

Beauty and The Beast

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

A scientist has made the statement that, while beauty in women is highly prized by men, beauty in men is not prized by women. Whether or not this is true, the fact remains that a great many very pretty women have married plain, ugly men. It does seem to be the case that women are captured by men in an entirely different way from what men are captured by women. Perhaps if the subject were looked out scientifically it would be found in the fact that the man is spared by weakness, while the woman is spared by strength.

Rosalind Thurber was a very pretty country girl at the age of eighteen when most girls are at their prettiest and was a great favorite with the young farmers who were her natural associates. She was about as pretty as her father and mother by the most prominent farmers in the neighborhood and commonly considered rich. Young Walker was as handsome as Rosa was pretty. Indeed, he was considered the best looking young fellow in all that region.

Farmer Gordon, about that time having crops to get in, hired a hand, Joe Green, a man about thirty years old who was a sight to behold. He had a birthmark on his neck and when a baby had fallen into a fire which had scorched his whole face. Added to this he was freckled, and his hair was a sort of red sorrel. One night at a barn dance this scarecrow was present. The girls would not dance with him. He talked Rosa among the first, and she turned her back on him without even deigning him an answer. That ended his invitations for partners. One of the young men asked him why he didn't go through the whole list, and he replied that since Rosa Thurber would not dance with him he would never dance with any other girl. Of course this was repeated to Miss Thurber, who said that she was pleased to have the other girls the pain of being invited to dance by such a scarecrow.

The next thing that Rosa heard about Joe Green was that when twitted about finding, or rather not finding, a girl to marry him he had said that the only girl in the world he would care to marry was Rosalind Thurber. On hearing it she said that he had a much chance of marrying her as he had of marrying the empress of Germany.

One day when Rosa was walking on the road she met Joe. Her only notice of his presence was to make a face at him. He lifted his hat politely.

Joe used to hang around the Thurber farm in hopes of getting a sight of Rosa. All the family noticed this and used to twit her about it. One day when Joe had been sitting on a fence for an hour, looking up at the house where she lived, she astonished all present by going out on the porch and throwing some feed to the chickens.

Even then no one suspected that the girl had been touched by Joe's devotion and had gone out to reward him with a sight of her. But under Joe's kindness was a keen insight into a woman's nature, and with great satisfaction he got down from the fence and went away.

The next time she met Green was in the evening when he was taking the horses to water.

"When are you going to stop making a guy of yourself about me?" she asked.

"I'm not making a fool of myself," he replied. "Of all the men hereabouts I'm the only one that appreciates you. You can't stop me from loving you no matter what you do."

"What do you love me for?" "Cause you're the only girl in the world worth loving."

"How long have you loved me?" "Since the first night I ever saw you at the barn dance."

"How long are you going to love me?" "Till the day of judgment."

There being no more information on the subject to be derived, Rosa passed on, leaving Joe to attend to the rest of his chores.

After awhile Joe Green and Rosa Thurber were seen occasionally walking together. Then they began to be spoken of as beauty and the beast, Gus Walker, who had been expecting Rosa to be engaged to her, met her one evening on the road with Joe. Joe attempted to smile and made such a horrible face of it that Gus forgot to bow to Rosa. The next time Gus and Rosa met he asked her where was her scarecrow lover and received a reply that some persons were scarecrows on the outside and some persons were scarecrows on the inside. Then she turned on her heel, and that was the last there was of courtship between the two.

One day it became reported that the pretty Rosa Thurber was going to marry that homely Joe Green. No one would believe it at first, but after several of Rosa's friends had asked her about it and she had admitted it was accepted as a fact they were married, and the most astonishing part of the matter followed in a crop of beautiful children. Most of them resembled the mother, with her raven tresses and rosy complexion, and the "red head of ones," as those who inherited from the father were called, fortunately did not fall in the fire as he had done and were therefore without his birthmark in this respect and without his birthmark

Alert.
Trinkle, trinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
For strange is your form to me,
Like no star you seem to be.

