with the precision of trained cavalry. The bridal procession began its journey."

"It was several miles to the home of our grandfather. That journey came as near being triumphal as any of which I ever dreamed. It was a holiday all along the course. It was lined by slaves, most of whom were dressed in white, and as we passed they bent to the earth, which was scattered with flowers."

"That is how the rich people married in my time, my child, in that blessed State which we call the Old Dominion."

All-over embroidered morning crepe is the latest concession to the rage for elaboration, and, as the embroidery is done in dull silk, it does not detract from the idea of deep mourning.

The Unpopular Woman.

The keep-your-distance forbidding attitude taken by so many women has a terrible effect on the expression of the face. There is seldom any need for them to speak. Expression does that as plainly as the tongue, or even more plainly sometimes.

The popular woman is she who has a bright word and cheery smile for all, and who does not allow herself to be drawn into cliques. There is such a thing as miserable happiness. It sounds contradictory, but it is a matter of fact that such a state of things exists, chiefly in women—not all women, of course, but just those who are always on the look-out for troubles ahead, and if they enjoy themselves, their dismal way of doing so effectually prevents enjoyment on the part of those who are with them.

A grievance is an absolute necessity to them, and they are not happy without them, they are worrying themselves or others, quite forgetting that "sufficiency for the day is the evil thereof." There are so many real troubles for some of us to bear that it is natural that we should shun the society of those gloomy people who have everything they wish for, and yet are not satisfied, but whose happiness seems to consist in reciting their real or imaginary woes to all with whom they come in contact, particularly those living with them, and if people will "lost over their miseries and insist on being wet blankets, they fully deserve unpopularity and loneliness."

WOMAN'S ETON JACKET.

To Be Made with or without the Postillion.

Eton Jackets are becoming to almost all women and are much in favor because of that fact. This one includes the fashionable stole with sleeves that are both novel and satisfactory to the wearer. The original is made of the Sicilian mohair, stitched with corticelli silk and trimmed with fancy braid, and makes part of a costume, but the jacket is equally well suited to other suiting materials and to the odd wrap as well as to the coat which



matches the skirt. The postillion is optional and can be used or omitted as preferred.

The jacket is made with fronts and back and is finished with a belt that passes under the elongated fronts, at the darts, and is closed beneath them. The sleeves are snug above the elbows but large enough below to allow of wearing over those of the gown with comfort and ease. The stole is a notable feature and is shaped to fit exactly its edges meeting below the bust. May Manton.

For the Traveler.

If black is becoming to the traveler, a handsome black net is a most satisfactory thing for the general utility evening gown, and it will stand much crushing and hard usage. Mariele frocks, as the Parisians dub black and white costumes, are also excellent for the purpose under discussion, and if black and white is not becoming or sufficiently youthful, soft light gray or champagne color is a nice choice.

The all-white costume, without which no wardrobe is complete at present, is a charming item of the travelers' outfit, but soiled readily, and when one is traveling rapidly there is no chance of cleaning it. When expense need not be considered, a good lace gown either in white, cream or some light tint, made with two bodices, one decollete, the other high-necked, is perhaps the ideal expression of the evening frock that will meet many needs and will be handsome and modish without being conspicuously striking.

Tiny Feet No Longer Desirable.

Time was when to have tiny feet was the great desire of all womankind. The athletic girl has changed all that, and by the next generation feminine extremities will have grown to almost classical dimensions. As it is shape, not size, that makes or mars the beauty of a foot; this evolution is very desirable, proving as it does that the change is owing to the healthy outdoor life of the modern girl. She is so much on her feet that she does not think of squeezing her feet into shoes a size too small for her. Never was footwear prettier than it is at present. Well-shaped shoes are within the limits of the most modest income, and as for the stockings, they are simply dreams. With the demand for larger shoes the stockings have also grown in size until where 8, 8 1/2 and 9 were worn five years ago the call today is for 9 1/2, 10 and 10 1/2.

Our sisters of the Flowery Kingdom would open their sleepy, almond eyes in horror could they see the heroic proportion of their Western sisters' pedal extremities, but we must strive to keep our minds above criticism, and be content with quality, letting quantity take care of itself.

Tea gowns of fine batiste or muslin, lace trimmed and lined with soft silk are to be a fad of the season.

HINTS FROM THE CHEF.

Clam Soup.
Put into a stockpot a quart of water and a quart of clam juice, and simmer gently for an hour and a half. Season with butter, pepper and salt. Scald a cup of milk and add to it a pinch of soda. Beat two eggs, light, and pour the scalding milk upon them. Beat hard and whip the clam soup gradually into the egg and milk mixture. Turn into a hot tureen and serve at once.

Fried Clams.
Drain and wipe the clams, dip each in peppered and salted cracker dust; then in beaten egg, and again in cracker dust, and arrange upon a large cold platter. Set on ice for half an hour and fry in butter to a good brown.

Puff Pie Crust.
Into eight ounces of flour chop six ounces of firm, cold butter until like a coarse powder. Moisten with a gill of ice water and stir into a dough. Turn upon a floured board, roll out lightly and quickly, for the pastry and roll it out twice more. Keep in the ice box for some hours before using.

Meringue for Pie.

Add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar to the whites of three eggs, and beat until light and very stiff. Heap this meringue lightly upon the top of the pie after it is baked, and set in a very hot oven just long enough to brown lightly at the edges and points; then remove gently from the oven and set it where it will not be in a draught to cool.

