

**Another Half Million of
7% Cumulative Preferred Stock
\$100 Per Share
Easy Payment Plan
10 Monthly Payments**

So many have asked for this stock we have decided to offer another \$500,000 upon the same terms and conditions as the first offering, which was oversubscribed nearly \$100,000—820 individuals having subscribed for 5,946 shares.

**We want Every Customer a Partner in This Company
We Want to Get More of the One to Ten Share Subscribers**

Many have asked us who subscribed. A partial list of classified subscribers follows:

- | | | |
|---|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 122 Women (Misc. Vocations) | 8 Managers | 2 Bank Directors |
| 21 Officers of Corporations and Companies | 1 Coal Dealer | 1 Merchant |
| 2 Hardware Merchants | 6 Foremen | 4 Physicians |
| 1 Market | 3 Real Estate | 6 Supts. of Factories |
| 1 Druggist | 3 Bookkeepers | 1 Saloonkeeper |
| 1 Cashier | 1 Florist | 10 Clerks |
| 1 Buyer | 1 Cutter | 3 Salesmen |
| 3 Pattern Makers | 1 Brass Finisher | 2 Insurance |
| 1 Civil Engineer | 1 Auto Trimmer | 1 Reporter |
| 1 Electrician | 1 Blacksmith | 2 Hotel Proprietors |
| 2 Elec. Engineers | 1 Conductor | 3 Opticians |
| 1 Elevator Man | 2 Draftsmen | 3 Toolmakers |
| 1 Upholsterer | 5 Machinists | 1 Porter |
| 1 Bartender | 1 Finisher | 1 Store |
| 1 Engineer | 1 Jeweler | 2 Lawyers |
| 1 Watchman | 1 Milk Dealer | 1 Laundry |
| 1 Packer | 1 Clothing Store | 1 Chiropactor |
| 1 Air Regulator | 1 Mechanical Engineer | 1 Baggageman |
| 2 Agents | 1 Dentist | 1 Grocer |
| 2 Chauffeurs | 1 Molder | 1 Instructor |
| 1 Pastor | 1 Playground Director | 3 Tailors |
| 1 Messenger | 2 Shoe Repairers | 1 Telephone Engineer |
| 1 Cutter | 2 Solicitors | 1 Corporation |
| 1 Inspector | 1 Soldier | 1 Candy Dealer |
| 1 Laborer | 1 Advertising | 1 Chemist |
| 1 Cigar Maker | 1 Garage | 1 Barber |
| | | 37 No occupation listed |

161 employees of The Rochester Railway & Light Co.

The Public Service Commission, Second District, Albany, authorize the issue March 12, 1918, Case No. 6285, stipulating in their order that the stock must be sold at par.

The sale of stock was authorized March 7, 1918, by the Federal Reserve Board, who authorized and requested the following statement be quoted in advertisements and circulars on the sale of this stock:

"Issue of \$4,000,000 7 per cent. Preferred Stock by the Rochester Railway & Light Company. Passed by the Capital Issues Committee of the Federal Reserve Board (Opinion No. 66) as not incompatible with the interest of the United States, but without approval of the merits, security, or legality thereof in any respect."

Subscribe Now Easy Payment Plan
Telephone Write Call
Financial Department

ROCHESTER RAILWAY & LIGHT CO.

INCORPORATED 1850
Monroe County Savings Bank
35 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.
RESOURCES \$28,400,000

Deposits \$1 to \$3,000
Interest allowed from the first three business days of any month.
Dividend declared December 1st, 1917, for six months at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum

JAMES E. BOOTH, Pres. WILLIAM CARSON, Sec'y & Treas.
BANKING HOURS:
Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays from 9 A. M. to 12 M.
Saturday evenings from 7 P. M. to 9 P. M. for deposits only.

John H. McAnarney
General Insurance Fidelity Bonds
101-102 Ellwanger & Barry Bldg.
Roch. Phone 2172 Bell Phone 3682 Main

German American Lumber Co.
GET OUR PRICES
142 Portland Avenue 888 Clinton Avenue S.
Both Phones, Home 1365, Bell 1246

New York Medical Clinic
For treatment of all forms of CHRONIC DISEASES
Our Physicians have had many years of experience in their specialties of Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Kidney, Heart and Liver Complaints.
Our Electrical Appliances are of the latest for treatment of Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, Skin Diseases.
Consultation Free.
Practice limited to office work only
9 Cumberland St. Rochester, N. Y.

