

# In the Arena of Sports

## Alexander, Famous Twirler

Grover Cleveland Alexander, star pitcher of the Philadelphia Nationals and premier pitcher of the league, has finally jumped into the class of ball players who receive big salaries. He recently signed a contract that calls for a salary, it is generally believed, of \$12,500 a year. As a pitcher Alexander



Photo by American Press Association  
GROVER C. ALEXANDER

At the top, his only rival being Walter Johnson of the Washington Americans. Alexander has been pitching six years in the National league and in 1915 was mainly responsible for the Phillies winning the National flag. There are now five men in baseball believed to be drawing larger salaries than Alexander. Two of these, John J. McGraw and George Stallings, are managers. Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker and Eddie Collins are the others. They are admittedly the greatest players in the game.

### Wagner Still on Deck

Honus Wagner at forty-three is anticipating another active season on the diamond. He is an exception to the rule of athletic life which brings one to the sixth age of lean and slithered pantaloon at thirty-five or so. Pity it is that men of his age should not be the rule instead of the exception, and no doubt they would be with the same natural, easy way of living that has kept Wagner in the front rank long beyond the time usually allotted to baseball players.

### Gill Becomes a Brave

Robert Gill, who, pitching for the Boston college nine last season, scored victories over several leading college teams, has signed a contract with the Boston Nationals. His services had been sought by the Chicago Nationals.

## Prepare to Make a Back Yard Vegetable Garden

A comparison of the sum which must be paid this year for vegetables, with prices ruling a year ago, although 1915 was a year in which much complaint was heard of the high cost of living, is really startling.

The situation suggests that every body who has a patch of ground in the back yard, even though it contain only a few dozen square feet, should utilize it in vegetable raising. Persons who have never "made garden" will be surprised at the results which can be obtained from a small piece of ground, carefully cultivated, and they will be still more surprised at the difference it will make in their green grocery bills to be able to get lettuce, cabbages, tomatos, peas, beans, spinach, onions and potatoes from their own garden.

More than that, the exercise of gardening is beneficial, and there will be an increase in health as the cost of living decreases. Let everybody "make garden" this spring who can possibly do so.

### TIME.

- Do not waste time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Franklin.
- God never imposes a duty without giving time to do it.—Ruskin.
- Stay not until you are told of opportunities to do good. Inquire after them as a man.—Webster.
- Idleness is costly without being a luxury. It is hard work for those who are not used to it and dull work for those who are.—Horace Smith.

## Ireland

Oh, the blue skies of her, blue as the sapphires, and Oh, the soft voice of her, soft as the sea!

Oh, the sweet smell of her! Poets could tell of her Poets, but not a poor rime-ster like me.

Oh, the blue girdle that runs round the heart of her And the green mantle she wore when I came Back from the spell of her! Would I could tell of her Tell of the charm of her sweet sound in name!

Oh, the brave sons of her, poets and dreamers, too, And her fair daughters as fresh as the morn' This I can tell of her. My heart expel from her. Then of her sons I'm the one most forlorn.

So there's where I'm longin' to be wid my Norah, and There's where my thoughts are a-turmin' all day, For though people tell of her, Or ill or well of her, She'll be my darlin' forever and aye.

—Caroline Russell Bispham.

Justine or St. Paul "If I have ever done any good for the sake of my God whom I love, I beg him to grant me that I may shed my blood with the proselytes and captives for his sake, even though I should never receive burial or each member of my body should be most horribly thrown to the dogs and wild beasts or the birds of prey should feed upon it" (paragraph 24)

The "Confession" ends with these words "And this is my confession before I die" (paragraph 25).

For its humility, sweetness, faith love and self sacrifice it must be admired by all who read it.

"The Synod of St. Patrick" is composed of thirty-one canons. The twelfth is entitled, "On our obligation toward the dead." And in the eighteenth is given an original interpretation of the three different degrees of fruitfulness of the gospel seed, declaring that those who are a hundredfold reward are the bishops and doctors, who are all things to all men; those who are to have the sixty fold are the clergy and widows, the thirtyfold shall be received by the lay men who are faithful. He also places monks and virgins with those who shall have the hundredfold.

He who does not receive communion at Easter is declared to be not a "faithful" (Canon 22).

It is interesting to note that the synod forbids a man to take his dead brother's widow to wife and declares that she shall be to him only a sister (Canon 25).

