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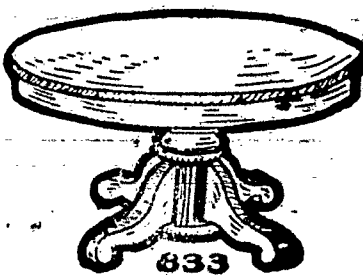
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A STATE MESSAGE

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

"Carl," said the hereditary prince of Auretania to his chum, Count Krakouky, "the diplomats have got up a match between the Princess Alexia of Metropolia and myself. They consider it a fine political deal for me when I come to the throne. That's all very well, but I don't propose to tie myself down for life to a Gorgon. I wish you to look her over and report."

"Anything your highness desires," replied the count, "but I'll not promise to keep off your preserve. I may win the meat of the nut and leave you nothing but the shell."

"If you find her a Jezebel I hope you will. However, I'll have you watched. I wish you to take a young man with you named Caspar Audenreid. He'll join you at Metropolia."

The count saw nothing of Audenreid till having been accorded an interview with the princess. As he was about to enter the palace a man accosted him and showed him a letter from Prince Otto announcing that he was Caspar Audenreid, and they went in together. They were received by a maid of honor, who told them that the princess would receive them presently. In the meantime the maid of honor did what she could to entertain them.

When the princess came in Count Carl, who was saving what he had to say for the princess, was looking out through a window, leaving the maid of honor to Audenreid. Carl approached the royal lady with great impressment, bowed very low, kissed the tips of her fingers and told her that his master had sent him to assure her of the happiness he anticipated in their approaching union. The princess received the messenger graciously and proposed that they should walk in the royal gardens.

The maid of honor rose to follow her mistress, but the latter gave her by look a command to remain away. The count and the princess proceeded to the gardens, where her royal highness led him to a bower and, motioning him to a seat beside her, asked him to tell her all about the man she expected to marry. Was he tall or short, a blond or a brunette, handsome or homely, witty or dull? Indeed, she fired questions at him so fast that he could not find opportunity to reply to them all.

But while she was talking of the prince she seemed to be thinking of the count, now throwing her eyes at him, now taking them suddenly away, only to turn them back again. It was not long before Carl began to think that his threat to rob his master of the princess' heart might be carried out. He could certainly say truthfully that the lady was a very attractive person. At any rate, she was so to Krakouky.

However, the count did not feel at liberty to make a long stay in Metropolia and the next day proposed to return. But the princess told him that she was preparing a message for Prince Otto and had not yet got it ready. She hinted that she was waiting for some decision on the part of the prime minister of the cabinet. Of course Count Carl could not disobey what was a command and put off his return till he should have the lady's permission to go.

The count from the moment he met Caspar Audenreid saw nothing of him. When he asked the princess what had become of his associate she told him that he seemed to have taken a fancy to her maid of honor and the maid seemed to reciprocate. "I have therefore permitted them to remain together," she said, "not caring to interfere in a love affair."

It occurred to Count Carl that this was a device on the part of the princess to prevent her own flirtation with himself from being interfered with. He would have chuckled at having so readily slipped into the princess' favor in place of his master had it not been that he was fascinated with her and remembered that a union between himself and one of royal blood was impossible.

The count was kept at the capital of Metropolia so long that he feared when permitted to leave that he would meet with a severe reception. However, he tore himself away at last and ventured to Auretania.

"Well," said his master, "what do you think of her?"

"She's not half bad," replied Carl.

"Not half bad? Why, you're in love with her."

"How does your highness know that?" stammered Carl.

"Audenreid, whom I sent to watch you, has told me so."

"Well, I warned you. What did Audenreid know of the matter? He saw nothing of me."

"I was Audenreid."

"You Audenreid?"

"Yes, and the maid of honor was the princess."

The approaching nuptials of the royal couple were announced, and in due time Prince Otto proceeded with a suit at the head of which was Count Carl. After the royal wedding had been celebrated the nuptials between Count Carl and the maid who he had surprised was the princess took place, the prince giving the bride away. As soon as the latter wedding had taken place the prince stepped his friend on the back and said:

"I wouldn't trust you out of my sight."

"I return your royal highness' compliment."

Adorning the Thanksgiving Table



A PRETTILY decorated dining table makes an attractive setting for the Thanksgiving feast. Every year the shops are full of quaint suggestions for the festivity. From miniature representations of the lordly gobbler to the homely but palatable pumpkin. And, best of all, many of these pretty favors and place cards can be made at home with very little trouble.

