

THE COAST LINE TO MACKINAC

DETROIT, CLEVELAND, BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS, TOLEDO, PT. HURON, ALPENA, ST. IGNACE.

A REAL VACATION—The Water Way is the Only Way

Daily service between Detroit and Buffalo and Cleveland. Day trips during July and August, as well as two boats out of Detroit and Cleveland every Saturday and Sunday during those months. FOUR TRIPS WEEKLY FROM TOLEDO AND DETROIT TO MACKINAC ISLAND. WEEKLY SERVICE FROM CLEVELAND TO MACKINAC ISLAND. TWO TRIPS WEEKLY TO MACKINAC ISLAND. EXCEPT AT DETROIT EVERY TRIP.

Daily service between Toledo and Buffalo. June 10th to Sept. 10th. RAILROAD TICKETS ACCEPTED ON D & C. Line Steamers between Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo. Other directions. Send two cent stamp for illustrated pamphlet and Great Lakes DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO. Central Standard Time.

P. H. McMillan, Pres. A. A. Schantz, V. P. & G. M.

John H. McAnarney

General Insurance Fidelity Bonds

101-102 Ellwanger & Barry Bldg.

Roch. Phone 2172 Bell Phone 3682 Main

German American Lumber Co

GET OUR PRICES

142 Portland Ave. 888 Clinton Ave. S

Both Phones, Home 1385, Bell 1246

HOTEL ROCHESTER

300 Rooms. All With Bath

Invites you to join with them after theatre in their beautiful dining room. Special service. Dancing for those who wish it and entrancing music for all.

GEO. W. SWEENEY, President, WM. D. HORSTMAN, Mgr.

Bell Phone 1279 Main Home Phone 2067 Stone

All the Tools for Your Spring Work

THE FARMERS' STORE

BURR & STARKWEATHER CO.

42-48 Stone Street

FRANK R. BOHNKE

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL **FLORIST**

Cut Flowers, Plants and Decorations. Funeral Designs a Specialty. Special prices on standing orders to Churches, Clubs and Societies. Greenhouses and Residence

84 Miller Street

Visitors Always Welcome Tel. Main 1486-W We Like Inquiries

TOWNER'S CYCLE SHOP

Sole Agents

Dayton Motor Cycles and Bicycles

Repairing and Supplies

940 JAY ST. Opp. Holy Family School

Bell Main 4666-6667

Home Phone 4493 Bell Phone 4476

Stone Main

Laundry Company

We Pay Our Own Compensation Tax

Rochester Phone 3867 Bell Phone Main 3355

THE GRAY

CARPET CLEANING WORKS

Carpets cleaned by Compressed Air

Steam Feather and Mattress Renovating

17-29 Mt. Hope Avenue Rochester, N. Y.

Both Telephones 541

F. L. Hughes & Co., Inc.

Structural Steel and Iron Work

Brugh's Patented Steel Post Caps and Mangers

Office and Works, SOUTH AVE

Structural Shop and Stock Yard, LYELL AVE

Rochester, N. Y.

W. C. MENGES T. I. WHITFORD

MENGES, WHITEHOUSE & CO.

Funeral Directors

Public Funeral Chapel

399 PORTLAND AVENUE

Stone 2628 Main 6396 Lady Attendant

LEWIS EDELMAN

Bituminous **COAL**

88 Portland Avenue

Near N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Telephone 576

The Best Remedy

Jackson's Cough Syrup 25c

Geo. Hahn

Prescription Druggist

561 State Street

Specialist on Diseases of the Heart

L. MILES, M. T. D., M. S.

Mechano and Hydro-Therapy

42 Elwood Bldg.

Office Hours 7 to 5 P. M. Daily

B. B. Smith E. H. Withington

SMITH & WHITINGTON

COAL

Phones Home Stone 3542 Bell Main 1064

38 North Fitzhugh St.

WILLIAM C. GRAY

Civil Engineer and Surveyor

Room 1, 77 Main Street West

Rochester, N. Y.

