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IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Jimmy Shaw, Washington's Promising Twirler.



Photo by American Press Association.

Jimmy Shaw of the Washington American league club is touted by his teammates as a corner. He is said to have as much speed as the great Walter Johnson. Shaw's greatest fault is said to be lack of control, and it is predicted that when he overcomes that difficulty he will be one of the great pitchers of the game. Shaw is a native of Pittsburgh, a product of the Pittsburgh colleges, and Clark Griffith believes that he will develop into a winning hurler before the season is much older.

Ring Orator Made a Hit. Speaking of announcers recalls the time when "Let her go" Billy Jordan failed to show up at Woodward pavilion in San Francisco on account of illness, says Igor in the New York World. There were a dozen men who wanted the chance to take Billy's place in the ring. They finally selected a man who said that he had sold "Tiger Marrow" with Bill Miller in a No. 2 medicine show to do the announcing. He was an instantaneous hit.

Two skinny looking preliminary boys crawled through the ropes ready to do battle. A sergeant of police gave an eye and ordered that the club doctor give the sawny pair a thorough going over. The lads were billed out of the ring and then Billy Jordan's understudy stepped to the center of the ring to inform the crowd of the reason for the delay. Assuming an Edwin Booth pose, he raised his hand for silence. "Gentlemen," he began. "The deck torn wheel eggs are in the night tory, and after the eggs are in the night tory, will the hat-till will go on." There was many a dull thud heard as strong men fell into the aisles. There have been ring orators, but never one like this chap.

Hoppe and Sutton Matched. The peculiar persistence of G. Butler Sutton, the veteran Chicago billiardist, in challenging William F. Hoppe of New York has been rewarded. Sutton has been granted the match for which he has yearned for many moons. Now that he has won his chance after reported failures, what shall he accomplish? That is the question debated of half the billiards all over the country are asking one another. The average fan does not believe Sutton fit to win against Hoppe at all, but deep down in the veteran's heart he feels that notwithstanding a row of defeats at the hands of the champion of champions, he is still his master, which he hopes to demonstrate at St. Louis late next October.

Moran Sticks to Old Lineup. Pat Moran evidently believes in letting well enough alone. He is sticking to the Phillies' old lineup, believing that there is no room for improvement. Moran built up a pennant winner last year with material that was believed at first to lack the necessary quality. The Phillies were shown up by the Red Sox in the world's series, but only for the reason that the Boston pitchers displayed greater effectiveness. Moran therefore reached the conclusion when the Phillies reported in March that it would be wise to make no experiments. So he has been plugging along with the same infield-Luders, Niehoff, Bancroft and Stock—at the same time keeping Whitford, Paskert and Cravitt in the outfield.

Passing of Ed Walsh. Note the difference between Pitchers Eddie Plank and Ed Walsh. Plank is far below Walsh in physique and stamina. His pitching lacked the ease of the Big Reel. But Plank was worked wisely. He knew about what he could stand, and from twenty-five to thirty games a year was his limit, while Walsh was working from fifty to sixty-five. The answer is that Plank is still a star at forty-one, and Walsh is through at thirty-four.

STATELY MOUNT ATHOS.

Sublime Idea With Which It Inspired a Greek Sculptor.

Three long promontories, projecting trientwise from that southern corner of Thrace, known as the Chalcidic, prick the north edge of the Aegean like a little fence. The westernmost reaches Mt. Olympus and makes the lower part of the gulf of Saloniki. The easternmost, pointing toward Lemnos and the Dardanelles, is of great renown in the Greek world. Mount Athos is a steep wooded ridge five to ten miles wide, terminating some forty miles seaward in the peak that gives the peninsula its name.

This solitary marble cone, rearing abruptly from the sea to a height of 7,000 feet and capped three parts of the year with snow, has always impressed the imagination of its beholders. Pliny makes it throw its sunset shadow on Lemnos, a hundred miles away. Aeschylus names it as one of the heights from which the fall of Troy was signalled to Mycenae. Xerxes so redoubted its windy humors, having lost a fleet by them, as to cut a canal across the low neck uniting it to the mainland.

