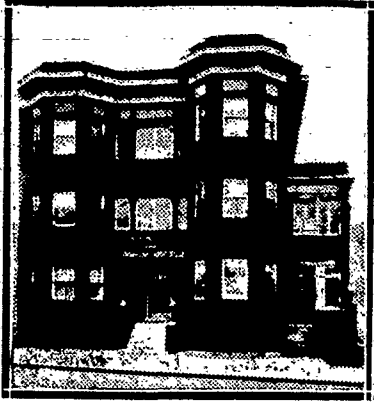


The New York Surgical and Medical Institute.



Our specialists treat all chronic diseases; Catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, kidney, heart and liver complaints, skin diseases, throat, ear and nose; female weakness. Electric and hot air baths, with latest appliances for rheumatic and nervous troubles. Consultation free. Mail correspondence given prompt attention. 9 Cumberland Street (near N. Y. Central Depot), Rochester, N. Y.

Organized 1850
Monroe County Savings Bank
33-35 State St.
Interest Allowed on Deposits From One Dollar Up to Three Thousand Dollars.
JAMES E. BOOTH, President
WM. CARSON, Secretary

GO TO
Albert H. Hatmaker
For
Hardware, Paints, Oils and Glass
1053 Main St. East
Rochester, N. Y.



LEWIS EDELMAN
Dealer in
Anthracite **COAL** Bituminous
88 Portland Avenue
Rochester, N. Y.

REPAIRING
Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Mesh, Leather Bags, Rosaries repaired, repainted and engraved. Gold and Silver Plating Our Prices are reasonable. Try Us!
G. H. HUMBERT
156 East Main St., Cornwall Bldg.

WILLIAM C. GRAY
Civil Engineer and Surveyor
Room 1, 77 Main Street West
Rochester, N. Y.
Home Phone 3155 Stone Bell 1010
PERSONAL ATTENTION

Home Phone Stone 799, Res. Bell 1010-1011
Try CHIROPRACTIC Adjustment for all Aches, Pains and Chronic Diseases.
Matilda J. and Ada C. Fritz, D. C.'s
CHIROPRACTORS
329-331 Mercantile Bldg., Rochester
Hours, 10 to 12, 1 to 5. Consultation Free. Other Hours by Appointment.

GEORGE A. LINGL
FINE FOOTWEAR
A Full Line of
W. L. Douglass Shoes
Ladies', Misses' and Children's
We do First Class Repairing, 420 Amos St.

Thomas B. Mooney
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
93 Edinburgh Street
Home Phone 2413 Bell 1127

Geo. Engert & Co.
COAL.
Principal Office and Yard Telephone 237
306 Exchange Street

RYAN & McINTEE
UNDERTAKERS
106 Main St. West
Home Phone 1444 Bell Phone 300

Matilda Brix, Widow
She Tells How She Got a Second Husband
By M. QUAD
Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate

I arrived at Jackson's Hollow to find it a town on a hill. It was a quiet hour on a warm day when I arrived. There were a few men on the streets, but they were so busy trying to get up a dog fight that they gave me scant heed.
I don't know to this day why I entered the hotel. I suppose it was fate. The landlord of the place was in the office. He sat in a chair with his feet in another, and he was asleep with his mouth open. He was bareheaded and baldheaded, and a hundred or more flies were running up and down his bald pate trying to find a soft spot. I took off my hat and sat down and fanned away the insects. After about five minutes and with a lonesome smile on his face the man woke up and whispered:
"Oh, mother, that is so nice!"
"But I am not your mother," I replied.

"Then who are you?"
"I am only the widow Brix, sir."
"And what do you want here?"
"I want to see your wife."
"But you can't unless you can fly. Her soul passed into the beyond about three years ago, and since then I have had to go it alone."
After a look around and seeing the dirt and dust and cobwebs and confusion that prevailed I said:
"You seem to have made hard work of it going it alone."
"Yes, it's a little tough to be without a wife when you have had one for twenty years. I do my own cooking, washing, mending and bedmaking."
"This is a tavern, and what about the travelers?" I queried.

