Have You Seen the Latest in Gas Heaters?

They take up less space; are just as effective as ever, and the inviting and warming glow of the Copper Reflector is emphasized by the smooth black enamel finish of the metal body of the heater. These heaters have no key. Gas must be turned off at the fixture; therefore, they are unusually safe.

Prices: $2.25 to $3.25

Tubing Extra

Phone Us. We will send for your order.

Rochester Railway and Light Co.

34 Clinton Avenue North

Bell Main 3960 Home Stone 125

Fallen or hanging wires should always be considered dangerous. Don't touch them. Notify us.

Bell Phone, Main 4472 Home Phone, Stone 2035

LET KEELY DO IT

L. J. Keely Carting Co.
Successor to Claude L. Jones'

33-35 Malvern Street

Furniture, Freight, Light Delivery

MOVING VAN

A Specialty of Family Moving. Experienced, Careful Men. Expert Packing, Prompt Service—Carting of all kinds.

ESTABLISHED 1883

Home, Stone 3728 PHONES Bell, Chase 242

Trott Brothers Co. Inc.

MONUMENTS AND MEMORIALS
Granite, Marble and Bronze

1120 MOUNT HOPE AVENUE

TAKE SOUTH AVENUE CAR TO MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY

Home Phone, 514 Stone Bell Phone, Genesee 814

LYELL AVE. LUMBER CO.

Everything in Lumber

551 Lyell Avenue Rochester, N. Y.

Rochester Phone Stone 4864

Tucker Plating Works

Re-Finishing and Re-Plating of Automobile and Motorcycle parts a specialty; also Re-Lacquering of Chandeliers, Lamps and Portables

105 North Water Street

"FREE BURNING"

HARD COAL

Egg or Stove	$6.00
Nut	$6.25
Pea	$5.00

Per Ton, Delivered

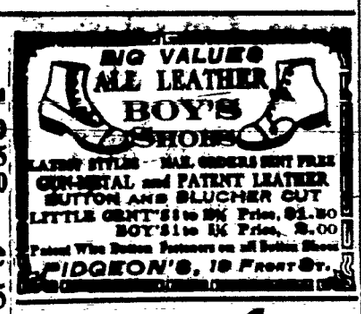
"Derry" Coke

Egg or Stove	$5.75
Nut	$5.50

Per Ton, Delivered

JENKINS & MACY CO.

Both 'Phones, No. 81
Office Cutler Bldg., 42 East Ave.
Yards—1045 Main St. E., 119 Child St.
381 Main Street W.



YOUNG'S

Shell Oyster and Fish Market
All Kinds of Sea Food in Season
Lobsters, Shrimps, Etc.
114 Main Street West
Bell Phone 3985 Main Rochester Phone 2265

Rochester Phone 5479

Albert McLean

PIANO MOVER

Automobile Truck for City and Country

46 Comfort St.

JOSEPH ZICK

Maker of
Guaranteed Quality Traveling Bags
Buy from the Factory Stone 4545
12 Walnut Street

H. B. Smith E. H. Withington

SMITH & WITHINGTON COAL

Phones HomeStone 3842 Bell Main 1662
38 North Fitzhugh St.

Telephones Roch. Stone 5322, Bell 1508 Main

Frederick Baetzel COAL

438 Exchange Street

Our Manufacturing of fine jewelry, also our repair department at your service. There is nothing we cannot repair or remodel. Watch repairing a specialty. We also carry a selectline of Jewelry. Give us a call. H. J. Fitzpatrick, 735 Mercantile Bldg.

Family Washing, rough-dry, 50 per pound, with all the flat pieces ironed; damp wash, 30 pounds, 60c; lace curtains 25c pair; fine, hand-finished work at lowest prices; all work called for and delivered promptly; send a trial bundle.
THE HOUSEHOLD LAUNDRY
Chase 51-W Stone 2878-J

DEATH STRUGGLE OF SERB NATION

Fight to a Finish Against Overwhelming Odds.

"WHEN I am killed you can flee or surrender."

Thus spoke King Peter of Servia to his soldiers, fighting against the greatest odds that ever a nation was forced to meet.

Like a true soldier and king, Peter is in the trenches, dressed as a private and courting death, as we are told some of the warriors of old courted it on the field of battle.

It is not the first time that King Peter joined his soldiers in the present war. When the Austrians rolled back the Servians late last fall and all but overcame the plucky peasants it was the appearance of Peter among his men that so inspired them that the Austrians were brought to a bloody standstill and driven through Belgrade across the Danube into their own territory.

