

DON'T GROW NARROW

WOMEN'S WORK SHOULD NOT LIMIT THEIR INTEREST.

No Branch of Art or Literature Becomes Deep and Strong Until the Artist or Writer Has Learned Something of Life.

A woman who gets into a rut narrows her own life. You find plenty of domestic women or those of leisure. A housekeeper is all too apt to have her thoughts revolving continually about things of the home to the exclusion of proper and helpful matters outside.

The art student occupies her mind entirely with palette and brush, and you can get her to talk only "colors" and "values," seeing her attention wander visibly when some one speaks of children. It goes like this all through the different phases of life, and an artist narrows her possibilities of good work, a stay-at-home lessens her own attractiveness, and a musician stunts her soul all because each thinks only of her particular line and fails to bring into it the good that she may get from various kinds of knowledge.

Neither music, poetry, painting, essays nor any branch of art or literature is good and deep and strong—in other words, at its best—until the artist or writer has learned something of life and knows real emotions, joys or sorrows to send out in the work.

The canvas of an art student is usually more shallow and less strong than that of a mature artist, not only because the latter's technique is better, but because of the development of temperament that has, or should have, come with life. It does not develop, however, unless opportunity is given—unless one keeps out of a rut and constantly gathers something new and different that may be assimilated and worked into the ambition of one's life, making it real or appealing to all who see or hear.

For a housekeeper to limit herself to things of the home is a great mistake; the rut she sinks into becomes so deep and narrow that after a time nothing else has any interest for her. If she can talk only house-keeping and the servant question she is a fearful bore to her friends (except to those who care only for the same subjects), and she finds after a few years that the only things she has in common with her husband are the monthly bills and the children.

HOME COOKING.

To Obtain Gloss on Pie Crust.

Even when the oven is quite right and the pastry has been made moderately rich, a woman will feel dissatisfied at the appearance of a pie, because she misses the rich brown gloss that she has seen on pastry made by practical cooks. To obtain this gloss she needs a wrinkle. It is produced by egg-wash. An egg is beaten up with a little sugar and a small quantity of milk is added. With this wash the pie is brushed over after pastry has been finished.

To Keep Cake or Bread Moist.

Place a bowl of cold water in your cake box, and you will be surprised in the change it will make in cake. I have done this when cake has become quite dry, and in a short time I could hardly have told it from new cake.

How to Cover Jellies.

Some jellies, especially berry, peach, etc., will mould unless carefully covered. If paper is dipped into brandy and the glass covered before the paraffine is poured over the jelly, it will prevent the jelly from moulding or growing sour, a common trouble when jellies are not made very thick.

Food Facts.

John the Baptist ate locusts and wild honey.

Peter the Great consumed baked goose stuffed with apples, and considered it a fine dish.

Frederick the Great made a satisfactory meal on salt beef or pork and cabbage.

Henry VIII could always eat himself into a condition of sleepiness on a haunch of venison.

Housekeeper's Hints.

Always have tissue paper in the kitchen, for by cutting in large pieces and dipping in the soup, all the grease will be removed.

Take a piece of new pencil eraser and rub gloves on the soiled soiled parts. This will be found better than ordinary methods.

Bleaching scissors can be silenced permanently by breathing warm air into the open hinge, opening and closing them several times.

A woman never gets so old that she is willing to go with people of her own age.

Labels generally go into the garment with old love letters and photographs wearing clothes out of

EGG POACHING PAN.

Egg Easily Placed Upon Toast Without Breaking.

In poaching eggs in an ordinary skillet the white of the egg becomes broken or separated and the yolk is correspondingly weakened and frequently breaks. Furthermore difficulty is always encountered by the cook in removing the poached egg from the skillet and arranging it upon the toast or other article upon which it is to rest. To provide a pan to overcome these objections and from which the poached egg can be quickly removed without breaking the egg in the least, a Georgia man has designed the egg-poaching pan shown in the illustration. This pan



EGGS CANNOT BREAK.

has perforations in the side, the latter being of a continuous strip of sheet metal shaped to poach two eggs at the same time. The pan has a sliding bottom operated by an upright handle at one end. In operation the eggs are broken in the pan and the sides being perforated there will be free circulation of the water. After the eggs have been thoroughly poached, the pan with the egg therein can be removed from the skillet, and in order to deposit the egg it is only necessary to slide the bottom from beneath the sides and the egg will drop upon the toast or other article upon which it is to be placed.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

To Clean Porcelain Bathtubs.