Charlotte Mousse.

Soften a cake and a half of chocolate until you can work to a paste with a little vanilla-flavored syrup. Beat the white of an egg to a froth with powdered sugar thin, pour in the melted chocolate; then, when cold, add one and one-half cups of whipped cream flavored with vanilla or wine. Pack into a mold and cover with ice and salt for an hour.

A Hint to the Wives.

The woman who cannot afford to buy a good veil to drape around her hat should not wear one at all, for a flimsy piece of chiffon dangling from one's hat is a sight to make the angels weep.

Another thing; always fasten the back of your skirt. Nothing is so untidy as to see the placket of your skirt open.

The girl who practices an hour before the pier glass in order to carry her skirt with becoming grace should not be called vain. The most valiant woman in the city would be humbled if she took a walk along some prominent thoroughfare and with observing eye watched the procession of women who hurry past with gowns held in the most unbecoming and distressing fashion.

Lace yokes, cut-out embroidery and blouses, airy enough for a ballroom do not look well in crowded streets.

The girl with "one frock" must have a care in the selection of the material, pattern and color.

What may be worn with good taste once in awhile is bound to prove unsatisfactory if put into everyday use. No matter how becoming a frock may be, resist the temptation to possess it, unless it will bear the stress of everyday wear.

WOMAN'S SHIRRED WAIST.

To Be Made with High or Square Neck, Long or Elbow Sleeves.

Shirtings of all sorts are notable features of the season and of the latest models. This smart waist shows them used in a novel manner and is singularly well adapted to the soft and pliable materials in vogue. The original is made of white silk mull trimmed with cream gullup lace and is engaging, but the many thin wools and silks are equally suitable as well as the fine linen and cotton fabrics.

The waist is made over a smoothly fitted lining that closes at the centre



front. The fronts and the back are shirred at the shoulders to give a yoke effect and are again gathered at the waist line. The folds at the back give a tapering effect to the figure while the front blouses slightly over the belt. At the centre front is a shirred vest-like portion that can be made high and finished with the collar, or cut off at the shirring to form a square neck. The long sleeves are soft and full and are shirred to fit the arms closely above the elbows but form puffs at the wrists. When elbow length is desired they can be cut off and gathered into bands.—May Manton.

Mousquetaire sleeves have a close-fitting wrinkled cuff almost reaching the elbow.

Champagne-color suede gloves, are much in vogue because they tone in well with old laces.

The Hobbies of the Housewife.

By Elizabeth E. Smith.

Heaven knows that the housewife has a narrow path with the hobbies which a growing man and the life line throw into the way. How or another I will never know then Jim Elson gets another hobby, adds to write out and print. You have heard of me; my name is Elson. William B. Jenkins.

Elson, Jones and their party in hot pursuit of me when I left Tibet after the episode of the dhial temple, and I decided the best way to elude pursuit was to right back to where we all began—and where they would never think of looking for me. So I came to Boston.

I walked over to Huntington Avenue, reflecting to myself that with my resolution had far better well fed than half-starved, and smiled faintly, heartily as I automatically searched the pockets. I halted hesitatingly before Criterion Club and wondered where I should get that meal; and I watched the well dressed men in and out the brightly illuminated doorway, when suddenly I bathed myself of a plan. My clothes looked worse. I wore a cutaway, style was recent. To be sure, collar was a little soiled, cuffs frayed, and I had lost one of a shoe, but why not?

I ascended the steps briskly entered the wide vestibule. My coat was taken from me in a instant, and I passed into what I took to be a writing room. I stood around curiously—trying not to betray any sign that I was unaccustomed to the place, and was before a little disquieted when I found a man, frowning at me from a shaded corner. I walked toward him easily, and coolly, halting a few steps from his chair, surveying the groups around me with apparent tranquility. To my further quietude, he arose and approached.

"Mr. Robbins—our new secretary," he asked interrogatively, nodded—the name gave me a pang—but my companion seemed most astonished at my attitude. He hesitated for a moment, then he said to me, "I believe I met you the other night."

"I remember now," I replied, "I have met so many faces these weeks that your face is new to me for an instant."

I thanked heaven that my full look disappeared from his face. "Yes," he cried, "and I owe you a dinner. Suppose you claim your right?"

"Can't say that I do," I replied, smiling inwardly. "You want to pay a debt? I'll lose to you another time." He followed him to the dining room. "Luck," I cried. "Luck, Elsie B." and I walked heelless shoe beneath the table, kept my cuffs beneath the table.

My comrade ordered—order tensively and my breast with gratitude. He spoke easily, seldom referring to his members, but talked freely of the political and world. His name I did not know, the old time method of "How so difficult a name is I avoided, it might be Brown."

Tom Hemingway over the bar," he said, "condemned Lamon and Dick Watson to third table on the other side of the lobby—some moment while I was here. I've been looking for him for a week—order cigars and wine and he dashed off."

I leaned back comfortably and ordered. Fifteen minutes later twenty. I turned uneasily. "What was my host? Thirty minutes waiter asked me if I wanted anything further. I shook my head and looking up found him eyeing me on my frayed cuff. I hastily turned the offending arm from sight beneath the table cover, and watched the waiter recede from view. I hastily arose to search for my companion.

At the door I met my waiter with his chief and was immediately halted. "I was dining with—"