

Slow Start

"I'll tell you one thing," said the patient, as he composed himself in the dentist's chair. "You needn't tell me I've got a bad mouth, because I know it. I'm quite aware that it has been neglected. If I had taken care of my teeth they wouldn't be in bad condition and in that case I shouldn't have had to come to you. I want to have that understood before I begin."

"That's understood," said the dentist. "Lean back, please, and open your mouth and let me see what's the trouble."

"Wait a minute," said the patient. "Don't you tell me that you intend to conduct the examination from the outside. I know that too. I'm not going to open my mouth any wider than I can without hurting it unless it's necessary so you needn't be alarmed. I know that's just a professional joke, but I don't like professional jokes."

"I won't make any," the dentist assured him.

"If you think you've got to fill the tooth you needn't get jocular about the dam that you're going to put into my mouth. There are twenty-five dentists' lights building besides your own and I'll bet \$10 that there isn't one of them that hasn't sprung that beam every time he's pulled a sheet of rubber over a tooth."

"I'll keep it in mind," said the dentist.

"I wish that you would," said the patient. "I'll be obliged to you. And while you're here might be quite right in surmising that I never expected to wear a golden crown until after I went to that town from whence that feat, too, will be superfluous."

"Are you ready now?" asked the dentist.

"Just a word or two more as a matter of precaution," said the patient. "If you think you have to put in a bridge say so plainly and simply and don't consider the possibility of a ferry answering the purpose."

"Well," said the dentist, a little hesitantly.

"I've come to have my teeth fixed," continued the patient. "That's the purpose I entertained in visiting you. I expect to suffer physically, but I haven't any notion of allowing you to inflict mental anguish on me at the same time. If I can help it."

"Quite right, and there's no occasion for it," agreed the dentist.

"You needn't tell me, either that you aren't going to hurt me," stipulated the patient. "That might go down with somebody who never been in a dentist's chair before, but this isn't the first time with me and I know blamed well that you are going to hurt me. The painless claims of dentistry apply strictly and solely to the practitioner. You need not ask me if you hurt me. You'll hear me holler and feel me jump and that ought to be enough without asking fool questions, I should think."

"I haven't any doubt that I shall be able to tell," said the dentist. "I might put a glass of water handy for you to throw at me if I don't seem to understand and you object to telling, however."

"I don't want to offend you," said the patient. "Don't misconstrue what I'm saying. I want to get this over with as amicably as possible and I'm mentioning a few of the things that have a tendency to irritate me. You can't cheer me up with witticisms. You couldn't make me laugh with laughing gas and it would interrupt your work any way, if I indulged in fits of mirth. I'll tell you now that my worst tooth, the one that spurred me to action, has stopped aching. It stopped just as I was about to get in the elevator, so I feel quite independent about it. Some men would have turned around and left the building without paying you a cent for the effect of your name as they read it in the directory, but I'm not that kind."

"Are you ready to open your mouth and let me begin now?" asked the dentist.

"Oh, darn it!" said the patient. "Well, I suppose if I must I must."

The Malacca Wickets. In the forests of Malacca and other islands in the Indian ocean may still be found the animal known as the wicket. The upper parts of it are generally of a clear yellow color, with black spots; the lower parts are white, with black spots also. On the back the spots lengthen almost into lines or rings, black on yellow.

The average length of the animal, including the tail, is almost two feet; the tail averages nine inches, its height when standing erect is about 12 inches at the shoulder and 15 inches at the hind-quarters. Its temper is mild and gentle; it plays almost like a domestic cat, or, rather, kitten, chasing its tail and amusing itself with anything that it can roll with its paws.

Modern Helplessness. The best inheritance that either boy or girl may have is that of resourcefulness and self-reliance. It is a common experience of those who employ the best brought up children at the present day, the young men who go to the best schools and acquire themselves well at the universities, that they are afflicted with a kind of helplessness. This matter, which Country Life, to which the attention of education leaders should be directed.

ORDERS BY PIGEON POST

Messengers Used By English Butchers for Country Trade. "Orders executed by post" is a common enough phrase nowadays but "orders by pigeon post" is something new.

The "pigeon post" has been recently instituted by Don Harris, son of a butcher at Heron Bay who regularly employs homer pigeons to carry orders from outlying districts to his father's shop.

