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OUR NATION'S HEAD

The Irsome Etiquette of Office to Which He is a Slave.

DIGNITY IS THE WORST BORE.

The President is Always on Exhibition, and He Can Never Relax, For That Would Not Be Good Form—Must Use Discretion in Making Calls.

Few people ever stop to think what a captive of convention and dignity a president really is, writes David Lawrence in the Century Magazine. The city of Washington is not his accustomed residence. It is, in fact, the home town of few, being simply a house of transients, and in the later years of life intimate friends are not easily made.

Therefore, unless the new president has previously lived amid Washington's migratory population and is accustomed to the city's periodic changes, he finds himself alone in a strange environment, a cold atmosphere depressing to the newcomer.

Even after he has made friends he cannot call upon them casually or at random. Form, that ancient regulator of Washington life, is the immediate barrier. Discretion is another.

The president may drop in on his friends now and then, but not too frequently. Such visits, unless distributed with calculating foresight, are apt to be misunderstood, and it is difficult to discriminate.

So the new president must at once detach himself from private life, primarily because disinterested men are few. Somebody is always wanting something from the president.

Mr. Taft went about Washington freely, for he had lived there several years before being elected to the presidency. But the general criticism of him was that he spent too much time socially, and his defense, it will be remembered, was that the White House was a lonesome place. Mr. Roosevelt provided his own recreation—boxers, wrestlers and rough riders—but these were exceptional diversions, revealing, indeed, the artificiality of a president's position.

Though before his election to the presidency a president may have been a sociable fellow, may have liked upon occasion to drop in at a club, lounge in the reading room or recline in an easy chair enveloped in smoke rings and gossip, he cannot now be a club man in that sense. Even if he so desired he would not find time for it and do his work conscientiously.

Mr. Wilson plays golf, for instance, but rarely if ever stays longer at the clubhouse than is necessary to pass through it to a waiting motorcar. He used to be fond of the University club of New York and frequently as president-elect went there to write personal letters or read magazines.

Doubtless he would now like to lose himself for hours in the retreat of a library, but he cannot; he is never completely alone. He is like one under arrest, always guarded, always protected, always awkwardly aware of his own treacherous presence.

The president must always be on his dignity. He can never relax. He cannot sit in the orchestra or in the balcony of a theater away from every body's staring glances. He cannot laugh too uproariously; he cannot fail to applaud. He is constantly on exhibition.

Dignity, after all, is the most terrible punishment that is inflicted on a president. He is constantly reminded of it wherever he goes. When he travels he must appear at all the railroad stations that he passes through, lest the impression get abroad that he is undemocratic. He may be tired or sleepy—it makes little difference, for he must be seen.

It is not sufficient that the president modestly follow the ways of the ordinary man. He finds himself hedged about by the knowledge that, while a private citizen can walk the streets at will, gaze in the shop windows and move about unmolested, the president cannot go anywhere without finding a big crowd tagging at his heels and a number of people pressing forward to shake hands.

LEONARDO'S STYLE OF ART.

"Mona Lisa" is No Mystery, According to Kenyon Cox.

Leonardo da Vinci was a tireless student of all kinds of natural phenomena, and of many things he had learned a great deal that has been rediscovered only in our own time. Among other things, as his notebooks prove, he had studied effects of transmitted and reflected light, understood the difference between diffused daylight and sunlight with its crisp edged shadows, saw the blue shadow which has been introduced into modern painting by the impressionists and knew the reason of it.

He attempted none of these things in painting, and he tells us why. These things, he says, after a long description of the effects of sunlight upon foliage—of the color of the sky in the high lights, of the yellow light where the sun shines through the leaf and the interruption of this light where the shadow of one leaf falls upon another—these things should not be painted "because they confuse the form."

The Florentine ideal in art was the utmost realization of form. Leonardo was a true Florentine, and he introduced into painting just so much of light and shade as should assist in this realization, no more. It is his use of modeling that is his most personal contribution to art.

Much rhapsodical nonsense has been written about the "Mona Lisa" and her enigmatic smile, and there have been endless speculations as to her character and the meaning of her expression. It is all beside the mark. The truth is that the "Mona Lisa" is a study of modeling, little more. Leonardo had discovered that the expression of smiling is much more a matter of the modeling of the cheek and of the forms below the eye than of the change in the line of the lips. It interested him, with his new power of modeling, to produce a smile wholly by these delicate changes of surface, hence the mysterious expression.

