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WHILE THE JURY WAS OUT

By William Frederick Dix

The mid-morning Colorado sun beat down upon a restless little group of men on the steps of the Fort Morton court house...

The small boys among the group of hangers-on in front of the steps were beguiling themselves...

"Here you are, Johnnie, give us a catch!"

"Harder, harder!" said the young lawyer, cheerily.

"All right," said Hardy, taking off his coat.

The others laughed at this, for Hackett, the senior counsel for the defence, also up from Pueblo for the trial...

"Here, I'll catch you," exclaimed the junior counsel, Blake...

"Gee! you've got muscle," he added, rubbing his hands after the first pass.

"Hurray!" yelled the small boy, "that was a corker."

"Wouldn't mind a little of that exercise myself," said the judge, rising interestedly...

"Why not have a little game while we are waiting?" said Hardy, half jokingly.

Moved by a common impulse, the little group brightened up, threw away their cigar ends...

No one had the slightest idea of being drawn into a game when he left the steps...

Copperthwait had always been a quiet, law-abiding ranchman. He was under thirty years of age...

The janitor began to grow very uneasy and edged slowly down the field toward the first baseman.

front, when Duke happened to turn the corner. "Here comes Duke!" a bystander exclaimed.

"I guess my hands are a little too soft to play," said the judge good naturedly, feeling a qualm as to the appropriateness of his joining actively in the sport.



"My Hands are Too Soft." positively refused to play, and had been made umpire by general acclaim.

There was many an evidence of "softness" in the condition of the players, and a noticeable tendency to let swift balls go by rather than grapple them with fingers unused to the hard impact.

At the beginning of the fourth and concluding inning the deputy sheriff had come up with the prisoner, who was not handcuffed, and they became interested spectators.

Just after play had commenced Hardy knocked a hot grounder to "short," who fielded the ball swiftly to first base.

"That settled me. Look at this thumb!" "See here, old man," Hardy panted, examining it, "it's broken."

"Well, never mind; let somebody take my place. Here, some one— you, Mulligan. Come and take the base. I'm out of it."

"Guess not," said Mulligan, the deputy: "I ain't played ball since—" "Go on with the game!" cried a dozen others excitedly.

"Here, Copperthwait, play first base; we've got to hold 'em down this inning, and we'll beat 'em easy. There's one out already."

Copperthwait looked uncertainly at the deputy, then the judge, and quickly pulled off his coat, and stepped to the base.

"Go ahead," he said quietly; "I'll play." The Comanches failed to make a run during the rest of the inning, and when the Stouxs came they made two runs almost at once, tying the score, amid great enthusiasm.

French to Rename Christmas. The French Socialist who proposes to rename Christmas is no doubt a logician.

Virtue in Cold Waves. We Americans are always talking about our mountains of gold and iron, of our fat fields of corn and wheat.

Chinese Mints Coining Money. Chinese mints are literally "coining money" on a scheme recently hit upon by which copper coins are minted at a comparatively small cost.

Passing of Dynamite Guns. After ten years of experience the War Department has decided that the so-called dynamite guns which at one time formed a picturesque feature of certain harbor defenses are obsolete.

Nature has provided exactly opposite laws for the governing of mental and physical pleasures. The more you study philosophy the more you like it.

The world isn't any worse than it was when you were young. You're merely got onto it.

A Common. "If that were a man, I'd put the poor thing in a cage."

How did you rest last night? As she spoke the hostess glanced with a non-expectant look at her guest and a show of assumed interest.

The guest smiled grimly. "I never slept worse in my life," he replied.

"Put that man out of the house at once!" she gasped. "What?" exclaimed her astonished husband.

A Hard One. "Oh, my! Softness—Languor— you know, was given us to comfort our thoughts."

In the Wrong Department. A prominent physician tells the story of the expense of the medical profession.

The Little Woman's Story. The mild business man was calmly reading his paper in the crowded trolley car.

Not Equal to the Occasion. "We're awfully glad you can be here to dinner with us, Uncle Thomas. What's the matter?"

A Sure Sign. "You say he has a visionary and impractical nature?" "Yes," answered the girl who is employed in the post office.

That Was Enough. "Trotter, I suppose you heard I married a Western girl while I was away."

But hasn't a chick or a child of its own? "If I was running this government, Old Henry Williams would say, 'I'd show 'em at I was president, I'd bust them trusts to a large extent, I'd show some good of the masses' agent; I'd run it in a different way."

For lately the sheriff sold Henry out. If we were in some one else's shoes (You know that is what we all say, We'd do all their duties with ease and grace.)

We'd set 'em an unexampled pace. (It's almost a pity it's not the case.) We'd fill it a different way. (In spite of this fact, people often will tell Us we don't run our own affairs any too well.)

Too Much. "How did you rest last night?" As she spoke the hostess glanced with a non-expectant look at her guest and a show of assumed interest.