

LITTLE MOTHER

By EDNA BOUTWELL

The old-fashioned clock chimed 6. As if it were a signal, the Winsome Lady opened the door, and peered down the dusky hall, her eyes filled with welcome for the little figure hastily approaching.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came," whispered the Winsome Lady, drawing the tiny figure within the room and closing the door.

The frail hands caressingly stroked the brown hair. For a moment there was silence, then the Littlest Mother spoke:

"You are a dear girl, Ruth, and I love you. I'm sorry you're going. But it's better, as you weren't made for settlement work. Are you going to marry the Doctor Man?"

The girl raised her head quickly: "Marry him?" she scoffed. "I'd sooner die!"

"You say things so beautifully. But talk to me," begged the Winsome Lady, as she resumed her former position.

"I think you need a love story. It sometimes proves a cure for a certain sickness. I'll tell you my own love story."

"Yours?" smiled the girl, her brown eyes filled with a tender light.

"It was long ago," began the Littlest Mother, bending her white head, "when I was a girl. I lived in Ireland, by the sea. I loved and was loved by Tammas Wynne. One lovely moonlight night as we strolled hand in hand up the side of a woodland hill, I told Tammas that I was sure there were fairies about."

"Fairies—little men?" mocked he, "there are no such things!"

"We heard a peal of shrill laughter, but could see no one. Then Tammas turned boyishly to me and said: 'Wait for me, Ellen, wait for me!' With this he was gone. I waited for a long time and then, being childishly afraid, I went after him." Here the speaker's voice broke, but she continued gravely as if grown weary with the telling:

"At the top of the hill I found Tammas—dead. Dead, with a smile on his face, and in his hands—a tiny silver button! The fairies had punished him and left their sign."

The girl's eyes were luminous with unshed tears. "But you don't believe that—do you?" queried the girl as they both arose.

"Of course! Everyone believed it! But it's children I've always wanted. At night I dream of them, with their little hands that they hold out to me. I went to night school for long years—to be a teacher; but I came here, out of pity. I think today is my birthday, and I've saved enough to buy a ticket to Ireland. I don't feel like cleaning—in fact I don't feel very well." She hesitated as the door opened and revealed the handsome, debonaire doctor.

"I heard the story," he announced, smiling, "and Ruth, forgive me: I'm not in the service, because I belong to the secret service."

"Oh, my dear," and the girl kissed him. "Why didn't you tell me? I thought you were a slacker!"

And the Littlest Mother, being worldly wise, slipped quietly out, into the crowded street.

Suddenly she heard her name called. She turned and confronted a big Irish policeman known as Tim Heilly. By the arm he held a girl with painted lips and wide, frightened eyes.

In his rich brogue he narrated to the tiny lady, how the "sleek un," as the girl was named, had been caught stealing again.

"An' it's me as will give 'er her doon," he grinned.

"Let me whisper in your ear, Tim," commanded the Littlest Mother, as if she did not mind the curious throng.

"Sure an' I will," shouted Tim, straightening up: "ye air a saint. Take her if ye can find good in the likes of her."

The wee lady's eyes twinkled like stars as she drew the girl into a doorway, while Tim dispersed the crowd.

"Take this," she said, giving the girl a roll of bills, "and try to be a better girl."

The girl looked shrewdly after the disappearing figure. "God—what a fool!" she sneered, and fled.

The Littlest Mother reached her cheerless room at last, and sank wearily down in a chair facing the distant sunset.

Below the window stood a wanderer, his violin tucked lovingly beneath his chin. Seeing the weary figure, he started to play a haunting melody.

The wee lady fled, and the Littlest Mother, chancing to raise her eyes, gave a cry of rapture. For there, hung on the faded wall, was a picture of the Madonna and Child—the birthday gift of her friends.

"Tammas," whispered the Littlest Mother, "see the baby—and look—the mother smiles at me!"

She stretched out eager, trembling hands toward the picture and almost unconsciously repeated these sweet old words she loved so well:

"Do you think what the end of a perfect day can mean to a tired heart—"

Well, this is the end of a perfect day.

Near the end of a journey, too—

Her voice broke as the wanderer ceased his playing, and she bowed her head on her hands, murmuring: "I've waited long, Tammas—I'm coming—I'm coming!"

As the dying sunset touched with a golden glow the bent head, and a ray of light filled the room.

FOR MIDSUMMER AND FALL WEAR

Styles of Present Season Likely to Influence Those of Autumn Time.

SASH STILL IN LIMELIGHT

Decoration Adds to Various Dresses; Developed From Metal Ribbons or Moires and Chiffon Weight Taffetas.

