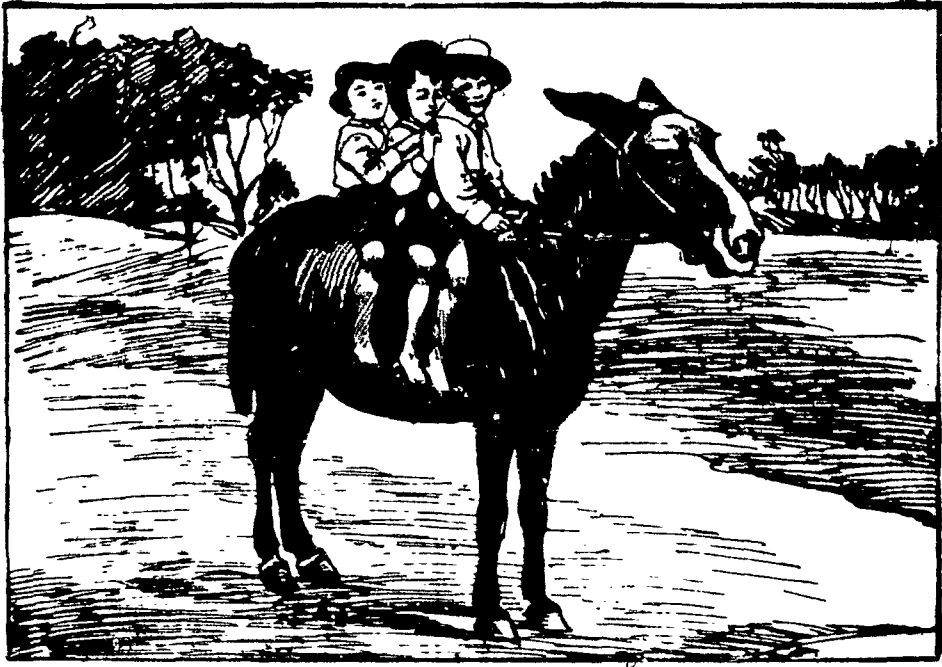


HAVING FUN WITH THE MULE



AN UNCONCIOUS SERMON. TOM AND THE CRAYFISH.

The Boy Who Wouldn't Be Paid For Performing a Kind Act.

Mr. Harvey was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream or even a house where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a good draft of water.



"Indeed, sir, I don't want it," replied in this manner, and therefore he offered him a bit of silver and was astonished to see him refuse it.

Learn How to Breathe. It is possible to exercise one's whole body to keep it strong and well simply by breathing properly.

To a Butterfly. Oh, butterfly, with beautiful wing, just come here, you pretty thing!

A Boy Who Found There Were Many Things He Didn't Know.

Tom was a naughty boy in some ways. His very worst fault was teasing animals and taking the life of bugs and worms and other small creatures.

Mr. Jones was Tom's teacher. He had seen Tom at several of these heartless deeds, and he often wished he might do something to make him interested in the little animals he liked to destroy.

One Friday afternoon after school, when Tom came along by the little brook at the foot of the hill on his way home, he saw Mr. Jones standing there with a crayfish in his hand.

When they met, Mr. Jones said, holding the crayfish up so he might see it, "Tom, do you know what this is?"

Tom laughed. "Why, I ought to. I've seen millions of them."

"But," asked Mr. Jones, "did you ever look at one closely?"

Tom laughed again. "A fellow doesn't have to look at 'em close; you can see all there is to see quite a piece off. Can't tell me nothin' 'bout a crayfish I don't know, Mr. Jones."

"Can he hear?" inquired Mr. Jones.

Tom was silent a moment, then he thought maybe he could.

"Where will I find his ears?"

Tom could not tell.

"Do you know what he eats?"

Tom was again obliged to say that he did not know.

"How does he get his food?"

"Tom had no answer ready, it seemed."

"Do you know how he chews his food?"

Tom did not.

"Have you seen his teeth? Do you know where they are?"

