

Sham Walls of a Cathedral. St. Paul's cathedral will drop from seventh to ninth place among the world's largest churches when Liverpool cathedral and the Church of St. John the Divine in New York are finished.

The others are St. Peter's, Rome; Milan cathedral, Coriava cathedral, Seville cathedral, Cologne cathedral and York minster.

The height of St. Paul's to the top of the cross is 300 feet—forty-seven feet lower than St. Peter's, Rome. To the ridge of the roof is 119 feet. To the balustrading of the stone gallery is 202 feet, and to the golden gallery is exactly 100 feet higher.

From a purely architectural point of view, St. Paul's is far more beautiful than St. Peter's or, indeed, any Italian cathedral. The dome in particular is the finest in the world.

The chief fault lies in the fact that the whole of the exterior is practically a sham. The inner dome is sixty feet lower than the outer. For half their height the side walls form two parts of the cathedral at all, for they only serve to conceal the difference in altitude between the side aisles and the central one—London Opinion.

Wrist Watches in War. Why all officers wear wrist watches in trench warfare was explained by an army official. He was displayed an advance from the trenches as an illustration, telling how every move was made on a prearranged schedule, the artillery throwing a certain fire for a certain number of seconds, while the infantry advanced twenty yards then lifting it to twenty yards further ahead, while the infantry made another advance, and so on.

"All this shell fire," he said, "is being done by artillery far behind. The artillery officer depends most of all upon his watch. He sits with a telephone glued to his ear and field glasses in his hands. He has no time to be fumbling for his watch. A minute's error in changing the range would mean that the shells would be falling into his own advancing troops. Nor has the officer leading his men across No Man's Land any time to be fumbling for his watch."

Kept His Head. An ambassador of the great Charlemagne while visiting a court in the east, ignorant of a law of the king that condemned to death any one who moved a dish at table before the tyrant was served, committed this offense. "Great king," said the ambassador, "I die without a murmur, but in the name of the great emperor whose servant I am, I beg of your majesty one favor before I die." The request was granted. "Give me the eyes of every man who saw me commit the crime." "It is well," said the king. "Their eyes shall be plucked out for thee." But no one admitted he had seen the ambassador move the dish, not even the great king? asked the ambassador. "The deed cannot be proved against me." The king was pleased and forthwith pardoned the ambassador.

Easy to Keep Afloat. If every person knew that it is impossible to sink if one keeps his arms under water and moves his legs as if he were going upstairs and that one may keep this motion up for hours before fatigue ends it there would be few casualties. Such is the fact. Except where cramp renders motion impossible the man who gets an involuntary ducking has small chance of drowning. He can generally keep afloat until rescuers appear. The people who drown are those who frantically wave their arms out of water and lose their self-possession.

The Other Side. "Young man," said the office manager, "if you knew as much about the business of this firm as you do about baseball you'd be holding down my job."

"I know that, sir," replied the office boy. "And if you'd make your business as interesting as baseball you'd have kids begging for a chance to work for you and willing to pay for the privilege."—New York World

He Knew How It Felt. The Teacher—So, Bellah got Samson's hair and all his strength went out of him. Now, when did Samson's strength go out of him? You may answer, Willie White—I guess it was when he seen hisself in th' glass—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT. Offensive Breath. When the breath is offensive and the tongue coated it is time to make a reduction in the daily rations. Meat, eggs and sweets of all kinds should be omitted for a few days and only fruit and bran bread eaten. A diet of just fruit and bran bread and with milk as the only beverage soon corrects the conditions which caused the coating of the tongue and tainting of the breath. Plenty of water should be taken between meals. Eight or ten glasses a day are needed to freshen and cleanse the organs of digestion. There is need usually for a laxative medicine every day too. This may be either of magnesia or a dose of Rochelle salts (two teaspoonfuls in a glass of cold water) upon rising in the morning. If there is hunger between meals apples or other fruit may be eaten to relieve it.