"Oh, there are no travelers but me, and I don't travel very much except in my dreams. All the travelers go to Mrs. Carson's boarding house, and I am rather glad of it, as my style of cooking might bring about a tragedy."
"Maybe you want to bust up Mrs. Carson's boarding house?" I answered.
"But how will I do it?" he asked, with a little animation in his voice.
"Yes, I believe I would like to bust up her house, because I have asked her three times to marry me and three times she has thrown me down."
"If you will hire me I'll bust her boarding house within a month," I said.
"Lordy me! But how would you do it?" he exclaimed.
"I should begin by dusting, mopping, washing windows and making this old place look like a first class hotel at Newport. I presume there is a week's work in the kitchen setting things to rights, but I am a worker. When I got things cleaned up I should want you to buy some provisions and see that the word went around that the Paradise was ready to entertain all patrons on a scale of unexampled magnificence."
"Great heart," he whispered as he looked at me. "Say, can you be a wonder? What a man you are!"
"You are too good to pay my wages for the first month at least."
"Come on if I can't tell you what I'll do, and I never before bust up a man, woman or fire-proof safe. If you will work for a month and get things straight I will marry you, yes, I will marry you. That will be better than wages."
"But I shall have something to say about that," I replied, and rose up.

It was three days before the news got around in Jackson's Hollow that a new mover was on foot at the Paradise hotel. The idlers dropped in to the number of twenty or more, and when they saw me sitting from room to room with broom and mop they had many compliments for me. In fact, more than a dozen of them offered me their hands and hearts in marriage. In each case I replied that I was highly flattered but had no time to fool away.
"It will surprise you to learn that in a month's time the old shbang was doing a good tavern business, and Mrs. Carson's boarding house was almost deserted."
When the month was a little more than up the landlady came to me as I was fixing tin snaks for the breakfast of a dog-walk drummer and said:
"Matilda what about our gettin' married?"
I told him to go away until I had fried six or eight more pancakes and thought the matter over, and the result was that we were married that evening and forty-nine lovers and travelers kissed the blushing bride. All went as happy as the pig in the potato patch for a week or more, and then my husband came into the kitchen one day and found me using kerosene to burn up the fire. With an impulse, which was very creditable in him, he reached out and snuffed me on the ear. That ear tingles yet, although many years have passed since I got the cuff. He dodged the stove lid which I threw at him, and half an hour later he was as dead as Hannibal the Great. He had died while sitting in his chair. He had used too much energy in snuffing me and had burst a blood vessel. I called in a doctor.

"Would it surprise you to learn that your husband is dead?" he asked of me after he had pawed around for awhile.
"Not a bit," I replied. "He was too good for this world anyhow."
"My fee is \$2, madam, and you will please pay it in small bills."

"The injury may, as in the case of a human limb after a fall, be a sprain or a fracture, but you can be positive it is the 'balance staff' and no other of the various 'organs' of a watch's anatomy that has been put out of business by this catastrophe. Whether sprained—that is, bent—or actually broken, 'hopped' timepiece for repair of the crippled timepiece will be about the same."
The balance staff is a tiny bit of steel which serves as upright axis for the little wheel with spokes, whose vibrations are the pulse of the mechanism. Its length varies from a sixteenth to a quarter of an inch. It is thickest in the middle, and each end terminates in a pivot point finer than the business end of a needle. These tiny points rest in two rubies, the under one made fast to the bed of the works and the other to the underside of the bridge. It is these hairlike ends of the balance staff that suffer through the dropping of your watch. They are made of the finest steel, but their slenderness makes it impossible for any watchmaker, no matter how much you pay, to guarantee they will not bend or break through the jar of a fall of more than a few inches.
If every time a balance staff is broken it were necessary for your jeweler to construct a new one by hand machinery at his own work bench you would perhaps guard more carefully against dropping your watch, for the cost would be excessive, but as matters stand all large jewelers carry a cabinet full of tiny phials, each numbered, which contain balance staffs, as many as 300 different sizes and shapes, to fit almost every variety of American made watches, and they have but to consult the cabinet index to find one suited to your need. The cost of installing varies from \$1.50 to \$7.50, according to the value of the watch itself.—New York American.

WHEN YOU DROP YOUR WATCH

If It Stops, Then You May Be Sure the Balance Staff is Injured.

Did you ever drop your watch and note with satisfaction that it was still running, only to have your elation turned to gloom a minute later by its uneven "tick" and final silence? Did you ever rap its rim against the palm of your hand and fancy you had revived its accustomed activity, only to find the revival merely spasmodic, not lasting?
It makes no difference whether your watch cost \$3.50 or \$350—the latter being the highest price asked for one of American make—if it stops after being dropped on the floor a sure and certain diagnosis of its internal wound is "injury to balance staff."