There is perhaps nothing more effective among these new ideas than the pumpkin centerpiece, or Jack Horner pie, as it is sometimes called. This is really a most deceptive affair, for it looks like a genuine pumpkin, but is really cunningly fashioned from deep yellow tissue paper held in shape by a wire frame or a frame of rather stiff cardboard. The stem and leaves are made of dark green paper. The interior of the pumpkin is hollow and can be filled with small favors for the guests, with ribbons leading from it to each plate.

This table receives an added touch of gaiety from having the edges wreathed with pumpkin vines adorned both with blossoms and miniature fruit. The vines themselves are made of wire wound with a tiny twist of cotton batting and covered with green paper. The small pumpkins are simply balls of cotton on a wire stem covered with yellow crepe paper, while the blossoms are of yellow tissue.

Just below the lace trimmed cloth this same table is draped with a roll of turkey paper, which is most effective. This is a white crepe paper on which are printed large turkeys in natural colors. It is gathered along the upper edge very slightly and fastened by pinning under the edge of the table cloth.

The place cards are small turkeys with easel-backs that can be made from the little turkeys cut from the paper "turkeys" that are "got out" for Thanksgiving. These little gobblers should first be mounted on heavy cardboard and then touched up with a little gold paint on the feathers to give them a hand-painted effect.

A most amusing turkey centerpiece represents the piece de resistance of the Thanksgiving table as a very sporty bird indeed. He wears a high silk hat he carries a cane under one arm, or rather, under one claw, and in his beak is cocked a long black cigar. His feathers are white and brown and his wattle a brilliant red, and his tail is spread to its greatest extent. But, what is a hollow sham, and his interior can be used as a receptacle for favors or bonbons.

One of these gay birds would certainly create a great deal of merriment at the dinner table.

May we so order our lives that we may ever strive to be at one with God, not only to give but also to five, think unto God in this holy frame of mind may we all enter into the spirit of Thanksgiving day.

Reading the Death Warrant



Natural Clash. "What is the matter with the person and the doctor that they cannot agree?" "The person says the doctor is so contrary. Just as soon as he gets a man properly prepared for the next world the doctor goes to work and cures him." —St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Her Definition. "Now, Helen," said the teacher, "can you tell me what a myth is?" "Yeth, ma'am," lisped Helen. "It's a woman that hath not got a huth band." —Woman's Home Journal

The End in View. Ella—Why do you let him call you by your first name? Stella—I want to encourage him to help me get rid of my last name. —Judge

A Matrimonial League

By SARAH BAXTER

"I think, girls," said Miss Clara Mansfield to four other young ladies who were sipping afternoon tea with her, "that if something is not done, and that, too, pretty soon, we're all booked for old maids. No young men come to this town, and those who are here are leaving. There are still left enough of them to provide us with husbands, but they have grown up beside us, with nothing occurring to make them matrimonially inclined toward us. Those men who have married have chosen wives elsewhere. It provokes me to see some girl with neither brains nor beauty brought back here by one of our fellows simply because she was new to him."

"No such thing, Clara," put in Margaret Stark. "The reason why girls from other places are getting the fellows away from us is that they go for them, while we sit here idly sucking our thumbs. But you are right when you say something must be done or we shall all be old maids."

"I've heard of a custom somewhere," said Dora Atkins, "that gives the advantage to the girl. If a woman wants a man she paints a red heart on one of her visiting cards and pins it on to the coat or the hat or something of the man she wants. Now, how would it do for us to form a league of heart pinners, each girl member pledged to pin a heart to some man?"

"Horrible!" exclaimed Lucy Jones, throwing her eyes and her hands up at the ceiling.

"Better than everlasting spinsterhood," said Evelyn Treborne.

The upshot of the dialogue was the formation of the league proposed, each girl making the pledge, though it was decided to leave out the card of the one pinning on the heart. Modesty would not stand this. Besides, an anonymous heart would excite curiosity. But the intent of the token was permitted to reach the young men who were to be the victims. Miss Mansfield had a brother who was wanted by one of the young ladies—which one she was not told—and she volunteered to give him the notice.

One night the league was discussed at the club by the young men. Every man claimed that the idea was preposterous and that if he received a heart he would pay no attention to it. But there was not a man jack of them but feared he would not receive one. The next evening when the men straggled in at the club Jim Mansfield confessed that he had found a heart pinned to his hat when he took it up to go out in the morning. He said that the lady could send him a dozen hearts if she liked; she would get no reply from him. At the same time he was reading his brain for a plan to find out which girl had sent him the heart.

The next day Stevenson's attention was called to a red heart pinned to his coat. How it got there he did not know, but supposed it had been placed there by a small boy, hired by him to do the job. The same evening there was a small social gathering at the house of one of the league, and two other men on going to the coat room found hearts pinned to their overcoats.

