

### SNAPSHOTS AT NOTABLE PERSONS

Simon Lake, inventor of the Even Keel Submarine.



According to Simon Lake, inventor of the even keel submarine, undersea boats will eventually run across the Atlantic, carrying freight and passengers.

"Submarines of 6,000 miles' cruising radius are now a reality," he said in a recent interview. "Half of that radius is enough to carry them across the Atlantic. New methods of conserving the air supply and food supply mean that passengers will be safer in the undersea boats than in liners which are subject to the fate that overtook the Lusitania."

"Of course these freight carrying submarines would not be as speedy. Neither would they travel all the distance under water. But whenever in danger, whenever within the line of an enemy submarine, they would take the undersea route."

"America has done more than any one else in submarine invention and construction. The German submarines have been in nowise superior to our own. They have had engine trouble on their underwater boats, and that is the great danger. In fact, most of the submarine disasters of recent years, since the diving type of vessel has been abandoned for the even keel type, have been due to engine trouble."

Mr. Lake is now building seven new submarines for the United States. They will be equipped with the Diesel heavy oil engine which will displace the combination electric and gasoline motors now used in submarines.

#### He Was Not Guilty.

In Muncie not long ago a colored man was arrested on the charge of having stolen a set of carpenter's tools. He was asked to enter his plea to the charge and also was questioned as to whether he was guilty.

Said he, "I got an attorney, and I got the tools; but, Judge, I ain't guilty." Indianapolis News.

#### PIE PLATE AND SHADOW HATS

Odd, Chic and Exceedingly Becoming Are These Midsummer Creations.

As the days grow warmer new fashions are launched, but those which do appear are no less attractive and sometimes show greater thought and originality than the features displayed in the fashion festivals at the beginning of the seasons.

Odd, chic and exceedingly becoming are the new pie plate and shadow hats. The pie plate hat has a reasonably large brim, about the edge of which is an upturned frill of plaited malines, giving the appearance of a crinkly pie.

The shadow hat is even more fascinating for it veils at times the eyes. At least it does so when the head is bent. This shadow hat is nothing more than a straight trimmed sailor, the brims of various widths, according to choice, about which is placed a flat fold of malines, black or white. The fold is about two inches in width, and, being placed with its center along the edge of the hat brim, an inch extension of the fold is then upon either side of the brim edge. This makes a sort of little transparent wall about the hat above the edge of the brim and a smooth curtain like band below the edge. The very smartest people are wearing these hats.

#### NECKWEAR OF COLORED TULLE.

Colored tulle is being used for neckwear, the favorite manner of arrangement being a crushed fold of it about the stock collar, ending with a large chou at the back—a reminder of the old Gibson styles. Plaid silk collars and cuffs upon blouses of plain crepe de chine are new and effective, particularly for morning street wear. These plaids are medium in size and appear in many bright colors. They are sometimes made in one with the blouse, but oftener, for practical laundering reasons, are detachable.

#### Read and Re-read.

An excellent recommendation is the reading of a line, read first before retiring for the night's rest. It tends to compose the soul and put it in harmony with the truth and goodness of things. A novel will not do that, nor a newspaper, nor anything that sets the mind in a gutter. Reading a poem—one of the good old kind that goes into the heart and has a "rest" there—is like nothing down a quiet stream, past the fragrance of flowers and the songs of the birds. Never had that experience, eh? How very shiftless, indeed.

Did you ever try reading "Snow-bound" on an evening when the snow was piling up the "silence deep and white?" Well, try it. Whittier will give you something for any evening. Tennyson's "Idylls" are a little more urgent, but they are as tranquillizing as a gentle arm around you. Wordsworth is great, but takes too much thought; Browning, too, and Lowell, but Longfellow not so much. But as easy as smiling is the humorous kind, like Riley. But there are hundreds of poems floating about as sweet as a bush of roses. Take them in and read them before going to bed. A good one will last a week. Like a song, they improve with age.—Columbus Journal.

#### Just Pleasantness.

Perhaps just pleasantness has not a very heroic sound, but the human heart that, knowing its own bitterness, can yet carry itself cheerfully is not without heroism. Indeed, if that human heart does no more than hold its tongue about its own aches and pains it has a certain moral value that the world cannot afford to lose. "Pleasantness" does not sound as well as self sacrifice or wisdom or spirituality, but it may include all these great words. And certainly just to start one's husband out to his work cheerily, to make the hobbledle of a son feel a gentler and sweeter sentiment toward women because of his own mother's sound, sweet gaiety and strength, to help one's servants to put good humor and friendliness into their services—these things make for righteousness in the world.—Margaret DeLand.

#### The Panama Canal.

The Panama canal was suggested for the isthmus of Panama as early as 1850 by Angel Saavedra, but for a long time all such suggestions met with determined opposition from Spain, which made it a capital offense to seek or make known any improvement on the existing route from Porto Bello to Panama. More recently Louis Napoleon, when a prisoner at Ham, spent much time considering the practicability of such a scheme. It was not, however, until the California gold rush of 1849 that any accurate knowledge of the topographical conditions was obtained, and even then thirty more years elapsed before the actual site was chosen by an international body and the work begun.