No points have you of pretty light,
Nor are you so shining bright
As the usual stars I spy
Way up in the clear night sky.

You have form of curves, indeed,
But so roundness can I read,
Oval rather is your shape,
And my memory you escape.

You look like a small balloon
Moving they around the moon,
And the smooth gleam on your side,
By the star shine is denied.

Farther, farther up you soar,
Rising, rising more and more,
Till I fear you'll vanish soon,
Far above the stately moon.

Now I see you are no star!
Tell me, tell me what you are
And how far you'll go, I beg—
Hail I see you are the egg!
—Baltimore American.

A Few Definitions.
Trial marriage—Any marriage.
Allimony—The grass widow's mite.
Chauffeur—A man who takes life easily.

Bachelor maid—A spinster who has given up hope.
Heroine—A woman who can talk back, but doesn't.

Pull—The resource of those who have no push.
Salad days—Those in which the long green is plentiful.

Consistency—The only jewel that does not arouse a woman's envy.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Weather Man.
He spouts our say,
And sinks our ships,
Profane the word,
That from us slips
When thinking of
The awful mess
He makes with his
Infernal guess.
—Baltimore Sun.

He gives us cold
When we want hot,
When we ask rain
It cometh not,
And that is just
About the way
He makes the weather
Every day.
—Los Angeles Express.

A Happy Return.
There is nothing in the world that is better than being young.—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

And yet it largely depends. Do you recall Mark Twain's old man who could wish himself any age he pleased? And when he was asked why he didn't wish himself young he replied that he had tried it. He had wished himself twenty-six.

"But," he added, "I made such a dum fool of myself I was glad to be seventy again."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Model.
He is a man who loves the right,
A man who's brave when danger's nigh,
In doing good he finds delight—
A man for you is plain to say.

I'm glad to praise with voice and pen
His qualities of heart and mind—
So helpful to his fellow men,
So tender to all womankind.

What if the youth whom so I love
To make the subject of my lays
Is but the central figure of
A hundred moving picture plays?
—New York Sun.

His Idea of Widows.
Wife (with newspaper)—How odd!
In Sumatra, when a woman is left
A widow, she immediately puts up a flag.

Hub—What's the idea—rejoicing?
Wife—No, not while the flag remains
Whole she must not marry again,
But the moment a rent appears in it
she is free to do so.

Hub—Geel! I'll bet it would pay to go there with a cargo of shoddy bunting.—Boston Transcript.

A Recovery.
There was a "doc" in our town,
Both wise and dignified,
He cut a man's appendix out,
But sewed his tools inside.

And when he saw his tools were gone
With all his might and main
He quickly ripped the basting threads
And got his tools again.
—Judge.

A Mannish Woman.
Before the fire Christmas eve two spinster ladies were planning for the holiday.

"Sister Mollie," said the younger, "would a long stocking hold all you'd want for a Christmas gift?"

"No, Elvira," said the elder, "but a pair of socks would."—Philadelphia Ledger.

To a Wandering Parant.
Oh, mother, dear mother, come home to us now!
The cook has gone out on a strike.
Poor father would feed us, but doesn't know how.
Come home and then vote if you like.
—Washington Star.

Bad Habit.
"These shoes you sold me last week squeak so that they keep me awake at night," said the customer, entering turned on her heel, and that was the last there was of courtship between the two.

"My dear sir," replied the shoe dealer, with a bland smile, "you shouldn't sleep in them."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"I Told You So."
I've been far down,
But not so low
As him who says
"I told you so."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Expert Judgment.
A lady visiting the studio of a post impressionist:

"Now, that surely is one of your best works hanging on that nail over there?" she said.

"Oh, that," explained the master, "is my palette."—London Hystander.

Nourishing Mousse.
Mousse are curious things. We take a morsel of illimitable space and wall it in and roof it over. Suddenly it ceases to be part of God's out of doors and becomes an entity with an atmosphere of its own. We warm it with our fires, we animate it with our affections, we furnish it with such things as seem good in our eyes. We do this to get shelter for our bodies, but we acquire as well an instrument for our spirits that reacts on us in its turn.

