



United States Liberty Loan

== OF 1917 ==

THIS country is at war, and in such a crisis, it is the duty of every patriotic citizen to respond in some way.

It is a fact that armies cannot fight without munitions and food. Munitions and food for armies of the present day require money in immense amounts. Our Government will raise the money needed for our army by the issue of bonds paying three and one-half per cent. They will be offered to the public in denominations probably as low as one hundred dollars, and are the world's best security.

The banks of Rochester named below are ready to receive such subscriptions for these bonds in any amount without charge to the subscriber and without profit to themselves.

The Central Bank of Rochester
 The National Bank of Commerce of Rochester
 The Union Trust Company
 Rochester Trust & Safe Deposit Co.

The Fidelity Trust Company
 Traders National Bank
 Lincoln National Bank of Rochester
 Security Trust Company of Rochester

Merchants Bank of Rochester
 Alliance Bank
 Citizens Bank of Rochester
 Genesee Valley Trust Company

A CODY ADVENTURE

In the Days When Buffalo Bill Was a Pony-Express Rider.

HIS CLASH WITH AN OUTLAW.

The Story of a Holdup and its Curious Climax as Told by the Great Scout Himself—A Boy's Nerve and a Case of Dramatic Retribution.

No enterprise ever undertaken in America was more fruitful of picturesque incident, hardship and adventure than the famous pony express line that Russell, Majors and Waddell established in the fifties.

The route extended from the Missouri river to Sacramento, a distance of 1,900 miles. It traversed a country full of hostile Indians and white desperadoes and led across plains, through valleys and over lofty mountains.

Naturally the riders were picked men. They had to face deadly dangers and were often called upon to do double duty in place of a slain or wounded comrade. The pay, however, was good, as hefted so dangerous a calling—it ranged from \$100 to \$125 a month. I was (write Colonel William F. Cody) about sixteen years old when I applied for a chance to enter this service. My mother and sisters needed my help, and the good wages paid by the pony express company tempted me.

As first I was told that I was too young to stand the tremendous strain, but after considerable pleading on my part the company consented to give me a trial as an extra man on a forty-five miles that was to be covered, with three horses in three hours.

I accepted the offer, and it was on this route that, quite early in my experience as an express rider, I met with a most peculiar adventure. One morning as I was crossing a rough bit of country on the gallop there came suddenly the cry of "Halt! Up with your hands, boy!"

A man had risen apparently from the very ground under my feet. While he covered me with the revolver that he held in his right hand he extended his left to catch my bridle rein. There was nothing to do, but obey, although I knew that the pouch contained a large sum of money.

"Give me that pouch, boy!"

I held it out, but as he extended his hand for it my opportunity came. I kicked the revolver from his grasp, drew the spurs in deep and made a dash.

I was just beginning to chuckle over my escape when a bullet whistled by my ear. That was too much for me. I should have known better than to

stop, but without thinking I wheeled in my saddle and returned the shot. Just as the desperado fired again. This time he hit my pony, which gave one leap and then fell heavily.

Luckily I landed on my feet and jumped to the shelter of a big rock. The outlaw was coming toward me, and trying to fire as he ran, but I noticed that at each pull of the trigger his revolver missed fire. I believed that I had him at my mercy. I wanted to capture him and march him to the next relay station, where the men would take charge of him. With this in mind I refrained from firing, and so he was enabled to reach the cover of the same boulder behind which I myself had taken shelter.

There were a rock ten feet in diameter between us, and each very well aware that it was a fight for life. For a time neither of us dared to move, then gradually and as silently as possible I crawled back from the rock far enough so that I could watch both sides of it at once. But as I lay there watching my poor pony gave what seemed an almost human moan and turned his faithful eyes upon me. He made a desperate, vain attempt to rise and uttered a low neigh so full of grief and pain that I determined to put the horse out of his misery, and, resting on one elbow, I took careful aim and sent a bullet through his brain.

Instantly my shot was followed by one from the other side of the rock—so quickly, in fact, that the two reports were almost simultaneous. I could not tell whether it had been aimed at me or not, but I knew I was not hit.

The struggles of my pony had ceased, and everything was still. I waited, and watched until I could stand it no longer, then I began slowly and cautiously to creep toward the rock, holding my revolver ready to fire on the instant. I even stuck my hat out ahead of me as a decoy, but it brought no response.

Suddenly I saw the outlaw's boots and, to my surprise, the toes were turned up. Another step brought me within full sight of the man. He lay on his back, quite dead, his revolver beside him, as if it had just fallen from his hand.

A little examination showed me what had happened. The outlaw had been reloading his revolver when I fired at the pony. In those days the only ammunition was powder and ball, which had to be forced home with a ramrod. During the loading the weapon was held upright, and when that part of the operation had been completed the caps were placed on the nipples.

The outlaw had not removed the cap that had failed to explode. My shot had startled him. He had accidentally pulled the trigger, and his own bullet had slain him.—Youth's Companion.

The Egyptian vulture was the chief scavenger of the land of Pharaoh.

In the Arena of Sports

Boston Braves' Great Infielder

The smallest and most graceful fielder in big league ball, that is the way fans speak of Walter J. Maranville, shortstop of the Boston National League team. Sometimes he is called "Rabbit," a tribute to his speed. Maranville is a native of Springfield, Mass., and began his ball playing career with the New Bedford team. He joined the Braves in the fall of 1912 and since then has helped make baseball history.



Photo by American Press Association. WALTER J. MARANVILLE.

"Rabbit" is a wonderful shortstop, his specialty being to throw runners out from short left field. His batting average is not especially high, but he is a dangerous man in a pinch. His batting average last season was .235.

Clubs Carry Too Many Men.