Renaming Indians. Some years ago, in order to make their inheritance of land more simple and secure, our government commissioned Dr. Charles A. Eastman, a Sioux Indian, to rename more than 15,000 Sioux with their family names. The task was a tremendous one and full of difficulties.

Where possible Dr. Eastman kept the original Sioux name of some member of a family, as in bestowing the name "Matoska," meaning "White Bear," on the family of that chief. Sometimes the combination of wife's name and husband's name has produced a musical result, such as "Winnona Ottawa." The favorite name for women means "she who has a beautiful home," which Dr. Eastman has Anglicized in the patronymic "Goodhouse." But by far the hardest task was in finding new names for the absurdities of Indian nomenclature. "Bobated Coyote" was a young Indian who has come to prefer himself as "Robert T. Wolf." After a long struggle with "Rotten Pumpkin" Dr. Eastman at last recorded the owner of the name on the tribal records under the non-committal title of "Robert Pumpkin."—Los Angeles Times

A Test of Civilization. The remarkable people of this world are useful in their way, but the common people, after all, represent the nation, the age and the civilization. It is into any town or city, do not ask who lives in that splendid house, do not say, "This is a fine town, here are streets of houses with gardens and yards and everything that is beautiful, the wheels go through the streets, go where the machine lives, go where the day laborer lives. See what is the condition of the streets there. See what they do with the poor with the helpless and the mean. If the top of society bends perpetually over the bottom with tenderness, if the rich and strong are the best friends of the poor and needy, that is a civilized and a Christian community, but if the rich and the wise are the cream and the great bulk of the population skunklike, that is not a prosperous community.—Henry Ward Beecher.

A Notable Day's Work. Robert Burns composed his masterpiece, "Tam o' Shanter," in one day in the open air. Burns went out of the house in the morning and, not returning, his wife joined him in the afternoon with her two children. Seeing that he was coming to himself, she forgot to interrupt him, but stayed in the fields at a distance, where she could see him. She observed him wildly gesticulating and at times fainting with joy. She said to Allan Cunningham, the poet after her husband's death, "I wish ye had seen him, he was in such a state that his tears were dropping down his cheeks. He committed the poem to writing in the riverside and went into the house great king? asked the ambassador. "The deed cannot be proved against me." The king was pleased and forthwith pardoned the ambassador.

Only One Coat System. The only coat system which is worth the use of paper and ink is that one which is an integral part of the general book of account. The day of the memorandum coat system has definitely passed. There is no way of proving cost results except through the general ledger, and since figures not known to be accurate are worse than worthless, being dangerous because misleading, it naturally follows that without adequate general ledger control the coat system is a menace to those who rely upon it.—Stephen Talmán in Industrial Management

Splendid Test of Patriotism. One of the most remarkable subscriptions ever raised in Great Britain was the one initiated by Pitt in 1793, in which year England rejected Napoleon's proposals of peace. Pitt appealed to all who could afford it to contribute voluntarily toward the expenses of the war. It was a splendid test of patriotism. Over £2,000,000 was actually raised in this way—a much more imposing sum than it looks when one considers that the population large as it is, was then only one-fifth its present size.—London Chronicle

Compulsory Cleanliness. "I don't believe in compulsory military training," said Meandering Mike. "A man should not be compelled to fight."

To Impress the Neighbors. Mr. Wigsby: See here, my love, there is some mistake. The expressman left seven trunks out of your front porch. Mrs. Wigsby (who has just returned from the mountains): Imbecile! Don't you understand? He's coming back after dusk for the extra five.—Boston Transcript

Embarrassing. Judge—I find you guilty of beating your wife and fine you \$10. Prisoner—'Could you trust me for it till tomorrow? I hate to brace her for it right now.—Vancouver Province

### Feminine Gratitude

By PAULINE D. EDWARDS

I had refused Tom Middleton a dozen times. Providence had seen fit to bestow upon me a taste for art, and I considered that I must either give up a life devoted to the work of an artist or refrain from taking a husband. I decided to give up the husband. That I had a taste for art I well knew, but whether or not I had a genius for art I must learn from the critics, for, though the public is the final arbiter in all periods of genius, the critics usually are the best art critics in America. I had encouraged me in my profession till I told him that I loved it better than I loved him. In this I was silly, for it was an admission that I did love him and that had it not been for my desire to shine as an artist I would marry him.