Home Phone 3155 Stone Bell Main 70

PERSONAL ATTENTION

OFFICE PHONES: Home 1199 Stone Bell 1799 Main

RESIDENCE PHONE: Charlotte Bell 220 M

R. WILLIAMSON

Contractor and Builder

25 East Main St. Room 205

The New Rexton Hat

Ask your Dealer to show our new

REXTON HATS

WE MAKE THEM

William F. Whitford Co.

Manufacturers

62 STATE ST. Rooms 412-416

Home Phone Stone 709-X

Have Your Pictures Framed at

SEAROGLE'S ART ROOMS

Picture Framing and Regilding

Rochester Phone 592 L

65 State St. Rochester, N. Y.

Geo. Engert & Co.

COAL

Principal Office and Yard Telephone 251

306 Exchange Street

A Student of Languages

For the Purpose of a Sojourn Abroad

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

"Lizette," said Mrs. Carrington to her maid, who was dressing her hair. "I expect to go abroad in the autumn. I shall go first to Italy, then to Switzerland, then to France. I shall get on very well in France, because I have learned to speak the language in talking with you. I have been studying Italian, but in order to converse in that language I need practice in it such as I have had with you in French. I am thinking of getting another maid for that purpose. Not to interfere with you, she will have the care of my wardrobe and wait upon me when you are otherwise engaged."

"Will you give her the care of your jewels, madame?"

"Not at all. You will remain in charge of them. I have perfect confidence in you and would not think of intrusting them to the care of any one else."

This announcement was to prepare Lizette for the coming of one she might otherwise think was intended to take her place. Mrs. Carrington applied to her Italian teacher to furnish her with a woman who would accept a maid's place, but who could speak Italian more correctly than one usually occupying a menial position. He promised Mrs. Carrington to interest himself in the matter.

In due time a young woman appeared with a note from Signor Speretti, the Italian teacher, introducing her and touching for the correctness with which she spoke the Italian language. Her name was Bianca Morelli. She seemed rather younger than the age she gave, which was twenty-two, not appearing to be more than eighteen. Instead of having the black hair and eyes usual to Italians, she was a blond. Since Mrs. Carrington needed her to converse with and Signor Speretti vouches for her pronunciation and general knowledge of the Italian language she was engaged.

Indeed, Bianca was found not to be of much use for any purpose except that for which she was especially needed. She had nothing to do with her mistress's toilet, that was attended to by Lizette, but when called upon to bring some article of clothing she manifested a singular obtuseness. On one occasion when told to bring a tea gown she brought a bath robe. On another, when the Italian was called upon for a brassiere, she handed in a brush and comb.

Lizette laughed at the girl for her stupidity, but her mistress believed that Bianca had not been brought up with well to do women. She had doubtless associated with those who were only the plainest clothing. But Mrs. Carrington could not understand, if this had been her condition, how she could speak the language of a well bred person. Bianca explained by saying that she had never had a sister that her parents, though they had been well to do persons, during their childhood and youth could not give her the variety of dress enjoyed by other girls of her class.

Bianca had not been long in the house before her mistress began to notice that the relations between her two maids had changed. Lizette had at first rather patronized Bianca, sympathizing with her stupidity as to her duties and instructing her in them. All of a sudden her manner toward her fellow servant changed. The freedom with which she had treated her disappeared and was replaced by a reserve. Then, too, she was at times inclined to speak harshly to the Italian, while at other times she would seem singularly complimentary.

Mrs. Carrington one day spoke to Lizette about this change.

"Lizette," she said, "I know the difficulties of servants constantly under the same roof getting on with each other, but I do hope that you and Bianca will not disagree. I am rapidly becoming able to give her orders and understand what she says to me in Italian. Now, if you and Bianca quarrel I shall have to send her away, and that will be the end of my practice in Italian. Try to get on with her for the few months that remain before you go abroad."

This brought no explanation of the status between the two maids. Lizette did not admit that there was any feeling on her part for Bianca and she did not deny that there was. She was "done" by the mistress's hair when the subject was broached and went on brushing the glass, locks without a word. But Mrs. Carrington saw by her rejection in a mirror her hair that her maid was perturbed by what she had said and was evidently concealing something.