"Ah," said Mr. Jones, "there seem to be several things about this little creature you do not know, though, as you say, you have seen him a million times. Well, Tom, this animal can hear, and his ears are put down below his stomach. He lives on little fish; but, as he is himself sometimes eaten by other fish, he must get what he wants very quickly, so he hides himself under a rock, darts out at the little fish he likes as they pass and swallows them whole. His teeth are in his stomach, and when he has swallowed his fish they begin to chew it. There is a little sieve at the lower part of his stomach, and all the food that will not go through this he throws out of his mouth again."

Tom listened in surprise. He has since had many interesting talks with Mr. Jones, but for several reasons he has never forgotten his very first talk with him about the crayfish. Mary Stanley Boone in Little Folks.

How They Helped Mother.

Teddy and Freddy thought it a shame that mother should have all the housecleaning to do, and after talking the matter over they decided to help her.

Being two very little boys, they didn't know much about it, but they had seen a deal of scrubbing and washing going on, and they thought it must be great fun too.

"Time for my boys to take their nap," called mother, and she settled them both comfortably in her spick and span freshly cleaned room. They pretended to be sleepy, but no sooner had mother disappeared than Teddy bounced up, followed quickly by Freddy.

"Now, we'll have it all nice and clean when mummy comes back," said they.

Teddy got a cake of soap and a very wet wash rag and, climbing a chair, mounted to the bureau and made the most beautiful clean white lather on the looking glass, while the water and soapsuds drip-drip-dripped down to the freshly starched and ruffled cover.

Freddy had his mother's toothbrush and another cake of soap and was hard at work on his knees scrubbing the hearth and freshly oiled floor. It was just at this time that their mother found she had forgotten her glasses and came softly back to the room, tiptoeing, so as not to disturb her sleeping boys. Perhaps you can imagine her delight at Teddy's and Freddy's help!

New York Tribune.

A Matter of Spelling.

"What is a furlough?" asked a Columbus (O.) teacher. "It means a mule," was the reply of Mary. "Oh, no," replied the teacher; "it doesn't mean a mule."

"Indeed it does!" said Mary. "I have a book at home that says so."

"Well," said the teacher, now thoroughly interested, "you may bring the book to school, and we'll see about it." The next day Mary brought the book and in some triumph opened to a page where there was a picture of a soldier standing beside a mule. Below the picture were the words, "Going Home on His Furlough."

THE WEELITTLES AT PARLIAMENT HOUSE.



FIND THE THREE MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

THE WEELITTLES IN ANTWERP.



FIND THE THREE HIDDEN HOLLANDERS.

THE WEELITTLES IN FRANCE.



FIND THE WARDEN, HIS WIFE AND SON.

THE WEELITTLES AT PARIS.



FIND THREE HIDDEN PEOPLE.

THE WASP.

The Bee Has Observed Many of the Characteristics of This Insect.

POPULAR interest in the bee has to a large extent obscured the many delightful characteristics of the wasp, which is, in its way, quite as deserving of attention. Indeed the habits of the so-called "thread-waisted wasp" which builds the mud nests so commonly found in old outbuildings, are fascinating interest.

The mud of which their nests are composed is often carried for some distance, as it is essential for them to use good, stiff clay.

At the edge of some pond or stream you may see these insects running about, continually twitching their glossy wings, their backs showing a faint steel blue in the strong summer sunlight.

Some of them are nearly standing on their heads as they roll sticky little balls out of the still mud with their strong jaws. With this heavy load of mud they rise slowly, and having gained some height they get their bearings and fly in a straight line to their nests.

In this they resemble the bees; indeed, all the wasps and bees seem to have a wonderful faculty for flying directly home from any point. The expression "making a bee line" is derived from this habit of the bees and their close kindred.

When the wasp has gained the place it has selected for a building site she puts the tiny ball of mud against the wall of the building and rubs it tight by homing her head from side to side very rapidly.