Now Servia is again facing the invader—not one invader, but three of them, for she is pressed by Austrians, Germans and Bulgars. Literally the little nation is fighting for its life. If it fails in its resistance it will be the end not merely of the Servian army, but practically of the Servians. Men and women and even children are in the ranks. Side by side the nation is fighting for its very existence.

Servia is dying hard. Almost alone stands her gaunt little army between

Photos by American Press Association.

KING PETER AND SERVIAN SOLDIERS.

its foes and the coveted prize, Constantinople. They have a way of saying in the camps that the Servian army comes from the backwoods of Europe. Perhaps so. Perhaps it is made up of peasants who have hardly put off their soldier clothes for the past three years. But the Servian army is giving a good account of itself.

No army can do this without a leader. Who heads the little force of Servia?

It is a resourceful, brainy, asthmatic little man with fire in his eye, General Putnik, of whom the world has heard little. He is one of those geniuses whom the war is bringing forth as in a trial by fire, while the dross is disappearing and the lesser leaders are sinking into their obscurity.

This is the little man—he is sixty-eight years old now—who, they say, went through the Turkish war in his slippers. For asthma racks his frail, slight body. His infirmities require him to live always in a warm room. But the radiations from that mind of his cannot be confined. They flash over the rocky spaces of Servia. It were better to have Putnik in dressing gown and slippers in a warm room miles from the front than a stupid blunderer right behind the firing line. For it is by sheer power of brains that the little Servian army is deployed most effectively against the superior enemy.

It is a losing fight. No one knows it better than the Servians themselves. That is what makes it share in the qualities of the Spartan defense at Thermopylae. Putnik is making it as expensive as he can for the others.

And what of the Servian soldiers? They are men of iron, splendid fighters who fight on, although semistarvation has become to them almost the normal condition. It is hard to realize the extent of their privations and the loss of life by war and disease that Servia has suffered during this dreadful contest. If the death of a brave little nation is indeed at hand, if Servia is to be wiped off the map, it will leave at least a splendid memory behind of heroes who stubbornly defended every inch of their territory and who yielded only to overwhelming numbers and to the ravages of disease. The sins of Servia will be forgiven and forgotten, but its virtues will live long in the memories of men.

Bianca

By EUNICE BLAKE

One day George Tibbitts was at an auction sale where a number of wax figures intended to show women's drapery were being sold, and, fancying the expression on the face of one of them, he bid a trifling amount on it just for fun, he said. To his surprise the figure was knocked down to him. He ordered it sent home and when it came carried it up to his room. His sister, Fredrica, stood looking on wonder struck.

"Permit me to introduce my wife," he said, with mock impressiveness. "Let's dress her up to see how she looks."

Fredrica assented, and the figure was properly attired. There it stood in a corner, and every time George entered the room he was greeted with a smile.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "I wonder if this isn't better than the real thing! No scowl, no curtain lecture, no jealousy—all smiles."

One of Fredrica's former schoolmates came to visit her. George on being presented regretted that Mrs. Tibbitts was indisposed and not fit to make an appearance to welcome the new arrival.

"Why," said the guest to Fredrica, "I didn't know your brother was married."

George gave his sister a look, and she turned the subject.

A few days later the guest, Miss Eleanor Trevor, asked George how his wife was getting on.

"Poorly," replied George. "The truth is the day of your arrival a fire was built on the hearth, and it was too hot for her. She is disfigured, I fear, forever." The last words were said lugubriously.

"What a pity! Was she badly burned?"

"Her nose is all gone." He wiped away what was supposed to be a tear.

Notwithstanding this misfortune, George at times was very cheerful. His sister asked him what he was driving at with her friend, and George said that he wished to win her sympathy. Just now it was on account of his wife's misfortune. By and by it would be on account of his being tied to a disfigured woman. He told Fredrica that if she would keep mum he would give her something pretty.

One day George came downstairs evidently much excited and reported to Fredrica and Eleanor that Bianca—that was the name he gave his wife—had fallen against the corner of a bureau and one of her eyes had been knocked out.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Eleanor. "I mean, poor woman!"

George looked at his sister, as much as to say, "Didn't I tell you so?"

The next day George came to Eleanor, looking almost heartbroken. She asked him what new trouble had come upon him.

"I've been cruelly deceived," he said.

"By whom?"

"Bianca. She never told me she had a glass eye. It was knocked out by her fall, and I found it on the floor."

"That's too bad," said the sympathetic girl. She was thinking what a sad case it was for George to be tied up to a woman whose nose had been disfigured and who wore a glass eye. But the worst of it all was that the poor boy had been deceived.