The next canon shows the mind of St. Patrick and his colleagues concerning divorce. It declares that a husband of an unfaithful wife may marry again only after the death of his wife.

"Abuses of the Age."

Finally in the next canon parental direction in marriage, character of Ireland and Europe even to-day, but not of America, seems to be encouraged, for "A virgin shall do what her father wishes, because the man is the head of the woman" (I Cor. 11, 3). However, "a virgin's wish is to be considered by her father, though God hath left man in the hands of his own counsel" (Ecc. 15, 14).

Then follow a few "other canons" attributed to St. Patrick, on the "Charter of St. Patrick," on the "Charter of the Church of Glanabury in England, very quaint and entertaining, one page only in length. Next we have "The Book of St. Patrick the Bishop on the Three Dwellings," a profound yet practical sermon on heaven, hell and this world.

Finally there is the "Treatise on the Twelve Abuses of the Age." These twelve abuses are:

- An old man without honor.
- A young man without obedience.
- A rich man without almsgiving.
- A woman without modesty.
- A chieftain without valor.
- A contentious Christian.
- A haughty pauper.
- A wicked king.
- A neglectful bishop.
- A crowd of people without discipline.
- A people without law.

## WOMAN MAYOR WILL REST.

Mrs. Starcher Finds Executive Duties Most Trying.

The woman mayor of Umatilla, Ore., has suffered a nervous breakdown after about five weeks in office. Mrs. Laura Starcher decided to go to southern California to recuperate. She has been getting affairs in order but she may leave with a feeling that it will go well with the so-called "pet government" of Umatilla. Mrs. Starcher has been working unusually hard and has found many trials and tribulations in being mayor of a railroad town.

## DIPLOMATIC CRISES

Breaking Off Relations Does Not Always Spell War.

### WE HAVE HAD MANY CLASHES.

One of Our Disputes With France Brought Us to the Very Verge of Hostilities, but the Quarrel Was Amicably Settled—Our Break With Italy.

Several times before our break with Germany this country severed diplomatic relations with foreign powers without war as a result. We had a number of diplomatic crises with France, and we also broke with Venezuela, Nicaragua, Mexico and Italy, yet hostilities in each case were averted. During President Madison's administration American commerce had suffered severely from the enforcement of the Berlin and Milan decrees, issued by Napoleon, and when peace was finally declared in Europe in 1815 this government at once sought monetary compensation for the damages done its citizens. While the French government readily admitted the justice of the claim, it seemed in no hurry to pay it and the negotiations dragged along until President Jackson referred to the subject with unusual harshness in his first annual message to congress.

This action resulted in a treaty between the two nations, binding the French government to pay to the United States the sum of \$5,000,000 in six annual installments. But the payments were not made, and this moved President Jackson to send another fiery message to congress, which put France in a rage and resulted in the ministers of both countries being recalled. President Jackson then abruptly demanded the payment of the money.

The reply of the French government in turn enraged this country. "We will pay the money," wrote the French foreign minister, "when the government of the United States is ready on its part to declare to us, by addressing its claim to us officially in writing, that it regrets the misunderstanding which has arisen between the two countries, that this misunderstanding is founded upon a mistake and that it never entered into its intention to call in question the good faith of the French government nor to take a menacing attitude toward France. If the United States does not give this assurance we shall be obliged to think that this misunderstanding is not the result of an error."

The excitement in this country and France soon approached that frenzy which precedes war, and the president's messages contained nothing to allay it.

War preparations were made with frantic energy, a large French squadron appeared in the vicinity of the West Indies, and in congress John Quincy Adams made a speech so thrilling in its eloquence that when the honorable orator resumed his seat "the very walls shook with the thundering applause he had awakened." But that was all. A few weeks later President Jackson informed congress that he had accepted the offer of Great Britain to act as mediator in the dispute, with the proviso that the apology demanded by the French government was out of the question, and in May, 1830, the entire incident was brought to an appropriate conclusion by France paying the money due of its own accord without awaiting for the action of the arbitrator. Lewis Cass then went to France as minister plenipotentiary, and King Louis Philippe showed the same affection he felt for the United States by ordering a painting of President Andrew Jackson to be hung in the palace of the Tuilleries.

Our diplomatic relations with Italy were severed during President Benjamin Harrison's term.