One of these men when about to put on his hat found another heart in the lining.

Also, this was the rankerworm that was destined to spoil an excellent plan. Ned Skomer, who was blessed—or cursed—with two hearts at his disposal, instead of keeping the fact to himself, boasted of it to his companions. This excited the spleen of Arthur Beam, who received no heart at all.

As for the girls, the apple of discord was also thrown among them. The two girls who had set their hearts on the same man each began a secret inquiry as to who her rival was. Neither was long in gaining the required information, and soda after the discovery they were not on speaking terms. Evelyn Treborne had sent a heart to Andy Skinner, which he surmised came from Jenny Brown. He accused Miss Brown, who indignantly denied the charge. She spoke disparagingly of Skinner to Margaret Stark, who had sent him the heart, and this made a break between the two girls. Within a week after the establishment of the league there were half a dozen quarrels between the different persons sending and receiving hearts, including some of the men who had not been honored by being wanted.

Then came Trimmingham, a stranger, to the place, and, hearing of the league and having secured the names of the members, he wrote each one a note stating that he had received a red heart; that she was the only girl in the world he wanted, and if the heart came from her he had one to give in exchange.

For a few days after this every member of the league was in a flutter. Five notes went out to Trimmingham from five different girls, each acknowledging that she had sent him a heart. Then two girls compared notes, and there were two expressions.

"Well, I declare!"

"The horrid thing!"

That led to more comparisons, and the league was broken up.

Meanwhile Trimmingham had left for parts unknown. And it was well for him that he had, for there were five girls each and every one of whom was ready to stick pins into him. Some of these young ladies afterward found husbands, but not in the place they lived. There was one agreement between them—"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

For the Children

A Queer Marine Animal is the Dugong or Sea Cow.



Photo by American Museum of Natural History.

The American Museum of Natural History, New York City, recently installed as a new exhibit a specimen of a dugong, or sea cow. Its general appearance the dugong resembles the familiar seal, but has no hair on the body and is more nearly related to the porpoises and whales; nevertheless it is a warm blooded animal. The present specimen is nearly seven feet long and is the only one of its kind known to be preserved in any museum of the western hemisphere.

This animal is found on the shores of the Indian ocean, fifteen degrees on each side of the equator, from East Africa to Australia, and also in the Red Sea. It is a marine animal which never ascends the rivers, its food consisting chiefly of seaweed and the algae found in the water. Years ago it was reported to have been found in large herds of several hundred individuals and to have been so fearless as to allow itself to be touched with the hand of man.

The flesh of the young dugong has been compared with pork, beef and veal; but the old animals are tough and not so highly prized. The skin is smooth and thick; the upper lip is large and thick and covers broad incisors, forming a kind of snout something like the trunk of an elephant, but short across. The eyes are small and are supplied with a large lid, which closes horizontally across the eye.

To its habit of raising its snout out of the water and of its position for its young, which it carries under the fore fin, seems to have been the reason of the name "sea cow" which the name dugong was given to this order of mammals.

Causes of Freckles.

Are you FRECKLED? These brown spots are called freckles and are on the skin of some people, especially after they have been exposed to the sun. If you want to the country the best remedy is to use a good cream or ointment. Freckles come on the hands and face because those parts of the skin are unprotected by clothes. Some people have more freckles than others. Freckles are the result of the sun's action on cells of the skin, which cause those cells to produce coloring matter which remains there for a time.

To play this game, one player is blindfolded and stands in the center. The other players sit in chairs in a circle around him. The players are numbered consecutively from one to the highest number playing.

The game starts with the blindfolded player calling out two numbers, whereupon the players with those numbers must exchange places. The blindfolded player trying to catch one of the players, so as to obtain one of the chairs.

In this game no player must go outside of the circle, but any other device may be used to escape capture, such as stooping, creeping, etc.

Word Addition.

To insure add the shortest word in the dictionary; to the combination add an essential for light at night in sunny homes; add again your automobile, and you will have the four syllables forming the name of a large island. Answer: Mad-a-ga-car—Madagascar.

Up is Date.

A howdaisy Red Riding Hood would never tread that lonesome wood in a new buggy motorcar. The way to find out is not far. And wouldn't you just adore that tree. So there would be no woodman, see? In all of solitary make. She carries salads, ornate cake. A patent bottle holds hot tea. Or cooling drink, as case may be. Her rifle, small, with newest latch. Her vagrant Walt would soon dispatch. The old time cape would hurt her pride. She'd have one made of that wool's hide. Then Mother Goose no tale could tell I like new things, but this I know I'm glad that she lived long ago! —Philadelphia Record

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