

RENAISSANCE

By D. A. LEFAVOUR.

"If Queen Louise could have stepped from her heavy frame and vied with Louise Bragdon as she descended the stairs where the portrait of the world-famed sovereign hung, she would have found that her queenly grace and clinging charm had indeed found a rival.

To the girl madly climbing the social ladder while she wrestled with the perplexities of the newly rich, the portrait was the only pleasing, euphonious note from their obscure past.

Soon after Mr. Bragdon had suddenly fallen upon the hold of his incoming "ship," fashion luckily cast her whimsical shadow across their pretty street, one by one those of too modest means had sold their homes; one by one those homes sprang from the magic touch of the master architect into things of beauty, and while the Bragdon home retained its outward contour, its interior kiddy-cornered, cutup coziness had given way for airy rooms where overstuffed mahogany and gleaming black walnut abounded.

Louise glowed from tip to toe with satisfaction and winked slyly at her life-long emulation.

Tomorrow night her Prince Charming would enter the chamber of her heart and she must be regally decked to meet him and wide awake to greet him; for somehow she was very sure that Joyce Keating's cousin, who had studied in foreign lands for years, and whose name everyone breathed with something very like awe, would be in truth her ideal.

"Louise, dear, please come here and see if these hang straight."

The girl was startled from her daydreaming by her mother's voice. She dashed into the spacious living room.

"Mother," she exclaimed aghast, "oh, mother, you are actually draping those curtains standing on that awful splayladder right in front of the window! Oh, suppose, just suppose some of my Lathrop club should see you!"

Mrs. Bragdon wanted to laugh at the tragic intensity. "Do not forget, darling, how very recently I did all the work. Della has a toothache and of course Maggie is needed at home."

"It isn't our concern that Maggie's little brother was injured," retorted the girl with a petulant stamp.

A thud, a quick cry of anguish swept the pout from the girl's full lips and kindled her eyes with sympathetic concern. Capably she helped her mother to a couch, anguishing in tender solicitude.

Mrs. Bragdon smiled through her pain. "Oh, Lou, sometimes you are so discouragingly foolish that I'm apt to forget what a genuine heart is hidden in your lovely body. Fetch me the remedies, dear, and I'll soon have this painful swelling in subjection."

Mrs. Bragdon stopped short in her twining of the antiseptic gauze around her anguished ankle.

"Darling, you'll have to take Aunt Prudence to all her appointments with the oculist."

"Oh, mother, can't Maudie—" she began, but her words fell flat, for she heard her sister's voice mingling with a masculine voice at the door, and knew that a \$5 an hour musical instructor could not be juggled with a girlish quail.

A sudden whim sent her to the hidden corner of her closet, hunting a little three seasons back dress. Perhaps her new "set" would not recognize her so readily.

Of course she loved Aunt Prudence. She was a dear, dear old lady, and when at home among the fine old furnishings of her own room which Louise had named Auntie's renaissance boudoir, there, within her habitat, Louise loved to fetch her friends. But on the street—impossible. The old-fashioned cape, bonnet; why, oh, why wouldn't Auntie go to Madam's and be properly gown'd?

So she stood with old-fashioned Aunt Prudence, waiting for the street car, feeling frumpy and abused.

A roadster was approaching, she would not look, she might be recognized. So she did not see Joyce lean understandingly back in the deepest corner, or Joyce's companion lean eagerly forward, craning his whole body for a last possible glimpse.

Joyce's party was pronounced a success. Louise didn't think so. In fact she was disappointed. She'd expected to meet a prince full of foreign allure and courtly grace, before whom she'd preen her queenly charms; but Hamer Keating was disconcertingly ordinary, and, yes—rather commonplace. However, her outraged vanity was mollified by his eagerness to call the very next evening.

He did call, and asked to see Aunt Prudence in her renaissance boudoir of which Joyce had told him, and he asked to paint her sitting in that room, he also asked Louise to pose in the picture wearing the little muslin dress she had worn the first time he had seen her; the day she waited for a street car.

By the time the picture—which the artist named "Renaissance"—was finished, all the foolishness had been brushed from the heart of the girl, and at the end of the year two struggling young artists were jubilant over scholarships. They didn't know, of course, that those scholarships were bought with the savings from Louise Bragdon's dress allowance, and at the same year's end two other young hearts—a male and a female—were beating as one.

GOWNS FOR GIRLS

Youthful Misses Now Wear Very Expensive Frocks.

Paris Dressmakers and Tailors Paying Special Attention to Needs of Young Women.

The Paris dressmakers and tailors are paying special attention to the needs of the "jeune fille." Nowadays our young girls, even those of very tender age, are much in vogue. It is the day of youth. Girls of sixteen and seventeen now wear expensive frocks which would have been considered almost too elaborate for their mothers— a few years ago. Expensive simplicity is the order of the day. Some of the latest Paris models created for the smart "jeune fille" are really beautiful, apparently simple and yet perfect in detail.