Folding Boxes
PAPER NOVELTIES
A. B. COWLES, 25 S. Water
RALPH H. MOWLE
Bell Phone 217 Main
General Machinist and Horse Shoeing
Carriage Repairing and Polishing
Wagon Builders Rubber Tire Put On
Lame and Interfering Horses Specialty
478-477-479 Dewey Ave.

W. A. Wilson Machine Co
Engineers, Boiler Makers,
Machinists Repairs and Supplies
217 North Water Street
Both Phones 922

Furniture Movers
PIANO MOVERS
Sam Gottry Carting Co.
OFFICE, POWERS BLDG.
State St. Entrance Both Phones
Auto Vans for out of town Moving

Geo. Engert & Co.
COAL
Principal Office and Yard
306 Exchange Street
Telephone 257

W. H. Baker
Rug Weaving and Carpet Cleaning
609 Oak Street
The Best Remedy
Jackson's Cough Syrup 25c
George Hahn
Prescription Druggist
361 State Street

Phone Us for Job Printing

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER

He was so beautiful—my baby son!
His sun-kissed curls clung close around his head.
His deep blue eyes looked trustingly in mine.
I did my best to keep his beauty fair
And fresh and clean and dainty, for I knew
I never could be satisfied with less.

He was so strong and well, my little son!
I gave my days and nights to keep him so.
Called in fresh air and sunlight to my aid,
Good food and play, all healthful things
Of life.
I wanted physical perfection, for
I never could be satisfied with less.

He was so bright and clever, my big son!
I sent him to the very best of schools,
Denying self that he might know no lack
Of opportunity to do his best.
Or feel no door of progress closed to him,
I never could be satisfied with less.

And yet—but now—my well-beloved son,
For your perfection can I pay the price?
Or would I have you play the coward's part,
With selfish, shriveled soul too small to dwell
Within so fair a frame? Is that my choice?
I sought the best! Shall I be satisfied with less?

Nay, I would have you honorable, my son!
Just, loyal, brave, and truthful, scornful of
And lies and meanness—ready to defend
Your home, your mother, and your country's flag.
He's gone! Dear God! With 'bleeding heart I know
I still could not be satisfied with less!

—Sarah Benton Dunn, in New York Times.

POULTRY IN BACK YARDS

Poultry and eggs have never been cheap food for the city dweller, and there is no hope that they can be, during the continuance of the war and its necessarily attendant high prices, even as relatively cheap as they have ordinarily been. The only possibility of cheap eggs for the city family, according to the United States department of agriculture, lies in keeping enough hens in the back yard, where they can be supported principally on kitchen waste, to supply the family table. The keeping of hens in back yards is at once an economic opportunity, for city families and an essential part of the campaign for increasing poultry production.

What may be done with fowls in a back yard depends upon the size of the yard, the character of the soil, the conditions of sunlight, shade and ventilation, and the interest and skill of the poultry keeper. The smallest and least favorably situated back yard affords an opportunity to keep at least enough hens to supply eggs for the household. The number of hens needed for that purpose is twice the number of persons to be supplied. Hence the smallest flock to be considered consists of four hens. Where hens are kept only to furnish eggs for the table no male bird is needed.

A coop for a flock of four hens should have an area of about 20 square feet, or about five feet per hen. For larger flocks the space allowance per bird may be a little less, because the space is used in common and each bird has the use of all the coop except what her companions actually occupy. For the ordinary flock of 10 to 15 hens the space allowance should be about four square feet per hen.

With proper care the back-yard poultry keeper can keep hens, for laying only, confining them continuously to their coops, and have them lay well nearly as long as they would be profitable layers under natural conditions. While hens like freedom, good feed and care, especially them to confinement, and mature, rugged birds often lay more eggs in close confinement than when at liberty.

If the space admits of giving the little back-yard flock more room than a coop of the minimum size required, the condition of the land will determine the form in which the additional space should be given. If the soil is well drained and free from such filth as often contaminates the soil of small back yards, a yard for the fowls may be fenced in, allowing 20 to 30 square feet of yard room per bird. The opportunity for exercise on the land and in the open air which this gives the hens will benefit them and make life for them more interesting.

If the soil is poorly drained and foul the hens will thrive and lay better if not allowed on it at all. In that case the best way to give them some benefit of the extra space available is to build adjoining the coop a shed covering about the same amount of ground and having the front inclosed only with wire netting. The foul earth under this shed should be removed and the floor filled in a few inches higher than the old surface with fresh earth or sand.