Poets may find "La Gioconda" a vampire or what not. To artists with a sense of form her portrait will always be a masterpiece because it is one of the subtlest and most exquisite pieces of modeling in existence.—Kenyon Cox in Scribner's.

FLAG OF THE MINUTEMEN.

The Banner Under Which the "Embattled Farmers" Fought.

Under what flag did the "embattled farmers" fight? There was no national flag then, no state or provincial flag even. But, says Peleg D. Harrison in "The Stars and Stripes and Other American Flags," there was a flag there nevertheless.

The farmers of Lexington carried the "cornet or standard of the Three County troop." That banner was designed for a local company of cavalry raised in the counties of Essex, Suffolk and Middlesex, Mass., in 1630. The office of color bearer of this troop was a kind of inheritance in the Page family. The standard was carried to King Philip's war in 1676. When the minutemen were organized Nathaniel Page of Bedford carried the old flag to the drills. At the midnight alarm Captain Page snatched up the standard and carried it with him to Concord, where it "waved above the smoke of that battle."

The flag is now preserved under glass in a treproof safe of the Public Library at Bedford, Mass., and can be seen by arrangement with the librarian.

The ground is crimson colored satin damask emblazoned with an outstretched arm, in the hand of which is an up-lifted sword. This representation is the color of silver, as are three circular figures that are probably intended to represent cannon balls. Upon a gold colored scroll are the words "Vincit Morituro" (Conquer or Die). The flag is about two feet long by one foot six inches wide.

Opportunities. Thomas A. Edison said at a birthday dinner: "What nonsense to declare that the trusts have gobbled up all the opportunities! Why, there are more opportunities than ever there were, but most of us are stupid and lazy and we don't grasp our opportunities. The successful man not only makes hay while the sun shines—he makes it from the grass that other people let grow under their feet."—Exchange.

Ball Money. Blackmail used to be levied on the newlyweds in England to prevent them from being mobbed upon leaving the church. This "graft" was called "ball money," because it was given ostensibly to buy a foothold for the village-green, but it rarely went beyond the nearest public house.

Companions in Misfortune. Robbed—I do pray of you to give me my things back. My hot tempered wife will kill me if I go home without them. Robber—Sorry, I'm married myself, but what do you suppose my wife will do if I go home without anything?—Fliegende Blätter.

YOUR OWN PERSONALITY.

Preserve It and Be Yourself and Not Somebody Else.

How hard do you fight to hold on to your personality? You are willing to fight to save the money you have earned, to hold your job or to get a better one. You fight to keep your external possessions, but do you fight to keep yourself?

Without a personality, an individuality, it is impossible to achieve any great success, no matter how successful you may appear for a time. The success that comes from having some strong man's personality working through you is not permanent or genuine.

When Napoleon was fighting Austria in 1797, on the very soil where the Italian battle lines stretch today, he discovered that his own future depended on the overthrow of the royalist party back in Paris. He sent a young officer named Augereau to Paris to accomplish a revolution. Augereau succeeded in bringing about what Napoleon desired. But neither Napoleon nor history has ever given Augereau any credit. He deserved none. It was Napoleon, working through Augereau, who overthrew the royalists. Augereau lacked personality, individuality. That is why Napoleon chose him as a tool.

Trilby, singing under the spell of Svengali, entranced her hearers; but with Svengali's influence gone she was the same unsuccessful, lonely Trilby. Svengali chose her as a victim of his influence because her personality was not strong enough to resist him. He stole her personality, just as he might have stolen her little money or her old blue military coat.

Dr. Johnson was so strong a character that he unwittingly overwhelmed Boswell, and Boswell spent the remainder of his life tagging around after Johnson, worshipping him and writing down all he said.

But the Napoleons, the Svengalis and the Dr. Johnsons are not the only influences in this world that rob us of ourselves.

For you the world is really divided into two parts. One part is the multitude; the other part is you. The multitude tries to take away your individuality and make you part of itself. If it succeeds your life is bound to be a failure, for there can be no success for the young man or young woman who permits the multitude to absorb him.

Your personality is really all you have in this world. If you think the mob's thoughts or let the mob think yours, if you live the mob's life and have the mob's feelings, you don't own anything. There isn't any you.