When doing this the insect makes a low, rapid buzzing sound. This operation is probably performed to insure the proper texture for the mud just as we work the clay with a big wheel when making bricks.

The outer surface of the nest shows a series of rings which sharply defined lines between most of them, but the interior is always extremely smooth and almost a perfect cylinder.

While building her nest the insect is very careful and continually runs in and out of the tiny cylinder, examining it minutely with her "feelers." I a rough place is felt on the inner surface she carefully smooths it out and rubs it smooth. When the cylinder is finished the wasp goes hunting for spiders.

If I Were You.

Little girl, and it rained, so that I could not go out to play or to walk and no little neighbor could come through the rain to visit, and I had no sister to play with, what would I do?

There are so many lovely things that can best be done on a rainy day, where there we begin?

Are there any broken toys, any tin furniture crippled, or any of Noah's family gone lame? Paper dolls and paper furniture only need paste, but a bottle of glue should come with every Noah's ark.

Make some paste, heat the glue and put the playthings in order.

If you have a little brother, he can be the surgeon. One can hold doll's broken arm or leg, while the other brushes about the broken parts with glue. Wind a strip of muslin around reaching above and below the brake touch it with more glue and win again. Cut off the muslin neatly smooth it, to dry evenly. There you have a bit of surgery for a boy to be proud of and doll will be ready for the carriage when the sun comes out.

But, perhaps, you are that rare little girl, whose playroom is always in order; who never breaks her toys; nor really needs a rainy day for washing doll's clothes.

Then, if I were you I would find something to do for somebody else which is the quickest way to make one forget that it is a dull day.

Mamma may let you tidy up her workbasket; when that is well done you may tidy up the bureau drawers the glove box and toilet affairs; perhaps papa's desk; a careful little girl can be trusted to do these things and find the work quite entertaining.

If you are so fortunate as to have a grandpa, or a grandpa in the house there will surely be something you can do for them. You can make-believe telephone in their room. You can "Hello" to some far-off friend or relative, or even to Santa Claus.

Grandpa can "call up" some boy he used to play with, and ask questions that will be as funny as the answers. He may ask to go skating with him after school, his little sweetheart; while she may be holding you in her lap; or, she may be where the sun shines all the time.

A Diplomat's Little Girl.

Some young people are possessed of considerable diplomacy. A confectioner relates that one day a little girl entered his shop and laying down a dime, asked for ten cents' worth of candy.

"It is for papa," she explained. "I want to surprise him when he comes home." The man proceeded to dig out some mixtures, when the little girl interposed. "Don't give me that kind. Give me caramels. I just like caramels." "But I thought these were for papa," the candy man remarked. "I know," replied the little girl, "but when I give them to papa he'll just kiss me and say 'cause I'm such a generous little girl he'll give them all back to me. So you'd better give me caramels."

Benny was a new boy at school, and as the teacher enrolled his name in her book, she asked: "Where do you live, Benny?" "On Binker street," he answered. "You should say 'in Binker street.' That is considered the proper form now." "Yes'm." You have lately come to town, have you not?" "Yes'm." "Where was your home before?" "Boonville, where is Boonville?" "Is it the Erie Canal town?" "Yes'm."

NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE FOUR-TRACK THREE DECK

Trains leave from and arrive at Grand Avenue Station, Rochester, N. Y.

EAST BY MAIN LINE. A. M. - 7:30, 8:15, 9:00, 9:45, 10:30, 11:15, 12:00. P. M. - 1:15, 2:00, 2:45, 3:30, 4:15, 5:00, 5:45, 6:30, 7:15, 8:00, 8:45, 9:30, 10:15, 11:00.

EAST BY AUBURN ROAD. A. M. - 7:15, 8:00, 8:45, 9:30, 10:15, 11:00. P. M. - 1:00, 1:45, 2:30, 3:15, 4:00, 4:45, 5:30, 6:15, 7:00, 7:45, 8:30, 9:15, 10:00, 10:45, 11:30.

