

Woman's World

New Honors For Miss Helen Mears.



HELEN FARNSWORTH MEARS.

A woman sculptor, the recent recipient of an important commission, is Miss Helen Farnsworth Mears, a native of Oakbrook, Wis. She has been awarded the honor of capping the new \$10,000,000 state capitol at Madison, Wis. with a colossal bronze figure. Miss Mears was one of the favorite pupils of the late St. Gaudens.

THE AUTUMN BLOUSES.

Only Exceptional Models Show Any Novel Features. Many new blouses are being shown now, but they seldom boast of a single feature which can be regarded as a novelty. One of the exceptions is a chic little short taffeta affair cut in kimono style, with a surplus closing and a wide collar and revers. It has a neat, stock and underseams of fine lace. It seems not unlikely that something of this kind may become popular since short taffeta is one of the materials most highly approved by fashion at present. Another model that is really a little coat, to be worn over any simple lace or net waist and having a short plaited neckline. An extremely smart white-cast blouse has several new points, of which the sleeve is perhaps the most noticeable. It is full length and fits close below the elbow, but is cut in one piece with the body of the blouse and is decidedly roomy at the armhole. The line of the shoulder, however, is broken by a bolero, which reaches to the base of the neck and goes under the belt at the back, but has a deep armhole and is worn over the belt. It is cut away to show glimpses of a lace underblouse. There is a high collar of lace like the underblouse, and a trim to match falls from the closing in front, which is adorned with four or five curved ivory buttons. There are, besides, various artistic finishing touches in the way of finely corded edges and little black pipings. A sort of decoration that was in vogue not so very many years ago—wide horizontal tucks below the bust—has reappeared in some exquisite creations of chiffon and the finest handkerchief linen, with a slight softness of effect added to the tucks. On a linen blouse frills of narrow valen cleanes fall from under the tucks, while on one of white chiffon there are several rows of the shirring above the tucks, which are themselves gathered.

Popularity of Velvet Costumes. Velvet is going to be a popular material this winter for grownups and children's costumes. The picture illus-



WOMAN AND SMALL DAUGHTER IN VELVET COSTUMES.

trates the vogue for this becoming material. Mother is wearing a fetching coat of black velvet and satin, and her small daughter is fringed out in a smart little coat of royal blue velvet.

Cookery Points

Suggestions For Serving Fish.

Clams With Cream.—Chop moderately fine fifty small clams. Season with salt and pepper and mix into a stew-pan a piece of butter the size of an egg. When bubbling sprinkle in one teaspoonful of flour and cook a few minutes and stir in gradually the clam liquor (previously strained), then the clams and stew about four minutes. Add one cupful of boiling cream and serve immediately.

Baked Fish.—To bake fresh fish clean thoroughly and let lie in salted cold water half an hour. Take it out and dry with a towel. Rub with a dripping pan, lay the fish in, sprinkle salt and pepper inside, with a teaspoon of stale breadcrumbs, with butter the size of an egg. Put vine of butter and crumbs on outside of fish. Four one pint of boiling water in pan around fish and bake half an hour.

Creamed Mackerel.—Has a salt mackerel and soak twenty-four hours in cold water. To one mackerel add one-half pint of milk. Put into a moderate oven and bake one hour. Before the fish is done drop bits of butter upon it.

A Dainty Fish Dish.—A rockfish weighing five pounds should be boiled about twenty minutes. Take it out and flake it, removing all bones. Mix until smooth two spoonfuls of butter and one of flour, add one-half pint of milk or cream (the latter is best). Pour this over the fish and bake.

Shrimps.—Most of us know shrimps, a salad, and good they are there. But they make an excellent hot dish if they are served in tomato sauce or in curry sauce. For the latter you may make a cupful of white sauce, cooking together a tablespoonful each of butter and flour until they bubble, then pouring on them a half pint of milk and stirring it until you have a sauce the thickness of double cream.

To this add a teaspoonful of curry powder and put the shrimps in a shallow dish on the fire till well heated through. Season to taste. Serve on toast or crackers hot.

Salmon Salad.—One can of salmon, chopped fine, four hard boiled eggs, eight lettuce leaves. Mix these with a salad dressing made of one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful of ground mustard, pinch of pepper, one pound sugar, one pound butter, one pound flour, one egg yolk, one-third cup vinegar. Heat butter and blend dry ingredients. Then add egg yolk and vinegar. Cook in double boiler until thick. Season. Serve salad on lettuce leaves.