Rub thoroughly in kerosene and then wash in soap and hot water and a little ammonia. This makes the white ware immaculate with the least possible expense of time and strength.

For Kitchen Helps.

Keep the tops of your old shoes, cut in pieces of convenient size, and cover with any cotton material for iron holders. They are less heating to the hand than any other kind.

Stains From the Hands.

After making jelly and one's hands are stained, the stains may be entirely removed by washing the hands in tomato parings, or take a ripe tomato and squeeze well up in the hands, rubbing the juice into the skin.

Separate Waists.

One is not surprised to see stripes and checked satins added to the list of tailors' chifons, etc., which are used for so many smart waists. The model sketched is an example of what specialists in women's belongings do with the newest fabrics. The blouse is trimmed with bands of open-work braid which outline a Japanese effect at the shoulders, while the sleeve proper is stitched with pointed bands of plain silk put on with fancy-stitching.

A V-shaped yoke of bebe crochet lace gives an elegant finish to the blouse which has string revers of dark satin passing under a fold of



the satin at the bust-line, the ends being finished with silk fringe.

Below the ruffled sleeves of lace are close-fitting cuffs of the same material with ends pointing over the hands.

So far as style is concerned the general tendency is toward the development of the elaborate waist for dressy wear, and there are so many different materials and trimmings from which this little garment may be fashioned that it is an easy matter for blouse makers to keep up interest in their models. The argument that the plain tailored waist is the design of excellence for the tailored suit, is not sound, and the present season shows that most convincingly, for the average woman makes her tailored frock do duty frequently on semi-dressy occasions and its effect is largely enhanced by a fancy blouse and smart hat.

QUESTION OF EVENING FROCKS.

It is Decided that Women Must Shine.

The leading couturieres appear for the moment to be devoting all their attention to the question of evening frocks, and some wonderful surprises are anticipated.

Worth is using brocade to an immense extent, both velvet and fancy brocades being pressed into service, while in some cases the same effect is produced by means of motifs of the softest chiffon velvet, applied to light clinging materials, such as volleson or crepe de chine. To be in keeping with the fashion of the moment, we must glitter and scintillate from every point of view, dull mat-rials being almost entirely excluded from the modiste scheme.

According to the authority quoted above, diamonds, inter-mixed with long bugles, are the best trimming (for the purpose, and the design chosen by this matre couturier is simplicity itself, huge single stones being sewed in serrated lines on the material of the gown.

In the case of a sumptuous ball dress of bright cherry colored or, to be more correct, a brilliant Salferrino-pink tulle, the full plated skirt is trimmed from the waist to the knee with a single row of large glittering diamond dewdrops, which, at intervals, opens out into the link of a chain, while the ends are finished with a small tassel of tiny stones.

The corsage of the gown is simply of swathed tulle, with a square of creamy lace in the centre of the bust, and is supported over the shoulder by single diamond chains, with motifs of lace caught together with a band of Salferrino pink tulle, which forms the apology for a sleeve. The gown is mounted over a foundation of poult de sole of roseleaf texture, softened with an interlining of mouseline de soie, and represents one of the most graceful and elegant creations for the coming season.

Bridal Gown De Luxe.

The intricacies of the bridal costume are what constitute its greatest success this season, for after all there is little novelty in the matter of materials. Soft clinging fabrics are growing in favor and for the gown sketched white chiffon cloth is used, with trimmings of real lace and satin cable cords.

The simple skirt fits perfectly about the hips, falling in long, graceful lines at the bottom, with a full train. It meets the semi-Empire bodice be-



neath a girdle of its own material faced at the back with ropes of white satin lapped over buttons of real lace drawn over silk and encircled with silver.