The balance staff is a tiny bit of steel which serves as upright axis for the little wheel with spokes, whose vibrations are the pulse of the mechanism. Its length varies from a sixteenth to a quarter of an inch. It is thickest in the middle, and each end terminates in a pivot point finer than the business end of a needle. These tiny points rest in two rubies, the under one made fast to the bed of the works and the other to the underside of the bridge. It is these hairlike ends of the balance staff that suffer through the dropping of your watch. They are made of the finest steel, but their slenderness makes it impossible for any watchmaker, no matter how much you pay, to guarantee they will not bend or break through the jar of a fall of more than a few inches.
If every time a balance staff is broken it were necessary for your jeweler to construct a new one by hand machinery at his own work bench you would perhaps guard more carefully against dropping your watch, for the cost would be excessive, but as matters stand all large jewelers carry a cabinet full of tiny phials, each numbered, which contain balance staffs, as many as 300 different sizes and shapes, to fit almost every variety of American made watches, and they have but to consult the cabinet index to find one suited to your need. The cost of installing varies from \$1.50 to \$7.50, according to the value of the watch itself.—New York American.

Loaf Liners.
It seems incredible that a ship could utterly vanish, but that such an occurrence is possible is shown by the long list of liners that have been lost with all hands in the wide Atlantic. There was the President, with 126 souls on board, which utterly vanished in 1841; then the City of Glasgow, with her 480 passengers and crew, which disappeared without trace in 1854; and two years later the Pacific, which sailed from Liverpool with 240 aboard and was never more heard of. The Tempest, another big liner, vanished in 1859, the City of Boston in 1870, the Huronian in 1902, the Waratah in 1910, and of the fate that befell them the world has never yet gained tidings and probably never will.

Saving Trouble.
The husband of a fashionable woman, whose gowns are at once the admiration and the despair of her feminine acquaintances, was discussing the cost of living with a friend the other night.
"By the way," ventured the friend, "I—er—don't you have a good deal of trouble keeping your wife dressed in the height of style?"
The woman's husband sighed and then shook his head emphatically.
"Oh, no," he said, "nothing to speak of; nothing—nothing to the trouble I'd have if I didn't."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wanted a Comparison.
They visited the museum and were looking at the statue of a Roman gladiator. One of his arms was broken off, his left leg ended at the knee, his helmet was battered and there were several patches on his face. He represented "Victory."
"I would like to see the guy who lost."
"Why Boys Are Brave."
To his teacher's request that he give the class ideas on the subject of "bravery" little Johnny delivered himself of the following:
"Some boys is brave because they always plays with little boys, and some boys is brave because their legs is too short to run away, but most boys is brave because somebody's lookin'."—Brooklyn Life.

SCIENCE—INDUSTRY.

Government Makes Wood Pulp.

That satisfactory wood pulp can be made from a number of heretofore little known woods is evidenced by a government publication recently issued, which contains seventy samples of paper manufactured by different processes, chiefly from woods heretofore practically unused for this purpose. The tests showed that eleven new woods give promise of being suitable for the production of news print paper, while a number of others will produce manila paper and box boards. Most of these woods are confined to the west, while the ground wood industry now obtains the bulk of its raw material from the east. It is thought that pulp making plants must eventually move to points where they can obtain a plentiful supply of wood and an abundance of cheap water power, two prime requisites in the business.

Sleeping Porches For Babies.
Manufacturers have produced for the market tiny sleeping porches which can be placed outside any window. An iron brace capable of sustaining a weight of 500 pounds prevents the porch from falling. Moreover, stout braces anchor the cage to the side walls in such a way that the strongest of winds are robbed of all danger. Another feature of the miniature sleeping porch is that the baby cannot get out nor can flies and mosquitoes come in. Into this tiny compartment rolls, it is said, a baby carriage, so that the effort of the mother in taking the baby in and out is reduced to the minimum.—Popular Science Monthly.

