



Buffalo 1.50 Niagara Falls 1.60 Syracuse 1.65

Round Trip. Every Sunday to October 22nd, inclusive. Good going only on morning (except limited) trains. Returning same day.

For tickets, time of trains and all information, call at New York Central Station, or at City Ticket Office, 20 State Street, Rochester.

Frederick Baetzel COAL 438 Exchange Street

W. Augustus Spitz Photographic Studio 73 Clinton Ave. S. Portraits, Home Portraiture and General Photography. Moderate Prices.

Home Phone, Stone 3315 M. & T. Marks Millinery and Toilet Goods 40-1-2 North St., near Main ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Geo. Engert & Co. COAL Principal Office and Yard 306 Exchange Street Telephone 257

Auto Van for Out-of-Town Moving J. C. CLANCY CARTING CO. Furniture, Freight MOVERS, Pianos, Baggage

ORDER FRIEDLER'S Pure Soft Drinks Delivered to any part of city 80 Lowell St.

Fromm Bros. Market CHOICE MEATS Manufacturers of Fine Sausages 202-204 Campbell Street.

E. C. Campbell Coal Co. 555 Lyell Avenue Clean Anthracite Coal Prompt Delivery

WILLIAM C. J. SURVEY Civil Engineer and A. Gray Room 1, 77 Main Street West Rochester, N. Y.

Boyce Bros. Carting Co. ALFRED C. MERZ, Manager Movers of Freight, Furniture, Baggage and Machinery

Furniture Movers PIANO MOVERS Sam Gottry Carting Co. OFFICE, POWERS BLDG. State St. Entrance Both Phones



Balzac's Poverty. An anecdote of Balzac shows the strange condition of poverty in which he lived even after he had won fame. He made a visit one evening to the house of one of his admirations, Rossini, where he found a party assembled and among them a great singer, then the rage, who had declined to favor the company. Ignorant of this, Balzac begged her to sing a song. "For you? Why, of course, at once!" And she did. "Who on earth can that be?" asked an astonished guest of Rossini. "Don't you know? It's M. de Balzac." "Oh, really? Then no wonder!"

FOOLING A GUARDIAN

By ETHEL HOLMES

Kate Phillips was an orphan, and her Aunt Rachel Harding was her guardian. Kate surely needed a manager for her estate, for she was a spendthrift. She was also full of high spirits and bent on having a good time. Kate went to college, not because she wished to learn all about the Greeks and Romans, comic sections and philosophy, but because she had heard that college girls have lots of fun, and she wished to see something of college life.

But there was a weak spot in Miss Harding's efforts. Kate was twenty years old and would come into her estate when she was twenty-one. This fact enabled her to borrow at an exorbitant rate of interest or to buy things for much more than they were worth. Among these was the purchase of a \$5,000 automobile, all on credit. The car could have been purchased for \$4,500 cash, but Kate was charged \$6,000, and the seller kindly agreed to wait a year for his pay, charging 6 per cent interest and a bonus of \$200 for the accommodation.

The possession of an auto is not an easily kept secret. One can more readily own a gold mine without its being known, for a car is of no use except for riding purposes, and that is exactly what Miss Phillips wanted it for. She was an expert driver and fond of taking her fellow students for a spin. The consequence was that everybody knew she owned the handsomest car in college, and the fact was reported to her aunt.

Kate's alma mater was but a dozen miles from her aunt's residence, and the old lady resolved to go over and learn if the report were true and if it was how her ward had obtained the purchase money. Miss Harding possessed a mare and a vehicle called a rockaway, and in this she set forth in quest of the truth about her niece's extravagance. She chose a Saturday afternoon, since Kate would not be engaged in her studies at that time and there would be no interruption to the investigation.

That Kate did not study on Saturday afternoon was as true as that she studied only enough to keep up with her classes. And that was very little, for she learned easily. On this special Saturday afternoon she invited as many of her classmates as her car would hold to go for a spin, and about the time the old lady set out for the college Kate touched the starting button in her auto.

Kate, in order to reach the road she wanted, took one that led to a point a few miles from her home where the two roads crossed. Shortly before reaching the crossing she caught sight of the familiar rockaway, every part of which was as familiar to her as the jog trot of Nancy, the mare. "Oh, heavens!" she exclaimed. "There comes my aunt!"

At the same time she pulled on the levers with her hands and showed certain brakes with her feet, and the car came to a standstill, while over her eye in it was fixed on the distant sun striking the glasses of a pair of spectacles. "What shall I do?" "Here," cried a girl in the seat behind, "take my veil! The sun is shining directly in the old lady's eyes, and she couldn't see you even without a veil." Kate took the veil, or, rather, it was put on by the leader, then she started her car and whirled by her guardian so fast and so near the rockaway that Miss Harding was altogether too frightened to take a good look at the driver. Nevertheless there was suspicion in the glance she did take, and it made Kate uneasy. "We must get back to college before she arrives," she said "and prepare for her coming."

