

PHILOSOPHER'S VIEW OF LIFE

Mr. Goolington Tells How Sight of Funeral Procession Brings Reflections That Uplift.

"As a rule," said Mr. Goolington, "I take a cheerful view. Perhaps when I get to be older I shall be more cheerful, but it would be hard for me to be that way now. For as far as I've got life has been pretty good to me. I have had my little setbacks and now and then a real jolt, but on the whole my lot has been happy."

"True I have not accumulated a fortune, but I have had work to do and I have earned a living. I might say a comfortable living, and I have been blessed with good health. And so far as all nature smiles and men are friendly and the world is a pleasant place to live in, I take a cheerful view—as a rule."

"But I will admit that I do have spells, not of sheer despondency, I would not say that, but times when I am depressed when things go wrong when adverse happenings have all but discouraged me; times when I totally forget what we should in such days always remember, namely that there never yet was a storm but cleared off some time to leave everything bright and sunny as before; there are times, I say, when even I, usually so cheerful, am downcast."

"When thus oppressed I find great help in funeral processions. As the solemn cortege passes I cannot but reflect that I still have the one great priceless gift and blessing—life, with all its hopes and opportunities; and so, with all respect and sorrow for the dead in this presence my own petty troubles vanish, the cloud roll back and the sun comes out clear and strong again.—New York Sun.

STORK'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND

Record of Bird's Appearance in 1416 May Be Found in Chronicles of the Country.

The white stork of the continent of Europe, which is encountered in most, and even protected in some, of the countries to which it resorts to breed and rear which much story and legend have gathered, has been known for centuries to be an occasional visitor to the British Isles, chiefly to Norfolk, but very rarely to Scotland, though it has never been known to nest or even attempt to do so in Britain.

However, a record of its having nested in Scotland appears in Goodall's edition of the "Schotchevonten." This work was begun by John Fordun, who died about 1384, and was continued by Walter Bower, the abbot of Inchcolm. It is in Bower's chronicles for 1416 that the story appears. The translation runs thus:

"In the year of our Lord, fourteen hundred and sixteen, there died on the morrow of the birth of St. John the Baptist, Master James Bisset, prior of St. Andrew's. In this same year, a pair of storks came to Scotland and nested on top of the church of St. Giles of Edinburgh and dwelt there throughout a season of the year; but to what place they flew away thereafter no one knows."

Commenting on this, Lord Lisle Clarke says: "The church of St. Giles, on which the storks nested, was a new stone edifice commenced in 1387, to replace a former church destroyed in 1385, and some of it doubtless forms part of the cathedral of today."

Mark Twain on Conscience.

There is an record a conversation that Mark Twain had with Kipling, in which the former discoursed on the conscience. The story is told by Kipling. He reports Twain as saying: "A conscience is like a child. If you pet it and play with it and let it have everything that it wants it becomes spoiled and intrudes on all your amusements and most of your griefs. Treat your conscience as you would treat anything else. When it rebels spank it—be severe with it, prevent its coming to play with you at all hours, and you will secure a good conscience; that is to say, a properly trained one. A spoiled one simply destroys the pleasures of life. I think that I have reduced mine to order. At least I have not heard from it for some time. Perhaps I have killed it, but in spite of all I have said a conscience differs from a child in many ways. Perhaps it's best when it is dead."

Ingenious "Fake" Pistol.

A French inventor has recently placed on the market a "fake" pistol. This weapon, although in reality absolutely harmless, goes off with a very realistic crack when the trigger is pulled. It also makes a blinding flash calculated to scare any burglar.

Intentions of an even more complicated nature are constantly being heard of. A well-to-do gentleman living in Surrey has recently had his house and grounds fitted with an elaborate burglar trap. With this device a midnight marauder cannot approach near the house without setting a number of electric bells within a ringing. And should the burglar not hear them and actually enter the building he would be caught in a vice by one of the many steel contraptions cunningly placed about.—London Tit-Bits.

Second Thoughts.

Mrs. Justwed—When I married I resolved to yield to my husband in everything.

Mrs. Lungwed—So did I. And then resolved never to act as that resolution.