Caper Sauce.—Melt a rounding table spoon of butter and add three level table spoons of flour, one-half level teaspoon of salt and a few dashes of pepper. Rub smooth. Pour on one and one-half cups of boiling water, cook five minutes and add two more rounding table spoons of butter cut in small pieces and when melted stir in one-half cup of capers that have been drained.

Salad a la Russe. Peel six good sized tomatoes, remove thin slices from top of each and take out seeds and pulp. Sprinkle inside with salt, invert and let stand one-half hour. Place seeds and pulp removed from tomatoes in a strainer to drain. Mix one-third cup cucumbers cut in dice, one-third cup cold coarsed peas, one-fourth cup pickles finely chopped, one-third cup tomato pulp and two teaspoons capers. Season with salt, pepper and vinegar. Put in a cheese-cloth and squeeze then add one-half cup cold cooked chicken cut in very small dice. Mix with mayonnaise dressing, refill tomatoes, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley and place each on a lettuce leaf.

Stuffed Peppers. Six green peppers, one onion finely chopped, two table spoons butter, four table spoons chopped mushrooms, one-half cup brown sauce, three table spoons breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, buttered breadcrumbs, four table spoons lean raw ham finely chopped. Cut slice from stem end of each pepper, remove seeds and parboil peppers fifteen minutes. Cook onion in butter three minutes. Add mushrooms and ham and cook one minute, then add brown sauce and breadcrumbs. Cool mixture, sprinkle peppers with salt, fill with cooked mixture, cover with buttered breadcrumbs and bake ten minutes. Serve on toast with brown sauce.

Tomato Jelly Salad. To one quart of stewed and strained tomatoes add one teaspoon each of salt and powdered sugar, and two-thirds box gelatin which has been soaked fifteen minutes in one-half cup cold water. Pour into small cups, and chill. Run a knife around inside of molds so that when taken out shapes may have a rough surface, suggesting a fresh tomato. Place on lettuce leaves and garnish top of each with mayonnaise dressing.

Brown Sauce. Two table spoons butter, one-half slice onion, three table spoons flour, one cup brown stock, one-quarter teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper. Cook onion in butter until slightly brown. Remove onion and stir butter constantly until well browned. Add flour mixed with seasonings and brown the butter and flour; then add stock gradually.

TIME FOR FURS.

The Latest Fashions in Pelts Very Smart.



SMALL NECKPIECE AND NEW MUFF.

The latest muffs of the season are of triangular shape, soft, floppy models that show a deep pointed end when the hand warmer is carried. The bolster shape, so much used last winter, is not seen among the new furs, but the conservative woman will select for the design of her muff a large square shape trimmed with fur tails or, newer still, with a deep silk fringe at the bottom. In neckpieces either the large scarf is worn or the very tiny neck band, like the one shown in the illustration, which, together with the muff, is formed of alternate bands of fur and embroidery.

Cleaning Hints. Coffee stains on colored goods can be removed if at once sopped with a clean sponge wet with cold water. Place the damaged spot over a thickly folded cloth or a basin and keep changing the water in the sponge until the coffee disappears.

To clean white paint rub well with a damp cloth dipped in oatmeal, wipe with a damp cloth and lastly with a dry duster. This is especially useful treatment for finger marks on doors. Brass bedsteads can be cleaned by rubbing with a cloth dipped in sweet oil. Afterward polish with a soft, dry piece of leather.

To remove grease spots from wall paper sprinkle a piece of blotting paper with baking soda and hold it over the spot while you press the paper with a moderately hot iron. The blotting paper will absorb the grease, and the soda prevents injury to the colors in the wall paper.

Modish Furs. The fair woman with plenty of color in her cheeks cannot do better in her selection of furs this season than to



SET OF AUSTRALIAN CHINCHILLA.

purchase a muff and stole of chinchilla. The cut illustrates the very latest in a set of Australian chinchilla made up with a fabric stuff of oriental coloring.

Hint to the Laundress. There is no reason in the world why the washboard should be used in the mending of clothes," said a woman recently. "All that is necessary to make the clothes clean is to soak them a few hours in water, lukewarm, in which soap has been added, with a tablespoonful of kerosene. Then take them out and let boil in hot water for ten minutes. They can then be hung upon the line after starching, and there is very little work about it."

