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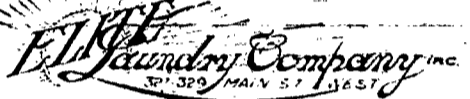
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The Colonel's Convalescence

By ALAN HINSDALE

In one of those battles between the French and Germans when the latter were endeavoring to reach the channel, Colonel Latrobe, a man of forty, was wounded and instead of being sent to a hospital was left for want of transportation at a chateau by the way. The lady who owned the place directed that he be placed in one of her best rooms and at once assumed his care. Fortunately for both, the fighting did not come near the chateau, and the colonel was left to recover, his wants being supplied by the lady, a spinster named Remercier.

Mlle. Remercier was some five years younger than Latrobe, and spinster usually preserve their youthful appearance longer than their married sisters. At any rate this is liable to be the case with unmarried women who have no cares or troubles. The colonel's nurse was still a handsome woman.

There was a long period of convalescence, during which the colonel was unable to join his command. Mlle. Remercier read to him, chatted with him, fed him, indeed made his convalescence delightful. Every morning she gathered flowers from her garden, carried them to his room and arranged them in a vase of Dresden china with her own hands. Many of the delicacies prepared for him to eat she cooked with her own hands. No matter what time of day he called for anything he needed the lady responded and always with a sympathetic smile.

In time Latrobe spent a portion of the day in an easy chair; then nearly all the day there; then he was able to walk about his room and finally to go downstairs. He was chafing to get back to the front, though loath to leave his luxurious abode and especially his fair hostess.

One morning in June he was sitting on the terrace with Mlle. Remercier. The sun shone brightly, and delicious perfume came from the roses growing beside the terrace. Conversation turned upon the school of St. Cyr, from which the colonel had been graduated a sublieutenant into the army.

"I visited St. Cyr when but seven years young," said Madame. "I can conceive of no place so entraining to a girl of that age as a military academy. The young men in uniform are far more respectful than those in civilian dress. There are the martial music, the military ceremonies, every thing to turn a girl's head."

"And I remember," added the colonel, "how the youngsters delighted in making love to the girls who visited St. Cyr. Lovemaking had not the meaning that it has for older men. It was what the Americans call flirting. We thought nothing of telling a girl we loved her, and the girls thought nothing of pretending to reciprocate. We enjoyed the sentiment without having to fret about the responsibilities. When we had made love to one girl we were ready for another. And when they had gone we returned to our studies as free mentally as before they had come."

"Your phrase may be true with respect to the young men," said the lady, "and in most cases perhaps with regard to the girls. In my case it was different. In one of these young military students I met that which was the most serious episode of my life. He made love to me simply for the temporary enjoyment of the sentiment. Alas it was far more than that to me! That is why I have never married."

"The brute!" exclaimed the colonel. "No, he was simply young and did not realize the danger to me of what he was doing."

"Perhaps he did realize it in time, to his cost. I confess that there was one of my affairs that stood by me for many years. I could not shake it off. Even today, after twenty years, I see in my dreams that young face and press again that soft hand."

"And why did you, after discovering that you really loved her, not seek her out?"

"Alas that would have served in America, where they marry for love but not in France, where parents arrange marriages for their children."

"Who was the girl?"

"If I remember correctly she was the daughter of a gentleman of fortune living in one of the provinces. Her name was Hortense. He was still single, he had forgotten her surname."

"Would you know her again, do you suppose, after not seeing her for twenty years?"

"That I could not say."

Mlle. Remercier arose and went into the house. Presently she returned with a miniature painting, which she handed to the colonel. He looked at it for a few moments as though it brought to him some vague memory, then suddenly he turned his eyes upon his companion in a sort of wonder.

The Lady or the Tiger Riddle.

