

AN ABSOLUTE CURE

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD.

When Carlton Dane was basking in the sunshine of Sara Stafford's eyes, he knew it was Sara he wanted. While under the witching spell of Adele Wentworth's attractive ways, he felt equally certain that only Adele could adequately fill the void in his life.

Granted that he loved them both, which would make the better wife? He would put them to the test. And what greater test could ever come to any one than the ordeal of sickness—vague, indefinite disease, involving time and money—and quite possibly, an unhappy ending? Whoever could meet that cheerfully, efficiently, without shrinking, would show up well under any trial life might offer.

And the following evening Carlton sought Adele. "Do you know," he began very soon after the preliminary expressions of greeting were over and they were comfortably seated in the one tiny sitting room Adele's beautiful but diminutive apartment afforded for entertaining. "Do you know anything about—?" giving a long Latin name.

"Why, no," said Adele in astonishment.

"I don't, either, but the doctor says I have it—mind you, I don't think so at least not in an advanced stage—and I believe it may always be postponed."

"I have an idea," she said suddenly. "You ought to go to the Summer sanitarium," said Adele. "It is a simply wonderful place and they are effecting all kinds of cures. You simply must go."

Carlton, wondering how Sara could possibly be more solicitous, hesitated, then said he would let her know very soon.

"Sara," he had said gently, "would you feel badly if you thought I was—well, not exactly suffering, but well, possibly destined to suffer from a serious—er—affection?"

Sara had looked puzzled. "Tell me all about it," she had said.

Carlton had blundered through a web of deceit, seeking to make as few misstatements as possible in order to have fewer to retract at some future day. "I am thinking of going to the Summer sanitarium," he concluded.

"Oh," said Sara briefly. "Oh."

Carlton, reviewing the conversation as he walked homeward, decided that Sara was quite indifferent to his welfare and that Adele was the woman for him. The firm owed him a couple of weeks' vacation. He would run up to this excellent sanitarium thus making Adele feel that he valued her advice. On his return he would announce a complete cure, thus saving his face and avoiding any explanations. Furthermore, he would proceed to ask Adele the vital question, buy the wedding ring and await the happy day.

A week later Carlton paced a deserted end of the station platform. He was on his way to sun parlors and nourishing food and splendid nursing. All, thanks to Adele's interest. As for Sara—well, Sara, when he telephoned, had merely wished him the best of luck and inquired what day and on what train he left.

"How are you feeling today?" spoke up a sweet voice behind him.

Carlton turned abruptly on his heel. A simple hat, long trim ulster, beneath which showed the blue-gray hue of her nurse's uniform, did not disguise Sara.

"Why, Sara," he said in surprise, "not taking this train, are you?" He looked questioning at her bag.

"Why—why—yes, I hope so," said Sara, a queer little catch in her voice. "But it's up to you. I happen to know that the sanitarium, being so new and all, is terribly short of nurses. I thought perhaps you would let me go along with you and say I was recommended for your case by a doctor. I'd love to do it!" The intensity of her expression left no doubt of her sincerity.

"But I didn't know you could nurse," objected Carlton.

"Oh, yes," and Sara laughed the remark aside impatiently. "I took the training while you were in France. That part of it's all right."

"You want to go and look out for me," said Carlton, slowly, impressively, as one upon whom a great light breaks.

A wave of color flooded Sara's pretty face. "Well," she said, "I must confess that at first I thought Adele had just been trying to rope in another patient for her old doctor's sanitarium and had gotten you where you imagined there was something the matter with you. But afterward—"

"Excuse me," said Carlton, peremptorily. "Her old doctor's sanitarium—what do you mean?"

"Why, that Doctor Summer she's going to marry. It isn't announced, but, of course, everybody knows."

"Of course, of course," murmured Carlton hastily. Then, throwing back his shoulders, he looked squarely into Sara's true blue eyes. "Sara," he said solemnly, "if confession is good for the soul, I am sure it is good for the health—and when I am through confessing you'll agree that I am perfectly well. I only hope my sudden recovery won't make you distrust me utterly. Do you think it will?" he asked anxiously.

Sara looked frankly up at him. "No, Carlton," she said gently, "nothing could ever do that."

Carlton glanced quickly about him. They were alone. "Darling," he whispered, taking both hands in his, "don't take the train!"

TO BE SEEN AT FASHION SHOWS

Gotham Displays Skirts That Are Straight and Short and Scant of Material.

SLEEVES TOUCH THE ELBOWS

Arm Covering Sometimes Reaches Hand in Tight-Fitting Manner; Others Are Quite Full and Floppy.