The lace effect introduced upon the girdle is repeated at either side of the front of the bodice, connecting wide folds of satin over a deep vest of real lace. The sleeves are cut in one with the bodice and draped in folds to the elbow, after which they are close fitting and trimmed with broad bands of lace.

No other trimming has quite the same effect as real lace for the wedding gown, for it combines softness with richness, to say nothing of style and beauty. Gowns are elaborately trimmed with it and veils are bordered with it.

Princess and Empire effects are smartly to the fore for bridal costumes, but not to the exclusion of draped bodices which are more exquisitely ornamented than ever.

Womanly Women.

In Germany a woman is judged not according to her drawing-room accomplishments or knowledge of men and matters of the time, but according to her domesticity. That is exactly how the Kaiserin likes to be judged. She prides herself on being a model housewife, and has always endeavored to set an example to her countrywomen by keeping studiously aloof from matters political and concentrating her attention upon the requirements of her home, husband and children. Outside these, the serious interests of the Empress lie mainly among the poor and suffering. She is intensely charitable and has done wonders to help forward philanthropic movements in Germany, and it is in consequence of her work in this direction that she has been termed "Empress of Goodness."

THE OLD BOOKSELLER
By S. Rhett Roman.

Being fond of old books and rare volumes I often went down to look around Pere Gilbert's second-hand bookstore to delve and rummage about among the piled-up, dusty volumes in its dark recesses, always being rewarded for my search by the discovery of some treasure. Sometimes I would sit for hours trying to decipher a half-effaced manuscript, some volume of ancient Langueoec or other dead and forgotten tongue.

Claire always helped me in my explorations, dashing to attend to any occasional buyer who might drop in. But, as I chose the late afternoon hours for my visits, we were rarely disturbed.

I fell into the pleasant habit of sauntering out to the small paved courtyard in the rear of the shop, there to sit and chat with Pere Gilbert in neighborly fashion. When night fell and the shop was closed Claire would join us. In summer time the scent of her box of flowers filled the air, and the stars coming out looked down curiously at us. In winter when it was too cold to linger out of doors I was a willing guest at their fireside in the little room made bright by Claire's presence.

"Why did you name her Claire?" I asked Pere Gilbert one evening when we both sat watching here while she watered her flowers and the pretty vine which grew purple bells high up against the enclosing walls.

"Because I asked her her name the winter night when I found her wandering on the river bank, chill and terrified, and she said something that sounded like Claire. It was the indistinct prattle of a sobbing infant."

"You're was a most Christian deed," I said, watching the happy look of the young girl and her singular beauty.

"No! no!" disclaimed the old disbeliever in creeds. "Who would not bring from the streets and shelter a stray bird or a wandering dog? Who that had ever known the pangs of hunger and the awful cruelties of the world would refuse to care for and shield a poor little atom of humanity left by accident and a cruel fate homeless and defenceless?"

"By Jove! that is a handsome woman," Dave Cummings whispered to me one afternoon when he sauntered in to look me up as I was getting some notes in Pere Gilbert's bookstore—data on early ecclesiastical history. Of course, Claire was helping me, for her good memory and thorough familiarity with every book and pamphlet around was invaluable.

Dave was a good fellow, honorable, but no genius. I must say his bibliophile, while it surprised, did not please me.

In fact, I had always known Dave to be dull and persistently averse to reading, still more so to study. He had ignominiously failed in his examination at Yale, and only his millions and imperturbable good temper made him the popular clubman which he was.

Dave's tactics were primitive, but effective. He would get up a list of ancient and impossible books of which he knew nothing and cared less. Then he would go down to Pere Gilbert's and begin rummaging vigorously among the books, but he would soon stop, perch himself in a dilapidated stool, or on the steps of the small ladder. He would sometimes reach up to the top shelves and pretend to be much absorbed in the dusty volumes, then he would get down and start chatting with Claire, regardless of time. In his good-natured, straight-forward way, offering his services if he could be of any use to Pere Gilbert, which always made Claire's eyes grow soft, and a pretty blush of gratitude rise to her face.