FED HIMSELF TO THE HORSE

Unpleasant Few Minutes for Small Boy Who Tumbled Down Chute With the Hay.

One morning, when little Hal Perry was doing chores in his father's barn, he met with an accident that placed him in a peculiarly helpless position. He had made his way to the left loft to get down fodder for the stock. In climbing over the hay he slipped and fell, feet foremost, into one of the chutes. When he came to a stop his bare feet extended into the manger where Jim, the only bad-tempered horse in the barn, was hungrily seizing mouthfuls of the fodder. The boy screamed for help, but no one heard him, for the house was at some distance, and his voice was muffled. There was nothing that he could do but to wait until the horse had finished his meal. The chute had been made smooth in order that the hay might slide through easily. He tried to gain a purchase by thrusting outward with his elbows, so that he might lift his feet, but it was of no use; he could not even kick. The horse, in pulling away the fodder, nipped at his toes. "When stop that!" yelled the boy. But the horse naturally continued to eat his breakfast, and more than once nipped as if purposely Hal's legs and toes.

After a few minutes the farmer providentially entered the barn and heard his son sobbing and calling "Father, come quick! Jim is eating me!"

"Where are you?" shouted the farmer. "In the chute."

"Back Jim!" roared the man; and the horse obeyed.

Mr. Perry hastily turned Jim loose in the yard, and, seizing a rope, leaped upstairs. Making a noose he let it down to the small boy, who slipped it under his arms, and consoled to cry as he felt himself being drawn safely up.—Youth's Companion.

GREAT WORK ILL REWARDED

Milton Spent Nine Years Writing "Paradise Lost," and Sold the Copyright for \$25.

Milton began to write the poem in 1658, and it was ready for the press in 1667. It was published in 1667. Counting that Milton did more or less on the poem up to the time of its publication it would make nine years consumed in the writing. Milton sold the copyright to a London book seller for £5 (\$25) and £25 more when 1,300 copies of the first edition had been sold, and he received an additional £25 for the second and third editions, each of 1,300 copies. The first edition was published in 1667, the second and third in 1668, and the fourth and fifth in 1669. Milton died in 1674, and in 1673 his widow transferred all the rights in the work for £40. "So that," says a biographer, £28 (\$340), paid at different times in the course of 13 years, was the whole pecuniary reward which this great performance produced to the poet and his widow. The small editions of the work went slowly, only 3,000 copies being sold in 11 years. One writer says: "Few either read, liked or understood it." Another said: "Paradise Lost" had been printed 40 years before it was known to the great part of England that there was such a book.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Omelets From Turtle Eggs.

The sea is a persistent competitor of the henhouse as a producer of material for omelets. Turtle eggs are eaten in all hot countries. The turtles come out of the sea, scrape a hole in the sand, lay their eggs and cover them up. Some times 150 eggs are found in one sand nest. These eggs are about the size of hen's eggs, are covered with a white, parchment-like shell and, if fresh, have an excellent flavor. They make tasty omelets, or may be fried, but if boiled the white will not congeal like that of a bird's egg.

Fresh water turtles also lay edible eggs. There are both hard and soft shelled turtles in the lakes of Florida and Louisiana, and also in South American rivers, such as the Orinoco. The Orinoco turtles lay eggs extraordinarily rich in oil. The Indians of British Guiana collect 25,000,000 of them yearly to obtain the oil.

Little Nell.

Little Nell, or Nerty Trent, is one of the outstanding characters in Dickens' novel, "The Old Curiosity Shop," and one of the sweetest yet most pathetic characters in all of Dickens' books. Little Nell is a sweet, innocent, loving child of fourteen years, brought up by her old miserly grandfather, who gambled away all his money. Her days were monotonous and without youthful companionship; her evenings gloomy and solitary. The grandfather, being wholly ruined by gambling, the two went forth as beggars and ultimately settled down in a cottage adjoining a country churchyard. Here Nell died and the old grandfather soon afterwards was found dead upon her grave.

Wonder of Wonders.

During the "flu" epidemic in San Francisco, when all public meeting places were closed, and the entire population was compelled to wear masks to prevent the spread of the disease, a drunken man was overheard muttering:

"Well, I am an old man, but I have lived my time and am ready to quit. I have lived to see four great things come to pass—the end of the war, the churches closed, saloons left open and the women muzzled.—Exchange.

