

### Triumphant Return of Seal Hunters

Crew of Schooner After Successful Trip Into the Ice Floes of the Frozen North



With their tow lines swung over their shoulders, after their day's work is done and they have earned a well-earned rest, the men are dragging their "furs" in sacks over the snow. Often these crews bring in hauls valued at \$5,000. The seal industry is one of the biggest and each year the output is greater, and the furs command a higher price.

## Monday May 20th

is the closing date of the **Bell Telephone Directory**

Changes in listings should be arranged for on or before that date.

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Buy War Savings Stamps



New York Telephone Company

### SUMMER FURNITURE at the HOME STORE



You will be interested in seeing our attractive display of summer furniture in willow, reed, Kalex, fiber, grass and maple goods shown on the "Summerland" floor of our building. We carry everything for the comfortable and artistic furnishing of the veranda, cottage, lawn or summer home.

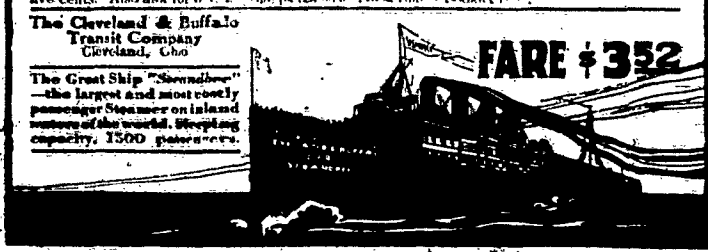
Willow Furniture	Summer Draperies
Reed Furniture	Lawn Benches
Kalex Furniture	Lawn Swings
Nantucket Hammocks	Porch Tables
Reed Swings	Porch Kugs
Crotches	Flower Boxes
Cushions	Porch Shades

Everything for the Home at "Rochester's Home Store"

**H.B. GRAVES CO.** WE FURNISH HOMES COMPLETELY  
78 STATE ST., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

### C&B DAILY BETWEEN BUFFALO & CLEVELAND

**3 MAGNIFICENT STEAMERS 3**  
The Great Ship "SEANDBEE" - "CITY OF ROCHESTER" - "CITY OF BUFFALO"  
BUFFALO - Daily, May 1st to Nov. 15th - CLEVELAND  
Leave Buffalo - 9:00 P.M. | Arrive Cleveland - 9:00 P.M.  
Leave Cleveland - 7:30 A.M. | Arrive Buffalo - 7:30 A.M.  
Connections at Cleveland for Cedar Point, Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Detroit and all points West and South-west. Railroad tickets between Buffalo and Cleveland are good for transportation on our steamers. Ask your local agent for tickets to C. & B. L. N. New York, Atlantic City, Lido Isle - 47.50 Round Trip, with 2 days return limit, for cars not exceeding 127 in. wholesale. Beautifully colored "National" picture chart of the Great Ship "SEANDBEE" sent on receipt of five cents. Also ask for our 2-page pictorial and descriptive "booklet".



Send us your Job Printing

## PATHETIC FIGURE AMONG WAR RUINS

Lone, Aged Woman Is Sole Inhabitant Left in French Village.

### NAMED LA DAME INDOMITABLE

All Who Survived Hun Carnival of Rage and Rapine Which Swept the Place, Left Long, Long Ago.

American Army Headquarters in France.—In the charred village they call her La Dame Indomitable. Not a bad name for her, either. There is a great gun in the French army called Indomitable. The enemy has trained its heavy weapons on this giant cylinder of destruction, but old Indomitable still belches its deadly hail upon the Huns, and so the old lady of — was named after this famous gun, writes Don Martin in the New York Herald. I saw her the other day in the reconstructed ruins of her once comfortable house. Two artillery officers—Americans—have billets with her. She takes care of their rooms, shines their boots and leggings and puts on a button now and then when they know nothing about it.

Then, when she is not busy at home, she washes dishes for the Salvation Army canteen or performs more laborious service, for all of which she receives ten cents an hour. That is enough. She doesn't need much. She begins her daily routine at five in the morning and finishes at seven in the evening. Then she walks two miles to a shop to get her allowance of bread, and after ten o'clock, when her "boys" are in bed and asleep, she throws herself on a bed of boxes and old clothes, with one blanket for covering, and sleeps.