Mr. Harris, Jr. when he goes to collect orders takes six of his fastest birds in the trap with him. After he has gone a couple of miles and collected a dozen orders he liberates a pigeon with the orders enclosed in a little metal case attached to the bird's foot. Before five minutes have elapsed these orders are in the delivery trap on the way to the customers.

At various stages of his run (which usually takes three hours) Mr. Harris liberates the other birds with more orders and by the time he returns to the shop all the orders received by pigeon post have been despatched.

"Sometimes my rounds take me more than three hours," said Mr. Harris, and formerly customers who lived any distance out did not get their joints until too late for the midday meal. Now my pigeons have solved the difficulty. The birds will often travel at a speed of more than a mile a minute, so you can't guess the time they save. I have never known a bird to go astray," London Daily Mail.

The Towns of No-Good. Kind Friends, have you heard of the Town of No-Good, on the banks of the River Slow, where the some time-or-other scents the air and the soft Occident grow? It lies in the valley of What's the use, in the province of Let her slide, in the borough of the reckless. I don't care where the Five Ups abide. The towns as old as the human race, and it grows with the flight of years, and is wrapped in the fog of the Id.

Its streets are paved with discarded schemes, and are sprinkled with useless tears.

Admission By Ticket. Mandy was a young girl, freed from the cotton fields of the South. One afternoon she came to her Northern Mistress and handed her a visiting card.

"The lady who gives me this card," she explained, "is an under lady on de stoop."

"Precious Mandy," exclaimed the mistress. "Why did you ask about them to come in?"

"Cause, ma'am, grined the girl, "do one on de stoop done fogt her tickit." Judge's Library.

Electoral Votes. The candidate who carries the State either by majority or plurality gives the electoral vote of the State. The electors being elected along with the rest of the ticket are of course, counted for the winning party. But it is possible, and sometimes happens that the electors in one district may be elected by the opposition in which case the electoral vote of the State is divided.

Post Office Pens. Mustard manufacturers grow richer, we are told, not by the quantity of mustard consumed but by the quantity which is wasted and left on the plates. The saying is recalled by an interesting statement made by the Postmaster-General as to the number of pens supplied for use by the public in the post offices of the country. It seems that last year the total was 1,250,000.

Naturalized on the Arm. An Italian went to the civil service commissioners' rooms to be examined for a laborer's position. He answered most of the questions correctly. Finally they asked him if he had ever been naturalized. He seemed a bit puzzled, but at last his face lighted up. "Ah, I know what you mean," scratches de arm, "yes, lasta week."

Nightingales Under a Ban. It is said that no nightingales are to be found in Havering, England. Legend has it that the singing of the birds disturbed the devotions of Edward the Confessor when at his Havering palace, and he therefore placed them under a ban from which they have never recovered.

Cement Walks. Why not more cement walks porch approaches, etc., on farms? The farmer can put them down himself as cheap or cheaper than he can use lumber for the same purpose and when once down they are there to stay.

Oh, to Be a Patch! We would rather be only a Patch on the pants of Progress and be seen down on every hour in the day than be an old fogy and a fossil and get about disgraced at ourselves because we didn't live in the world 300 years ago.

Chance for Much Trouble. The Sultan of Turkey recently paid \$400,000 for a diamond. If he doesn't wish to have trouble with his harem he will insist on using the stone himself.

Dinner in New York Roads. There is an average of seven cars a day on the steam, suburban and surface railways.

When He Died

"Poor old Ganby" sighed the sentimental-looking man with the thin side whiskers.

"What's wrong with him?" growled the double-chinned citizen with the shaggy eyebrows. "He don't need any of your pity, does he?"

"Didn't you hear about it?" asked the sentimental-looking man. "He's dead. He died last Wednesday. Took pneumonia."

"He'd take anything he could get his hands on if the owner wasn't looking," said the double-chinned citizen. "Well, if he's dead, he's probably is to be pitied."

"He's dead," remonstrated the sentimental-looking man. "So you told me," said the double-chinned citizen. "It's a long time that hasn't any turning. So he died a natural death, eh? I never expected it."

"Why?"

"He took out an accident policy for a year less than nine months ago," replied the double-chinned man. "He left quite a good deal of money, I heard," said the sentimental-looking man.

