

An Incident of Independence Day

By EUNICE BLAKE

Alice MacGregor was an American girl with Scotch ancestry. How many of us there were for Miss MacGregor's hand only Miss MacGregor knew, for she never spoke of her of such to any one. Certain it is that there were two whose attentions were marked as to be especially noticeable. These were John Kershaw, an Englishman, who had recently come to America, and Michael O'Connor.

Miss MacGregor, being a bit of a coquette—that girl is not—may have accepted the attentions of one of these men as a foil for the other, but if this were true it was impossible for any one to tell which was the foil and which the man fooled. There were those who declared that the lady listened to both these suitors for the purpose of worrying them.

A crisis came in this triangular love affair on the Fourth of July. Mr. O'Connor wrote Miss MacGregor a note inviting her to accept a seat in a window above the store where he was employed to witness the Fourth of July parade. Miss MacGregor replied that she had already made a partial engagement for the day. She was not sure. She would know by the evening before the Fourth and would advise him. She had already received an invitation from Mr. Kershaw to the same effect and had written him the same answer she had written O'Connor.

Now, each of the rivals knew very well that the partial engagement mentioned referred to the other. Mr. Kershaw, on the afternoon before Independence day, called on Miss MacGregor for a more definite reply to his invitation. She received him kindly, but declared that she did not think it would be appropriate for an American girl, especially one of Scotch descent, to celebrate Independence day with an Englishman. There had been a hereditary feud between the English and Scotch races until the crowns were united in one king, and there had been a long fight between the English and Americans. Why should she, a MacGregor born in America, celebrate the Fourth of July with an Englishman?

"But all that has passed and gone," protested Kershaw, falling to detect that the young lady was chaffing him. "It's the impropriety of the thing, she persisted.

Mr. Kershaw left her without having secured consent, and later Mr. O'Connor called.

"I don't think, Mr. O'Connor," said Miss MacGregor, "that it would be in order for me to view the Fourth of July procession in your company."

"Why not?" asked the young man, astonished.

"Because the day celebrates the winning of American independence from Great Britain."

"But I'm Irish; not British at all."

"Ireland was a part of the mother country that oppressed the colonies. Besides, I had a great-granduncle who fought under the Scotch-Irish banner at the battle of the Boyne. Your ancestors were on the other side."

"Hang my ancestors! What do I care for a fight that occurred more than two centuries ago?"

"Nevertheless, the Fourth of July is a day that is, or should be, near to the heart of every American. It would be hurtful to my feelings to celebrate it in company with one whose ancestors were on the other side in the fight for independence."

"But we're all of the same blood—English, Scotch, Irish and Americans."

"Family feuds are the most bitter."

Mr. O'Connor was obliged to depart with no more comfort than his rival had received.

A RARE DECORATION.

Austria's Grand Cross, of the Order of Maria Theresa.

The grand cross of the order of Maria Theresa is today one of the most exclusive as well as one of the most brilliant of surviving orders. It was founded by the great empress of that name in 1787 in honor of the victory of her troops over Frederick the Great at Kolin. Its members are elected by ballot on the part of the chapter, the sovereign having no voice in the matter unless he happens to possess the order, although he is the instrument of its bestowal and the signer of the patent.

In the past hundred years, until August, 1914, only fifty-eight members had been thus admitted to the order, and at the beginning of the war in 1914 there were but three knights left, all of the third and lowest class. One was the Emperor Francis Joseph, who won the cross in 1848 on the battlefield of Santa Lucia against the Italians. The second was the Duke of Cumberland, father of the sovereign Duke of Brunswick, who received the cross for gallantry at the battle of Langensalza, where as crown prince of Hanover he helped his father, the blind King George, to direct the operations of his troops. The third was Prince Alphonse de Bourbon, claimant to the throne of the two Sicilies and popularly known as the Count of Caserta. He won his cross by the part he played in the superb defense of Gesta, the last stronghold of the Bourbons.

The eldest son of the holder of this coveted decoration is entitled to free education in Austria's military academy.—Argonaut.

HOUDON, THE SCULPTOR.

Known in This Country Mainly by His Statue of Washington.

Since the days of the cathedral builders France has never been without great masters of the chisel. Tradition and an ever accumulating skill have been passed on as from father to son through generations immemorial. With all that "apostolic succession" of genius of another race are strangely unfamiliar. One name, however, we associate with that of our first president, and for this reason, and not because Jean Antoine Houdon was the leading sculptor of his time, is he sometimes mentioned in the United States.

As the "first sculptor of his day" Houdon was invited in 1784 by Thomas Jefferson, representing the state of Virginia, to make a statue of General Washington. On July 23, 1785, the sculptor with three assistants sailed in the company of Benjamin Franklin from Southampton, bound for Philadelphia. The journey required nearly two months and Houdon did not arrive at Mount Vernon until Oct. 2.

Two weeks were occupied in modeling the bust, making a life mask and taking many measurements, with all of which the artist departed rejoicing, and, thanks to the rapid ocean service of the time, was home again on Christmas day.

The result of this trip was the notable marble which stands in the state house at Richmond, our most trustworthy portrait of the first president.—Scribner's.

The Popular Craze.

"Sir," said the young man, "I want to marry your daughter."

"You do, eh? What have you got to offer?"

"Myself, which includes a fair education, a good state of health, a reasonable amount of ambition, a creditable appearance, a modest salary and a strong desire to come into your office and get useful."

The older man shook his head.