### Village's Only Inhabitant.

La Dame Indomitable is the only inhabitant left in the village. It is no place for women. Children—all who survive the Hun carnival of rage and rapine—left long, long ago. The old folks dragged a weary way from the humble, aged stone buildings in which they and their ancestors had lived for many generations—yes, for hundreds of years. Soldiers occupied the town. Then the Germans came. Three times the village was taken and retaken. The gaunt remnants of the old dwellings could tell frightful stories of slaughter and magnificent tales of valor. So can La Dame Indomitable. But she says little. She just works. She wants to help France. Officers told her a long time ago she could go anywhere she wished. Even the grandeur of Paris were pictured to her in the hope that she might be lured from the abode of danger in which she resides.

But why should she go? "No, I'm not old," she says. "I'm only sixty-five or maybe seventy. I'm a strong woman yet, but when I carry water this long, long distance and then walk to the boulangerie for bread sometimes my heart beats too fast maybe, but that's all." So there she stays. She has been seen away up on the brow of the hill looking down on the German-held territory. One does not need glasses to see it. She trudges along shell swept roads when it is necessary, as it often is. "A shell may hit me—yes, perhaps, sometime. But we all have our work to do."

Waves of deadly gas swept over the stricken group of ruins from time to time. La Dame Indomitable has her work. An officer gave it to her. It is the best. The officers see that she gets the best. Her two American artillery officers hurry to their billets when the gas drifts into the village. They have nothing to do there. They just go to make sure that their hostess is safe. I had a cup of chocolate with her in her house and learned her story. I do not think she ever told it before.

Thanked by General. "When the war was just at the beginning" she said in French, "I had three sons. They hurried off to get their uniforms and rifles. Then I waited. One day our soldiers came pouring into the town. They had been driven back by the Germans. Many were injured. I took as many as I could in my house and made coffee for them. You see my house was better before it was struck by shells.

"While I was making coffee a big shell struck this house and killed some of the soldiers. Another one had both legs taken off. I helped them all I could, but they went away and the Germans came. They are cruel, but I am old, so I am alive. Then our boys came again and I made my house a hospital. It was struck twice more and I was hurt a little, too, but not much. I don't want to leave. I have lived here all my life and here is where I shall die." The eyes of the old lady glistened under the spell of a thought she had not yet expressed.

"A French general came and thanked me for what I did for our soldiers," she said. "Then, long after, he wrote me a letter saying I was a brave woman and had brave sons. I have the letter—you may see it."

"Knows Kaiser Personally." Carlisle, Pa.—Enoll Young, who says he is personally acquainted with the Kaiser, was detained by the federal authorities because he could show no naturalization papers. He asserted he had served in the German army.

### A PICTURE OF YOU

By George Barr McCutcheon of the Vigilantes

You can draw this picture yourself. More than that, you can make your own canvas, your own pigments, your own brushes, and you can close your eyes and produce this picture. The greatest painter in the world could not do it half so well as you. Close your eyes, lean back in your chair—idly, if you like—with your arms folded, and try. You will see how swiftly, how clearly, how terribly the picture develops under the magic of your mind. Picture yourself—no one else, just yourself—setting out to work in the early morning. Try, if possible, to think how you look to yourself as well as to other people. First of all, draw you—be you big, little, young, old, lame or strong—just you. You must draw yourself alive, and breathing, and thinking—thinking of the war and of those brave fellows over there who should be at home and going to work, just as you are, instead of being ripped to pieces by the things they do not see—checked out by an invisible time-keeper. Picture yourself going to work in safety and after a while, going home in equal security. Nothing is going to happen to you—just think as you have always thought—nothing is going to happen to you. Other men may be run down and killed by automobiles; other men may be wiped out by the wrecking of a train; other men may be caught by the cave-in of the subway—always it is the other man, never you. You must go on putting yourself into the picture as you have always been—the one man to whom nothing can happen. Always it is the other man who lies dead on the curbstone, with you looking at him in pity and with an awe that sickens you, for a man who dies that way is a gray, untimely thing. You have been able to picture only the other man's body looking like that, all limp and twisted and in ill-fitting clothes—clothes that were filled with the life of him a little while before and were not inert. You go your way, wondering why the clothes of a dead man look dead, too.