Too Much Annabelle

She Outstayed Her Welcome By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Young Gail Irving stirred his coffee and looked across the table at his pretty little wife. "Married three months, and this is almost the first Sunday we have had to ourselves," he declared. "Nice to be alone, isn't it, dear?" Violet flushed uncomfortably and avoided her husband's loving glance. "It is lovely to be alone, Gail, but I'm afraid you are going to be very much disappointed." She paused significantly.

Gail frowned. "Well, who is it this time? Has my Uncle Frederick announced that he will not enjoy his Sunday dinner unless he eats it with us, or has your Aunt Hannah decided to shed the light of her presence on us for another fortnight?"

"Neither one, Gail. Don't be so unkind. I can hardly tell you, for, although you have never met her, you have taken such a dislike to her very name."

"Not Annabelle," ejaculated Gail. Violet nodded demantly. "I don't think you ought to speak of my cousin in that manner. I am sorry if I have ever said anything about her that you could misunderstand, for really Annabelle Drage is a very sweet girl and so clever! Why, Gail, I am sure you will be ashamed of me when compared to such a brilliant person as Annabelle."

Mr. Irving nodded. "Very likely," he said ironically. "When is she coming?"

"She says," opening the sheets and rustling them nervously, "that it will be some convenient for her to arrive on the 110 train and—that as it is your day at home she assumes that you will meet her."

"I'll be there," said Mr. Irving, with a grim smile. "I thought I would give her the large front room," said Mrs. Irving. "Annabelle is so fond of colonial furniture, and the little white bedroom is too tiny. It will not hold half the books she will bring, I dare say."

"How long will she stay?" put in her husband foolishly. "I don't know—a month perhaps. Now, Gail, please don't look so horrified. I am sure you will enjoy Annabelle, and when she leaves you will miss her as much as I shall. You are so much more clever than I am that I know you will find my cousin congenial. I shall stay in the kitchen with Nora and cook the most fascinating things while you and Annabelle read Shakespeare and Tennyson and talk learnedly about all those things. Won't that be perfectly lovely?" Violet beamed at him over white hands clasped under her rounded chin.

"Great! Fine! Only, you see, darling, I don't care for Shakespeare, and I've never remembered a line of Tennyson except that one, 'In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.' I read that when I first met you and of course." The remainder of this conversation had no reference to the coming of Annabelle Drage.

At 11 o'clock Mr. Irving walked slowly—reluctantly—to the little suburban railway station to meet the unwelcome guest. He had heard so much about his wife's chaperon cousin that he was quite prepared to believe that her coming to his little home would revolutionize his new happiness.

"Anything but a highbrow?" he lamented. "I can stand any sort of girl except the one that sets up to be a— who is it? ah, yes, a Puritan. By Jove, her mere proximity is infusing me!" Her mere proximity is infusing me!" he murmured, as he peered at the station platform.

"Looks like a storm," remarked the agent pleasantly. "We're going to have very bad weather," commented Irving gloomily. "Rain, hail, snow, outlook very gloomy. I think it's going to be a hard winter."

The roar of the approaching train drowned any response the agent might have tried to make. Gail Irving went to the coach from which a solitary woman was descending; was conscious that an avalanche of trunks and bags were being hurled from the baggage car behind him and as the train croaked into motion again found himself staring at a rather good looking young woman, carelessly attired, who gazed back at him with frank inquiry in her bright dark eyes.

"Violet's husband, I am sure," she said cordially, holding out a gloved hand. "Yes, I'm Violet's husband," repeated Gail with parrotlike precision. "That's my only mark of identity," he added coolly. "I am pleased to welcome Mrs. Irving's cousin. Hope you had a pleasant journey. I'll take your trunk chest and have it sent up to the house."

"Here they are," and Miss Drage thrust a sheaf of checks toward him, "seven in all."

"Seven!" echoed Gail helplessly, starting toward the platform where the avalanche of trunks had become a mountain. "Ah, of course. I'll have them sent to the house. You don't

mind walking the distance; it's only a quarter of a mile."

"I should prefer to walk if it were ten miles," said Annabelle calmly. "Hurry up, please, it's cold on this platform."