In other words, as we live our way into a house, adapting it to our need, the bricks and mortar, the paint and plaster, cease to be inert matter and become alive. Superficial sociologists have tainted women with being "artificial or plantlike" than men, but I count it for their second glory. The plant is an organism that "slowly turns lifeless into living matter," and this is the thing that woman has done from the beginning with her shelter. In our houses we achieve almost an organic extension of our very selves.—Cornelia A. P. Comer in Atlantic.

Ortolanas Food.
The ortolan, a bird smaller than our quail, an inhabitant of southern Europe in summer and of Africa in winter, is highly prized, especially among French epicures, for the delicate flavor of its flesh. The ortolan is netted alive, kept in a dark place and fed on millet, oats and other seeds until it becomes enormously fat, when it is killed for the table. This artificial fattening of the ortolan dates back to ancient days of Rome. A Parisian paper tells of a financier who invited four friends to a dinner at his country place and sent to Paris to a famous restaurateur to provide a feast for six persons. When the account was presented it footed up 1,200 francs—that is, \$240. "Outrageous!" said the financier. "Monsieur," said the restaurateur, "you have had twenty ortolans at 25 francs each. That alone is 500 francs." This would be much like paying \$5 each for well fattened English sparrows.

The Gates of Paradise.
Once in a year and at one place in the world there is a crush that surpasses anything else of its kind in the world. It is the great fair of Bawa Farid, which is annually held in the town of Pak Pattan, in British India. It is held in honor of the famous St. Farid ud Din, surnamed Shaker Ganj, or sugar lord, from the fact that his body had become so pure by continual fasting that whatever was put into his mouth, even earth and stones, was instantly changed into sugar. The principal ceremony consists of passing through an opening made in a wall and joining the shrine measuring 5 by 2 1/2 feet and always ferretly called "the gates of paradise." Whoever between noon and night is able to pass through this opening is assured of paradise, and when there are 50,000 striving to pass through at the same time the crush is something terrific. Women faint, bones are broken, and the heat is stifling.

No Team Work in France.
The French nation is a mass of individual particles, scintillating, assertive—strangers to all the ethics of cohesion. They are incapable of team work, writes Samuel P. Orth in the Atlantic.

You never read of French football or baseball or organized sports. They are a nation of individualists, brilliant in individualisms. Their philosophy, poetry, art, music, science, literature, all bear the imprint of a super-individualism that has filled the world with its radiance. They defy every known law of human gravitation and fly off in a million fragments, careless of results in truth, they never think of results. They have the child's love for the doing and the child's scorn for the thing done. They begin more processes, inventions, contrivances, experiments and end fewer than all the rest of Europe put together. The French propose; the Germans and the English dispose.

Magnetized by Booth.
The late Bishop Potter of the Episcopal church and Edwin Booth, the actor, were very great friends, and the bishop, in telling of his first meeting with Mr. Booth, said: "I was preaching a sermon at Newport, R. I., and it was a very hot summer's day. The door of the church was open, and I noticed a gentleman get up from a rear pew and go and sit down on the door step, but thought nothing of it until after awhile I realized that I was talking to this man only. When the services were over I found out that he was Edwin Booth—that I by some unknown influence had been drawn to speak to him—as if my sermon was to him alone."

Then She Recovered.
"For weeks and weeks after my tiny hand died I was unable to sleep."
"I hope you are all over that now," her sympathetic friend replied.
"Yes, The lady finally found his insurance policy in a safety deposit box that he had never told me about."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Where He Drew the Line.
"Come, come, don't be too angry at your son. You ought to make allowances for the extravagance of youth."
"Yes, but not cash allowances."—Baltimore American.

Broadminded.
"I have no broadminded fat people," said the steamboat agent, "but I always give them a wide berth if I can."—Boston Transcript.

Crusety and Fear Shake Hands together.—Balsac.

Single Women in Business.
Why do single women conduct business more successfully than married women?