The sculptor Stasieates proposed to Alexander the Great to carve the peak into a colossal statue of the conquering Macedonian, with a city in one hand, a river pouring from the other. And an early Christian legend hallowed it as the high mountain from which Christ was shown the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them. Losing its ancient name of Acte, it thereupon became known as the Monte Santo of medieval travelers, in sanctity second only to Jerusalem, a refuge from the world as famous as the Thaboud.

Local tradition dates its status as a community set apart for men of God from the reign of Constantine the Great and connects several of the monasteries with the earlier emperors of Constantinople. The authentic history of Mount Athos, however, does not begin before the tenth century, when Nicephorus Phocas founded the monastery of the great Lavra. From that time it became the fashion among the princes of the east to patronize the monasteries of the holy mountain. Indeed, there still exist on the east side of the peninsula the ruins of an abbey built by Latin monks from Amalfi.—H. O. Dwight in Scribner's.

The First Piano. The first real piano was made by Bartolomeo Christofori, an Italian. He invented the little hammers by the aid of which the strings are struck, giving a clear tone instead of the scratching sound which all the previous instruments produced. It took 2,000 years to discover the value of the little hammers in making clearer notes. His first piano was made in 1709. The word by which we call the instrument, pianoforte, has, however, been traced back as far as 1598, when it is said to have been originated by an Italian named Paliarino. The first piano made in America was produced by John Behnd in Philadelphia in 1775.

Origin of Cotton Thread. For almost a hundred years no one thought of making thread other than from linen and silk. Cotton was not so much as thought of. Then Napoleon, who had been devastating Europe, thought he would strike a blow at the silk industry of Hamburg, and so he caused the stocks of silk to be burned. The threadmakers of Paisley thus found their supplies of raw material cut off, and they had to look about to find a substitute. Cotton was tried and was found to answer the purpose so well that the basis of an entirely new industry was laid—the manufacture of cotton thread.

Monument as Winning Post. There are monuments in all sorts of out of the way places, but one that is really unique is that erected in a river. It stands in the Parramatta river, New South Wales, a stream known the world over for the rowing events that have taken place upon it. This monument, which is in memory of the world famed rower Searle, is also unique from the fact that it has been used as the winning post for many of the races for the world's championship and is still used as such for local events.—London Strand.

Wheel Tires. The greatest improvement in vehicle construction was when some bright blacksmith thought of heating the tires and shrinking them on the wheel. While many claim the honor, it is not known to whom it rightly belongs. Previous to this event tires were made in short sections and held on the fellos with nails. When starting on a long haul the driver always laid in a good supply of nails to use on the trip.

CUNNING OF THE BABOON.

He is a Treacherous Creature and Makes a Clever Thief.

However hard up I might be for food, a traveler writes to Youth's Companion, I should never shoot a monkey or a baboon. I never yet met a man in Africa—hunter, trader or prospector—who would intentionally kill one.

Occasionally you come across a tourist who will take a shot at one for sport, just as you will come across a cockney who would take a shot at a barnyard duck, but the man in Africa who makes a practice of killing monkeys is unknown. If you have ever heard a wounded baboon crying or heard a female baboon wailing over a sick or dying baby you will understand why.

A baboon is fairly easy to train, but you cannot trust him. I do not think real affection between a human being and a baboon has ever existed. You may have one for years, yet you can never touch him without fear of a bite or scratch. Baboons know too much. I think they know something we do not know they know and look on us as rather "soft."

In the Transvaal war, when I was with Kitchener's fighting scouts, we had an old baboon called Malan, which kept with us during the whole campaign. He belonged to no one, had no regular keeper and ran loose just as he pleased.

Talk about a thief! I think Malan knew every trick of any pick-pocket or sneak thief in existence. No one ever noticed him stealing. He would watch a tent for hours, and the moment it was empty something would disappear.

Poor Malan was a hero, too—just getting in the way of a bullet constituted bravery. Anyway, a bullet smashed his forehead, and he appeared in the casualty lists just like an ordinary soldier: "Malan—Fractured forehead; condition favorable."