One day after I had made this admission he came into my studio as he often did, for a chat. I was at work on a marine view. He stood before my easel examining the picture, which was newly finished.

"I have a suggestion to make," he said. "You got your original inspiration from nature, but you have done too much work on it in your studio. Go to the seashore and finish it there. I was in a quandary whether to take his advice or stick to what others had told me. After much deliberation I packed up my things and taking my mother with me, we went to the Seaside hotel at Ventenole. There I spent my time watching for some effective light which would add a marked effect to my picture.

A storm came on one day and for a few minutes there was a glow of sunlight through a rift in the clouds which warmed the rocks and cast a vivid light on the waves breaking against them. That was a marvel of beauty. I hurriedly worked as much of it as I could in so short a time, trusting to put in the rest in my own way.

Soon after I had done this night fell, and I took my picture to my hotel, intending to resume work on it in the morning. When the morning came I looked at my picture as I saw an admirable drawing of white and black paint. It was as good a plan to me that I had spoiled the painting. I tried to change it, but as for getting the storm picture I had made a blotch of it I could not touch it from memory. I tried there was nothing worth musing.

I returned to my home. Tom heard I was back and dropped into my studio to see he said the result of my work at the seashore.

"Well," he said, "how did it work?" "I have to thank you," I replied bit school humor. Edward Holmes says "for having spoiled a picture had a penchant for fighting. He would, that was well enough as it was. It is light any one morning, noon or night now a duty and I can't restore it."

Champion Slew Workers. One of the things that Cebu boasts of is its fine wharf. They make a great deal of the fact that today the palatial liner can slip up to the wharf on the sly and get rid of its cargo before the customs officials have waked up, whereas it was only ten years ago that boats had to lie out in the harbor and have the cargo transhipped into lighters.

We slipped up to the wharf all right. It took us from 6 in the morning until 6 at night to unload half the cargo of a ship whose gross tonnage is 742. I have seen lighters used in several scores of ports, and I never saw such a thing as that.

But, then, I had never seen the Filipino workman at his task before. A snap judgment, made after only two weeks in the islands, I would say that talking to genius, the critics usually are the best art critics in America. I had encouraged me in my profession till I told him that I loved it better than I loved him. In this I was silly, for it was an admission that I did love him and that had it not been for my desire to shine as an artist I would marry him.

In a Chinese Home. The most wonderful thing about a Chinese house is the spirit of peace which seems to pervade it. The courtyards, inclosed by houses which are in turn surrounded by high walls, have an air of security and seclusion which is not to be found in our western homes. Into these peaceful courtyards the noise of the busy world does not penetrate. The triple doors seem to shut out the storms of the world and its troubles. So says Luther Anderson in his book on Asia. In the more pretentious houses some of the courtyards are transformed into miniature landscape gardens. There are miniature mountains, preclips, lotus ponds, bridges, grottoes and rattle rocks. The irregular rocks are so well fitted together and built up against the sides of the house that they seem to have been placed there by nature long before the houses were erected. The proportions are so carefully worked out that everything seems to be larger than it really is. And the arrangement is so irregular that nature is simulated to perfection.

Three Fighters. Walter Scott has no many recorded fights at school, but in spite of his lameness, he was always in the thick of the "bickers," or street fights. With him it was as a rule a plan to me that I had spoiled the painting. I tried to change it, but as for getting the storm picture I had made a blotch of it I could not touch it from memory. I tried there was nothing worth musing.

The Cat in the Adage. The adage referred to in "Machbeth," act I, scene 7. Like the poor cat I the fight similar to the one on Lad and John Heywood's proverb, a source of light. You have certainly hunted for it from soft summer skies to the sea.

