

Be Your Own Judge

Some day try this: Appoint yourself a Committee of Criticism. Fix your thoughts and features after the manner of a stern, old judge. Uncork a bottle of Liebotschaner; look it in the face and glare at it mercilessly; then drink slowly and meditatively, noting the effect on your sentiments.

Judges, old and young, wise and otherwise, in court and out, who make it a business to find fault, are as little children under the unctuous charm of Liebotschaner.

P. S.—Who ever heard of a good judge "dismissing a case"—of Liebotschaner

Genesee Brewing Co. Phones 71

The Final Argument

By BELLE STORMS

It was the season when the roses bloom, and they were sitting together in a garden on a rustic bench enjoying the delicious perfume. He had just proposed marriage, and it would seem that their surroundings would induce that fervor which is to be expected at such times, if, indeed, the case was one of mutual love. But the lady was above such influences. She was looking at the step before her analytically. The wherewithal to keep house together did not concern her, for each possessed a fortune. Her mind dwelt rather upon those matrimonial quick sands married persons are liable to fall into and which, though she knew them not, she dreaded.

"I confess," she said, "that I am predisposed in your favor, but—"

"But what?"

"It is not marriage with you that causes me to pause. It is marriage itself. Indeed, we hear more and more every day of the disadvantages of two persons blinding themselves together for a lifetime. We hear a great deal of divorces, of marriages being a failure and lately of experimental marriage and independent marriage. These things indicate that the world has passed beyond that old fashioned union of the sexes wherein the man provides the woman takes care of the home, and the children, and domestic life is like a field of growing cabbages."

"Not a garden of roses, with their delicious perfume."

"And their thorns."

"What do you say to our entering upon independent marriage?"

"There are many marriage contracts that may be classed under the head of independent marriage. To what particular form do you refer?"

"Suppose we consent to live together as man and wife, that we may not shock society and for the sake of our children we submit to a marriage ceremony. But to us it will be a form without meaning, since we will live together only so long as we both desire to do so. The finances are kept separate."

A silence followed this suggestion during which the lady pondered and the man waited.

"I cannot see," she said, "that your proposal can alter the case. We will be on the same footing as other married persons."

"There is this advantage—we will feel an independence, a freedom, that we would not feel if married under the understanding that the contract was the death of us part."

Again the lady maintained silence turning the matter over in her mind. Stretching out her hand, she grasped a rose growing near her and held it close to her lips while she inhaled its perfume.

"I have a counter proposition to make," she said finally. "I will accept your proposal, it being understood that you are bound till death do us part, I to be free, as you have stated."

It was now the man's turn to consider. He said nothing for a time, though he gave a startled glance at his companion. He was young, and this was his first serious experience with womanhood. The proposition that had just been announced seemed a trifle one-sided.

"Would you consider that an equitable arrangement?" he asked.

"Perfectly."

"Why so?"

"Because if we should not get on together—if you ill treated me, if any of the misfortunes of marriage should come upon us—I would be free to return to my present state."

"And I? What, in case of these matrimonial misfortunes—what would I do?"

"These matrimonial misfortunes would not be my fault. Therefore you would have no occasion to exercise freedom."

He was a law student and had the day before listened to a lecture of an eminent jurist on "contracts." To him it appeared that this specimen of feminine jurisprudence in the abstract astonished him.

"I think," he said, rising, "that I would not care to enter upon matrimony with such an understanding."

"Why so?" she asked, looking up at him reproachfully.

"It would avail nothing to give my reasons. I do not care to do so."

"How absurd! Didn't I just give you my reasons?"

"Reasons? Do you call them reasons?"

"Of course. Why not?"

"Very well. I will give you mine. I am to be an attorney, perhaps some day a judge. What would I do with justice in court and such want of justice at home? Goodbye."

He had taken but two or three steps when he heard a sound. Turning, he saw her holding her handkerchief to her eyes, while convulsive sobs shook her. He went back, drew down the hands and kissed away the tears.

"You see," she said, still weeping, "that I was right. Just think of being tied to a man who would treat me so!"

"Sweetheart, I'll never do it again."

He did in time become an eminent judge. His decisions were always confirmed by the upper courts. But when he went home he left justice in the courtroom. And yet his wife said to him one day:

"I don't see how a man can be a judge with so little idea of the rights of his wife."