"The first time in his life," said the double-chinned man, "I don't see how he brought himself to do it, at that. He must have lost consciousness at the last."

"Tut, tut," said the sentimental-looking man. "When a man's dead, we ought to forget his faults and remember his virtues."

"I can't remember any that he had," said the double-chinned citizen, "and my memory is a pretty good one."

"I was at the funeral," said the sentimental-looking man. "The funeral was a grand affair. I gave him a funeral, of course they did."

"I didn't know," I thought perhaps I bug pardon. You were going to say something about the sermon, weren't you? I think he was a good subject for a sermon. Any body there besides you?"

"The family was there, naturally, and a few of his friends." "I thought he had always lived in Chicago."

"Where did his friends come from?" asked the double-chinned man. "I'm mighty sure he didn't have any here."

"Well, he wasn't a man who had many intimates," admitted the sentimental-looking man. "I can't say I knew him intimately, myself."

"If you had you wouldn't have attended the funeral," said the double-chinned citizen. "I know him fairly well. About 1600 worth, exclusive of attorney's fees. Still, I don't know that I wouldn't have gone if I had got an invitation, just to make lead are you? You aren't just telling me he is to please me?"

"I should hope that you wouldn't feel secure to hear of the death of the man," said the sentimental-looking man. "I know you are not in earnest though, when you say things like that. He was a good husband."

"He had to be," said the double-chinned citizen. "You saw his widow, didn't you? A man would have to be good to her, unless he preferred the society of a trained nurse, and the hospital atmosphere. So they preached a funeral sermon! Did the minister mention his watch?"

"No," replied the sentimental-looking man, wonderingly. "Why should he?"

"It's customary to speak of a man's good works on such an occasion," said the double-chinned citizen. "I supposed that he would have to make the most of Ganby's watch."

"I have disliked the poor fellow with the thin whiskers," said the sentimental-looking man with the thin whiskers. "It makes you think that what you mean. Scratches de arm, 'yes, lasta week'."

Doubly Useful Mucilage. "If you make your own mucilage, one heaping teaspoonful of gum arabic to an ordinary mucilage bottle makes it a cheaper rate than that bought ready made; you can dispense with court plasters, liquid or otherwise, except when an instantaneous remedy is necessary," says Women's Home Companion. "Ordinary cuts can be treated with it quite as effectively as with the patent preparation. Two coats thoroughly dried will stand the application of water better than anything but what the adhesive plaster doctors use."

With Thanks. John Budd was a most serene and altogether exemplary young man. When he wooed and won Susan Smith, the belle of the village, everybody rejoiced at John's good fortune. However, he bore his triumph with modesty and decorum until the day of the wedding. Then for one awful moment, his air of plombed clergyman asked, "Will you, John, take this woman to be thy wedded wife?" John responded, blushing. "Yes, please."

Personally Responsible. "That large man thinks himself a pretty important personage in this place, doesn't he?" asked the stranger. "Why, if you tell him we're having fine weather here, he swells up as if he thought he made it."

A PAIR OF MYSTERIES SOLVED

Mr. Macwilliger Now Knows the Fate of Old Trunks and Suit Cases.

"I used to wonder," said Mr. Macwilliger, "what became of all the old leather trunks and suit cases and handbags and that sort of thing. Of course they must wear out and be thrown away, but you never saw an old leather trunk on the rubbish carts of the Street Cleaning Department, did you?"

"I never did never, and still they must go somewhere, and I wondered where. Now I know, or I think I know. They go into meat pies and the stews and things that you get in boarding houses. I used to wonder where they got the beef that they put into these pies, it was so tough; but now I know. They buy these old leather trunks and cut 'em up into suitable sized chunks and make this leather beef up into meat pies."

"It is true that I never yet found in a boarding house meat pie or beef stew a trunk lock or a piece of a hinge or any rivets or corner clamps or other trunk hardware, but it isn't necessary for me to find these things in the pie to know, there's a whole lot of things that we may not be able to get any actual proof of, but we know just the same are true, and this is one of them."

"I may not find any buckles or keys or casters in my meat pie, but I don't have to. I know what the meat in the pie is made of well enough to satisfy me, and this is to me a great, in fact, a double satisfaction. I know now where the boarding house keepers get the meat for these pies and I know also what becomes of the old handbags, suit cases and leather trunks."