"Not enough. Times are too hard. Can't afford a wedding."

The young man smiled.

"Now for my trump card," he said. "Everybody is eloping. We will elope and save the expense."

The old man caught his hand.

"She's yours, son; she's yours"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Vegetable Chat.

"I see that some college professor has been saying that he believes that vegetables can see and hear while growing in the garden."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; not only that, but he believes that ages hence they will be able to converse with one another."

"Oh, that's old!"

"What's old?"

"Vegetables conversing. I've often heard Jack and the Beans talk!"

Nearly All.

First Dinner (trying to break the monotony of delay)—Do you believe that all things come to him who waits?

Second Dinner—I'm working on that theory anyhow. Some time ago I ordered a plate of hash.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Tight.

"Doppel hates to spend money."

"I'll tell you how much. If it were possible to take gas every time it parts with a dollar he'd take it."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Analogy.

"Papa, what is a political boss?"

"Well, son, all you have to do is to think of how your mother would run the whole city."—Life.

Acting Only.

Mr. Bacon—Well, I try to act like the gentleman anyhow. Mrs. Bacon—Oh, yes, you're a very good actor!—Yonkers Statesman.

Trust him little, who praises all, him less who censures all and him least who is indifferent to all.—Lavater.

A Notary's Discomfiture

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

Many years ago in the city of Rheims, in France, which has of late been the scene of fighting between the French and the Germans, there lived an old notary. In France a notary is a lawyer, but in the olden time a lawyer was not of much more importance so far as his work was concerned than a notary is with us today. Jules Farlieux, the notary of Rheims, had accumulated some 50,000 francs, which had come to him through small fees. This sum—50,000 in our money—was quite a fortune in those days, especially in France, where everything was very cheap and one could live comfortably on a small income.

The old man had one child, a daughter, Delphine, to whom he expected to leave his property, and it was his expectation that she should marry a man having at least an equal amount. What was his chagrin, therefore, when he learned that she had fallen in love with Alphonse Du Bois, a young fellow who had just been graduated from a law school in Paris and settled in Rheims to practice his profession without a sou to his name. The notary simply forbade his daughter to have anything to do with the man.

One day three men came into Jules Farlieux's office, and after asking if he was the "distinguished notary" with whom so many persons trusted their affairs and their moneys they asked him to take care of 100,000 francs in gold which was theirs jointly. Jules accepted the trust, it being agreed that he should deduct 5 per cent of the amount when the money was returned. He was then asked to draw up a contract to that effect, in which he stipulated to pay over the money to the three men together and not to any one or two of them separately. The contract having been signed, the men departed, leaving the gold on a table. As the notary was gathering it up to put in his strong box one of the men returned, saying he had been deputed by the others to count the money before it was put away. While he was doing so a stranger came hurriedly into the office and, after taking the notary into a rear room, asked him some questions concerning a matter which he seemed to consider of immediate importance. The notary tried to get away from him, but found it impossible. When he was permitted to return to the other room both the money and the man who had been counting it were gone.

Farlieux found himself in a very unpleasant position. He had received for 100,000 francs which he was to pay to the three owners together. One of them had taken the amount, and the notary would be obliged to indemnify the others, which would require nearly double all he possessed. He heard nothing from any of the men for a month; then one morning the two who had lost their share came to him and demanded it.

The notary believed that the men had conspired to swindle him, but unless he could prove this he had no hope of saving the little fortune he had been a lifetime in accumulating and which was to go to his daughter for a dowry. He made every effort to prove that the men were dishonest and in collusion, but was not able to do so.

After a formal demand for their money the two men put the case in the courts, and a day was set for trial. Alphonse Du Bois learned of the case from his sweetheart, Louise, and the probable loss of her dowry. He told her to stay to her father that he would save him from the swindle if he would consent to his marriage with her. Louise gave the old man the message and it made him very angry.

"What?" he exclaimed. "Does this popinjay who has no experience in the law propose to do what I, who have been a notary for forty years, cannot do?"

Louise argued with her father, saying that nothing would be lost by permitting Alphonse to take the case and something might be gained. Since the old man's principal grief was that she would be deprived of her dowry, she finally won him over, but not until the case had been called in court, and if any defense was to be put in it must be done at once. Then the notary, who could see no possible excuse under the contract to avoid indemnifying the plaintiffs, agreed that in case Du Bois saved his fortune it should go to Louise as his bride.

The young lawyer arose in court and called for a reading of the contract. When the reader came to the words "And the said Farlieux shall pay to the said depositors together and to no one or two separately the sum of 100,000 francs," Du Bois stopped him and said:

"Your honor, my client is ready to pay the 100,000 francs specified under the contract to the three depositors together, but is prohibited by the contract from paying the money to two of them separately."

The judge dismissed the case, for the moment the third man who had gone with the funds should appear he would be arrested, and the notary need not pay till he was present.

The man who had gone away with the deposit never returned, and the notary was never again called on to pay it. Du Bois married Louise, but declined to permit her to accept the dowry. The reputation he made by his handling of the case in court brought him a practice that eventually made him rich.

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A Missouri Statesman.

As chairman of the senate committee on foreign relations Senator William Joel Stone of Missouri holds a position of great power in these troublous times of almost worldwide war. Senator Stone is himself a pacifist and believes with most other citizens of the United States that there is little to be gained for a nation in subjecting international questions to the arbitrament of arms. In a recent statement against the sinking of the Lusitania Senator Stone said, "We all want to avoid doing anything that would bring the



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