RETURN OF DEAD TO LIFE

All Countries Have Their Bitter-Sweet Legends on Restoring Those Who Had Passed.

For it is the most bitter sweet of all dreams, this of the restoring of the dead; the cure of fate that makes luminous the burial rites of the Egyptians—the grain in the mummy's hand.—Women received their dead raised to life again, and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection; one remembers one's childish pondering over the strange refusal of the infinite rare sweetness of return to this world of sunlight and trees. And even yet it is "to the sentiment of the body, the flesh of whose force and color that was being plastic soul was so frail an abstracter," that we cling.

Flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God; but the craving that might be so still shelters in the wording of the creed. St. Paul fought it, his metaphors breaking and straining with too much way, sublimating the flesh by the intolerable radiance of the spirit. "Mortally swallowed up life." Buddhism fought it, with less transcendent weapon: "neither doth corruption inherit incorruption." It is death, not in its priestlike task of cold stultification but death the revealer of the secret that the sickening flavor of mortality, that veils the illusion of the seasons world. "Spirit must brand the flesh, that it may live."

We receive ourselves better in the West than in the East. Persephone comes back with no shadow on her face. Charon, carrying the small sepulchral lamp that is left in tombs, is no longer only for the fainter scarlet of her robe, and the withering of the live flowers in her hair. Orpheus saw Eurystice before she sank back into darkness and that recognition has become one of the symbols for the infant. That is why the Japanese version of the legend, earth-stained and heaven-lighted, seems at first a horrible thing—and it is a long time before one sees the beauty in the horror.—Asia Magazine.

FAMOUS TREES IN CAPITAL

National Botanical Garden Has Many That Were Planted by Nation's Distinguished Men.

Including the modest salary granted its superintendent, the national botanical garden at Washington has always been very economically supported by congress, and deserves high credit for what it has accomplished with a conservative income. But men who cultivate flowers are usually willing to attempt the maximum of beauty with the minimum of working capital. The garden has many things that cannot be duplicated. Particularly interesting to visitors are the trees planted by distinguished men. Charles A. Dana planted an acorn which he brought from China; General Grant planted an acorn; Senators Hoar and Everts each planted a cedar of Lebanon, and Senator Crittenden planted an oak. There is a tree planted by Edwin Booth, and another planted by Edwin Forrest. But the most famous tree of all is the hornbeam, planted by President Lincoln. As it now stands in the garden the shade of this tree covers about one-tenth of an acre.

Music of Our Indians.

The music of our Indians is solely and simply vocal. It seems to be generally agreed by musical authorities that the Indians' songs have in them nothing borrowed from instruments, nothing of artificial instigation. An Indian melody never serves two sets of words. There is no instance, it appears, where the people have followed our custom of singing the different stanzas of a ballad to the same air.

A large proportion of Indian songs are entirely without words at all, syllables being employed to carry the tones. Perhaps the most striking peculiarity of Indian music is the lack of definite pitch for there is no such thing as standard pitch among the musicians of the red men.

The Indian begins his song where the natural quality of his voice and his mood at the time render it easiest for him to sing it. The pitch of the song depends upon the individual.

Dickens Names.

The death of a lady of the name of Snodgrass at Bath is an event sufficiently unusual to have attracted more attention than the personal distinction of the deceased warrants, according to "Observer," of the Observer. The name—like those of the associated Pickwick, Tupman and Winkle—remains so rare that no specimen is to be found in the London Directory for 1911. One might have thought that such household words would tend to perpetuate themselves—that people wishing to change their names would resort to these rather than to the over-worn "Cannan" or "Montgomery." It would, for example, be an easy thing for the solitary "Winkel" in the directory to transmute the last two letters and fall in line with the English tradition. But apparently there is no such tendency, and the Dickens names continue to be very shy of real life.

Suspicious

"You were blackballed, old fellow. Yet I didn't think you had an enemy in the club."

"I have my suspicions," said the blackballed one darkly. "My wife belongs to that club. We have three children and somebody has got to say home nights."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Holy Days in Ditch Land.