Eleanor was curious to see Mrs. Tibbitts, but George declared that she would see no one unless a new nose could be spliced on to her face, and since the accident she had not been able to wear her glass eye. He seemed inclined to console himself with Miss Trevor, and Miss Trevor had not the heart to refuse to console so unfortunate a man. Eleanor told Fredrica that she feared she would be blamed in the matter, but Fredrica assured her that she was perfectly right to do what she could to alleviate her brother's misfortunes.

George grew devoted to Eleanor in proportion as his wife met with new misfortunes. One day the poor woman eliminated one of her cheeks with a hot curling iron; the next she burned off a lot of her hair by getting too near a gas jet. Indeed, it seemed that presently the only pretty thing about her would be her name.

Then Bianca was stricken with smallpox, and the last agony in this series of misfortunes came one evening when George announced in a broken voice that Bianca's pure soul had gone to heaven. Eleanor did not stop to think that a woman who had deceived a lover with a glass eye could hardly be called a pure soul. She put her arms around the widower to comfort him, and somehow or other their cheeks grazed. Fredrica says their lips met.

"You may see her," said George. "Her disfigurements make no difference now."

With his arm around his comforter's waist, Fredrica behind stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth to keep from laughing aloud, the three went up to George's room. There on the bed lay Bianca staring up at the ceiling with her remaining eye, her face much melted away by too close contiguity to various fires. Eleanor disengaged herself from George with an angry look on her face, but Fredrica put her arms about her friend's neck and pacified her.

To tell the truth, pacification was not needed. Eleanor had suffered herself to become attached to one she supposed to be a married man, and the finding that he was free was a great relief. In a few minutes she was laughing with the others.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Baltimore's only woman dentist is Dr. Fannie E. Hoopes.

Miss Mary E. Ingersoll of Cleveland is a descendant of Jonathan Edwards.

Miss Claire Gleason, a law clerk in the office of the comptroller of the currency at Washington, began her career as a stenographer.

Mary Pickford came awfully near being a failure in the movies. If her hair were a shade lighter and if her eyes were a shade more blue she wouldn't take a good picture at all.

Mrs. Beulah E. Jay tired of commercialized drama, and, all unaided, she built a $100,000 playhouse in Philadelphia to produce plays that the regular managers would allow to go begging. She was the first to show the Quaker City Ibsen's "Ghosts."

Miss Beah M. Whitehead of Seattle is said to be the prettiest judge in the United States. She is one of the five judges of the city court at Seattle, and, though when she was elected it was expected that she would handle cases involving women and children, so far her work has been about the same as that of her four colleagues.

Current Comment.

Poor old China has to expect that it will be advised by all the rest of the world every time it wishes to sneeze.—Chicago News.

Pity the poor Filipinos! According to reports they are not fit to govern themselves and we are not fit to do it for them.—Boston Herald.

The complete removal of difficulty at Culebra cut would be an engineering feat worthy of another big celebration at San Francisco.—Washington Star.

Emperor Yoshihito is the one hundred and twenty-second of his line. Here in America a political party thinks it does wonders if it holds on for two successive terms.—New York Sun.

PITH AND POINT.

If wishes were peace no nation would be at war.

Peace and the end of the world have still got the prophets guessing.

It may sound paradoxical, but the apple of a man's eye is usually a peach.

Some men are as agreeable as they look, while others just wear a smile in public.

The line between the rest cure and pure laziness is frequently indistinguishable.

Spending a dollar before it is earned is like eating an egg that is to be laid tomorrow.

Conscience in some people is that which tells them when their neighbors are doing wrong.

Even after the war is ended it may take some years to wind up the diplomatic correspondence.

Reading about Europe's war begins to be exhausting, but it must be worse to have to fight the war.

Anyway, let's prayerfully hope that the war will not be prolonged until the rights of neutrals are definitely established.

The chap that's always kicking because he doesn't get what's coming to him may not be aware of his exceedingly good fortune.

With the steel mills already booking orders for the third quarter of 1916, it would appear that business would continue good for some time, anyhow.

The Home Doctor.

Witch hazel is an excellent lotion for large pores; also for red, veiny patches.

Alcohol "baths" are thrice beneficial when the hand is substituted for the sponge of old time usage.

An instantaneous cure for hiccup, which seldom fails, is to take one teaspoonful of common vinegar.

Boils on the back of the neck are often caused by irritation of the clothing and infection of the hands. In the beginning the infection is generally about a hair root. All such hairs should be pulled out early and the spot bathed twice a day with grain alcohol.