Members of the Mafia, an Italian secret society, had perpetrated a series of murders in New Orleans. The activity of Chief of Police David C. Henne, drew upon him the enmity of the conspirators, and he was murdered.

The jury acquitted six of the nine who had been arrested in connection with the conspiracy and discharged as to the other three. A mob then stormed the jail and lynched those who had been acquitted, along with some others suspected.

Italy demanded reparation and the punishment of those guilty of being implicated in the hangings. Our government expressed regret, but explained that the state in which the crimes were committed had jurisdiction and Washington could not guarantee to punish those accused of taking part in the lynching.

That did not suit Italy. Baron Fava, the Italian minister, was recalled, and diplomatic relations between this country and Italy were severed. After the first heat of resentment had passed negotiations were resumed, and we settled by the payment of \$25,000 indemnity to the families of the victims and expressing our regret to the Italian government.

The Iron Glove.

A refinement of cruelty is the torture of the "iron glove" as it is called, which used to be common in Morocco. A lump of quicklime is placed in a man's hand, which is closed up into a fist. Then the fist is tightly bound with leather thongs and plunged into a tub of cold water. The agony soon becomes extreme. The torture is continued for eight or ten days, until in the end mortification ensues and probably death.

Calumny would soon starve and die of itself if nobody took it in and gave it a lodging.—Leighton.

## Household Hints

A little methylated spirit added to the rinsing water will make white silk look equal to new.

A siphon of soda water should be always kept in the nursery, as it is a good fire extinguisher.

For sealing bottles of fruit or pickles an excellent wax is obtained by melting together equal parts of resin and beef suet.

To revive a faded carpet sweep thoroughly, then wipe with a clean cloth that has been soaked in a weak solution of ammonia and water and well wrung.

Black lead mixed with turpentine instead of water gives a more brilliant and lasting polish and prevents the stove from rusting, no matter how damp the weather.

When buying nutmegs choose small ones. They have a better flavor than large nuts. To test a nutmeg prick with a needle. If good the oil will instantly spread round the puncture.

## Careful Car Drivers Economize on Gasoline

Soft tires require more power for the propulsion of the car and add to the repair bill. If the motor is left running idle the amount of gasoline used is about the same as that used for propelling the car at the rate of five or ten miles an hour, says the Automobile Dealer and Repairer.

There is an art in driving a car, and good drivers are those who can drive farthest on a given amount of gasoline. Stopping the motor while coasting down long hills adds to the cost of motoring and saves gasoline as well as wear and tear on the motor. If the motor is stopped some time before making an intentional stop the car can be allowed to coast to a gradual stop, thus saving wear on brakes and tires, as well as saving gasoline.

There is a good average speed at which every car can travel most economically without wasting fuel or time. It is up to each car owner to determine, by test and practice, just what this speed is for his own particular car. It is often more economical of gasoline, as well as easier on the motor, to drop into second gear and partially close the throttle than to attempt to force the car up a steep hill on high gear with the throttle wide open.

Good drivers watch the road far ahead and by skillful planning utilize every drop of gasoline to the best advantage. This is a test of the driver's mettle that forms a game well worth playing.

## APPEARANCES.

Appearances to the mind are of four kinds. Things either are what they appear to be or they are not what they appear to be, or they are and do not appear to be, or they are not and yet appear to be. Rightly to aim in all these cases is the wise man's task.—Epictetus.

## Light as Chaff

Trouble in the Timber.

"I don't want to be inquisitive nor a neighbor who had come over to borrow a neck yoke, "but what in torment is going on over there in the edge of the timber?"

Sounds like a convention of contentions."

"My least boy, Bearcat, started to heckle a nest of hornets a couple of hours ago and got himself stung up considerably," replied Gap Johnson of Klumpus Ridge. "The last I noticed he had dug himself into a hollow tree. I judge by the racket that the enemy is still assaulting him in mass formation and that the rest of the children are standing off and asking him if it hurts him much. Looks sorter like 'yawn'—'rain off to the south'ard, don't it?"

The Clearest Vision.

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman—once went into a tower to decide who could see the farthest through a telescope. The Englishman, who looked first, declared he could see the minute hand on the clock four or five miles away.

"I can see the minute hand of the same clock moving," said the Scotchman.

But stood in amazement listening to his own rades. When he looked through the telescope he was seen to smile.