Go on with the drawing of the picture. Keep your eyes closed, your arms folded, your head resting comfortably against the back of your chair. You have come to your place of work. You go to your appointed place and take up the implements with which you toil—tools which build life for you day by day, hour by hour. You are an honest workman, a man who fears neither God nor man, for your conscience is clear. You picture yourself as such, for that is what you have known yourself to be, whether other men think so or not. Your tools are where you left them—you may choose your tools according to the picture you draw of yourself—and you begin an honest day's work, looking forward to the hour when you will set out for home and the ones you love and cherish—the ones who think of you only as a strong, alive, imperishable figure, as sure to come home to them as the night itself will come. Your picture, according to all that past experience has taught you, is complete. Your way of looking at it is the result of a habit that began the day you assumed intelligence, the day that you first began to think. But you are still alive, so the picture is not complete. Go on with your drawing. Take your time. Something uncommon has occurred. You must wipe out some of the lines you have drawn. You are still drawing yourself, but somehow you have changed. You are not the same. Try to think of yourself as not what you are, but as what you are gradually making yourself to be on the canvas—with your eyes closed, your arms folded, your head resting against the back of the chair.

Something has happened. You are not using the tools any longer. You have nothing in your hands. The place in which you worked is not the same. Nothing is the same. Wipe the canvas clean and begin all over again. When you began the picture you failed to take into consideration the possibility that you could be something other than what you have always been. You have never seen yourself, you have not even thought of yourself as anything but a living, vital, complete individual, immune because you are you. You have never thought of how you will look dead.

The picture is getting beyond you. You are seeing yourself as you never have seen yourself before.

There has been an explosion. Picture yourself at your work, serenely unconscious of the thing that is about to happen. You—you, the one person in all the world who is absolutely exempt from disaster—you are among the killed!

Go on with the picture. Keep your eyes closed, your arms folded—and go on with the picture you are drawing. That crushed, twisted, shapeless thing lying over there in the corner, mottled with plaster, and incredibly still—put that in your picture. It is you. Not the other man—the man who is always being killed, who is always lying dead before the plying gaze of those who stand and stare—not that man. This time it is you. Picture yourself standing there in the crowd, looking down upon the unfamiliar face, and saying to yourself: "Why, that is me. That battered, ugly thing is me. Those people are looking at me. This figure I am putting into the picture is not the other man. All those bodies strewn about the place are the other men—but this one is me!"

Keep your eyes closed, your arms

folded, and draw this picture of yourself. See yourself as others see you, as you have seen others. It is the picture no artist can paint.

And as you draw, let your mind recall the face and form of the man who worked beside you—as a friend, a comrade—but who, just before the explosion occurred, skulked away, empty-handed, and left you and all the others in serene ignorance of what he was about to do to you! Call to mind the face of the man you had known and trusted and helped in the places where you worked with him. A kindly, open, dependable face was his—up to the very moment he seized upon to strike you and all the others in the back. Get him into your picture. Do not leave him out of it. He is the man you trusted and did not find out until it was too late to alter the picture you have drawn.

He is the man who worked beside you, and slew you, and went about his business. He is your friend, the enemy!

### IS OLDEST ROOKIE IN-THE SERVICE



Benjamin Rosenthal, the well-known fight promoter, and referee, gets into the one big fight that he didn't promote. Ben at the age of fifty-one has recently joined the navy. He will see some real fighting, too, for he's assigned to a submarine chaser.

### GIRLS IN STAMP MILL

Operating a Paying Mine Near Juneau, Alaska. At Pearl Harbor, 40 miles from Juneau, Alaska, two young women, just out of their teens, have for the past four years operated a paying mine. Their sole assistant has been their mother. They operate a two-stamp mill and their present ambition is to install a five-stamp equipment.

The girls are the daughters of the late John G. Peterson, a pioneer who, with Mrs. Peterson, acquired an interest in some mining properties 25 years ago in the Pearl Harbor district. The girls' names are Irene and Margaret. Both were born in Juneau. There is nothing in the mining line that the two young women are not capable of doing, from sharpening a steel to shoeing a mule. These things are everyday affairs with them—a part of the day's work. They built a neat four-room cottage, in which they live, getting the timber out of the forest themselves.