FOR JUVENILES. What Young Girls Will Wear This Early Autumn.



GRACEFUL LINES. A deep sailor collar takes a detachable one of white silk. The turtin takes one of the new long, flowing vells.

DON'T GET ANGRY.

The High Value of Being Tough Mind—About Snubs and Hurts. Faults of temper are often a serious handicap, and the girl who is constantly "getting mad" is going to end by getting left when it comes to the attainment of success.

In the first place, anger has been proved to be a real poison. It exhausts you, and a violent fit of rage can make you really ill. "Stick with anger" is not a mere phrase—it is the truth. But aside from its effects on your self there is the effect on others. If you are constantly standing on your dignity and taking offense over trifles that were not meant to annoy you, you will soon be disliked in the office, and you are pretty sure to get mad at the wrong time some day and find your self fired by some one tired out at your constant rhapsies.

It is certainly true that you find what you look for, and if you are looking for slights and insults you'll find plenty. Suppose you do get a short answer once in awhile? Make allowances for other people's nerves as well as for your own. Don't think that the rest of the office is in league against you because some of them are laughing over every joke you have not heard. I know a girl who can't see two people whispering together without laughing they are discussing her and ridiculing her.

This is a form of conceit that is particularly weak and silly and capable in time of developing into monomania. The touchy, irritable and suspicious girl is laying out a hard road for herself. If you have tendencies in these directions set to work to cure yourself. If you don't you will be pretty sure to fall in your work and even more certain to fall in your life.

Straight Line Skirts. The new restraint of the skirt which is still very full, but with a straighter line than earlier in the year, make the softness and pliability of the satin fabrics useful. A charming frock seen a short while ago showed the grace of the new silhouette and pointed to the employment of satin crapes as an effective material. The color, a cool green gray, was brightened by steel embroideries upon chiffon, showing on the corsage as an emphasis of the square décolleture, at the wrists and on the slashings of the skirt.

THE PEASANT'S RIDDLE. And How the Sicilian Kept the Promise He Made to the King.

A Sicilian laborer told us this story. He says his mother told it to him when he was a child. It sounds like one of Grimm's tales and is undoubtedly very old folk lore.

"My mother told me that once there was a king who saw a peasant working in a field and asked him how much he earned. And the peasant said, 'Four carlini a day.' 'What do you do with your 4 carlini?' asked the king. 'One I eat, the second I put at interest, the third I return, and the fourth I throw away.' This puzzled the king, and he asked the peasant what he meant. And the peasant said: 'I buy my food with one. I feed my children with the second, and that is putting money out at interest. I feed my old father with the third, and that is paying back what has been given me. I give the fourth to my wife, and giving her money is throwing it away.' 'That's a good riddle,' said the king, 'and I must tell it to my friends. Promise me that you won't tell any one the answer till you have seen my face a hundred times.' So the peasant promised, and the king went back to his palace and asked them the riddle. Nobody could answer, but one remembered seeing the king talk to a peasant, so he went to the peasant and asked him about it. But the peasant said: 'I can't tell you, I promised the king I wouldn't tell the answer till I had seen his face a hundred times.' 'Oh, that's easy,' said the king's friend, and he took a hundred lire out of his pocket, and every piece of money had the king's face stamped on it. 'So the peasant told the king's friend the answer to the riddle, and the king's friend went back to the palace and told to the king, 'I can guess your riddle now,' and he did. Then the king became angry and said: 'You couldn't have guessed it. That peasant has broken his promise! So the friend had to tell the king how he had fooled the peasant.'—Newland-Plain-Dealer.

SACKING A THEATER. What New Yorkers in 1786 Did For an Offensive Play.

Here is an account of the sacking of a theater in New York from the Gazette of that city of May 3, 1786. "The play advertised to be acted last Monday evening having given offense to sundry and dignified inhabitants of this city, who thought it highly improper that such entertainment should be exhibited at this time of public distress, when great numbers of poor people can scarce find means of subsistence, whereby many persons might be tempted to neglect their business and squander that money which is necessary to the payment of their debts and the support of their families, a rumor was spread about the town that if the play went on the audience would meet with some disturbance from the multitude.

"This prevented the greatest part of those who intended to have been there from going. However, many people came, and the play was begun, but soon interrupted by the multitude, who burst open the doors and entered with noise and tumult. The audience escaped in the best manner they could. Many lost their hats and other articles of raiment. A boy had his skull fractured and was yesterday trepanned. Death is his. Several others were sorely set upon and injured. But we heard of no lives lost. The multitude immediately demolished the house and carried the pieces to the common, where they consumed them in a bonfire."

Origin of the Pitcher. Some of the earliest drinking vessels were made of skins, sewed together in such a manner as to be water tight. The skins were well tanned, and the vessels made from them were well nigh indestructible. Leather drinking vessels in England were called "black-jacks" and were made in about the same shape as the pitcher of modern times. The inside was coated with a layer of pitch, thus giving rise to our word "pitcher." It is believed.