Clad in high choker collars of fur and wrapped about with heavy, cold-defying wraps, writes a New York fashion correspondent, the models all over town are tripping the platforms of the fashion shows. These parties are for the retail buyers only, but as they think so shall the country dress, and it is of no little interest to take note of the things to which the buyers give their sanction. Sometimes one wonders why they do it. One can see the woman looking for something she thinks is beautiful, being shown only what the buyer thought was beautiful, dismissed by the thing that confronts her, yet driven to buying and wearing it.

Some of the gowns being shown are good, but all of them do not keep up to the highest standard. It leads in the direction of ornate decoration, and they are apt to be very bad. The buyers tell you—and they should know—that women are asking for all this over-supply of decoration. Perhaps they are.

Fortunately the general lines of the silhouette are straight and short and simple. In other words, they are very good and susceptible of infinite variations. Long waists predominate, and when they are not long they are very, very short, giving an extremely youthful look to the frocks which show them. There are no protuberances at the hip lines. Things are uncompromisingly straight. Some of the skirts, short though they be, tend to hold in about the legs, but most of them are straight and quite scant of material—straight and short and tight. That is the slogan that is supposed to govern the skirts of this coming season, at least for the fall months. The development of winter will be something else—something that develops as the days go on and in the wake of the Paris models which will arrive later.

Sleeves Are Longer.

Sleeves in most of the new gowns have a tendency to fall from their recently established high-water mark. They touch the elbows, they drop below that point to a place midway distant between the wrist and elbow and sometimes they reach the hand in a tight-fitting manner. Some of the sleeves are quite full and floppy, growing out of a kimono neckline. These are confined at the wrists with lightly fitting cuffs, which are also very narrow and which hug the wrists.

We are accustomed a slender nation as far as our women are concerned, but really there is a growing demand for "stylish stouts." Most of the model gowns, however, are made originally for stylish thin and the consideration of breadth enters in secondarily and as an afterthought.

It is interesting to see the new suits, which have coats that are much longer than any which have been shown during the past two seasons. These coats reach the knees or extend below them and, because of the extreme shortness of the skirts, there is very little of the latter left to show. Most of these coats are extremely plain in line, and the belts are low. And, with our clever American tailors to do the work, the size of the figure in one way or another seems to make no difference. They can achieve that up and down straight line, it seems, no matter how curved their foundation material may be. They are really artists in this way. Fur is being used for trimming on many of the suits and gowns, but from a cursory view of the models which have already been shown it would seem as though this material would be used in less quantity than ever before. The collars, to be sure, are broad and wrapping in many instances, but the fur trimmings—as bandings and collars for dresses and cuffs and various other bits of garniture—are, as a rule narrow and tightly fitting, though they are applied with considerable perkiness. Some of the cuffs on dresses are long and flopping about the wrists, but they are made on scunter lines all the way round than have been the fashion of former seasons.

Duvelyn in Winsome Shades.

Many of the dresses are made of the various forms of duvelyn which is upon the market now in such fascinating shades. They are more often than not of the chemise type, and there are many variations to this theme. You wonder how there could be such a difference of design on models which have for their foundation the same simple idea of one straight line from shoulder to hem. But each of them



Stylish street dress with novelty hoop with hanging jet beads.

has a fresh note all its own, proving the cleverness of our own American designers.

Serge is always good for the fall and winter, and some of the new serge frocks are prettier than those of former years. On this material employer shows to excellent advantage. Indeed, it seems to require a bit of colored embroidery put on in the right spots to make it most interesting. Many are the variations of embroidered motifs which adorn the blue serges, and it looks as though this type of frock would continue popular. While duvelyn is smarter just now for separate dresses, they say that, in Paris, serge of the finer and softer weaves is likely to be as smart or smarter.

The backs of the new dresses are where the novelty is centered, and as the models turn and twist to show every last detail of the frocks they are wearing, newer and more wonderful back arrangements are disclosed to the fascinated gaze of the onlookers. It is not that the backs are so elaborate, but that they are different. There are interesting little panels distributed about, there are embroideries there instead of in front, there are odd little belts and buttons attached in new and interesting rows. The fullness, too, is arranged differently.

Collars are high in many cases. They tuck right under the chin and there they flare away in an outstanding shelf arrangement. And then oftentimes there is a jaunty little necktie tied under them with an artist's Windsor bow at the front. There was one frock made with a collar like this, and as the material was a darkish red duvelyn the blackness of the Windsor tie used with it had a peculiar charm.

Panels for Skirt.

A series of panels for a skirt is still one of the favorite ways of making a frock of lightweight material. There are ruffles of black lace, platings of soft chiffon, accordion plaits of serge, and side plaits very finely done of satin. There was even shown a model of broadcloth made with a skirt entirely covered by a succession of circular flounces.