But if you could have seen the look on his face while that arm was in splints! No human being, I ever lived was so sorry for himself as poor Malan. He simply craved pity—simply begged it with his eyes—and every other part of him. He looked so abjectly sorrowful that it was impossible to keep from laughing at him.

Zoroaster. All classical antiquity, without a dissenting voice, speaks of Zoroaster as a historical person. But there is great diversity of opinion with regard to his time, the date of his birth being placed all the way from 5000 B. C. to 800 B. C. He probably lived about 1400 B. C. From all accounts the father of the old Persian faith possessed a most beautiful character and gave the world many of its finest teachings. There is no doubt that in the Persian Scriptures, known as the Zend Avesta, we have the substance of Zoroaster's teachings, though, of course, they have been greatly added to. In the present day Parses of Bombay we have the historical descendants of Zoroaster and his followers.—New York American.

Rolls of Rice. The most important of the agricultural industries of India is the cultivation of rice, of which a number of varieties are produced, differing in size, shape and color of grain as well as in suitability for culinary purposes. More than 70,000,000 acres are annually put under rice in India. One of the varieties grown is peculiar in that it is too glutinous to be boiled in the ordinary way. This difficulty is avoided by boiling it in bamboo tubes, and after being thus prepared it is left in the tubes to be eaten cold, especially by travelers. When the rice is to be eaten the bamboo is peeled off, and a long roll of rice appears, which forms an excellent substitute for bread.

His Sea Girl Tomb. Francois Rene, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, some twenty years before his death, writing to the mayor of St. Malo, his native town, made the request that the town would grant him on the west point of the rock of Grand bay a space sufficient for his burial. To this island rock, accessible only at low tide, the body of the great French litterateur was brought at his death. A granite cross marks the spot. At high tide the rock becomes an island, and the waves of the Atlantic beat against this lonely grave.

Edison's Enterprise. When Thomas A. Edison sold papers on trains for the Detroit Free Press company during the war between the states a printer showed him proofs of next morning's big story, that of the battle of Shiloh, and Edison telegraphed a bulletin to every newsdealer along his route, bought hundreds of copies of the edition and sold them at a good price, making what is known in modern parlance as a big "cleanup," probably his very first.

SNAPSHOTS AT NOTABLE PERSONS

Lieutenant Colonel Vanderbilt, New York National Guard.



Photo by American Press Association.

Among the officers who rendered conspicuous service in mobilizing the New York national guard was Lieutenant Colonel Cornelius Vanderbilt, one of the three inspectors-general on the staff of Major General John F. O'Ryan. Although born to great wealth, Lieutenant Colonel Vanderbilt has always taken great interest in public affairs and especially in the national guard. He entered the military service of the state fifteen years ago, when he was elected a second lieutenant in the Twelfth regiment of infantry. His fitness for military command soon won him promotion.

Lieutenant Colonel Vanderbilt was born in New York city forty-three years ago and is the oldest son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt and brother of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, who lost his life on the Lusitania. His sister Gladys is now the wife of Count Baczynski of Hungary. He was educated at Yale and took a post graduate course in mechanical engineering. After leaving college he devoted his mechanical genius to invention, one of the most important being a radical improvement in the construction of locomotives.

In 1896 he married Miss Grace Wilson of New York. Mrs. Vanderbilt has presented to the New York national guard hospital corps a powerful tractor, which will draw a train of six trailers, five of them equipped with standard ambulance bodies and the sixth arranged for the transport of bandages and other medical supplies.



Photo by American Press Association. ALEXANDER B. C. WEE.