A Surprise For Joaquin Miller.

When London society after the publication of "Songs of the Sierras" began to lionize Joaquin Miller he was much puzzled at receiving three letters in quick succession from an admirer who signed himself "Dublin," without any initials. One of these contained an invitation to breakfast which he accepted, and then discovered that his host was the archbishop of Dublin. After his return to America Miller wrote: "At Dublin's breakfast I met Robert Browning, Lady Augusta, a lot more ladies and a duke or two. After breakfast Dublin read poetry to me, with his five beautiful daughters grouped about him. When I went away he promised to send me his books. He did so. I put them in my trunk and did not open them till I got to America. Fancy my consternation as well as amazement and delight to find that Dublin was French, the author of 'Trench on Words' Ah, why didn't he sign his name Trench, for I knew that book almost by heart?"

Jarred into a Laugh.

Audiences are put in good humor in all sorts of ways, writes Spencer Leigh Hughes, M. P., in "The Art of Public Speaking." On one occasion I was present when John Morley addressed a very large and overcrowded meeting, and when he rose there was much disturbance at the back, not because of hostility to the speaker, but because men's ribs were being crushed almost to breaking point. At last the disturbance ceased, and, as often happens on such occasions, a dead silence fell on the expectant crowd. Mr. Morley had just uttered the words "Mr. Chairman" when in a tone of anguish and rage a voice could be heard snapping out, "Who in blazes are you shouting?" and the place rocked with laughter, while even the scholarly and distinguished man on the platform could not forbear to smile. Then the meeting settled down in a most friendly spirit.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Chinese Nurses.

"One thing that you can't find in New York is a professional Chinese nurse," said a doctor. "The town was raked for and still too few are found. A sick American recently came home from the orient declared that a Chinese nurse was essential to rapid recovery, and the doctors on the case instituted a thorough search for such an attendant. Every person I have met who has ever been attended by a Chinese nurse cannot be satisfied with any other. There are a number of them in Chinese cities. They have been trained by American and European nurses and missionaries, but as soon as they get the hang of the business they go their instructors one better in gentleness and soothing ways. It is common for persons who have known their ministrations abroad to ask for them here, but they cannot be found."—*New York Times.*

Hardly Worth While.

Eleanor was the little daughter of a musician whose first oratorio, according to a writer in "Hopper's Magazine," was to be given at a musical festival in a city some distance from their home. Eleanor had never been away from home, and her parents thought that she would regard the journey and concert as the greatest experience of her life and decided to take her.

The oratorio was pronounced highly successful. But when Eleanor was being put to bed that night she looked so unhappy that her mother asked her if she had not had a good time. Eleanor looked up tearfully and said:

"Did you bring me all this way from home just to hear that thing that's been coming up through the register for the last six months?"

Old Cuckoo Superstitions.

In the spring the cuckoo's first call of the season formerly played a great part in love divinations. A common English belief was that an unmarried person hearing a cuckoo call and immediately taking off boots and stockings would find on the great toe of the right foot a hair whose color would be that of the poll of the destined lover. Another idea, mentioned by Milton, and persisting till this day, was that an unmarried man or maid would remain single for just as many years as the number of the cuckoo's calls when first heard in the spring.

The Counsel of Perfection.

"If every one would mend one," suggested a witty parson, with admirable understanding of human needs, "there would be more true Christianity in the world."

Matthew Arnold took this ennobling counsel for self discipline from Pope. "Make each day a critic on the last." That was the star by which he guided his own difficult course.—*Youth's Companion.*

Right Up to the Minute.

"His wife is a business woman, all right."

"What makes you say that?"

"She installed a time clock in the hall, and he has to punch it when he goes out nights and when he gets back."

—*Kansas City Star.*

Plain Facts.

"You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

"No, and who wants to? Leather goods are all the go."—*Washington Herald.*

In the Tall Timber.