Washable Wall Coverings.
With the fear of germs so strongly imbedded in the mind of the community comes the need for meeting that fear with every possible sanitary device. Even in wall papers this is possible, and one that may be used in most any room, but which is especially necessary for kitchens, nurseries and laundries is made of woven cloth finished in all colors. This covering may be washed and yet it lacks nothing to make it artistic. It being possible to reproduce upon it all kinds of designs, even tapestries, leather and fabric. Another advantage which it boasts is the fact that it is inexpensive.—

Hoop For One Man Truck.
Barrels or boxes containing heavy material may be handled easily on a truck by one man if the hoop shown in the sketch is attached, says Popular Mechanics. It may be made of heavy wire so that it can be released when not needed or of hard iron permanent.



Salt Water Improves Coal.
In recovering cargoes of coal from sunken vessels it has been discovered that the combustion of coal is improved by submergence in salt water. Coal subjected to the action of sea water for a number of years will burn almost entirely away, leaving only a small amount of ash and no clinkers. Crates of coal, each holding approximately two tons, were submerged by the British admiralty in 1903, and at different times since certain of them have been raised and experiments conducted. The tests all have been in favor of the salt water treatment.

Adjusting Auto Brakes.
The unequal adjustment of brakes probably does more damage to tires than actual wear. When one wheel locks and the other turns free there is a great amount of strain on the fabric of the tires on the locked wheel. By placing jacks under each rear wheel one can adjust the brakes of each wheel so as to be uniform.

Ball Bearing Repairs.
When ball bearings become worn it is not always necessary to have complete new bearings installed. The old ones can be reshaped and be almost as good as new. This can be done by turning up the ball races and using larger balls of proper size.

New Kind of Glass.
Glass that will not splinter when broken is being made in France by pressing together under heat two sheets of glass with a sheet of celluloid between them.

About Light Waves.
With delicate apparatus a Russian scientist has demonstrated that light waves exert a measurable mechanical pressure.

THE INSTINCT TO WANDER.

Why It Is That Boys and Girls Run Away From Home.

According to Dr. Charles B. Davernport in his book on nomadism, children run away from home for exactly the same reasons that their parents take voyages to Europe or their uncles go off on fishing trips. It is, he holds, the primitive race instinct to wander. We all have it, more or less; but most of us are so hedged about by the conventionalities that we scarcely feel the "call of the wild," or if we feel it we put it aside at once. But many persons feel it strongly, especially when the spring comes, and then they long to go away to take an ocean voyage or to get into the woods.

Americans are more nomadic than other peoples. They are descended from nomadic stock or they would not be here. Their ancestors were a selection of the more nomadic individuals of Europe. Man is naturally more inclined to roam than woman; her place having from time immemorial been in the home, his place having been to go out into the world and hunt and fight for her. Therefore there are more men tramps than women. It is easier for a man to ride the brackbeams than it is for a woman.

As might be expected, more boys run away than girls. The greatest number of runaways occur at the age of fifteen, but there are many at thirteen and fourteen. It is generally assumed that the early life of the child repeats the early life of the race, so it is not astonishing that all children are tempted to get out into the world and seek adventure.

Names in Electricity.

Electricity is the one branch of science that honors the great names in its fundamental terminology. Andre Marie Ampere was the French physicist who first measured the current and for whom the unit is named. The ohm bears the name of George S. Ohm, a German man-of-science who discovered the law on which the unit of electrical resistance is based. The volt is named for the Italian, Volta, the greatest electrical authority of the eighteenth century, who was the first man to construct a rude electric battery. The farad, the unit of electrical capacity, is named in honor of the English physicist Faraday; the coulomb, the unit of quantity, for the French physicist Coulomb; and the watt, the unit of power, for James Watt, the Scotch inventor who improved the steam engine.

Sacrificing the Woman.

That Carlyle could contemplate with equanimity being unpraised, unmonied and neglected all his life, that he required neither the world's pudding nor its breath and could be happy without them, was pardonable and perhaps commendable. That he should expect another person to share this unmonied, puddingless and rather forlorn condition was scarcely consistent with such lofty principles. Men may sacrifice themselves, if they please, to imagined high duties and ambitions, but they have no right to marry wives and sacrifice them.—Exchange.

Chances Were Even.

A traveler was standing on the quay looking at a Mississippi boat and accosted one of the deck hands who was leisurely smoking a pipe and inquired, "Say, boss, is this boat going up or down?"
"Well," said the man, speaking slowly and as if considering the subject in all its aspects, "she's all fired leaky, and her bilers ain't none too good, so I guess it's about even chances if you're makin' a bet on it."