"I beg your pardon," uttered Gail hopelessly as he turned away.

During the short walk to the low, roofed cozy home the Irvings had built, Miss Drage uttered not a word. Gail did not break into the reverie that seemed to envelop her. She walked with a free, manly stride that was very obnoxious to Violet's husband. He liked little, soft, feminine women with bronze brown hair and dark blue eyes. Annabelle Drage was tall and thin, with an almost too erect carriage.

Violet welcomed her with nervous pleasure, while Gail escaped to the little room they had dignified by the name of library and which was his own especial retreat. "During the invasion of relatives it was the only haven of refuge for both of the young home makers."

Now Gail tossed off his outer garments and looked at the cozy little fire his wife had kindled on the hearth. "Bless her sweet heart!" he murmured, somewhat mollified. "If it's any pleasure to her to have that walking owl here I'll try to be decent to her."

At the noon dinner Violet presided, rosy beautiful, timidly diffident in the presence of the guest. Miss Drage greeted her host with an abstracted smile.

Before the end of the meal he was discussing the Persian poets with such fluency that his little wife was filled with bursting with pride.

That was the beginning of Violet's unhappiness, for every night after dinner found Annabelle accompanying Gail to the library, where they discussed art and literature and the sciences until poor little Violet, sitting mutely by with her embroidery frame, grew vaguely jealous of the cousin who was monopolizing her husband's attention. The whole order of the little home was changed to accord with the leisurely habits of Miss Drage, who regarded her cousin with tolerant contempt. Once or twice she had openly laughed at Violet's confessed ignorance of some well known fact.

Gail had winced, but what had almost broken the heart of his bride was the fact that he made no effort to take her part. True it was that his smile was coldly polite, but he had smiled—and she was his wife.

Violet was wretchedly trying to make up her mind to run away and thus rid her husband of such a stupid little helpmate. Every day she told herself that if Gail had met Annabelle first he would have married the brilliant college girl instead of her cousin. If she went away perhaps Gail could get a divorce.

One morning after Gail had caught his train for town Violet and her cousin were lingering over the late breakfast necessitated by Miss Drage's luxurious habits. Violet had passed a sleepless night and looked miserable. Gail had kissed her carelessly in fare-well, and she had scarcely had a word with him since the previous morning. Annabelle had played to him all the evening—played the pieces that Violet usually played—while he accompanied her with the violin. The cousins ate the meal in silence.

Nora entered with a telegram for Miss Drage. Annabelle tore it open, and read it with a frown gathering on her dark forehead.

"I am called home at once. I must pack my things, and you may send them after me," she said abruptly, rising from the table.

A half hour later she had left the house, and her room was a chaos of packed and corded trunks and bags. Violet danced delightedly through the hall and suddenly paused with a scared smile on her face.

What if Annabelle had gone to join Gail? Suppose the telegram had been from him? She flew up the stairs into Annabelle's room and searched the waste paper basket feverishly.

A handful of yellow scraps was her reward, and she carried them down to the library and spent an hour in piecing them together. When she had pasted the torn message into its original form she sat and stared at the words, a growing horror in her eyes.

Miss Annabelle Drage, Suburbanville, N. Y. If you have never had smallpox leave the house at once. Am coming down. GAIL IRVING.

Her husband coming down with smallpox and she would not have known save for this telegram to her cousin! Violet's face dropped on her arms, but was lifted eagerly as her husband's step sounded in the hall, and instantly he was in the room and her head was on his shoulder.

"Oh, you poor, poor thing!" she cried. "You must go to bed at once, Gail, and I will send for Dr. Blake. No one shall nurse you but me, and—why, what are you laughing at?"

"My dearest," said Gail solemnly, "I knew nothing save the smallpox would scare a selfish person like your cousin Annabelle, and yet I didn't say I had it, you know—just reread the message. Well, I've come down—after you! Pack your trunk and let us run down to Atlantic City for a few days and recover from Annabelle's visitation."

"I was sure you were attracted by her cleverness," lamented Violet, "and I believed you were ashamed of me because I am so simple and domestic and—"

"That's why I married you," remarked Gail loftily. "I admire that sort of women. Had enough of Annabelle, or shall we send for her to come back?"

"Oh, I forgot—I must telephone for the man to come after her trunks," said Violet, and so Gail had his answer.

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