Where Conservation Fails.

The great manufacturing plants of today waste nothing. In the lumber mills even the sawdust is burned and the scraps become fibre for furniture and rugs, and process silk for neck wear and hosiery. The scraps from our clothing enter into shoddy or paper. It is a standard joke that the packing plants lose only the squeal. The by-products of munition making are fabrics and fertilizers. Leather scraps make fiber board. Only the loose ends of our lives are lost. Industry is a science, but living is more of a hit or miss proposition. —Christian Herald.

"Fighting Ted"

By WALTER JOSEPH DELANEY

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

"In trouble again, Mrs. Reilly?"
"Yes, Miss Effie. Poor lad! It isn't his fault. He comes of the fighting Reillys of County Clare and sure the same ever held their own. It's born in the blood and bred in the bone."
Mrs. Reilly was in tears when she started her mournful statement.

Pretty Effie Mortimer looked pityingly. Just now she had troubles of her own. Her heart was always true to the best instincts of humanity, however, and she tried to console the widow. The latter came regularly to the Mortimer home to do housework. Brisk, bright eyed, full of wit, Ted was held in general good favor, except when he "broke out." The Reillys lived in a fractious community, with broken heads a natural outcome of community funds. Ted Reilly was "the best man" of his especial crowd, their champion and their pride.

"It was the Doolans who baited Ted as to being second in a wrestling match," narrated Mrs. Reilly. "He challenged them to try him out, but they came at him unfair. Six of them—and he held about him. Officer Murphy caught Ted, the judge said an example must be made and poor Ted is in the jail for lack of twenty dollars to pay his fine."

"If Ted would only take his present predicament as a lesson," observed Effie, "it might encourage one to give him a new start. Well, well—don't cry, Mrs. Reilly. We will see what can be done for him."

Ted felt as though an angel of mercy had come to his rescue, when he was released from his cell to find Miss Effie in the sheriff's office awaiting his release.

"I have arranged for your fine, Ted," she said in her usual sweet and kindly way. "I hope this will be a lesson to you. Remember now, you are in a way pardoned to me and I am responsible for your behavior."

"You—you needn't fear, I'll not disgrace you," muttered Ted, a big lump in his throat, his innate big heartiness sending the quick tears to his eyes, and then she walked with him along the street, disdainful of criticism and he was completely overcome.

"I hope you will curb your fighting propensity, Ted," said Effie. "Look!" and she paused abruptly and pointed to a great placard. It was an appeal to all patriots to volunteer. "Enlist for the war," it read. "Fighting men wanted." "Does that appeal to you, Ted?" she inquired.

He read, and a new light came into his face. It was fairly irradiated with a grand and noble resolve. "I know what you mean," spoke Ted. "Miss Effie, I'll make you proud of me yet!"

She believed him and awaited results. They came within the week. She was not surprised when Ted appeared at her home. With positive animation Effie regarded the tall, manly appearing young fellow, straight as an arrow, proudly arrayed in his suit of khaki.

"I'm to go Monday, Miss Effie," he said. "Can I come and bid you goodbye then?"

"Oh, Ted! I shall feel honored to have you."
"I was No. 13 of the township volunteer quota," continued Ted. "And they've put me on the service flag star '13. And it's a lucky number, Miss Effie. It's got to be, for weren't there 13 stars in the old colony flag, and isn't there 13 letters in your own sweet name?"

Monday afternoon Ted again appeared at the Mortimer home. A servant told him that her young mistress was somewhere in the garden. Near to a vine covered pagoda Ted paused at the sound of Effie's voice. She was sobbing out to a girl confidante her wretchedness.

She had foolishly quarreled with her lover, Ralph Barrett, he had gone to the regiment without bidding her goodbye and her heart was broken. Ted could not play the eaves-dropper and catch the scraps of conversation.

"I'll tell it to Barrett when I see him," resolved Ted, but Barrett was sent abroad first and it was not until they were "over there" that the treasured message was transmitted.

The service flag bore a marked star one morning in March and Effie asked the postmaster what it meant.
"We've got only the barest word," he explained. "Ted Reilly killed. There's a hint that he did some wonderfully heroic deed. We expect particulars later."