Mrs. Carrington was more interested in keeping her two maids on amicable terms than in forcing out the cause of this singular change that had come between them. Nevertheless she noticed that Bianca seemed to have an influence over Lizette. One day when she was alone with her, she called Lizette to her and getting a reply, she went to the servants' quarters to see what was the matter. Opening a door without warning, she came upon the two maids in earnest conversation. The French girl was talking rapidly

and listening to what the other was saying.

"Lizette," said the mistress, "I have been calling you for some time."

"Yes, madame. I didn't hear you, madame."

Mrs. Carrington returned to her room, followed by Lizette. As soon as they were alone together the mistress said:

"Lizette, of course what goes on between you and Bianca does not necessarily concern me, but I don't want any mystery in my house. Though I want Bianca for practice in speaking Italian, I will send her away at once if she is interfering in any way with my domestic arrangements."

"She does not interfere, madame," was the almost inaudible reply.

Mrs. Carrington was puzzled. She said no more, but kept up a good deal of thinking about this strange status between the two maids. Had it been between Lizette and the butler she would not have been surprised, for a concealed love is a common mystery. But the lady could not understand any relationship between two girls that needed to be kept secret.

One evening when Mrs. Carrington was dressing for a function calling for her most resplendent adornments she sent Lizette for her jewels. They were kept in a safe set into the wall. Mrs. Carrington and Lizette were the only two persons who knew this combination. Lizette went to the safe, opened it, but when she looked in the box containing the jewels they were not there.

Mrs. Carrington, hearing something fall and Lizette not returning with the jewels, went into the hallway and saw the girl lying in a heap before the safe. Running to her, she picked up Lizette, who at the same time came to herself and looked with terrible distress at the empty jewel box lying on the floor beside her. Mrs. Carrington took in the situation at once.

The lady on this occasion exhibited great presence of mind. She closed the safe door and turned the combination lock to lock it. Then she raised Lizette and supported her, taking the jewel box with her, to her own room and locking the door, placed her on a lounge. No suspicion of Lizette was entertained, for she had evidently met with a surprise. She said that she had never given the combination of the safe to any one.

Mrs. Carrington went to a telephone booth and rang a detective agency, giving the chief a brief statement of the case. He advised that the loss of the jewels be kept a secret, and it was arranged that Mrs. Carrington should add to her staff of language instructors a German, who should really be a detective.

Mrs. Carrington gave out to the household that she had become suddenly indisposed and kept her room. Lizette remaining with her. The next morning the mistress was relieved to learn that none of her servants had disappeared. After breakfast Professor Sweitzer appeared, and it was announced that he would remain a short time in the house to ground Mrs. Carrington in the essentials of the German language.

He had a private conversation with Lizette, and after it was finished told her mistress that she knew who had taken the jewels, but would not touch the next item of news he gave his employer was that Bianca was a man.

Mrs. Carrington, as soon as she had recovered from her astonishment, saw through the strange status between her two maids. The man had doubtless revealed himself to Lizette and had very likely made love to her. Both she and the detective felt sure that the accused Bianca had stolen the jewels, and the question was how to prevent her knowing that the theft had been discovered and his slipping away before he could be secured. He showed apprehension on the introduction of Professor Sweitzer into the household, but no sign of intended flight.

The practiced eye of the detective was not deceived in the Italian's make-up, though it had deceived every one in the house. Of course, this fact being known, no other evidence was required that he was the thief. The professor not only kept his knowledge from the household, but dismissed any suspicion the casual might have that he was suspected. This he did because he wished to recover the stolen jewels as well as the criminal.

However, no time was lost. Calling for a couple of assistants the detective arrested Bianca. Of course the Italian knew that his game was discovered and it was all up with him. Without putting his assistants to the trouble of making an examination he confessed that he was a man, that he had learned of Mrs. Carrington's desire for an Italian maid and had disguised himself for the purpose of securing the situation, and further, he had gone under Lizette under her influence and controlled himself behind her when she opened the safe thus learning the combination. He had taken the jewels during the night before the loss was discovered and was watching for an opportunity to go away with them. They were concealed where they would be easily found, and Mrs. Carrington decided to let him go, but if he would give them up, this he did, and so far as she was concerned, he was not troubled.