"Perhaps the most interesting thing about 'The Lady or the Tiger?' " Frank R. Stockton once said. "Is its great popularity among the savage races. It has been told again and again by the story tellers of Burma. A missionary once told the story to a tribe of Karens in Burma. When she came back a year later the tribe surrounded her and wanted to know if she had found out whether I cannot answer the question, for I have no earthly idea myself. I have never been able to decide whether the lady or the tiger came out of that door. Yet I must defend myself. People for years have upbraided me for leaving it a mystery. Some used to write me that I had no right to impose upon the good nature of the public in that manner. However, when I started in to write the story I intended to finish it, but it would never let itself be finished. I could not decide, and to this day, I assure you, I know no better than any one else."—Christian Science Monitor.

At a recent gathering of life insurance men one of the old timers exhibited a copy of a permit which had been attached to a policy issued by the Mutual Life in 1888. This permit read: "The within assured has permission to reside in any settled part of the states of California, Nevada, Oregon or Washington territory and while so residing to make trips as a passenger only on first class steamships plying between the ports of Washington territory, the states of California and Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands and to proceed to and return in like manner, or by public conveyance overland."

"Provided that written notice be given by the assured—whenever any trip to the Sandwich Islands or to the Atlantic states is undertaken, to the general agent of the company at San Francisco, Cal., and provided also that on the overland route the said assured to take his own risk by death from hostile Indians."—Wall Street Journal.

Courage and Courtesy. It is recorded of General Sheridan that he was once asked who, in his opinion, was the most reliable of the troops' commanders, and he unhesitatingly answered, General Hancock. He said: "If I wanted a man to stay where I put him, if I treated him at night and wanted to see him in the morning, I'd select Hancock." And then further Sheridan said: "For genuine politeness and gentle regard for women Hancock was incomparable. If Mrs. Hancock came into his room twenty times in half an hour he would always stand up."

There is a compliment indeed the bravest commander was the most courteous to women, and what was best of all, he included his own wife among the objects of his courtesy. That is something many men forget—they are courteous to all women except to their own wives.—Ohio State Journal.

Original of Falstaff. Sir John Falstaff was the original of Shakespeare's Falstaff and in his day was a continual butt for the jests of the town and borough of Southwark. Though he had fought at Agincourt, when Jack Cade invaded the borough he showed great cowardice. When Cade was set some way off Falstaff armed and fortified his house and surrounded it with veterans of the French wars. On the arrival of Cade, however, he withdrew his gunpowder and fled to the Tower, leaving his neighbors to the mercy of the rebels. Falstaff's national adventures seem also to have been another source of unpopularity, for having married a widow named Sloppe, he seized her property and kept his stepson out of his inheritance during his own lifetime.—London News.

Boiled Rosebuds. Although it is little known in this country, Turkish women consider rosebuds boiled in sugar a luxury not to be missed. They claim that these make an excellent preserve.

In China a species of lily is dried and used for seasoning soups and other dishes. This is looked upon as one of the choicest of native dishes.

Many provinces of this same land grow lilies expressly for the purpose of marketing them in this connection. They are usually picked just previous to their opening and then cooked as ordinary vegetables.

German and Spanish. It is just about "tip and tuck" between those who speak German and those who speak Spanish with the advantage somewhat on the side of the German. There are about 50,000,000 German speaking people in the world and about 20,000,000 speaking Spanish.—New York American.

Unfortunately Expressed. Violinist one of a trio of amateurs who have just dined with a rather lengthy performance. Well, we're off at last!—Homes. Thank you so much!—London Telegraph.

His Ambition. Madge I hear that Charlie is an awful spendthrift. Marjorie I should say he was. He's trying to make two wild oats grow where only one grew before.—Puck.

Anomalous. "I can't explain the term very well, but a duck's hand on a submarine would be anomalous."—Birmingham Age Herald.

When you know a thing, maintain that you know it; when you do not, acknowledge your ignorance.