An inspection of their library shows works on geology, mineralogy, petrology, mining and railroading and mine management by the best authorities. A number of standard magazines come to them. The girls occasionally take trips. One of these excursions took on the proportions of a tour to Europe. Juneau, the town of their nativity, frankly is proud of them. So is Alaska.

### GAS WELL AFLAME

Was Subdued After Burning Eighteen Months. Out in the sagebrush-covered wastes of eastern Washington there has just been tamed a big gas well, and development work on the property is now under way.

The flow of gas was discovered three years ago, when a misguided settler drilled for water and had a four-inch pipe blown out of the ground. A year later a passerby threw a lighted match into the gas and for eighteen months the well burned day and night, a beacon visible for miles around. Three months ago the old well was capped, the gas used to provide fuel for a modern drilling engine, and an 18-inch pipe has just been sunk into the gas reservoir.

Farmers Become Miners. Many farmers in Allegheny county, Pa., are burrowing instead of burrowing this season because it is more profitable. As a result a number of small coal mines are being opened up and farming is being abandoned.

### BOY SCOUT WINS WAR SERVICE MEDAL



The picture shows Wallace F. Mabee, a fifteen-year-old boy scout of Eastport, Me., who was publicly presented with the much coveted trophy from President Wilson.

The medal is bronze, smaller than a silver dollar, finely engraved, and on one side has the Goddess of Liberty, statue in front of raised Stars and Stripes. On the other side the words "War Service, Every Scout to Serve a Soldier," are engraved along the edge. In the center are the words "Presented on behalf of the U. S. treasury department to Wallace F. Mabee for service in Liberty loan campaign, Boy Scouts of America, Oct., 1917. Last fall when the drive was being carried on throughout the country the boy scouts took an active part in the sales, this fifteen-year-old Eastport lad sold 18 bonds for \$2,000, while his nearest competitor sold eight for \$500, and it was necessary to sell ten to secure this handsome war medal.

### GERMAN PROPAGANDISTS WEEDED OUT IN SOUTH

Many Arrests of Alien Enemies Taken as Warning by Pro-Germans.

German propaganda is gradually being weeded out in the South. German sympathizers are less numerous than formerly.

Crews of tar and feathers administered in some sections of the country, notably in the Southwest, have had a beneficial effect. Councils of home defense are being organized and the pro-German is able to see the handwriting on the wall.

Regardless of the declaration of high government officials—that German subjects must not be summarily dealt with, Germans and German sympathizers are able to determine the complexion of public sentiment and are not so willing to spread poison.

Numerous arrests of alien enemies have been made in Jacksonville, Birmingham, Atlanta, Chattanooga, Memphis, New Orleans, Mobile, Oklahoma City, Dallas and Fort Worth. Camps where alien enemies are interned are gradually filling up and jail cells are being occupied by admirers of the Kaiser and his methods.

It is indicated that public sentiment will demand that even stronger measures be taken by the government. Subjects of Austria are not as belligerent as the subjects of Germany. There are innumerable communities where Germans and German sympathizers still heap vituperations on the head of President Wilson and the American government, but they are always careful to speak only when they are "by themselves."

### AGED MAN ENLISTS

Veteran of the Franco-Prussian War Passes Test for U. S. Cavalry. Gottlieb Stoya, seventy-eight year old, proprietor of a farm at Reynolds, walked into the recruiting office at Tanawana, Pa., and enlisted in the United States cavalry. He looks twenty years younger and his physical condition is so good that he was ordered to report at Harrisburg for examination on Monday.

Stoya is a native of Germany, fought with Hanover against Germany, was in the Franco-Prussian war and afterward served in the French cavalry. He has lived here 25 years and has been naturalized 15 years.

He is an expert horseman, as active as a youth and very anxious to go to France to get a whack at the Hun. Even though he should be turned down at Harrisburg owing to his advanced age, Stoya has the honor of signing up and is under army discipline now, his claim being made that he is the oldest soldier in the United States army.

Dines on \$48.28 a Year. D. D. Dickey, engineer in a factory at Robertson, O., spent just \$48.28 for food, or an average of about fifteen cents a day, during 1917. Dickey worked all through the year, 12 hours a day, six days a week, and gained two pounds during the year. Dickey's menu had no place on it for meat and milk for steady use, although he kept them occasionally. Fruit and baked dishes made up a large part of the bill of fare.