A Modern Pearl Farm. In the Gulf of Lower California there is in operation the largest pearl farm in the world, where the cultivation of pearls has been taken up as a practical industry. To harvest the annual crop of pearls raised on this farm requires the labor of a thousand persons, including the modern pearl divers, whose methods have been completely revolutionized by the up-to-date appliances employed in this new industry. Pearl farming as originated by the Mexican company which owns the big Lower California farm, is the result of the discovery of a very simple but concerning pearl-bearing mollusks. After twenty five years of study and experiment it was discovered that the shell loses its gem after it is two years old, and unless opened at the proper time there will be no pearl within. Following this discovery the system whereby the shells are cultivated until the proper time and then opened was devised. From the time of planting the eggs to the harvesting of the crop two years must elapse as that length of time is required for the growth of an ordinary shell.

Most Popular Music. The London Evening News, in order to determine the musical taste of the English people asked its readers to name the musical compositions the performance of which gave them the most pleasure. The answers showed these to be the most popular in the order named: The overture to "William Tell," the overture to "The Bohemian Girl," "The Mikado," Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Thrift in Children. Some day the plan of providing for children by starting a bank account for each baby at birth and adding to it on each birthday will become general, and there will be a hope of fostering thrift in growing children. The possession of a bank book which they cannot wholly own will legally free from the guidance of parents is often a matter of pride which prompts saving. Everybody knows how hard it is to save the first hundred dollars, and how much the difficulty lessens with every addition to that.

Handy Pruning Tool. A Tennessee reader says she has made a handy pruning tool by attaching a handle to the end of a long wire. She then fastened the handle to the end of the wire with a hammer. If the tool is kept sharp it will remove the limb close to the trunk and leave no ragged edges which would climb the trees with this instrument.

After Us the Deluge. The remark is generally ascribed to Madame Pompadour, though it is attributed by some authorities to Prince Metternich. The champions of Madame Pompadour claim that while Metternich may have used the expression, he borrowed it from the Pompadour.

Unnecessarily Alarmed. In consequence of a Lahore (India) literary society announcing a lecture, "Man, the Index of Creation," the city authorities sent 25 armed constables down to the lecture hall, which only held 50 people.

Time Wasted. Lady (to caller) You won't mind my going on with my work while you are here, will you? Then I shan't feel I'm wasting time.

Something in Reserve. Nevertheless the folk who find the car steps too high are capable of some tall kicking.

The Country Laborer's Lot. An encouraging feature of the times is that a large number of small men appear to have saved sufficient money to take a small farm, and this, in spite of bad times, serves to show that the laborer's lot is by no means so hard as many would have us believe.



MEETING HALL and LODGE ROOMS Headquarters of Arbeiter-Saengerbund, Schwaebischer Liederkreis, Schweizer Maennerchor and several other societies

Aug. Kaufmann

Winter and Summer Garden and Bowling Alleys

345 St. Paul Street

Bell Tel. 2624 J. main Home Tel. 3746

HORSE BLANKETS

This is the time of the year Horses Need Blankets and this is the place to find the best assortment at reasonable prices.

CHAS. S. GIBBS

93 State St., Rochester, N.Y.

Both Phones 1887



JOHN M. REDDINGTON, Lehigh Valley COAL

Brightest, Cleanest, Best

19 West Main Street Telephone 296

McLaughlin

Weekly Payment Jeweler

Are now located at 197 Main St. East

opposite Glenn's

Watches, Diamonds, Clocks

Jewelry, Silverware

Society Plan



Genesee Rink

Monday Eve's

Ladies Graceful Skating and

Spot Contests

Wednesday Eve's

Moonlight Session

with souvenir

Thursday Eve's

Roller Polo

Rochester vs. Buffalo

Friday Eve's

Ladies Graceful Skating Contest

General Admission to Balcony 5c

Genesee Amusement Co.

112-114 South Ave.

Bishop Improving

Bishop McQuaid is reported as improving and is able to take his nourishment regularly. He is talking of taking a trip to Savannah, Ga. to visit the bishop of that diocese.

H. H. PULVER

Diamonds, Watches and Optical Goods

Special for December

Eyes Examined Free at

"The Little Store"

69 CLINTON AVE. So

near Court Street

Bell Phone 1302

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street

near Court Street