Never have I seen more navy serge and black satin used than this winter, and in discreet combination, notes a Paris fashion writer. These two materials make lovely dresses for girls, costumes which are as practical as they are decorative and becoming.

The long waistline is very prominent this year, and for girls and women of all ages. A curious fact connected with this fashion is that it is almost universally becoming. It really suits a stout figure as well as a slender one—of course a certain difference in outline being introduced.

It may be said that all the newest and best Paris models for afternoon and evening wear show an exaggeratedly long waistline. And the slightly pouched corsage, cut in sailor-bouise style, is very fashionable.

We have a considerable choice in the matter of blouse corsages. They



Simple but Ultra New Frock in Navy Serge, With Black and Aluminum Braiding.

may fall loose over an invisible waistband or they may be cut in casquin fashion, straight and slightly shaped to the figure. Either is correct.

As to the corsage, here again we have a wide choice. Picturesque shawls made of soft ribbons are passed around the waist, rather low down on the hips and then tied at one side, or a narrow girle of plaited beads, mingled with coarse silks, is carelessly thrown on and knitted in front.

THE MIDWINTER HAT STYLES

Baby Toys Dingle-Dangle From Brims of Headgear Being Offered by Gotham Milliners.

New York's midwinter hat makers have not stooped to take their pennies from the baby's bank, but they have grabbed the baby's playthings.

The word "go" was snapped to the winter trade by the recent style-show. The avenue has been waiting for this word for a long time, as the four seasons' millinery idea frowns on the selling of velvet hats in July. Fifth avenue windows have suddenly made away with the duvety and felt combinations of the early fall season and are very gay with the up-to-the-minute winter styles.

The baby's celluloid rattle, pacifier and marbles have been pressed into service on milady's newest chapeau. The rattle has been converted into little jingling trinkets that dingle-dangle most coyly over the fair one's eyebrows. The marbles in all colors and sizes are strung around the brim.

Thus one house shows a hat fashioned from dull blue duvety with crown and brim covered with tiny flowers made from moleskin. Fur forms the petal and these petals are outlined in silver thread. It is gray fur that is most lavishly used both as foundation and trimming. Gray squirrel flowers and fruits bloom lavishly upon these winter chapeaux, and it is prophesied that ere the season wanes even the old tabby and the mouse skeens may both grace a hat as flowers and fruit.

COLLARETTE TO MATCH MUFF



One of the smartest fancies in furs is a dainty little collarette with a muff to match, developed in broadtail.

LACE COMES INTO ITS OWN

Material Holds Place Especially for the Black Evening Frock—Used on Velvet Gowns.

As the season grows apace the black lace evening frock holds its popularity. It is even taking on many different forms; sometimes it is a foundation for a gorgeous drape of gold lace or silver lace.

Among the prettiest is the black lace creation which is unrelieved except by a bunch of flaming flowers or ripe fruit. One such combined the finest chintilly lace with soft black charmeuse. The long sash of wide, black velvet ribbon, an important feature, was caught with an enormous bunch of mammoth scarlet velvet cherries. Some of the black velvet frocks have long wing sleeves of the lace which mingle with the lace panels let into the sleeves; others seem to have more panels than they can accommodate. Afternoon frocks are likewise entirely of lace or in a combination of lace and some other material.

Handsome was a frock of a dark shade of brown satin, a material which is holding its own this season, and deep boucées of delicate cowhobby lace dyed a rich brown. The frock had lace sleeves, or rather the lace boucées, bordered with a wide band of brown fur, which seemed to have slipped over the shoulders and to veil the arm. It is difficult to say where a frock of this description fastens and how the wearer manages to get into it.

FASHIONS IN BRIEF

Felt-hats are chic, and may be had in lovely colorings.

Full overskirts made of looped draperies are seen on models. Coats and Tuxedo sweaters are still in vogue, especially in brushed wool.

The newest flower girdles have artificial flowers applied against a ribbon foundation.

Braided bands, beaded trimmings and spangles have lost none of their popularity.

A noticeable feature of this year's shoe buckles is that they are smaller than last year's.

Appliques of broadcloth, velvet or duvety on crepes and chiffons are a feature.

Many of the suit coats button tight to the neck, have long tailored sleeves and are three-quarter length.

Many walking boots and street shoes in russet are shown. In fact, there is a vogue for brown footwear because of the many shades of brown in garments.

Overblouses of every desirable color, or imaginable, from tomato red down through all the smart brown tones and greys and navy blues are exquisitely headed.

An attractive new veil is a fine, plain mesh, with lavish embroidery on the part which is arranged over the hat. It is worn with a plain hat.

NOVELTY IN WINTER GLOVES

Heavy Silk, Reinforced Handcovering Is Introduced by Manufacturers; Kids Match Shoes.