They came the next day. Ted Reilly, fearless, dare devil that he was, had accepted a scouting commission to find himself cornered in a vast storehouse of the enemy. His discovery meant death as a spy. There was only a moment to act, with fifty foes rushing to overcome him. Ted drew his revolver, fired point blank at a can of explosive and made half a company accompany him into eternity, besides destroying a million dollars' worth of enemy munitions.

"You shall never want a home," Effie told Mrs. Reilly. "Fighting Ted, ah! hero Ted, he was, and all the world will revere his memory."
A little later a letter came that sent a tremor and a thrill through Effie as she recognized the handwriting. It was from Ralph Barrett, in far away France, telling of the revolutions of Fighting Ted, and asking Effie to forgive and forget and believe that he loved her more than ever.

HOW COCONUT SHELLS MAY BE USED TO HELP IN FUEL SHORTAGE

In view of the existing high prices for coal in the United States and other countries, it may not be amiss to draw attention to the fuel value of coconut shells, which are now for the most part wasted in coconut-producing regions. In Trinidad many of the shells are simply burned in heaps with other refuse to get rid of them; others accumulate around plantations, becoming filled with stagnant water which breeds mosquitoes; and only a comparatively few shells are reserved for any useful purpose, such as unking roasts from the outside fiber, or providing fuel for factories, writes Consul Baker from Trinidad to the department of commerce.
It is obvious, however, to any person who will watch the fierce fire and note the great heat given off from burning coconut shells that the fuel value of the shells is considerable, and that also there might be a special usefulness for such shells in connection with coal and other fuel to enable furnace fires to be started quickly and more rapidly heated to be developed. Possibly the shells could be ground into powder and made into briquets for exportation to countries where they could be employed to advantage in economizing expensive coal or other fuel. Coconut production is now so extensive in most tropical countries that huge quantities of shells ought to be available, and generally they are to be found within easy access of water transportation.

SPEEDING UP COAL ORDERS

Why Head of Fuel Administration is Seeking to Get Supplies to the Individual Consumer.

Orders have been sent out by the fuel administration compelling retail coal dealers to take the orders of the private consumers and move in the coal without delay. Word had reached Dr. Harry A. Garfield, the fuel administrator, that dealers were telling prospective customers that they would deliver coal "as soon as we can get it, but we cannot get it from the mines." This is one of the situations that the administration seeks to avoid—the piling up orders toward the last of summer. In some sections of the country the individual consumer is already making strong efforts to get in his winter's supply. Pennsylvania consumers in the first four days of the month have placed their orders for more than 3,000,000 tons of anthracite. The dealers have done their best to begin the movement of the coal at once. But in other sections there are delinquent dealers, and these the administration will speed up. The dealers know their allotments, it is explained, and they must move the coal steadily, otherwise there will be terrific congestion of orders next fall and winter. Where complaint reaches the fuel administration that dealers are obviously delaying the stocking up of the homes the penalty of the law will be enforced.

How Seaweed May Be Used.

If the war continues much longer it may serve to teach the world that there are millions of dollars' worth of things that are good to eat that are going to waste each year because we are too conservative to try them.
One of these neglected food products is seaweed. It is used to a considerable extent in Japan and in parts of England, but nowhere is its tremendous value widely realized. Here in New England we are ahead of the rest of the country, but even here we have much to learn. The journeyer along the coast from Scituate to Duxbury has often seen seaweed drying and nearly everyone has eaten bland mungo, the pleasant dessert dish that is chiefly compounded of seaweed and milk. But the total value of the products made from seaweed in a year in all the country is much less than \$100,000. It has been estimated that products worth many millions might be manufactured from the seaweed that decays on our coasts annually.

How Tank Bucked Locomotive.

The bull buffalo that tried to stop the first transcontinental train, might turn in his grave and laugh at a item from the Railway Age. At a highway crossing in West, Fresno, Calif., a local passenger train was thrown off the track by an automobile freight truck, the locomotive being overturned. That the industrial "tank" proved its superiority in battling power to the locomotive. The railway and the automobile owners in this case brought suits against each other for damages. The railway won; it had just secured a verdict against the truck owners.

Why Hard Beds Were Used.

While in a South China hospital all the beds were provided with springs and mattresses, furnished by a native American, all the patients were found next morning sleeping on the floor. After being used to a bed covered with a mat they could not sleep properly on a soft bed. This fact will not surprise one who knows many of whom, returning from "tenting on the old camp grounds" have abandoned the downy couch prepared by mother, in favor of the hard natural floor.—World Outlook.