

IDEA ORIGINATED IN ORIENT

Finger-Print System Claimed to Have Been in Use in Far East for Many Years.

The finger-print system that sleuths all over the world have successfully used in catching desperate criminals was the invention of orientals, either Chinese or Japanese, according to Filippo de Filippi, writing in Nature.

No one in the controversy quoted Rashid-ad-din, who wrote about the system in use in Cathay even in his day. It was a finger-print system of a sort, although not like that in use today.

De Filippi says that this ancient system is worthy of investigation today, as study of the drawings shows a distinct difference in the outlines of fingers of the hands of different individuals.

EATS IN PECULIAR POSITION

Flamingo Forced to Contortions Because Its Upper Jaw, Not the Lower, is Movable.

Nature has so created the beautiful flamingo that he does some things both backwards and upside down. For one thing, he eats with the crown of his head on the ground, in the bottom of some shallow stream.

Flamingoes frequent salt marshes, and when these become dry will then go long distances to find others. Florida used to be the birds' happy hunting ground and many lovely members of the family could be met in other countries.

Still Use Dogs in Alps.

Although the tunnels which now connect Switzerland with Italy have greatly decreased the importance of the St. Bernard and other passes, especially during the eight months of snow, it is still deemed advisable to employ St. Bernard dogs.

Horse Lore.

It is found that there is a very definite connection between the coat color of horses and the frequency with which white markings occur.

In the Age of Chivalry.

Most persons will be surprised to hear that the idea of women requiring escort, especially of a really protective nature, is of comparatively modern origin.

AVIATORS HAVE SIXTH SENSE

Proof That the Human Body is More Highly Endowed Than Has Hitherto Been Supposed.

The London Lancet asks which of the five senses could have played a predominant share in the nonstop transatlantic flight of Alcock and Brown.

"Sight, even when the moon was visible, was practically nullified by the constant cloud and storms of sleet or hail; hearing must gradually have lost its acuteness in the course of 16 hours of exposure to the tremendous din of engines and propeller."

"On the other hand, the aviators' horizontal direction must have been marvellously precise throughout, as, with no landmarks to guide them, their destination was reached without a hitch, when a severe degree of dizziness to one side or the other of the direct line would have lost their objective."

"Presumably the imperfect sense records supplemented each other in nervous systems long trained to rapid and impromptu adjustment."

It seems that the human body is endowed with a sense of stability and balance that depends not upon any one of the "five senses" and cannot be localized entirely in the labyrinth of the ear.

NOT IMPRESSED BY SPHINX

Modern Reporter Refuses to See Anything Wonderful in the Lady's Appearance.

Admitting that a month 7 1/2 feet wide is not a rosebud, nor an ear 4 1/2 feet high a seashell, a modern reporter in Egypt is impressed by the fact that the Sphinx does not seem nearly so impressive as he had expected.

Red Hair.

A perturbed correspondent of the Indianapolis News raises an interesting question. Do women, he wishes to know, shun red-headed men and, if so, why?

Red Sandstone.

Colorado is full of wonderful red sandstone rocks. They are lined and grooved and stippled over with fine dots; they are worn and hollowed and carved into innumerable grotesque shapes.

The Brighter Side.

"Well, did the captain of industry see you?" "No," replied Mr. Gadspar. "You bear up well under the disappointment."

"BORN OF FIRE AND BLOOD"

Officer Tells of Circumstances Under Which Colonel McCrea Wrote "In Flanders Fields."

"In Flanders Fields," to quote the words of Major General Morrison, who commanded the brigade to which Lieutenant Colonel McCrea was attached at the time, "was literally born of fire and blood during the hottest phase of the second battle of Ypres."

"My headquarters were in a trench on the top of the bank of the Ypres canal; and John had his dressing station in a hole dug in the foot of the bank. During periods of the battle men who were shot actually rolled down the bank into his dressing station. Along from us a few hundred yards was the headquarters of a regiment, and many times during the 10 days of the battle he and I watched them burying their dead whenever there was a lull. Thus the crosses, row on row, grew into a good-sized cemetery."

"Just as he describes, we often heard the larks singing high in the air, between the crash of the shell and the reports of the guns in the battery just beside us. I have a letter from him in which he mentions having written the poem to pass away the time between the arrival of batches of wounded, and partly as an experiment with several varieties of poetic meter."

The unit with which McCrea served was the most advanced of all the allied guns by a good deal, except one French battery, which stayed in a position yet more advanced for two days, and then had to be taken out.

MANY SEEK COVETED TITLE

Thousands of Young Chinamen Undergo Severe Examination in Hope of Becoming Mandarins.

Though Chinese education is gradually undergoing change, candidates for the title of mandarin still gather at three-year intervals in Chinese cities, and the examiners sit in their robes of state under their umbrellas and conduct the examinations.

Many of the younger generation nowadays have imbibed the western idea of education; but many still begin with the Book of Three Characters, the Book of a Hundred Families and the Book of a Thousand Words, and pursue an educational system that is held to be more than 30 centuries old, to the ultimate triumph of becoming mandarins and enjoying the ceremonial honors, distinctive costume and an individual reputation for wisdom and learning, that go with the title.

The number of candidates at such examinations still counts up into the thousands. Sometimes their failures, one might say, in the phrase with which western editors return ambitious contributions, have been "due to no lack of merit," for the number of vacancies to be filled at any one time in the list of mandarins is very small compared with the number of candidates.—Christian Science Monitor.

Ponds Like Pools of Ink.