An Escape

By ELINOR MARSH

A young Russian named Ivan Ivanovitch, living at Kars, not many miles north of the boundary line between Russia and Turkey, found employment across the border and while there fell in love with a young Turkish girl. Her father refused her to him unless he would renounce the Christian religion and become a Mohammedan. Ivan was averse to doing so, but it is easy for one who is in love to find a way for himself. He professed adhesion to the prophet, and the two were married. This is a simple matter with the Turks, for the bride is conducted to the groom's house and left there with him. There is no such ceremony as among Christians.

Of course the young husband's conversion to a form, but he was obliged to go to prayers in the mosque like any Mohammedan and otherwise conform to that religion. After awhile he grew tired of this and, taking his wife with him, went back to the other side of the border.

Now, it was not long after the Ivanovitch family made this move, that the grand Duke Nicholas marched by, his pressing men into his army as he advanced, taking Ivan among the number. When the latter found that they were marching on Erzerum he was much concerned, for it was near that city that he had married his wife, and if he should be captured and recognized fighting in a Christian army against the followers of Mohammed he would suffer as dreadful fate as could be visited on a renegade.

Ivanovitch was on the flank of his army and ten miles to the northwest of Erzerum. There he was captured by the Turks and carried with them in their retreat before the Russians toward Trebizond.

Just before the Russian advance into Turkey, Mme. Ivanovitch went on a visit to her people and was there during the surrender of Erzerum by the Turks. One day while looking at some Turkish prisoners who were being marched by, she saw her husband among them.

The good woman was seized with the acute trepidation, as Ivan, that he might be recognized as a Mohammedan renegade. Wishing to be near him to afford him such protection as she might be able, she followed the prisoners, their captors taking them along in retreat, and saw them go into a bivouac for the night.

Now, there was no opportunity for a woman to mingle among men in Turkey, for Turkish women and men do not associate together as in other countries. The only way Mme. Ivanovitch could go among the soldiers and prisoners was by assuming man's attire. Entering the women's quarters of a house near by, she prevailed upon a wife to procure her a suit of her husband's, which she put on and, carrying her own clothes in a bundle under her arm, went to the place where the prisoners were.

There she made friends with the guard and offered her services for any duty she might perform. She was told that she might take part in watching the prisoners, and, obtaining a gun, she stood guard with the rest.

Toward midnight she took position near her husband and dropped her bundle beside him, at the same time making signs to him to roll into some underbrush a few yards from him. Slowly edging in that direction, he came to the edge of the brush. Most of the guard were drowsy. One of them was near enough to observe Ivan, and Mme. Ivanovitch placed herself between the two. Then the prisoner rolled into the brush.

As soon as he examined the contents of the bundle he saw his wife's design. As a man in Russian uniform it would be impossible for him to make his way through the Turkish lines, but as a woman he would have every advantage, especially the face of a Turkish woman is always hidden by a veil. Under cover of the darkness he took off his clothes and put on those of his wife, then made his way out of the bivouac of guards and prisoners.

Coming to the road over which he had been marched during the day, he walked along till he came to a house. There he took refuge in an outhouse till morning when he rapped at the women's quarters. He was admitted, made up a story of having been to see an ill or to whom she was married, and was treated with kindness.

Here he was in double danger, for he was not only a renegade Mussulman, but a man in the women's quarters, a place where not even a husband may enter unless his wife is without veil or—However, he insisted on remaining veiled and got out as soon as he could without exciting suspicion.

Following the road back toward the Russians he modestly withdrew to one side on meeting Turkish soldiers who were hurrying before their conquerors. At last he met the Russian advance and, being his veil, revealed himself to a man and a Russian.

The next meeting between Ivanovitch and his wife was in a hospital with the Russian lines. He had been taken ill and relegated to the quarters of the sick. Mme. Ivanovitch had made her way back toward Erzerum and had been hoping to see her husband again, but she had some with Red Cross nurses to take care in the hospital, and one day as she was passing his cot he two met.

She was free to kneel beside him, and he two embraced with thanks, the one to God, the other to Allah.

Pure Drinking Water.