Until a few weeks ago Alexander B. C. Weel of Brooklyn was captain in the Royal Highlanders ("Black Watch") of Canada, at home on a furlough because of a severe wound received at the second battle of Ypres, Flanders in April, 1915. Now he is Private Weel of Battery C, Second field artillery, New York national guard. The British officer earned his resignation and enlisted in the service of his native land. Mr. Weel won his captaincy by bravery in the field, as he enlisted in England as a private. Besides the service he saw in Europe, Weel had experience with Mexican bandits when he was superintendent of a lumber camp near Campeche. "I was down there through all the Huerta-Carranza-Villa-Zapata mess," he said recently. "Our camp was attacked by the bandits. "Don't think the Mexican can't fight for his bird of a feather, especially if there's somebody looking on to see how brave he is. Put him where nobody can watch the fine performance he is putting up and he crumples up."

"CITY OF SNOBS AND SNUBS."

How One Observer Describes Washington and Its Social Life.

Washington is essentially the city of the social practitioner, of the climber, of snobs and of snubs. Everybody is trying by hook or crook to better his social position, which is as praiseworthy as an effort to better himself financially or physically. And yet the climber is always a joke.

A woman whose husband has a subcabinet job and who takes herself very seriously in consequence called up an old resident one day with a "Good morning, Mrs. Jones. How can I get people like the Danvers to come to my parties?"

The resident lady grinned a huge grin into the telephone. "Why, I'm sure I don't know. If you aren't acquainted with Mrs. Danvers and she doesn't make any overtures to you I don't believe it would be possible to get her to come to your parties."

The near cabinet woman uttered an exclamation of disgust. "I'd like to know what's the good of the position we've acquired in Washington if I can't work it to get in with the kind of people I want."

A newly rich woman in town with a whole fleet of motorcars and no need of a nerve tonic breaks into many of the smartest homes by a system entirely her own.

She finds out when a motorless friend, of assured social position, however, is invited to swagger reception or ball, to which she herself has received no card.

She coos softly over the telephone: "My dear Mrs. Jenkins, if you are going to the British embassy tonight, won't you give me the pleasure of going with me in my car?—I'll call for you at 10."

The motorless matron usually falls into the trap, all unsuspecting that she is making herself socially responsible for an snare which she has no entrance. Daisy Ayers in Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Bayonet.

Like most other inventions, the bayonet was the result of a moment's grim necessity. A regiment of Basque soldiers from Bayonne found itself in the thick of a fight with all the ammunition gone. They had muskets and swords, and the situation suggested wiring the sword to the barrel of the gun, so that they could gain at least that much advantage over the enemy in the hand to hand contest which was their only hope. With a sudden rush they charged the opposing force, and by means of their longer reach they gained a notable victory. Whether this be fact or mere tradition, it is certain that the city of Bayonne developed a new and profitable industry, that of manufacturing bayonets, whose advantage was so apparent that they were adopted by all "civilized" nations.

Coins Turned to Snakes.

A money trick of Hindu jugglers invariably causes great amusement to every one who sees it except the victim of the joke. The juggler takes three copper coins and places them in the palm of some one in the group of spectators, bidding him hold them as tightly as he can. By and by it seems to the holder of the coins that they are swelling and growing hot. They seem to be moving about. He holds his hand closed as long as he can and then opens it, always with a gasp of fright, for there wriggling about are three tiny snakes.—New York Tribune.

Teasel Plants.

This common teasel plant has an interesting relative called fuller's teasel, a native of southern Europe. The flower head of this variety is covered with hooked prickles. These heads are used to raise the nap on woolen cloth, and so well do they serve the purpose that no mechanical contrivance has ever been invented to equal them. The flower heads are split and fixed on a cylinder, which is made to revolve against the surface of the cloth.—Philadelphia North American.

How Did He Know?

Little Helen had been specially inquisitive one evening, and her father, who had patiently answered her questions, was becoming exasperated. Finally she said, "Papa, what do you do at the office all day?" Papa's patience gave way, and he replied, "Oh, nothing!" Helen pondered over this answer for a moment and returned to the charge with, "But how do you know when you are done?"—Exchange.

To Hear Him Tell It.

Mrs. Smiten—Bobby, you had boy; have you been fighting with Tommy Blinson again? Dear, dear; I shall have to get a new suit! Bobby—That's nothing, ma. You ought to see Tommy Blinson. His ma'll have to get her a new boy.—Stray Stories.