Inherent Dread of Cats For Dogs. The instinctive fear which cats have of dogs is illustrated very amusingly by stroking a dog and then caressing a blind and newborn kitten with the same hand that has touched the dog. At once the kitten will split and fluff itself up in the most absurd way, distinguishing the smell of the beast which experience for thousands of generations has taught it most to dread.—London Standard.

Gilish Dissipation. "Those two girls evidently had a little too much cream soda yesterday." "Why that inference?" "I heard one telling the other that she had a certain taste in her mouth this morning when she awoke."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS TO THE HEART OF LEISURELAND

A Sleepy Time Story About a Great Soldier and Ruler.

Happy Experience of a Farmer With the Head of a Mighty Empire—Generosity of a Stranger—A Good Riddle. Washday in the Nursery. Tonight's story will be one with soldiers in it, said Uncle Ben to little Ned and Polly Ann. I shall call it: EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.

THE CROOKED FURROW.

Perhaps you've heard of Napoleon Bonaparte, the wonderful soldier whose skill in fighting the enemies of France won him the love of the French people and at last made him their emperor. One day Napoleon, with one of his officers, was passing along a country road when he saw a farmer plowing in a field.

Napoleon watched this man plowing for a minute, and then he said: "My friend, your furrow is not straight. You do not plow right." The countryman did not know that the little man in the simple uniform was the head of the French nation, and he answered rather sharply: "If you can plow it any better let me see you do so." Napoleon smiled. He was quite sure he could. Had he not been brought up in the country? And he took hold of the plow and started out bravely. But the furrow was nothing but a lot of zigzags, and the farmer laughed long and loud as he took the plow from the hands of the stranger. "Every man to his trade," said the farmer. "It is plain that yours is not plowing."

Napoleon put his hand into his pocket and handed the farmer a handful of gold pieces. The man was amazed and told the next persons who passed him of his good fortune and of the stranger. The farmer went on to tell what the giver of gold pieces looked like. "Why, that was Napoleon Bonaparte, the ruler of all France," the farmer was told. Overcome now with shame at his rude speech, the farmer put on his best clothes and hurried to the palace where Napoleon was staying.

The place was so grand that the farmer almost lost his head, but when he was shown into the room where Napoleon sat and the great man was so very kind he plucked up courage to ask a favor, and that was that his son might become a soldier. "My son cares more for a gun than a plow," the old man explained. "His furrows are no better than those of your excellency." Napoleon agreed to take the boy and promised that he would help him to get on. And he sent the old man home happy with another handful of money and blessing that crooked furrow that had made his fortune.

A Riddle. What is that which is not useful to a cart, yet always goes with a cart—in fact, without which the cart could not move? A Noise. Mother's Busy Day. No matter how often dolly is cautioned to be sure to keep her clothes clean, it seems impossible for her to keep herself neat. Such carelessness, of course, makes lots of work for dolly's



Photo by American Press Association. DOLLY IS A CARELESS CHILD.

TO THE HEART OF LEISURELAND

where woods are cool, streams alluring, vacations ideal. Between New York city (with Albany the gateway) and

Lake George The Adirondacks Lake Champlain The North and West The logical route is "The Luxurious Way"

Largest and most magnificent river steamships in the world Daily Service Send for free copy of Beautiful "Searchlight Magazine" Hudson Navigation Company Pier 32, North River, New York "The Searchlight Route"

Organized 1854. Monroe County Savings Bank 32-35 State St. Interest Allowed on Deposits From One Dollar Up to Three Thousand Dollars.

JAMES E. BOOTH, President WM. CARSON, Secretary

WURTZBURGER 50c Doz. Delivered Anywhere in City Oneida Lager, Doz. 50c Sparkling Ale, Doz. 60c Porter, Doz. 60c American Pilsner, Doz. 75c Order a Case Now Ale and Lager in Quarters Thos. Ryan's Consumers Brew. Co. Syracuse, N. Y. J. J. MILLER, Distributor 243 Murray St., Rochester, N. Y. Bell Phone Gen., 1725 and 544

Our Repair Work is the Best that can be had WM. LINGL Dealer in FINE FOOTWEAR Fine Shoe Repairing a Specialty 1062 Main Street East Cor. N. Goodman St.

W. A. Wilson Machine Co. Engineers, Boiler Makers, Machinists Repairs and Supplies 217 North Water Street Both Phones 922 Bell Phone Chase 3205 GO TO Albert H. Hatmaker For Hardware, Paints, Oils and Glass 1053 Main St. East Rochester, N. Y. Thomas B. Mooney FUNERAL DIRECTOR 93 Edinburgh Street Home Phone 2413 Bell 177

F. L. HENNING & Co., Inc. Structural Steel and Iron Work. Building Contractors. 107 State Street. Telephone 1000. Office and Works, 207 N. Y. Ave. Structural Shop and Stock Yard, EYELL AVE. Rochester, N. Y.