The geologic resource of greatest value to the health of communities is a supply of pure drinking water. It is generally recognized that a number of diseases, prominent among which are typhoid fever and amoebic dysentery—a disease more common in tropical climates, but found also in the United States—are contracted through contaminated water or contaminated food. Therefore a supply of pure water will eliminate one of the sources of such infection.

It is highly desirable to obtain supplies of domestic water from sources other than the shallow wells; some of them open, that are found near many houses. The water obtained from deep wells has percolated through sands and other material for so great a distance that its impurities have been removed by filtration, and it possesses a sanitary value that cannot well be overestimated, for such water is free from the bacteria causing typhoid fever and the protozoa causing amoebic dysentery, and its use obviates the necessity for shallow wells that may serve as a breeding place for Anopheles, the mosquito to which malarial infections is due.—Geological Survey Bulletin.

Washington at Night. Night life comes on swiftly when it gets really started. Night in Washington is a beautiful girl drawing a black velvet, jewel bespangled cloak over white shoulders. The streets are lighted with dull bronze, rather low lamps; artistically perfect lamps that hold dull white, glowing globes. The lamps are very close together. They are the pearls that the girl winds about her throat and in her dusky hair.

The White House stands out, glimmering boldly against the black of the foliage, its lighted windows dimmed with tightly drawn curtains. What of national portent may not have happened behind those same curtained windows! Perhaps fear has grasped with bravery behind the shelter of the friendly walls; perhaps hatred and love have clashed. Perhaps cowards have become strong, and surely strong men have wept. Characters and homes and nations have been molded behind those friendly blinds.—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in Christian Herald.

The Jumping Frog Story. It was in the Angel Camp, that Mark Twain heard from an explet called Ben Con the jumping frog story. Clemens related it to Artemus Ward, who urged him to write it, to be included in a book that Ward was publishing. Clemens dabbled and sent it to the publishers too late, but they handed it over to a dying paper called the Saturday Press, which gladly gave it pride of place in its columns on Nov. 18, 1865. Professor Bldywek synonymized it in Greek form for his book "Greek Prose Composition," and thus arose the legend that the jumping frog story originated in ancient Greece, a legend in which Clemens himself believed till Professor Bldywek undeceived him in 1860 by telling him that the Greek version was merely a translation of Clemens' own work.

How Jefferson Dressed. In dress President Jefferson was governed by comfort rather than by elegance. "Frieze coats more than hats were a thrift and cold," he used to say, and as he lived in an epoch that witnessed a mighty revolution in men's clothing as well as in men's government, monarchy's queues and wigs giving way to short hair and the useful ungainly pantaloons, only the watchfulness of his body servant saved him from unbelievable anachronisms of costume. Indeed, in later life at Monticello, where this democrat ruled alone, several different periods together, like superimposed geological strata of the historic remains in the Roman forum.—Century.

Bazaars in Asia. Streets in the bazaar districts of Asiatic cities are only eight to ten feet wide. The larger shops are eight by ten and the smaller ones five by six feet, with one side giving directly on the street. In each bazaar is a khan for every ten or twelve shops. These khans are two stories high, with an open court in the center and rooms on the four sides, all opening into the court. A door leads from the open court into the street. Rooms are let to different storekeepers for storage purposes.

Wifely Optimism. Husband—When I see all these bills I am tired of life. Do you think the time will ever come when we shall be out of debt? Wife (cheerfully)—Why not, darling? You know that you are carrying an exceptionally large life insurance.

Left Handed Revenge. Officer—Your honor, this chauffeur ran his car into the show window of a millinery store. Judge—What millinery store? Officer—Mme. de Stiekum's. Judge—Discharged. That's where my wife buys her hats.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Considerate. "The most considerate wife I ever heard of," said the philosopher, "was a woman who used to date all her letters a week or so ahead to allow her husband time to post them."

Advice. First Senior—I'm going to marry a poor girl and settle down. Second Senior—Better marry a rich girl and settle up.—Yale Record.

Of expectation falls and most of them where most it promises.—Shakespeare.