The midsummer fashion showings of the great French houses are interesting not only for the clothes themselves, but because of their influence on autumn styles, writes a Paris fashion correspondent. In planning a wardrobe for a new season—and one begins even in midsummer to think of clothes for fall—there is always more or less uncertainty as to what we



Black taffeta coat with deep points at the bottom, formed by a curved opening at the back and a diagonal crossing at the front.

shall choose. We do not want to reproduce in our dress the styles which were worn early in the summer, so it is very desirable to have a point of departure and fresh ideas to give impetus to our plans.

Madeleine et Madeleine have made an elaborate showing of models covering both advance ideas for autumn and midsummer ideas for local customers. They now stand almost in the position of dictators, having made such a marked success since their debut last August. It was this house that sounded the death knell of the jannier by refusing to give its sanction to a fashion which had been exploited prior to August, 1919, when they had their first opening. They have kept to straight figure lines, with a strong note of the Oriental, especially the Egyptian girle and bodice.

Sashes of Slender Grace.

The sash is still one of their most prominent features. From the Egyptian girle to the modern sash the Madeleine et Madeleine models pass abruptly with nothing in between to mark the two, and yet, after all, they are not so far apart in the final effect, especially when the broad ribbon sash is tied at a low waistline, with a pecky butterfly or an oblong bow at the left side.

Many of the most charming dresses shown in this line have wonderful sashes developed from metal ribbons or broad moires and chiffon weight taffetas. The ribbons are almost as broad as the single width taffetas, and yet so soft that they fall in graceful, slender lines. Even the simplest dress is given a wonderful amount of style when a big ribbon sash is properly adjusted.

A generous use of white organdie with silk has been, and still is, a favorite combination with this firm. In the spring they made entire foundation dresses of tucked and plaited white organdie, with overskirts of dark serge. The costume was then completed by a blue serge cape lined with white organdie.

Little dresses made entirely of blue serge or silk had fluffy white organdie frills down the entire length of the front, which lapped after the manner of the coat dress. They have incorporated the same idea in a perfectly charming way into their midsummer things, featuring extensively black taffeta combined with white organdie. For the chateau life, which abounds in France, nothing more appropriate can be imagined than these charming dresses.

Model With Two Jackets.

The body of a notable model, which is cut in chemise style, is made of white organdie. It begins with tiny pin tucks placed at the depth of a

very shallow yoke. These pin tucks continue to below the hip line, where they begin to widen gradually until the last tuck which just above the knees is two inches wide. Below this broad tuck the remainder of the dress is of black taffeta.

There is a black taffeta ribbon girle finishing with a big rosette and lots of flying ends of taffeta ribbon. Where the plain organdie yoke and sleeves join the body of the dress there is a little line of open work, and on the very short sleeves, which are practically nothing more than shoulder caps, are two dainty frills of real Valenciennes lace. A single upstanding frill of lace surrounds the half low round neck.

The story is not complete with just this little dress, the adorable part being the fact that it has two jackets, one in pure white organdie and the other in black taffeta. Both jackets are made in exactly the same style and are trimmed with wide plaitings of matching materials, the white organdie one with white organdie and the black taffeta one with black taffeta. The jacket sleeves are very short, leaving the arms almost bare. The plaited ruche stands up about the neck and follows the one-side lapped front. Just at the waistline there is a big rosette of the plaiting with a button center, and at either side are double rows of plaitings, which stand out over the hips.

Can one imagine anything more chic or cool to wear at a tennis, tea or garden party? If one has occasion for a busy drive to the station the white organdie jacket is immediately replaced by the one of black taffeta. When mildly goes indoors for music or dancing either jacket is quickly laid aside and the charming little dress, almost infantile in its simplicity, is all that can be desired in an afternoon dancing frock.

Coat With Self-Plaitings.

The dress has been ordered by half a dozen women of high social position, and one can imagine that there will hardly be an important social event during the summer season in France where this costume will not be seen. It is to be copied in crepe georgette for American women who find it difficult to preserve the pristine freshness of organdie when their trunks are packed and unpacked.

The taffeta coat trimmed with self-plaitings is a prominent summer idea. A great many houses are showing models of this character and among the unusual things offered by Madeleine et Madeleine is a seven-eighths length coat with deep points at the bottom, these points being formed by a curved opening at the back and a diagonal crossing at the front. This coat is designed to be worn over any sort of light summer dress. In the collection it is shown in connection with a yellow chiffon frock handsomely embroidered. It has the simplest lines imaginable. The impression of a low waistline is given through the slight draping under the arm.