Waves of Water.

For over 1,200 miles the Nile does not receive a single tributary stream.

The Ganges is 1,570 miles long and drains an area of 750,000 square miles.

The San Francisco, a river of Brazil, is 1,400 miles in length and was so called because it was discovered on the feast day of St. Francis.

The Ohio river is 975 miles long. From the source of its longest tributary to the junction of the Mississippi the total length is nearly 1,500 miles.

Town Topics.

Boston faces a bean famine. But we still have our Browning and brown bread.—Boston Herald.

New York city now has a dodo, which is a prehistoric bird, to keep company with some of its prehistoric horse cars.—Florida Times-Union.

Chicago life cannot be accused of dullness when one can stand on the Madison street bridge while it is rammed by passing boats and barges.—Chicago News.

His Decision

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

The day that Martin Bradley came of age he lighted a cigar, sauntered from his home and started to business. He had not gone a block when a man accosted him.

"Big garden; Mr. Fields of Sherwood & Fields, attorneys, desires to see you in his office."

"Where is Mr. Fields' office?" asked Bradley.

"I will show you."

The man started off, followed by Bradley, and, arriving at their destination, ushered him into a private office, where a benevolent looking man sat at a desk, then withdrew, closing the door behind him. Mr. Fields asked Bradley to take a chair beside him, then said:

"It has been one of my professional duties to keep track of you for twenty years. You are twenty-one years old today and a fortune of half a million is yours."

Bradley looked both surprised and incredulous.

"I have other information to give you that probably will balance what I have told you. You are not the son of your supposed parents. Your name is not Bradley; it is Stevens."

A cold shiver came over the young man. He was about to cry out a denial when the attorney went on:

"Pardon me, but I have an unpleasant duty to perform in giving you the part of the information I have for you, though the only really disagreeable thing about it is that you are not the person you suppose yourself to be. About twenty-two years ago your supposed mother, Mrs. Bradley, was in danger of losing her husband's love. They had been married ten years, and no children had come to them. This was a great disappointment to Mr. Bradley. There was a crisis in their affairs and the husband was about to leave his wife when she informed him that she was about to become a mother.

"From this moment the relationship between them that had existed during the first years of their married life was restored. In due time a child was presented to Mr. Bradley, but it was not his son. Mrs. Bradley, in order to keep him, had procured the child of other parents and led him to suppose that it was their offspring."

The listener groaned and covered his face with his hands. After a pause the attorney continued:

"That part of your life history which were given to the Bradleys is an old story, and for the present at least I need only give you an outline. The daughter of ambitious parents contracted a secret marriage with a poor young man. You were the fruit, the only fruit, of that marriage. Your father died before you were born; your mother in giving birth to you. The marriage never having been divulged to your grandparents, the determination to send you to a friend, your supposed mother, and, it was this offer that Mrs. Bradley to present you as her own child. Before your mother's death she sent for me and told me of your existence and of your parentage, and I promised to help you, leaving it discretionary with me to inform you of the facts of your birth.

"Not long after your parents' death your grandfather made a lucky hit, a mine stroke that gave him, combined with what he had made before, a great fortune. His only child, your mother, being dead, he called on me to draw up a will leaving his property to charity. I then told him the story of his daughter's marriage and of your existence.

"He was desirous of claiming you from your foster parents, but, on my representation, that such action would bring misery to a devoted couple, desisted. He made the will in your favor, instructing me, on your coming of age, to inform you of your true origin and that you were the possessor of a fortune. The will makes it optional with you to assume your own name and inherit the estate or to remain as you are, in which case it goes to charity. He died only a year ago. I have given you but an outline of the story, and it remains for you to decide whether you will become Arthur Stevens, with half a million, or remain Martin Bradley, without it."

It was some time before the young man spoke. He said:

"What I am to decide between is giving great pain to the dearest woman and the best man in the world and a splendid fortune. My decision is made. I relinquish the fortune."

"Had you not better think the matter over? You forget that, with this money, you might give them many comforts, much happiness."

"They don't need the comforts, and instead of happiness I should inflict a frightful blow."

"Then I am to regard your decision as final?"

"You are."

The lawyer took the young man's hand in his and said:

"I wish I had a son like you."

* * * * * * *

Ten years later a widow lay dying. Her son, a man past thirty, knelt by her bedside.

"I have wronged you, my boy," she said. "I have deprived you of a fortune. It has been my selfishness. Had you known what I have done—"

"Mother, I have known your secret ever since the day I came of age. I gave up a fortune of my own free will that no break might come in our happy home, no trouble to you."