WEST BY MAIN LINE. A. M. - 7:15, 8:00, 8:45, 9:30, 10:15, 11:00. P. M. - 1:15, 2:00, 2:45, 3:30, 4:15, 5:00, 5:45, 6:30, 7:15, 8:00, 8:45, 9:30, 10:15, 11:00.

WEST BY FALLS ROAD. A. M. - 7:30, 8:15, 9:00, 9:45, 10:30, 11:15. P. M. - 1:30, 2:15, 3:00, 3:45, 4:30, 5:15, 6:00, 6:45, 7:30, 8:15, 9:00, 9:45, 10:30, 11:15.

CHARLOTTE AND ONTARIO BRANCH. Leave-A. M. - 7:15, 8:00, 8:45, 9:30, 10:15, 11:00. P. M. - 1:15, 2:00, 2:45, 3:30, 4:15, 5:00, 5:45, 6:30, 7:15, 8:00, 8:45, 9:30, 10:15, 11:00.

R. W. & O. DIVISION. Trains arrive and depart from Grand Avenue Station. East Bound-A. M. - 7:15, 8:00, 8:45, 9:30, 10:15, 11:00. P. M. - 1:15, 2:00, 2:45, 3:30, 4:15, 5:00, 5:45, 6:30, 7:15, 8:00, 8:45, 9:30, 10:15, 11:00.

Arrive from East-A. M. - 7:30, 8:15, 9:00, 9:45, 10:30, 11:15. P. M. - 1:30, 2:15, 3:00, 3:45, 4:30, 5:15, 6:00, 6:45, 7:30, 8:15, 9:00, 9:45, 10:30, 11:15.

Trains marked * stop at Centre Ave. * Denotes daily except Sunday. All other trains daily except Sunday.

For rates and information, apply to City Ticket Office, 56 State Street, corner Central Station. (Telephone 559-A), and Central Avenue Station. Baggage called for and delivered through to destination.

A. H. SMITH, Gen'l Mgr. GEO. W. DANIEL, Gen'l Pass. Agt. H. PARRY, Gen'l Agt. J. C. KALFFLEIN, Gen'l Agt. Buffalo, N. Y. Rochester, N. Y.

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LEAVE GOING EAST. 8:00 A. M. - Continental Limited. 8:40 A. M. - New York Express. 9:15 A. M. - National Express. 9:30 P. M. - Atlantic Express.

LEAVE GOING WEST. 12:07 A. M. - Continental Limited. 12:30 A. M. - Chicago Limited. 10:00 A. M. - National Express. 10:15 A. M. - Buffalo Local. 11:15 P. M. - Buffalo Local. 11:30 P. M. - Buffalo Local.

From the West. 7:15 P. M. - Buffalo Local. 7:30 P. M. - Buffalo Local. 7:45 P. M. - Buffalo Local.

From the East. 7:15 P. M. - Buffalo Local. 7:30 P. M. - Buffalo Local. 7:45 P. M. - Buffalo Local.

Denotes Daily except Monday. All other trains daily except Sunday. Tickets sold, sleeping car berths, and baggage checked to destination at City Office. Telephone 559-A, 56 State Street, corner Central Station.

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Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh

Trains leave West Ave. Station, Buffalo, N. Y. 7:30 A. M. - Week days, Pittsburgh Express. Contacts for Silver Lake, Perry, Forestville, Lewistown, Conango, Conango, Conango, Chicago and other points South West.

4:00 P. M. - Week days, Buffalo and Bradford Express. Contacts for Silver Lake, Perry, Castle, Horseville, Jamestown. 9:10 P. M. - Daily Pittsburgh Night Express with Pullman Sleeper for Pittsburgh. 11:30 A. M. - Sundays only, Pittsburgh Express. Contacts for Silver Lake, Perry, Jamestown, Conango, Chicago and other points West and South West.

7:30 A. M. - Daily from Pittsburgh. 11:45 A. M. - Week days, Buffalo. 7:40 P. M. - Week days, Buffalo. 7:05 P. M. - Sundays only, Buffalo.

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