#### Origin of the Organ.

The date of the invention of the organ is unknown. It is said to have been during the third century previous to the Christian era, and from that period to A. D. 670 the invention has been ascribed to various parties. At the latter date organs were said to have been introduced into some of the churches of western Europe. This statement, however, is not considered trustworthy, and it is not certain they were used in church service until 755, when one was sent as a present by Copronymus, the Greek emperor, to King Pepin of France, who placed it in the Church of St. Cornelle at Compiègne. Keys were invented about the close of the eleventh century and pedals in the fourteenth.

#### An Apt Student.

A young woman who went to Columbia to take her degree of doctor of philosophy married her professor in the middle of her second year. When she announced her engagement one of her friends said:

"But, Edith, I thought you came up here to get your Ph. D."

"So I did," replied Edith, "but I had no idea I would get him so soon."—New York Post.

#### So He Could.

A physician says freedom from worry is essential in the treatment of locomotor ataxia. But a man who could keep free from worry with locomotor ataxia could recover from an amputated head without treatment.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

#### The Fault.

"These apartments are entirely too dark."

"They are no darker than the average."

"Yes, but we want to do light house-keeping."—Exchange.

#### Determined Curiosity.

"There's no use of investigating that official. He hasn't done anything."

"Let's investigate him and ascertain how he dares draw a salary without doing anything."—Washington Star.

#### Music by the Peck.

At the beginning of a musical exercise was the sign 3. Teacher—What does the number 3 tell us? Pupil (age seven)—There are three quarts of notes in a measure.—Boston Post.

#### Japanese Lacquer.

The Japanese method of lacquering is said to be at least 2,000 years old. Pieces made ten centuries ago are still exhibited.

The happiest workmen are those who can absolutely lose themselves in their work.—Carl Hilty.

### THE UNDOING OF A SCHEMER

Plot to Gain a Fortune Falls of Its Purpose.

In a handsome city residence a few people were assembling to listen to the reading of the will of the recently deceased owner of the property and a considerable fortune besides. The widow and her son, twenty-five years old, the issue of a former marriage, entered, followed by a girl of nineteen, the daughter of the testator. The older woman was dressed in deepest mourning. Her son wore an amber garment as his mother, his studs and sleeve buttons even being black. So deep was the grief of the stepdaughter that she seemed unconscious of what she wore. A few relatives of the deceased followed these principal mourners, the family lawyer bringing up the rear. When all were seated he unfolded the will and read:

"I, Henry Arthur Gifford, being of sound mind and body, declare this to be my last will and testament. I bequeath all my property, real and personal, to my beloved wife, Elizabeth Gifford, in perfect confidence that she will make suitable provision for my daughter, Anna Louise Gifford."

"This will," remarked the lawyer, "was made two years ago, and it does not appear that any other has been made since. There are no codicils."

The more distant relatives looked disappointed. The widow, turning to her stepdaughter, said:

"Anna, dear, I protested against this leaving your interest in the estate in my hands, but your father would have it so, being more willing to trust it to my more experienced management than to a girl with no head for business. Be assured, my dear daughter, that I will take the best of care of it."

It seemed to those present that if there was any case wherein a stepmother should be thus honored with confidence it was this. The girl made no reply. She allowed herself to be kissed by her stepbrother and his mother. Then the three were about to rise to go out when they heard a voice from behind, at which the widow started. In it she recognized her husband's bosom friend.

"I have to offer a later will."

The brief announcement had a withering effect upon the widow. She caught at the arm of the chair, from which she had partly risen.

"There is no later will," she said.

"If you have one it is a forgery."

The man advanced and handed a paper he carried in his hand to the lawyer, who took it, scrutinized it and, after a careful examination of the signature, said:

"This instrument is properly drawn, bearing date only a few days before the testator's death. I am well acquainted with his signature and consider it genuine."

"Read it!" gasped the widow.

"I will read it," said the man who had offered it, and he proceeded to do so. After the usual preliminaries the document continued:

"At the death of my late beloved first wife I married, for companionship and for a mother for my little daughter, a woman who from the day of the ceremony bent her indomitable will to the work of getting my property for herself and her son. She possessed the ability to control both myself and my daughter. To the world we were a singularly united family. In our home my child and I lived as if under the spell of witchcraft. My wife brought me to the verge of nervous prostration, then demanded that I should make a will at her dictation. I refused, whereupon she brought me to the verge of lunacy, and I yielded. I made the will she wished that I might escape her persecutions and having to view this revenge. I am aware that my action stamps me for a weak man, but I am convinced that no man can stand against the cruelty of a woman whom he cannot get rid of."

Then followed a bequest of the bulk of his property to his daughter, a few small legacies being left to other relatives. In this connection the widow and her son were not mentioned. The document concluded as follows: "I direct that my daughter shall from the opening of this will be under the care of my lifelong friend, Robert Bivard, who is hereby appointed her guardian and who has promised to make her a member of his family."