"There's no sorrow, no unhappiness, no worry in the woods," says a nature writer. No wonder people take to 'em. —*Denver Republican.*

A prosperous fool is a grievous burden.—*Aeschylus.*

Correct Styles for Women and Misses



Undergarments, Corsets, Waists, Outergarments

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ANOTHER SUIT SALE

Two Unusual Offerings

\$19.50 and \$24.50

For this week's suit buyers we have been able to get together two lots of high-class models at unusually low prices. Every good style shown this season is represented. Blouses in Balkan, San Toy and modified Russian effects. Tailored models in plain, belted and fancy styles are among them. The finest all-wool fabrics in plain colors, checks and fine stripes are used in them. The woman who wants a really good suit, stylish, good looking, well-fitting, perfectly tailored, at a moderate price, will find in these special offerings one to please her. Suit values ranging from \$26.56 to \$37.50 are in this week's sale at \$19.50 and \$24.50.

Exceptional Coat Values

Many Smart Styles at Popular Prices

Among the new coats coming in now are many smart styles that show those little touches of the designers' art which the experiences of the earlier season suggested. These will be noticed in the more perfect fit and hang of the garments. The values, too, are better. Rivalry among the better class of manufacturers for first place, has tended not only to improve styles, but also to lower prices. Coats that would in the earlier part of the season usually sell for \$19 to \$25, may now be had for \$16.50 to \$21.50. As our stocks are kept up to the minute in style, a woman will always feel better pleased after seeing them. There is, too, a price advantage that may not be lost sight of. Exceptional Coat values at \$15 to \$28.50.

Several youthful Coat styles, in sizes for girls and misses, at \$11.50 to \$16.50.

The New Waists

Are Pretty and Inexpensive

Any woman may indulge her fancy for pretty waists and yet not have drawn heavily on her bank account, the values are so very good. There are, for example, at \$1.98 half a dozen pretty styles, made of fine French voile with open front, platings, and turnover collar. Others have rows of tucks with touches of color worked by hand on the collar.

At \$2.98 there is a specially priced Silk Shirt made of a very fine quality washable silk in navy, gray and lavender stripes on soft white ground. At the same price are several styles made of the finest French voiles, daintily fashioned and worth a quite a little more.

Then there are dressier kinds made of the finest silk crepes and other rich fabrics, in several beautiful models, finished to meet the most exacting taste. \$5.98, \$6.98, \$7.50, \$7.98, \$9.50.

The New Corset Models

The woman who does not feel perfectly at home in her Corsets is not wearing the correct model. We would suggest that she get in touch with one of our corsetieres, whose knowledge of styles and experience in fitting will, no doubt, be helpful to her. They are at her command without charge.

There are several improvements in the season's new Corsets—a fitting will explain better than a page of description. For style and comfort, a Lu Nette Corset properly fitted is the best. \$3 to \$25.

Neckwear Novelties

Together with the many pretty things shown in Jabots, Bows and Collars at small cost, there are several imported novelties, most of them handmade, in neck pieces and sets for dresses and coats, that may not be seen elsewhere. Those of cluny, macrame, Irish crochet, Venise, Carrickmacross, rose point and Bulgarian effects are the favorites. Some beautiful examples of these may be had, at moderate prices. \$1.50 to \$12.50.

Our Anniversary Sale

Begins

MONDAY, APRIL 28th

The entire week will be given up to this event. Some very exceptional offerings will be made in

High-Class Suits, Coats, Dresses, and Waists and

Corsets.

A visit during the week will be well paid.

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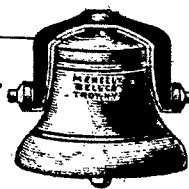
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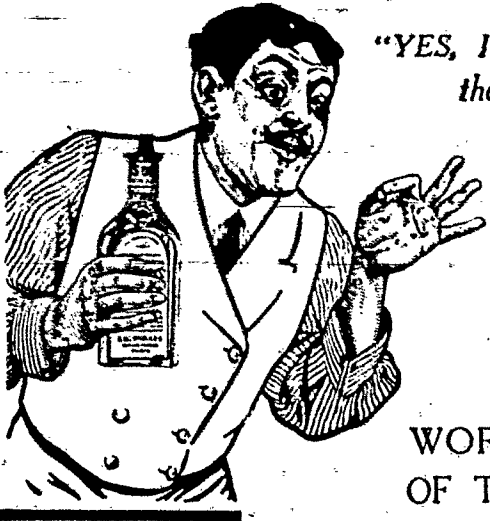
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