What is religion? It is not the observance of forms and feasts days. We have only nine national holidays in America. Only two of our holidays, namely, Thanksgiving and Christmas, may be called even quasi religious. The others celebrate the birth of some great man like Columbus, Washington and Lincoln; or some great achievement like the birth of independence on the Fourth of July or the new birth of liberty on Memorial day.

Germany, on the other hand, in its nineteen holidays, has only two, namely, Christmas and New Year's which have not a distinctly religious significance. Among them are the Epiphany, Ash Wednesday, Annunciation, Good Friday, Ascension, Corpus Christi, Assumption, All Souls' day and All Saints' day. These formal celebrations of sacred events, have apparently not entered Germany more saintly.—Better Education.

Victim or Conqueror.

A certain woman not long ago felt blue and tired, but some instinct urged her to assert her will power—to get out into the fast-charged atmosphere, away from her eternal tasks and their eternal worries. As she walked along the sharp wind brought roses into her brown cheeks, and then—well, she began to see things. Over in the western sky the sun was sinking, its last rays flooding hill and valley with crimson light. The glorious picture roused her leader spirits. Life, with its ups and downs, seemed good after all, and the tired, work-worn men and women who passed her stood out heroes and heroines of a peerless mold. That woman retraced her steps, feeling not only braver and stronger, but firmly convinced that she who goes about it in the right spirit assuredly finds a certain need of happiness.—Exchange.

The Tardy Tides.

A shrewd explanation of the phenomenon of the tides was once given by an old fisherman. "Uncle Joe," someone asked him, "do you know what causes the tides?" The old man looked profound, and admitted, "Well, I have some idea." "Can you explain it to us?" Uncle Joe would not be hurried, but after some urging he answered, "You've turned over in bed, I think likely?" "Certainly!" "And when you went over the bedclothes kind o' slipped round and didn't get there at the same time you did?" "Yes." "Well, that's the way of the tides. The old world slips round inside of the sea like a man under the bedclothes, and that's what makes the tides!"

Eugene Field.

Edmund Clarence Steadman, in a personal estimate of Eugene Field, said this: "Of all the moderns, then, here or in the old world, he seems to be most like the survival or revival of the ideal Jester of knightly times; as if Jorick himself were incarnated or as if a superior bearer of the hauberk of the court of Italy, or France, or if the English King Hal had come to life again—as much out of time as Twain's Yankee at the court of King Arthur; but not out of place, for he fitted himself as aptly to his folk and region as Puck to the fays and mortals of a wood near Athens. But he was above all a child of nature, a frolic incarnate, and just as he would have been in any time or country."

Woman's Real Wisdom.

A very wise woman once made the simple remark apropos of her philosophy of life, that she accepted the universe. The observation came to the ears of Thomas Carlyle, who spluttered out in his dynamic way, "God, sir, it's well she does!" But Carlyle and the woman who made the remark put two entirely different interpretations upon it. The man meant that it was well she did accept it, for there was precious little she could change by refusing to do so. But the woman meant that she molded her life into lines of character and personality and endeavor which enabled her to accept the best of the universe and reject the rest.

Gibbon's Word Comes True.

"Our immortal Fielding," Gibbon writes, "was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the counts of Hapsburg. The successors of Charles V may disdain their brethren of England, but the romance of Tom Jones, that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria." There can be no gainsaying the sentence of this great judge. To have your name mentioned by Gibbon is like having it written on the dome of St. Peter's; pilgrims from all the world admire and behold it.—From Thackeray's Essay on Fielding.

Asking Too Much.

Guest (roily)—"Waiter, here's a dollar button I found in my soup. Will you kindly return it to the owner?" Waiter—"I'd rather not, sir. You see, I have a wife and two small children and our temperamental chef has been searching high and low for that button for the last hour."—Buffalo Express.

Properly Designated.

Mrs. Clancy—"My husband do be aufferin' wid prostration." Mrs. Casey—"Nervous prostration?" Mrs. Clancy—"Ye may call it so. He made me that nervous when he came home drunk last night that Ol prostrated him wid a flatiron."

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