Evening gowns continue to show a great deal of shoulder and back. We heard from Paris not long ago that when the back was low it was draped with a thin layer of lace, but this does not seem to be the idea with American makers. More and more back appears. In fact, there is as little of a bodice as the law allows. An evening dress is at its very smartest when it is entirely a matter of draping, and clever draping at that. One made by a distinguished designing firm was made in velvet draped in points—points at all sorts of mysterious angles on the skirt, pointed again as it mounted toward the shoulders and showing at the same time a pointed train.

There are many sparkles on evening dresses—long tuncles of sequins, long trains of the same little brilliant sparkles, even tightly fitting dresses made of these ornaments applied over the entire surface. It is among the evening clothes also that the now universally popular lace gets in its good work. Black lace is, perhaps the most liked of all, but cream lace is very good, and cream lace over black satin is among the best of all.

EARED IT WAS FOR SPITE

Mrs. Green Considerably Relieved When Husband Explained His Reasons for Singing.

Mr. Green fancied his voice, and hardly ever failed to attend any musical evenings that were given in his neighborhood.

On this occasion, however, he was rather nervous, for his wife was going with him for the first time, and she had never heard him sing in public; in fact, she didn't know he had ever done so.

When the meeting was drawing to a close the chairman stood up and asked if any gentleman would oblige with a song. Green at once climbed upon the platform and obliged—much to his wife's annoyance, if one could accept her expression as a criterion of her feelings.

"George," she whispered, when the pair were on their way home, "what ever made you sing?"

"Why, my dear," said her husband, "to give pleasure to the other guests."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" sighed Mrs. Green, with great relief. "I thought you were taking vengeance on me for making you wait 20 minutes for your dinner this evening!"—London Tit-Bits.

ACCEPTING NO MORE FAVORS

Negro's Somewhat Peculiar Reason for Refusing to Act as Pallbearer Any More.

In Alabama, a negro team-driver came home one night and found his wife highly agitated.

"Jeff," she said, "you know that Asa Roger's wife Sallie is dead. Ain't you going to be a pallbearer at de funeral?"

"No, I ain't," answered Jeff, with unusual positiveness.

"You ain't? Well, wasn't you a pallbearer at de funeral of his second wife, Melissa?"

"Sho I wuz. But dat ain't—"

"En wuzn't you a pallbearer at de funeral of his first wife, Mandy? What you mean, you ain't going to act dis time?"

"Jiza," he said, "sittin'ly I wuz a pallbearer at dem funerals, en I done de best I could, but I'm follin' you now I ain't acceptin' no mo' favors from nobody what I can't return."—London Tit-Bits.

At Low Tide.

Miss Peggy O'Neill, the American actress, now winning popularity in London, tells an amusing story of a New York girl, who appeared at a fancy dress ball there in a costume which consisted of but little else than gauze, which was of a sea green color and spangled with silver to represent the foam of the waves.

It was (says Miss O'Neill) trimmed with various kinds of seaweed, and what there was of the dress was cut exceedingly low.

Meeting a man friend in the intervals of dancing, she asked how he liked her dress.

"Very much," he replied, "but what is it intended to represent?"

"Why, the ocean, of course!" exclaimed the wearer pettishly.

"At low tide, I presume," was the rejoinder.—Boston Post.

Not to Be Outdone.

Frances, Janet and Eleanor were discussing the respective merits of the babies in their households, and Frances had led off with:

"My baby brother is only four months old and he has two teeth already."

"My little sister," announced Janet, "is only five months old and she has three."

"That's nothing," said Eleanor. "My little brother hasn't any teeth yet, but when he does have some they are going to be gold ones!"

Modern Styles.

Frances, age seven, sick-a-bed, looked at the picture, called "Pilgrims Going to Church," and remarked:

"Mother, if the style of dresses in the time of the Pilgrims had been what it is now, the Pilgrim mothers couldn't have worn them, could they?"

"Why?" asked the mother.

"Because," said Frances, "they had to be ready always to run from the Indians, and they couldn't have run much in the kind of dresses that ladies wear now!"

His Guess.

Teacher—What is it fine feathers make, Tommy?

Tommy—I don't know, ma'am.

Oh, yes, you do know. Now think. Fine feathers make fine—

"I really don't know, ma'am."

"Yes, you do, Tommy. It begins with the letter 'b.'"

"Oh, yes; beds, ma'am."

Microbes in Kisses.

Flathush—I see a woman who was kissed by Lafayette has just died in New Jersey, aged one hundred and seven years.

Bensonhurst—Well, you know that a lot of people hold to the opinion that kissing is dangerous.

Husband and Wife.

"You never take me anywhere. I never see any life."

"What are you talking about? You can see plenty of life watching the motorcars whizz past our front windows."

His Status.

"I hear the druggist thinks himself one of the biggest men in his town."

"I daresay he has a right to look on himself as a pillar of the community."

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