Its Redeeming Features.

"People do seem to have lost their senses for good and all," said a farmer, "to go traipin' over a field hour after hour, knockin' little golf balls over hillocks and into holes."
"Not a bit of it," said his more sophisticated neighbor. "That there game ain't so silly as it looks. There's chance for a rare bit of cheatin' in it, I'm told!"—New York Times.

Ancient History.

Although Robert Fulton in 1807 was the first to make the steamship an everyday affair, Dennis Papin had driven a boat with a steam engine exactly 100 years earlier, and the same man, who invented the piston rod in 1690, then proposed to use his device for driving the paddle wheels of boats.

Junk Day.

"There should be a national holiday called Junk day, when every house, barn, shed, garage, etc., should be relieved of all its junk."
"That's right, old man, but do you realize how little there would be left of many a happy home?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

COUNTING THE PEOPLE.

First Census Proposal in England Raised a Lively Row.

It was in 1783 that a proposal to count the people was first made. Thomas Potter, son of the archbishop of Canterbury and member for St. Germans, introduced in that year a bill "for taking and registering an annual account of the total number of the people and of the total number of marriages, births and deaths and also of the total number of poor receiving alms from every parish church and extra parochial place in Great Britain." It was inevitable, of course, that directly this proposal was made the precedent of King David should be quoted. And many were the jeremiads as to the alternative evils which would befall the country. Those submitted to David were mild in comparison. Mr. Thornton, member for York city, said:
"I did not believe that there was any set of men or indeed any individual of the human species so presumptuous and so abandoned as to make the proposal we have just heard. I hold this subject to be totally subversive of the last remains of English liberty. The new bill will direct the imposition of new taxes, and indeed the addition of a very few words will make it the most effectual engine of rapacity and oppression that was ever used against an injured people. Moreover, an annual register of our people will acquaint our enemies abroad with our weakness."
Matthew Ridley, another opposing member, added that his constituents looked on the proposal as ominous and feared lest some public misfortune or an epidemical distemper should follow the numbering. However, the bill passed the commons only to be promptly rejected by the lords. Not until 1800 was the proposal again made, and on this occasion it was brought to a successful issue. The first census of England and Wales was taken in March, 1801.—Westminster Gazette.

A Bit of Savage Warfare.

One of the amenities of savage warfare is mentioned in Major C. G. Bruce's "Twenty Years in the Himalaya." In the old days, when the two tribes were at war, the Hunza men caught the Nagryas at a disadvantage, beat them and took prisoner nearly the whole of their force. Now, they did not want to keep them prisoners and feed them—they had scarcely enough food for themselves—nor did they want to make an end of them, so they just stripped them of arms and clothing and sent them home absolutely in a state of nature. This was considered far more shameful to the Nagryas than if they had all been killed in the fight.

Chairs in the Dark Ages.

The chairs of the dark ages, modeled partly on those of the Romans, were in keeping with the comfortless dwellings in which the people of the north of Europe then passed their lives. The Saxons king of England are represented as seated on thrones in the form of a box, the ends slightly raised, the bottom advanced to form a sort of footstool. There is always a cushion to add a degree of comfort and sometimes a back in the form of a crosspiece or remotely resembling the backs of modern chairs.

A Witty Retort.

Having once lost a case in New York, Counselor Nolan sadly remarked, "My poor client is little likely to get justice done here until the judgment day."
"Well, counselor," said the court, "if I have an opportunity I'll plead for the poor woman myself on that day."
"Your honor," replied Nolan, "will have troubles of your own upon that day."

Ostrich Feathers.

In each wing of an ostrich twenty-six long white plumes grow to maturity in eight months. In the male these are pure white, while those of the female shade to ecrusse or gray. The short feathers are plucked for tips, and each wing furnishes seventy-five of these. The tail feathers are of a deep old ivory color, and sixty-five of these have a commercial value.

Your Influence.

We are answerable for incalculable opportunities of good and evil in our daily intercourse with every soul with whom we have to deal. To each and all, every day and all day long, we are distributing that which is best or worst in the world—influence.—Kemble.

Something Wrong.

"Oh, doctor, please come up to my house without delay."
"What's wrong?"
"My wife just told me she could make her last year's hat do for another season."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.