And, again, why do married women do better in business than widows? I cannot definitely prove to you that single women do excel married ones in business or that those who have a husband are better business managers than widows. But I have the solemn word—and was ever the word of an English official report anything but solemnity to the "nth degree"—that such is the fact.

Of 300 women traders who failed in business in London during the last year 155 were widows, 151 married and 94 single. But the average amount of liabilities of the three classes varied greatly. With fewer than twice as many failures the widows had more than three times the debts of the single women. The married women's obligations were two and a half times the ones of those who never knew a husband.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Trials of Composers.
They tell of a Scottish composer who fled from Edinburgh to London in order to escape the brain exhausting ordeal of deciphering Carlyle's hieroglyphics and putting them into type. He had been at work in London for some time, when one day a "take" of Carlyle's copy was given him to set up. The sight of it appalled him. "Is that man here, too!" he exclaimed. Whereupon he laid down his composing stick, put on his coat and hat and vanished.

Balsac's copy was also a nightmare to composers. According to the London Standard, the failure of the establishment that printed his works was the direct result of the enormous labor spent in making corrections in the proofs of his manuscript. What it meant to put his copy into type is shown by the fact that "Clear Brocton" had to be reset fifteen times in twenty days.

Cocoa as a Food.
We compare cocoa to a vegetable egg because, like the egg, it contains everything necessary for the building of the animal body. When we analyze cocoa we find it a perfect natural food. Analysis teaches us that it contains a fair proportion of nitrogenous matter in the shape of gluten, a very large proportion of fat, a considerable amount of starch, so much mineral matter and finally, a stimulant of its own called theobromine. Cocoa is an excellent substitute for tea and coffee, especially to those who are overstimulated by these beverages. Pure cocoa is easily digested. But be sure that you get it pure. If you find that one brand of cocoa does not agree with you try another until you find the one which is best fitted for your constitution.—New York American.

Where She Draw the Line.
Mr. Birrell's anticipation that, owing to the bluntness of heaven, it will not be inevitable that we shall knock up against our acquaintances there may have been suggested by one of Dean Ramsay's best Scottish stories. It should be mentioned that at Hawick, the scene of the anecdote, the people used to wear wooden clogs, which made a clanking noise on the pavement. An old woman lay dying some friends said to her, "Weel, Jeeny, ye are gae to heaven, an' gin ye should see our folk ye can tell them that we're a' weel."

"Weel," said Jeeny, cautiously, "gin I should see them I'll tell them, but you munn expect that I am to gang clank-clanking through heaven looking for your folk."—London Tatler.

Herbert Spencer and the Sea.
To illustrate the advantages the modern child enjoys in seeing so much more of the world than children of earlier generations did, Herbert Spencer mentions that he had never seen the sea until after he was twenty-one. This is the more remarkable, because his father always spent his summer vacation at the seaside, rambling along the coast from one place to another. But the son never went with the father until he was a man. One result is that he has a first impression of the sea by a self studying adult. It produced in him "a mixture of joy and awe—the awe resulting from the manifestation of size and power and the joy from the sense of freedom given by limitless expanse."

Chinese Blacksmiths.
The Chinese blacksmith thinks a great deal of his anatomy when shoeing horses, which are not numerous in China. He is so skittish in doing a job of shoeing and so dubious about handling the hoofs of the animal that, when shoeing is required, the horse is strung up with ropes in such a manner as to prevent kicking. No exceptions are made, even though the horse be a scrawny cart plug of advanced age.

Drawn Work.
To draw threads for hemstitching or drawnwork with a small brush, rub it over a cake of soap until a lather is produced, then scrub the threads that you wish to draw. You have no idea how easily they may be pulled out without breaking.

Potato Test.
Test potatoes by cutting in two and rubbing the cut surface together; then press the two parts together. If they stick the potatoes are good.


Didn't Like Dogs.
Hobson—Are you in favor of that curfew law? Dobson—Yes, I'm in favor of any law that reduces the number of dogs.—Judge.

Every misfortune can be subdued with patience.—Socrates.

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