When Mrs. Carrington went abroad she took Lizette with her, having forgiven her for having been captivated by the Italian, which was her only sin, for she was not suspected of any complicity with his dishonesty. Her mistress was enabled to call for what she wanted in Italy and understand, as a measure, what was said to her. She prized the little Italian she had learned from "Bianca." Inasmuch as it had nearly cost her her jewels.

The Jimdandy Auto Company

It Made Good In the Nick of Time

By F. A. MITCHEL

Julian Stafford was an example of the ups and downs of life. Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he never knew during his childhood and youth what it was to want for anything. Instead of having to go to work when he was a boy, like many other children, he was associating with companions of his own age, both boys and girls, whose parents were well to do, and the kind of cravat he wore or the cut of his coat was of infinitely more importance to him than the money required to pay for such articles. Indeed, he had only to order them. When the bills came in to his father they were paid, and Julian did not even know of the fact.

However, this happy period ended. About the time Julian came of age his father lost a good deal of money. Julian went to work and earned enough for his necessities, which were not great. But a better period was in store for him.

Money is like quicksilver. So long as quicksilver is increased in a tight receptacle, with the top screwed down, it won't get away from you. But the moment the volatile metal finds a place to break through, no matter how small, there is no holding on to it.

When we have plenty of money, when we are making money, its value seems negligible. But when it has once been broken away from us it is like the quicksilver—it is mighty hard to pick it up again.

At twenty-five Julian Stafford was to speak figuratively, in a bed of roses. He had inherited \$10,000 from an aunt. For several years the country had been under the depressing influence of a commercial panic, and all sorts of property could be bought for a song. At the time Julian received his inheritance a change had begun to operate over monetary affairs, and he was advised, instead of investing his money at a safe and simple interest, to buy something with it. It didn't make much difference what he bought. Everything would for some years to come be increasing in value, and he would be able to sell his property for more than he had given for it.

Speculation seemed to Julian to be the simplest form for such speculation, and he bought \$10,000 worth of railroad shares. The stock market soon boomed, and he sold out, making, as he considered it, 50 per cent profit in six months. That was at the rate of doubling his money in a year. At 5 per cent interest it would require twenty years to do that.

Julian sold out just before the wave of speculation broke, and after it broke what he had sold could be bought again for what he had paid for it before. This time, instead of confining himself to what he writes his money would buy, he bought on a margin. Instead of buying \$20,000 worth of securities he bought \$100,000 worth. Again the market boomed. Every day for several days Julian was making twice as much as his aunt had left him.

At this time life to Stafford was filled with delight. In addition to making a fortune every day he was engaged to the dearest girl in the world. They had expected to live on a thousand a year in an apartment of four rooms, none of which was much bigger than a large closet. Julian figured up one night and found that he could sell out his stocks and have an income of \$10,000, derived from gilt-edge property. They could live in a stone front house.

One day when the market was jumping half a point or so on the ticker with every recorded sale Julian, who was standing over it and making a thousand dollars with every point, felt a tap on his shoulder. Turning, there he saw Erskine, a former schoolmate.

"Hello, Jim!"

"Hello, Julian! How are you making out?"

Julian very excitedly confided in his friend that he was getting rich so fast that he couldn't keep track of his funds.

"Let me have \$500, won't you, Julian? I've got a chance to go into a deal that I think there's millions in. There's just one—here on the ground floor left, and I can get it dirt cheap. I'll take you in for half of it."

Julian was making money so fast that he didn't want any more profits for himself. He was well disposed toward Erskine and what was \$500 to the tucker at a thousand dollars an hour, since he had made ten times that hour. But Julian had no remembrance within an hour? He gave Jim \$500 and received the amount before leaving the office.

That was a very exciting day for Julian—in fact the most exciting day of his life. He made more money in that one day than in all the time of \$50 a share.

When Julian went back to his wife and assured her of their good fortune she jumped out of bed, and the pair were before it breaks. The news that who were watching their opportunity, the next morning put out a report that one of the biggest headline concerns in Wall street was in trouble. Then commenced the tremble.

It was the old story with Julian. He

saw his fortune melt away before him. Down it went like a stack of card houses. Just before the closing hour his broker closed out his account, leaving him in debt for something like \$10,000.