In cross-country flying, clear, quiet ponds of water are usually the darkest areas in the landscape. Often they appear like pools of ink and their relative brightness is much less than that of black velvet. This is easily explained. The water is perfectly clear and the bottom is black and porous. Little or no light is reflected except from the surface.

Incidentally a pond of this type provides the best mirror in the landscape, for its background is almost perfectly dark, which is not the case for turbid water. If one watches very carefully he can detect the image of the airplane reflected in the water without difficulty at 2,000 or 3,000 feet. This gives a true vertical line which may be of use on some occasions. At least observation of this image gives a record of the horizontal speed regardless of other movements of the airplane.—M. Luckiesh in the Scientific American.

Harvest and Hunter's Moon.

The full moon nearest the autumnal equinox (September 22) is known as the "harvest moon." Owing to the occurrence of minimum retardation in the time of rising at that period, this moon rises at nearly the same time on several successive nights. It rises early and gives the husbandmen who have been playing golf all day an opportunity to gather their crops, hence its name. The "hunter's moon" is the moon following the "harvest moon." The occasion for its name's obvious. It occurs at the season of the year when the country youth, the harvest having been gathered, stings his gun over his shoulder and wanders through the woods in search of the gray squirrel and other larger game.

Acce Up.

Young Lawyer: If your honor please, we will show that appellate courts have decided on similar findings that wherein plaintiff's witness had appeared with evidence after having been subpoenaed duces tecum.

His Honor (accustomed to hearing gamblers in police court)—Wait a minute there. You say, "duces take 'em." Well, this court decidedly will not admit "duces take 'em." Generally speaking, it always has been held that acce beat 'em.

The Shivering Girl

By RALPH HAMILTON

Adrian Revere proposed to June Lindley with all the sincerity and ardor of a true lover. She was rich, beautiful, a queen of her social set and she was very fond of the city, athletic young fellow who came of one of the best families of the city.

Then there was disillusion for the devoted lover. As he became better acquainted with June he learned of her failings. She had been reared in the lap of a never-varying luxury and the experience had spoiled her. Little by little Revere comprehended that his choice had fallen upon a hothouse flower. June was gifted, intelligent and sweet-tempered, but she seemed never at home outside of an atmosphere that contributed to languor, ease and comfort.

"The shivering girl," Revere overheard an acquaintance remark one evening when they were returning from a day's trip on a lake steamer. The words affected him depressingly, for he had to acknowledge their verity. It had turned cool, and even with all her wraps around her June complained of the cold and insisted on seeking the shelter of the cabin. Her action was the crowning one of a series, gradually convincing Revere that his promised wife would require constant care, and likely to become in the years ahead, a delicate and complaining half-invalid. She was ever nibbling at chocolates, unwholesome pastry, and frothy, dainty viands formed most of her sustenance. Exercise was a bore to her, even to the extent of a game at tennis.

So, when Mr. Lindley announced that he was going to take June on a trip with him to visit a brother in northern Oregon, Revere hoped the change would give endurance and hardness to the frail but loving girl who was turning out quite a disappointment to him, for it was late fall and Revere recognized that there would be some really shivering days far up near the Canadian border, and that June would have to put up with something less than a scented bath and a steam-heated boudoir.

Two letters came from June and Revere felt hopeful. She described humble folk and a primitive habitation in the wilderness, but a family with four children, whom she designated as cherubs. The environment of her new home, too, with its mountains, forests and rushing cascades had aroused the artistic in her nature. Then for over a month no further word arrived, and Revere began to grow anxious when he received a letter from Mr. Lindley at San Francisco.

"If you have the time, and the inclination," it read, "you might join me here and go to my brother's after June with me, and enjoy a pleasant home journey in our company," and Revere speedily wired his prospective father-in-law that he would take the first train for the West.

It was at a fashionable hotel in the Golden City that Revere was welcomed by Mr. Lindley. There was an unfamiliar air of activity about the father of his fiancée that indicated that his Western tour had put new vitality into him, and Revere hoped the same beneficial influence had exerted itself in behalf of June.

"I thought it best to suggest your coming on," said Mr. Lindley, "for between you and I, Revere, I fancy June has so completely fallen in love with her new home that she may ask me to settle down out here. It doesn't seem a whim and I am bound to indulge her. Of course I felt it incumbent upon me to learn your sentiments to such an extreme departure."

"I think," spoke Revere with a smile, "that we both are inclined to indulge June in her wishes."

"Nicely spoken, dear boy, and I thank you," replied Mr. Lindley enthusiastically. "We had a terrible experience immediately after our arrival at my brother's home. A forest fire drove us all out as refugees in the night, and we had to join a vast fugitive throng in a hurried journey one hundred miles to the North. Storm and cold had set in and my brother's wife was so ill that she was helpless. But my brother found a farm with good buildings he could purchase in his new environment. I had to come down to the coast on business, but June insisted in remaining with her relatives, as some one had to look after the children. Now comes the remarkable outcome of her experience. I received a letter from her informing me that she felt that she had come upon the ideal life for her, and hinting that when we returned home, and after the wedding, she hoped I would arrange so we could come back to the coast and remain there permanently."

It was ten days later that, muffled in furs, passengers in a huge sleigh, father and fiancée drove up in front of the great comfortable appearing new home of Mr. Lindley's brother. A merry hail welcomed them. Suspending a battle with snowballs, the hue of a new health showing on her lovely face, June Lindley led a group of excitedurchins up to the newcomer.

The heart of Adrian Revere leaped with delight, his eyes sparkled with joy. Before him stood June, transformed, in love with the zest and spur of the new bracing life, and he realized that "the shivering girl" was a memory of the past!

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