Strong emphasis is being placed on black Chantilly lace dresses. Frocks of black lace are fast taking the place of the colored ones seen earlier in the season despite the fact that a black lace dress never tends to make a woman look any younger than she really is. The vogue for black evening dresses has been augmented by the Parisienne, who has a great liking for such a frock topped by a lacy black hat. Black lace dinner dresses



Dress of Chantilly lace made with a straight plaited tunic and underskirt of the lace. The sleeves are of the large flowing type.

are seen at the smartest evening gatherings. In these the apron and tunic skirts over narrow foundations of lace, satin or taffeta are used. The bodices are extremely simple. Long transparent sleeves appear in most of the lace dinner dresses. These are newer and smarter than the very short sleeves.

One of the most charming of these dresses has plaited panel points of Chantilly lace falling over a slender foundation skirt of black satin and a peasant bodice.

WAS TO BE MORE YELLING

Safe to Say That Father's Prediction Turned Out to Be Absolutely Correct.

The sweetly peaceful scene in the little sitting room was suddenly disturbed by a loud yell, and the honored guest sprang wildly from the chair into which he had just sunk, while the daughter of the house felt her face grow pale.

She had had hopes from this visit. Alas, poor girl, were they to be blighted?

But father took the matter—and his small son—firmly in hand. With a graceful apology he removed the bent pin from the chair and the aforesaid small boy from the room.

"Now, look here, Charles," he said sternly, in the back yard, "why did you do it?"

"It—it was an experiment, father!" faltered the lad.

"An experiment!" snorted father. "The only man who has visited your poor sister for years, and you go and drive him away!"

"Will, dad," explained the boy, "he advertised that he is a painless dentist, and I wanted to find out if it was true, and it wasn't. You should have heard him yell!"

"Yes," was the father's grim comment. "And some one else is going to hear you yell now!"

SPLENDID BATON FOR FOCH

Most Costly Ever Presented Even to the Long Line of His Distinguished Predecessors.

Ferdinand Foch, marshal of France, will soon be the recipient of the most expensive baton ever presented to a marshal of France. At the base of the baton, which is 20½ inches long, are embossed in gold the names of Marshal Foch's capital victories—Metz, St. Gond, the second Marne, Strasbourg, etc. Above this, in gold on red copper, appears the legend: "Terror bell, deus pacis."—"Terrible in war, gentle in peace." This beyond the field of blue and stars appears the inscription, "Marshal Ferdinand Foch, 1914-19," and this is surmounted by the golden arms of France, the United States, Lorraine's dual cross and the arms of the Knights of Columbus. The alloy of the metal parts of the baton is one from Pennsylvania.

James A. Flaherty of Philadelphia, supreme knight of the Knights of Columbus, will present the baton to Marshal Foch when the marshal visits the statue of La. yette which the Knights of Columbus will present to France.

Yankee Understatement.

A paragraph in the Companion about the mild report of the man who was kicked by his horse reminded a subscriber of her grandfather's story of John Toole. John was a Yankee teamster who was trying one day to get a log down from the top of the pile. He tied a rope to the log; then, that he might stop the log before it rolled too far, he tied the other end of the rope round his waist. John pulled; the log came down and snatched the teamster halfway down the mountain. Some weeks later John was able to sit up and discuss the accident with a sympathetic neighbor.

"Yes, sir," said John, "I hadn't gone more'n ten rod before I see where I'd missed it!"—Youth's Companion.

Foredoomed.

Father's present to little Johnny on his eighth birthday was a beautiful book.

"And if you find any new words in it," said he rashly, "don't forget to ask me, sonny."

The cross-examination soon began.

"Father, what's an optimist?" burst out Johnny, before he had read to the foot of the first page.

"Er—an optimist!" replied father, thinking hard. "Oh, an optimist, my son, is an Englishman who buys goods from a Jew, hoping to sell them at a profit to a Scotsman."—London Answers.

Pleasing Father.

An Indianapolis resident, who recently visited his former home in Kentucky hill country, took along the usual gifts and remembrances for members of the family. One of these, a dog, obtained at the city pound, part bull and with only half a tail, stood out.

"You see it will please father," he said. "He has 14 dogs now, but this one is different. No," he said, "there is no dog tax in Kentucky."

Was It Lauder?

"I hear that Harry has quit playing golf," remarked one crony to another at the first tee.

"You don't tell me? Not the Scotchman who has been a golfer for 40 years?"

"Yep, that's the chap."

"What's the matter? Is he crippled?"

"Oh, no; he lost his golf ball."

Psychological Moment.

"Do you mean to say that an old-timer like you feels uneasy when called upon to make a political speech?"

"Yes," admitted Senator Sorghum, "though I won't say it's exactly stage fright. You never can tell when everything might have gone your way if you hadn't happened to spring the wrong epigram or funny story."

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