During the reading the expression on the face of Mrs. Gifford was that of a disappointed fury. She had lived since the first will was made in the fear that her husband might make another, but had been confident that the watch she had set upon him was effective. At the conclusion of the reading she arose and walked out of the room without a word, her son following.

While Anna Gifford never thoroughly recovered from the loss of her father, with whom she had suffered so many years of torture, she did recover from the persecution of some seven years. No one ever dared blame her father in her presence for not having protected her from her stepmother. This she always stoutly maintained was impossible, since he could not even protect himself, nor did she condemn him for taking his revenge, screened behind the grave.

Anna Gifford married and became the mother of children. She did not exact a promise from her husband that if she died before him he would not marry, but she made a will leaving her property as she wished it to be distributed.

#### Then the Rain Stopped.

At 10 o'clock the rain stopped. A bright sun burst on the scene. But what is there to be seen? A couple with the professor of Australia take when it does not rain. For seven weeks without stopping and the rain continues to torment the city. The living houses of students and peace instead of pleasure. And what rain! It does not rain from the sky, but from the whole world. A hat is needed during that day. As the rain pours down the earth, the earth rises and dashes into the air, and rain and mud meet and grapple with each other day after day, night after night, week after week. And the battle is neither to the rain nor to the mud. A strange and horrid situation. Sydney rain clean out of galoshes. For two weeks not a galosh was to be had in the city. A fresh galosh was tried from somewhere or other. And then—the rain stopped.—London Mail.

#### Skirmish Clothing.

Clothing used in the skiroom never should be put in the laundry bag after it is used. Place it in a clothes basket at once and cover with boiling water and soap solution and allow to come to the boiling point. Clothing used in infectious diseases should be treated this way for three successive days. This not only kills matured bacteria, but any undeveloped spores as well. When the skiroom clothing is of thin delicate fabric one washing in the soap solution, and hot water, followed by rinsing in hot water, will be sufficient. In such material the heat of the iron in ironing will complete the sterilization. It is advisable always to have some of the soap solution ready for use. Cut the soap in small pieces, cover with cold water and put on the back of the stove to dissolve. For one bottle of clothes use enough solution to make a thick soda.—Today's Magazine.

#### Sulphuric Acid and Civilization.

Liebig said that we might gauge the civilization of a country by the quantity of sulphuric acid it consumed. The total output of this acid is now about 6,000,000 tons, according to the fourth edition of Professor G. Langbein's treatise on its manufacture. At least 1,000,000 tons a year have been made in Germany, and that country has been importing about 100,000 tons besides. Sulphuric acid is made principally from iron pyrites, but also from other blende. It is essential in the manufacture of high explosives, but there is scarcely a process of manufacture into which it does not enter. It is said that there is no branch of chemical technology that has been more thoroughly developed than that of the manufacture of sulphuric acid, but so keen is the competition that improvements are taking place all the time.

#### The Sassafras Tree.

The remarkable sassafras tree is a native of Natal and other parts of South Africa. Its funny name was given to it because one cannot see it without sneezing violently. The odor of its wood has just the same effect as the strongest snuff and is irritating to the nose that workmen are obliged to sneeze even when they are planing it. If a piece of the wood of this tree is put in the mouth it is found to have a very bitter taste, and so doubt it is this bitterness which prevents insects of any kind from attacking the timber of the sassafras tree. The fact that insects find it so disagreeable makes its wood very valuable for work that is required to last a long time.

#### Paper Bullets.

Bullets of paper or tallow have been found to be productive of far greater damage than metal ones when used for short distance firing. During some experiments in this direction it was proved that, whereas a metal bullet penetrated a deal plank an inch in thickness and left a neat hole, a paper bullet had a far greater destructive effect upon the target. A paper bullet passing through six pieces of tin placed at a distance of a foot apart buckled them up completely, whereas a metal bullet merely left a small round hole.

#### A Pound of Cure.

"My son," said the family man, "is anxious to become a pugilist. I'm doing my best to prevent him."

"Let him go ahead," said the friend of the family, "and have some one pound him. You'll find a pound of cure worth more than an ounce of prevention."—Philadelphia Record.

#### Boiled Photographs.

Photographs which have not been protected with glass and have become soiled either by dust or fly specks may be cleaned very easily by wiping them off with absorbent cotton dampened with pure alcohol.—Women's Home Companion.

#### Used to Growling.

Mrs. Myles—What has become of that nurse you used to have for your pet dog?

Mrs. Styles—Oh, she's married.

"She ought to get along all right. She's used to growling."—Yonkers Statesman.

#### Nothing of the Kind.

"I understand your husband's not his suit on a technicality, Mr. Norich."

"Pardon me, sir; I'll have you understand that my husband pays cash for his clothes."—Buffalo Express.

#### Large Desires may swell up in small souls.

but a sand grain is better than a touched star.—Aristotle Holoman.

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