Hugh Jennings, manager of the Detroit Tigers, says that eighteen players are enough for any major league club to carry during the championship season. He declares that the magnates waste \$50,000 a year on superfluous talent.

"The ball team that wins the pennant usually has the smallest number

of men," remarked Jennings the other day. "I believe that the clubs should carry eighteen players or perhaps twenty. Not more than six first class pitchers are needed to maintain a winning position."

"Two catchers can do all the work and five outfielders are sufficient. Four infielders and a general utility man can take care of the rest."

Joe Wood's Comeback.

The success or failure of Joe Wood's attempted comeback will be one of the interesting side features of the coming campaign in the American league. Wood at his best was one of the greatest hurlers in the game.

Economy of Keeping a Small Poultry Flock

The actual economy secured by the keeping of a small flock of chickens depends primarily upon their egg production, and this in turn is largely a matter of care. Under favorable conditions, however, it is estimated that 150 eggs the first year and 120 the second is a fair return from the ordinary hen. On the other hand, at least from 25 to 50 cents a year must be expended for grain and other feeds, the exact amount depending upon the quantity of table scraps and green and insect food available. Where all the feed must be purchased from \$1 to \$1.25 is allowed. Even in the most thrifty household, however, there is always a large quantity of table scraps, vegetable parings and other "off-overs" for the hens, and a considerable portion of their feed consists of what other wise would be carried off the place by the garbage man.

Although of less importance than the eggs, the supply of poultry for the table furnished by the home flock is an item that cannot be overlooked. In a flock of twenty five which the owner is perpetuating there will be approximately twelve or thirteen chickens all most all of which can be used best to food. Half of the hens must go each year also, so that, allowing for 1 per cent for birds reserved for breeding, there still will be enough available to affect the butcher's bill.

Snake Root.

Snake charmers take snake root and put it into an earthenware pot with a snake, and in a few days the snake and seems torpid and too weak to fight or bite. They put the snake under the influence of the root before pulling his fangs.

And Only Fools Himself.

The more worthless a man becomes the more easily he expects to fool people.—Atchison Globe.

Golden Weddings.

Only one out of every thousand married couples live on an average to celebrate their golden wedding.

GASTRIC REBELLION.

Some of the Mistakes in Eating That Incite Poor Digestion.

Indigestion—is often attributed to hasty eating, and people are reproved, and rightly so, for bolting their food, but it is interesting to observe that, while the bolting of food is always severely censured, one never hears any blame attached to those who swallow fruit by the mouthful and devour uncooked vegetables without any attempt at mastication. Nevertheless it is the hasty swallower of vegetable fiber who is really the culprit of gastric rebellion. Vegetables are at all times very imperfectly digested by the stomach and require their tough fibers to be thoroughly broken up by the teeth if they are to be dissolved even in the bowel.

There is a well known saying which avers that digestion waits upon appetite, and there is no doubt that of all the adjuncts to digestion a keen desire for food is the most powerful and important. But appetite itself often depends upon conditions which are independent of the body's absolute necessities. Thus the aspect of the food, its smell, taste and even the manner in which it is served all help either to stimulate a desire for it or to induce a sense of aversion, while the environment of the diner often exercises important influence—pleasant or otherwise.

Brain work of any kind interferes with the rapid digestion of food, and even the habit of reading during meal-times, practiced by so many, is conducive neither to appetite nor digestion. A well lighted room, music and frivolous conversation will often permit a chronic dyspeptic to enjoy without remorse the pleasures of the table while a depressing atmosphere, uncondemned company and unappetizing dishes may induce a fit of indigestion in the most healthy individual.—Food and Cookery.

BIRDLAND DANCE HALLS.

Playhouses, and Gardens of the Australian Bower Birds.

There are several species of bower birds, chief among them the Satin and the Newt. The Satin bower bird is the best known. When the bowers were first discovered it was supposed that they were playhouses built by the native children, but as a matter of fact they are the dance halls of birdland.

The nests are built in the trees and have no connection with the playhouses. The male birds build these latter and rather every bright and shining object they can find to adorn the entrance to the bower. When it is completed, according to one who has watched them, little "at homes" are given daily, at which the males meet and pay their court to their ladyloves, now bowing and scraping, now playing hide and seek through the bower and now doing an absurdly dignified dance for their edification.

Newton's bower bird decorates its bower with fresh flowers every day, and if a visiting male bird wants to fight all he has to do is to disturb one of these flowers. The master of the bower proceeds with the painful duty of teaching him how to behave in company, while the remainder of the party raise a great racket, but never interfere. A naturalist studying them described one of their flowers, but each time he did it the bower master rearranged it with great care.—National Geographic Magazine.

A Royal Superstition.

Canterbury cathedral, England, like most Catholic cathedrals, is decorated with innumerable niches for statues. At Canterbury a series of these niches is occupied with statues of kings and queens of England, and there are only four niches left unoccupied. An old tradition has it that when all the niches are filled the throne of England will come to an end. Queen Victoria was approached with a view to a statue of herself being placed in one of the four remaining niches, but her late majesty was aware of the old tradition and refused. One wonders whether in the future there will be four monarchs of England sufficiently indifferent to superstition to defy the tradition and allow their effigies to fill the unoccupied spaces.

Not Mercenary.

"I can't say that my son is mercenary."

"No!"

"No; he doesn't seem to love money well enough to work for it."—Pittsburgh Post.

Paradoxical.

"The truth lies somewhere."

"Strange conduct, that, for the truth."—Baltimore American.

FREEDOM.

Our political creed, without a dissenting voice that can be heard, is that the will of the people is the source and the happiness of the people is the end of all legitimate government on earth, that the best security for beneficence and the best guarantee against the abuse of power consists in the freedom, the purity and the frequency of popular elections.—John Quincy Adams.

It is manly to love one's country; it is godlike to love the world.—J. W. Conklin.