"Faith," he said, "if I don't see the same clock striking! Sure I do!"

No Come Back.

A quack doctor was holding forth his medicines to a rural audience. "Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I have sold these pills for twenty-five years and never heard a word of complaint. Now, what does that prove?"

Voice in the crowd, "That dead men tell no tales."

## My Companion For a Day

By ETHEL HOLMES

In the leafy month of June, 1914, I was making a pedestrian tour through Switzerland, and when I emerged from there it was over the heights lying on the west. Standing on an eminence I was looking down upon France spread out before me when, glancing aside, I saw a young woman sitting before an easel sketching. She turned her face, and, seeing a woman standing near her, she smiled. I went to her and looked at her picture.

I sat down on the ground near her, and while she remained on her sketching stool and worked we chatted. I attempted to interest her in the United States, but she did not appear to admire our institutions.

"You are a nation of individuals," she said, "and there is nothing to weld you. Many races are represented among you, and the people of each race stand together and keep up their national traditions. If a war should break out between any two nations here the people of each in America would come back to fight for the fatherland, even those who had been born on American soil."

"You are mistaken," I replied. "Our foreigners are glad to escape the disadvantages of a monarchical form of government. They become naturalized, and that makes them American citizens."

"Let a war come in Europe," continued the artist, "and you will see."

"You prefer an emperor?"

"Yes, we Germans are one people under one head. We have the most efficient form of government."

I asked her where she was going, and she said that she intended sketching along the French border northward. She described the scenery northward as attractive, and since I was wandering at will I concluded to go a part of the way with her. She received the announcement coldly, but when I added that I would take the first good road I came to I went into France she seemed better pleased.

So we proceeded northward together, she stopping now and again to sketch. Her pictures were very singular. Indeed, they were rather, it seemed to me, the groundwork for pictures, and when I told her that I did not understand them she told me that they were memoranda from which pictures would be painted on her return to her home in Berlin.

We kept together till evening, when we came to a hotel where we asked for rooms. We were told that there was but one room vacant, and if we cared to accept it together we might do so. My companion expressed herself as agreeable to the plan, and I also consented.

"I must look out for my passport," I said to her when we were going to bed. "A stranger in Europe without a passport is like a fish without gills." And I put my passport under my pillow.

When I awoke the next morning and looked toward the other bed it was vacant. Nor were my companion's clothes in sight. Her sketching materials, too, were gone. I got out of bed and went to the door. It was locked from the inside. Trying to a window, I noticed that a few feet beneath it was a shed. It occurred to me that my artist friend had gone out by the window and descended from the roof of the shed.

Was she a thief? I opened my bag, where I kept my money. The funds were there, I counted them, and none were missing. Relieved, I dressed myself and put my hand under my pillow for my passport. It was gone.

I was glad that my cash had been spared instead of my passport. I could get on without the one, though I might need it sorely, but not without the other. But what did the girl want with it? For my life I could divine no reason for her stealing it. She was going back to Berlin to work up her sketches, and surely in her own country she needed no passport, especially one belonging to another.

Going to a mirror to do a bit of prinking before descending to breakfast, my image reminded me slightly of the thief. Then I remembered that we were both about the same height and build, both blonds and both blue eyed, though she was of lighter hair and eyes than I. Nevertheless, I could not divine why she should want my passport.

The first gun fired by the Germans a few weeks later forced the reason into my stupid brain. The border between France and Germany was a hotbed for spies on both sides. This girl was doubtless a spy for the German government. She was laying down memoranda in the shape of a basis for pictures of the topography of the ground on the French border.

But before the war opened I saw her again. I had put up at a hotel near the German border and took a seat in the dining room for supper. At a table near by sat the girl who had stolen my passport. If she saw and recognized me, which she probably did, she maintained her equanimity perfectly.

It was within my power to send her to a fortress, probably to death. All I had to do was to denounce her. Had I been able to inflict upon her a suitable punishment for stealing my passport I would have done so, but to cause her to be treated as a spy was too much for me. I am an American and had no interest in the military problems between France and Germany, so I permitted her to walk out of the dining room unmolested.

When I finished my supper I asked the landlord, describing her, where she was. He said that she had just left the house.

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JOSEPH E. GORE, Executor.  
C. A. Crandall, Attorney for Executor.

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