Then if it were late and no one was there, Dave would beg her to sing for him. And in return for his kind attention to Pere Gilbert, Claire would sing in a low voice, so as not to disturb the drowsy slumbers of the invalid by the fireside in the little parlor, some quaint ditties or Spanish love songs, of which she had an inexhaustible store.

"Perhaps you don't go about it in the right way," I said slowly to Dave one evening when he was tramping up and down my room in anxious distress. "The child has a fine nature and far more culture than most girls of her age in the highest circles. You have no close relations who might object to her on the score of unknown parentage. If you are so infatuated and are sure you can make her happy—I will plead your cause for you. I will try to induce her to marry you. She is a woman any man should be proud of; she is very unworshiped and knows nothing of your extensive possessions. If you are convinced you can make her happy—I will use my friendship with Pere Gilbert to help you along."

I made the offer with bitter reluctance. But looking toward the uncertain future to the clouds gathering over that defenceless young head, I de-

cid it the part of a true affection to ward off dangerous eventualities by urging the child to accept the haven offered her, where neither care nor anxiety could enter. Then again, Dave was a handsome fellow and had a simple, manly way with him very attractive to women.

How much did Claire care for him? A young girl's heart is an inscrutable mystery. But still—I thought I knew.

Of course, my own unpretentious home would open wide its doors to receive Claire and my heart would give her a glowing and exultant welcome, for she had crept in and now reigned supreme to the exclusion of all else. God help me!

But I will know that Claire cared but little for her dull friend, the taciturn scholar, whom she so gayly and patiently helped to dig and delve among torn and dusty authorities while the dim light in the little shop faded into night.

How sweetly and cheerily she would lend me her deft assistance. And how all too fast those pleasant hours sped by and winged their noon hours for my visits, we were flight.

Pere Gilbert was fading away, slipping fast in the realm of unapproachable mysteries.

Winter had worn away and Dave Cummings' visits to Pere Gilbert's bookstore were almost daily, and the neighborhood was beginning to gossip as I well knew would be the case.

But why should I interfere to prevent? Dave's infatuation had deepened into those swift flowing channels



DID CLAIRE CARE FOR ME?

which cut their way through a man's life, leaving landmarks which are never obliterated.

And although serene and gentle Claire always gave him a greeting with a brighter look, which drove away temporarily the pain now always in the depths of her great brown eyes.

It was again early spring. One evening Claire sent for me hurriedly, for I had taken up my quarters not far away.

"Stay with me! My heart is breaking," she whispered.

I held her little hands long and fast.

Yes, the Great Reaper was knocking for admittance, and her loving old protector was fast approaching the hour of separation so much dreaded.

So I told her how Dave was longing to soothe her sorrow and share all her grief; how big-hearted and kind he was, and that with him she would find peace and content and joy in the years to come. That her beauty and her youth were far too great for her to brave unprotected, the buffets of the world when once the presence of her noble and loving old protector was withdrawn from her. And I pleaded with her to grant David's prayer.

With a low cry Claire tore her hands from mine, and springing forward, knelt by the bedside where lay the withered form, the soft gray hair and gentle face of Pere Gilbert, that disbeliever of creeds and doctrines, whose true and noble spirit would soon reap the reward of its long years of patient, unswerving well-doing.

"What is it, little one?" he asked in a faint voice. "You must not weep to grieve the parting moments of your old Pere. See—I give you into the keeping of a good man. Our friend during all these beautiful years—since happiness came—into this poor abode—with the little child I brought here—in these arms."

"He knows—that he holds—your heart, dearie."

"Give me your hand. It grows dark—I would place it—in his."

"Claire! Claire! Child of light and beauty! Is this true?" I asked clasping her hands to mine.

A look of ineffable peace stole over the wan face on the pillow. A faint sigh swept through the room, and the chimnes of the cathedral floated out on the night air—Pere Gilbert slept.

Then I clasped in my arms a happiness almost too perfect for this earth! A happiness which ever since has made life one ceaseless page of joy.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Use of Cement.

It is quite the thing now, wherever cement or concrete blocks are used for building purposes to have them water proofed by an application of a prepared mixture. This compound makes the artificial stone impervious to moisture.

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