On the Jump. "Growing like a tree," this complaint mented the wise drummer. "Growing?" You just bet!" replied the landlord of the Putinia tavern, who is sure-charged with local pride. "Why we've already got an east side and a west side, and the first thing you know we'll have a north side and a south side. Oh, Putinia has got the bit in her teeth and her tail over the dash board, and there ain't no stopping her!"—Kansas City Star

Firmness of Purpose. Firmness of purpose is one of the most necessary shows of character and one of the best instruments of success. Without it genius wastes its efforts in a maze of inconsistencies.—Chesterton

Extent of Africa. Nearly one-fourth of the earth's land surface is comprised within the continent of Africa, and it is as far around the coast of Africa as it is around the world. Every eighth person of the world's population lives in the dark continent. The blacks double their number every forty years and the whites every eighty years. There are 948 languages and dialects spoken among the blacks of Africa, but only a few of them written. One area in Africa unoccupied by missionaries is three times the size of New England, a second would make four states like New York, and another is eighteen times the size of Ohio. Throughout Africa there is one missionary for every 138,000 souls.—Christian Herald.

Conscience Satisfied. "Lizzie, will you be mine?" "Not on your life." "Don't you love me?" "No, I don't and never did." "Are you sure?" "Absolutely sure! I would rather be shot than marry you!" "Thank you for them kind words, Lizzie. I had to ask somebody to marry in order to do my duty, but now I have to ask anybody else. Now my conscience will allow me to be a merry bachelor and save money for my old age."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

In the Boarding House. "That new couple look as if they had some guilty secret." "They have." "Huh?" "They kept house once, but they don't want to put themselves completely in the landlord's power by letting her know they didn't make a success of it."—Exchange.

Apology. "I hear, Mr. Catts, that you said I was a wallflower at the ball." "My dear Miss Passy, I remarked that you were among the conspicuous moral ornaments of the occasion." "Oh, Mr. Catts, now that's something different, but you flatter me."—Baltimore American.

The Ambitious Bride. Bill: Hello! Home from your honeymoon trip already? Girl: Oh, yes. Bill: Oh, yes. "Rather short, wasn't it?" "Oh, yes. My new wife seemed rather anxious to get home and try her cooking on me."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Pessimist Says: "Seeing is believing," but that does not alter the fact that some men see things which have no real existence and therefore believe things which are not true.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

To what gulfs a single deviation from the track of human duties leads!



Results Have Been Great. Miss L. Metches, 705 Market St., Akron, O., who took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic since 3 months, says: "The results have been great. I sleep well and my nerves seem to be much stronger, as I was troubled with nervousness since 2 years." 429 9th St., Milwaukee, Aug. 1916. Mrs. Schullis recommended to me Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic which she used for Vertigo, because it had helped her right away. As I was troubled with dizziness since about 3 years and tried many things, but it became worse, so that I could hardly walk alone—then I tried Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, which had such a wonderful effect on me that I am well satisfied. Thers. Wolf. Similar writes Klottilde Mers from San Gabriel, Tex., that she suffered fearful from her nerves, but is now well satisfied with the effect of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic.

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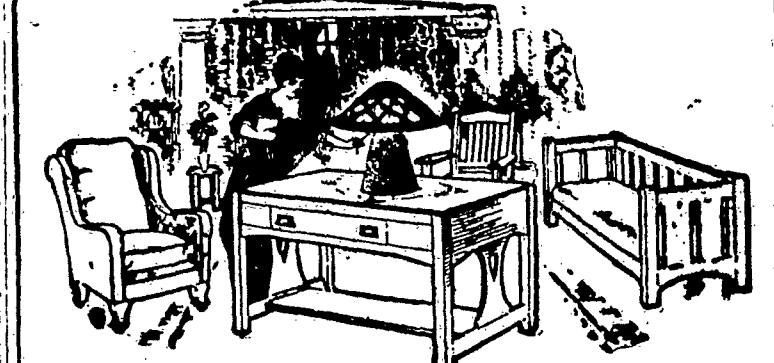
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