This time when the market reached low tide it remained there for a long while. But this did not make any difference to Julian, for even if it had gone up again he had no money to buy with. At the beginning of the next month his broker sent him an account current showing his indebtedness and asked him to pay up. There were numerous credits and numerous charges. Julian didn't try to decipher it. He knew that his fortune had died as suddenly as it had been born, and he was too sick at heart to dissect the corpse.

Julian's girl turned out to be a tramp—that is, she was a tramp for Jim if not for herself. She had not shared her lover's wild enthusiasm while he was building an inverted pyramid of air, but now that he had gone under she did not desert him.

"It's lucky it came to you early in life, Julian," she said. "I think you are naturally visionary and that it was sure to come in time. Besides, even if you had for the present kept a fortune made in this way it would have taken wings later on. Now you can begin life on a more solid though a much slower basis."

Julian secured a position at \$35 a week, and on this he married Rose Meriwether. She proved an excellent manager, though the hardest thing she had to manage was her husband. It is not to be expected that a man who has made money at the rate of \$1,000 an hour and for the time being considered it as easy to produce as pumping water from a well will at once look out for small change. When Julian went home in the evening and reported that he had spent 99 cents for luncheon, 30 cents for car fare and 25 cents for two cigars, Rose figured that this totaled 65 cents—or about \$300 a year. Other expenses in proportion would bring ruin.

After many backslidings Julian got himself down to hard pan and many an evening when dead tired permitted a trolley car to go by him while he walked the two miles between his business and his house. But a baby came, and everybody knows that a baby brings added expense, which increases and multiplies till the child has grown and left the parental abode. Notwithstanding Rose's management and that she got Julian pretty well trained as to expenditures, they had a hard time of it. Doctor's bills, which are hard to take into consideration in laying out funds, came in, and every cent went for ordinary household expenditures.

But the hardest blow came when Mrs. Stafford, struggling against insurmountable obstacles, broke down. Julian was provider so far as he was able, and Rose was dispenser. Neither could supply the other's place. When under such circumstances the woman has to throw up the sponge the bottom drops out of the household. The couple could not afford a servant, and when Mrs. Stafford was unable to be up to cook the meals her husband was obliged to handle the skillet, which he did unsuccessfully, spoiling many a meal. This was hard both on his wife and himself.

Julian was too poor to buy a newspaper, but during the noon hour, while eating a lunch brought from home, he looked over the paper in the office. During his wife's illness he was one day reading the financial news from a force of habit—when he saw it stated there had been a sudden rise in Jimdandy Automobile. The company had succeeded in purchasing valuable patents and for a year had had their earnings large profits. Julian rubbed his eyes and saw that he had no reason to suppose concerned him and his luncheon at the same time had went back to work.

A few days later when Julian had prepared the breakfast and was talking some long and see up to his sick wife he stopped at the front door to answer the postman's whistle. He was handed a letter, which he carried on up with the breakfast. Having put the breakfast down beside his wife, he looked at the letter. On the left-hand corner was printed, "Jimdandy Automobile Company, James C. Erskine, Secretary." He opened the letter and read aloud:

Dear Julian—Our venture after a long period of distress—has at last made good. Under a reorganization our interest is 1,000 shares. As soon as the new certificates are issued I will send you your 500 shares. Since the recent advance the market price is 50. This makes your lot worth \$25,000. The reason I haven't given you any information before is because there was no good news to report. Yours, with congratulations,

J. M.

"What does it all mean?" asked Rose. "I don't know. Some one has made a blunder."

Rose suggested that he go next door, where the inmates had a telephone, and call up Erskine. He did so, and Jim undertook to remind him of the check for \$500 that Julian had given her when he was making money on the ticker at a thousand dollars an hour, since he had made ten times that hour. But Julian had no remembrance within an hour? He gave Jim \$500 and received the amount before leaving the office.

That was a very exciting day for Julian—in fact the most exciting day of his life. He made more money in that one day than in all the time of \$50 a share.

When Julian went back to his wife and assured her of their good fortune she jumped out of bed, and the pair were before it breaks. The news that who were watching their opportunity, the next morning put out a report that one of the biggest headline concerns in Wall street was in trouble. Then commenced the tremble.

It was the old story with Julian. He