As you look yourself over are you permitting anything to crowd you out of yourself?—W. G. Shepherd in Washington Star.

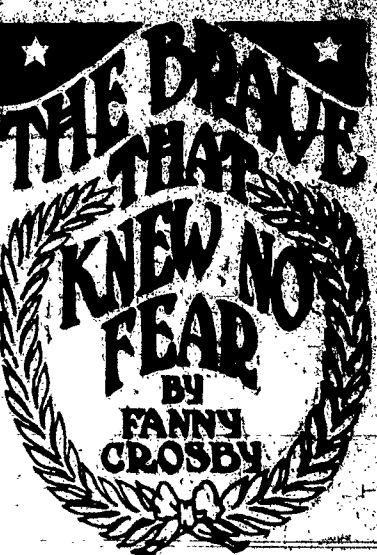
More Birds, More Food. If the eastern states alone could bring back the quail, the rose breasted grosbeaks and other bird benefactors they would save \$15,000,000 a year in the price of materials used to kill potato bugs.

Charles P. Shoemaker of the Liberty Bell Bird Club made this statement at a luncheon at the Poor Richard club. He made a plea for the birds as a means of conserving the nation's food resources.

"If Pennsylvania had but one pair of robins to the acre," he said, "the birds would consume 3,000 tons of insects a day. The nation loses \$1,000,000,000 a year through ravages of insects which the birds can eliminate. One way to increase the crops is by bringing back the birds."—Philadelphia North American.

Liberty and Independence. When the presidential struggle between Clay and Jackson was at its height it is related that a band of emigrants from Kentucky and the then other western states commenced to settle on the north side of the Missouri river and called their county Clay and the county west Liberty.

At the same time another lot of emigrants from Virginia and other southern states pitched their tents on the south side of the Big Muddy and called their county Jackson and the capital Independence. And so it remains to this day. Clay stood for Liberty and Jackson for Independence.



THE BRAVE THAT KNEW NO FEAR BY FANNY CROSBY

Three cheers, three cheers for the olden time And the brave that knew no fear; They stood erect as the giant oak, And laughed when the storm was near.

Like them we'll stand when the land waves Another power flag streaming high We'll sing aloud for the bright green hills, While the ocean waves reply.

They dared to look in the flashing eye Of the storm king when he raged, A shout went up and a peal of joy Rang out on the wintry blast.

The grass is green where they calmly rest, These veterans are true and brave; Their memory shines like a radiant star, O'er the land they died to save.

To Impress the Young. It is a beautiful thought that at five minutes to noon on Memorial Day all work shall cease and all flags be lowered. For five minutes of such devotion, in prayer and thought, let the living pay devotion to the dead. Let our children and the people remember during these five minutes that for the preservation of our beloved country more than 900,000 patriotic Americans gave up their lives in the great struggle fifty years ago. This devotion will mean much to the young and the coming generations, inspiring them to the duty of honoring the dead who gave up their lives for their country and their flag and teaching them annually a lesson in the fundamental truths of virtue, liberty and independence.

"Honor the Knightly Dead." The honor, strength and safety of a nation depend upon the martial spirit of the people. To cherish and perpetuate this is our sacred duty. To place flowers upon the graves of the heroes who fell in battle is a privilege which the living should proudly cherish. We thus honor the knightly dead and install a knightly spirit into those who still live.—General Joe Wheeler.

Still Able to Uphold the Flag.

Submarine Ridges. The Norwegian sea is separated from the North Atlantic by what may be regarded as a continuous ridge running from Greenland to the British islands plateau, of which Iceland and the Faroe islands are emergent portions. The Mediterranean is cut off from the North Atlantic by a ridge at the Strait of Gibraltar, over which the greatest depth is only 175 fathoms, with steep slopes on either side.

Freeproof Corn. Department of agriculture experts in Washington are trying to develop a frost proof variety of field corn. They say they are hopeful of early success. Plants have already been developed which have resisted cold which froze soil to a depth of two inches.

A Cynic. A Clubman—Is that old chap in the corner always so glum as now? Another—By no means. He laughs twice a year; spring and fall, when the women's hats come in.—Puck.

Fitting Equipment. "What kind of wheels are those they have on the bottom of aeroplanes?" "Of course they are flywheels."—Exchange.

Shun Idleness. It is the rust that attaches itself to the most brilliant metals.—Voltaire.

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