Another novelty of the season, and one of the most distinct, is the introduction of silk gloves for winter. Originally these were created by their manufacturer to be worn with the protection of a muff, the object being to save white gloves, which quickly become hot and sticky inside a muff. But it has been found that these silk gloves work so well for other purposes that their original mission is to be extended. They are made of a special heavy silk, and in addition are reinforced. One type is a loose "slip-on" with elastic in a shirring at the wrist, the silk backed with cotton woven in with the silk. The other type is the usual short-wristed silk glove, heavy outside with a thinner silk lining.

The imported and domestic kid gloves have dressed themselves up to match shoes and stockings, and we see white glaze kid gauntlets lined with a color, biscuit, pale blue, yellow, and stitching on the backs to match. The reliable and indispensable chamollette is naturally as much with us "late and soon" as ever.

One-Sided Effects. Evening gowns show one-sided effects with ribbon or rhinestone shoulder straps.

SO THEY SAY

Wise men make feasts that fools may eat and get the gout.

Any woman can fool a man, but it's sometimes difficult to keep him fooled. On life's highway almost everybody is willing to take the rich man's dust. A cat is so foolish that when she is used for a foot warmer she purrs with joy.

Honesty may be stamped on a man's face and yet leave a very wide margin.

A grain of theoretical wisdom may turn out to be a pound of practical folly.

A politician is a man who plays the greatest game of chance of all the games.

The servant girl problem has much to do with the higher education of women.

Bacchus is one of the obsolete gods; and there is no poorhouse on Mount Olympus.

Good deeds make the face shine; so does soap; soap properly applied is a good deed.

The table is the only place where we do not get weary the first hour.—Brillat-Savarin.

The father of several marriageable daughters should train his clock to strike in silence.

When you hear a man say that every man has his price, that man is anxious to sell out.

Some men can make a dollar go a long way, but they can't buy a reserved seat in heaven.

There is something wrong somewhere when the night latch fails to yield to a buttonhook at 2 a. m.

COULD NOT OVERCOME HABIT

African Explorer Impelled to Guard Against Assassination, Even in Midst of Friends.

An anecdote of Sir Henry M. Stanley that well illustrates the famous explorer's mental unrest is related by Mr. W. W. Ellsworth, in "A Golden Age of Authors."

"We entertained the Stanleys at an afternoon reception," says Mr. Ellsworth. "It was in the old clubhouse at Lafayette place, New York. I was on the committee, and I wanted Mr. Stanley—he was not knighted then—to stand in a certain place near the center of the room, where he could receive the people. But he would not stay there; he insisted on backing up against the wall.

"Finally I appealed to Mrs. Stanley: 'Why will not your husband stand where I put him?' 'Simply,' she said, 'because he is afraid some one will stick him in the back with a spear.'

"The habit, acquired in Africa, of protecting himself by standing with his back against a wall was too much for Stanley even in the safety of a New York afternoon reception."

Solemn Occasion. Simpson and Stimpson had been great friends in the earlier years of their lives, but not so very long ago Stimpson took to himself a wife and now Simpson proposed to follow the noble lead.

The approach of Simpson's trial—triumph grew near. On the morning he intended to propose to the lovely lady, but, first of all, he had decided to have a little chat with his old friend Stimpson.

"Were you all nerves when you proposed to your wife?" the single one asked the single.

"I wasn't," he admitted. "But if I could have foreseen the future I should have been!"

Not Safe. A young doctor was visiting Mary Ellen's single aunt. He made much over the young woman, but she was singularly aloof. Finally the young man asked the little girl to kiss him, but she refused with dignity.

Then auntie came to the rescue. "Don't you like Doctor R—" she asked. "Why won't you kiss him, dear?" Mary Ellen raised her head proudly. "My brother Bob told me never to kiss a doctor," she answered. "He said if I did I might get my throat full of germs."

Force of Habit.

"I ain't eat enough since 'way along last spring to keep a chicken alive, skurceley," miserably moaned Austin Akinside, who is afflicted with chronic dyspepsiloquacy. "And what little I do manage to eat distresses me like all fury. My heart ain't working exactly right, and I have spells of palpitation, shortness of breath, and—" "Uh-huh!" absent-mindedly returned the proprietor of the Right Place store in Petunia. "Anything else today?"—Kansas City Star.

They Weren't Straight Lines. Itinerant Preacher (to farmer)—Did you ever stop to think who set the stars in the heavens, my good man? Farmer Hitchman—Nope! But the feller that did the job could never set termaters for me, by gum!

Added Fuel to Fire. She (furious)—I have no words to express my contempt for you. He (calm)—Well, I've got to run down to the grocery. Suppose you study the dictionary while I'm gone.

Keep It Quiet. Little Jacky—Look, mother! that bulldog looks just like Aunt Emily. Mother—Hush, child! Don't say such things. Little Jacky—Walk, mamma, the dog can't hear it.

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