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CHIC HAT AND DAINTY VEIL



One of the best models that has come from Paris for spring and summer wear and its simple elegance makes a wonderful frame for any face. It is of old rose crepe de chins embroidered with old rose silk and is draped with a prettily figured veil.

VEIL CHANGES FOR MILADY

Face Covering Lends Note of Personality and Distinction—Adds Completeness to Outfit.

When an attractively groomed woman adjusts her smart-looking little hat at a certain angle and fastens over it one of the clever new spring veils the effect is ravishing.

Personality and the final note of distinction may be expressed in the mere cobwebby substance of the veil. It adds a completeness to the simple tailleur and street dress.

After a strenuous day of shopping the woman whose small street hat is snugly veiled returns home as neat and trim looking as when she left.

It is generally understood that the street veil is not appropriate in the evening. More and more, however, the American woman is appearing at the restaurant and theater in her severely tailored suit or gown, with her close-fitting toque nicely veiled. And she harbors no qualms as to being correctly dressed.

In fact, the latest fashions are showing the more elaborate hats with veils. For instance a charming wrought creation of black tulle and silver lace appeared in a box at the theater.

The fair spectator watched the play from behind a thin tulle veil, which was extended from the crown of the hat, just beneath the nose—much as the oriental lady is veiled. And, by the way, there is a decidedly oriental touch to the hats shown this season. Hardly a tulle hat is shown without the drop of tulle at least over the eyes.

Another gay little model hat was seen in one of the smart shops of interwoven ribbons of blue, gold and brown, against a horsehair brim which is satin threaded in gold squares. There is a gold ribbon around the brim and from this a short brown tulle veil is extended.

A hat of black horsehair with a low-crown banded in black satin ribbon, tilts at the back, and droops under a beige lace veil.

Many of the new veils are edged prettily and hang loose and full. Some are close fitting over the face and long and flowing down the back. In fact there is a style of veil for every face; heavy figures, French dotted and exquisitely fine meshed veils are equally attractive in the new spring collection.

RAFFIA TO ORNAMENT VEILS

Material is Among Other Novelties Used to Make Face Coverings Attractive.

The most striking feature in the new spring millinery is the return of the loose flowing veil, which is worn carelessly thrown over the toque or hat, falling over the shoulders at the back, the front length merely coming down a little below the eyes.

The embroideries and applique work on these veils are most elaborate and varied. One of the newest ideas in this line is the use of black patent leather or allcloth, which is applied on the net, either in bands, discs or elaborate cut-out designs.

A fine make of colored kid is also made use of in the same style. Cut out fruit designs are the favorites. The kid is cut out in the shape of the fruit, tinted in natural colors and applied on the net, with a buttonhole stitch in silk to match.

A handsome veil is in navy blue flit net with a border of cut-out red kid in a cherry design, showing green leaves embroidered in silk.

Raffia is also being used to ornament veils. Deep straggling designs are appropriate for this work. A shade of jade green raffia on a black or tete de negre brown net is unusually effective.

Cretonne applique on veils is again in vogue. A motif of flowers and leaves is so placed as to cover the upturned brim of the hat, making all further trimming unnecessary.

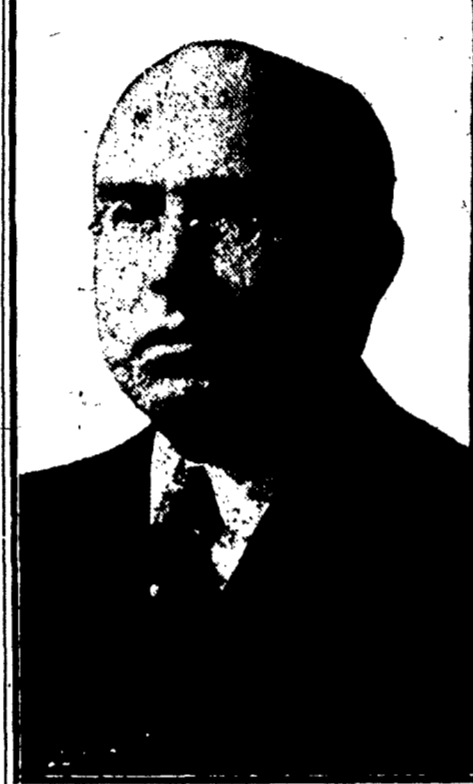
To Remove Rust Stains.
Iron rust has a most astonishing way of appearing on garments. Sometimes a pin will be a bit rusty and leave two little brown spots in a most conspicuous place. Wet the spot with a drop of lemon juice, add salt and put on more lemon juice. Put in the sun and when the salt is dry the rust spot will be gone. If the sun refuses to put in an appearance for the day, hold the stain with its saturated solution of lemon juice and salt over steam. The rust will be removed.

HETTY GREEN DECISION A NOTABLE VICTORY

Nets State Forty Millions More From Non-Resident Estates, State Comptroller Eugene M. Travis Estimates.

New York City.—Millions of dollars of additional money may be recovered as the result of the Hetty Green decision, handed down last week, State Comptroller Eugene M. Travis announced. The comptroller's estimate is based upon the totals which in addition to the two million dollar tax imposed on the Hetty Green estate by this decision, his office may receive from the estates of other multi-millionaires whose property is sought to be exempted because of their alleged residences outside of New York at the time of their death. In the estate of Baron William Waldorf Astor, now pending, Comptroller Travis believes there is no question but that his office will collect considerable additional money as a direct result of last week's victory.

Hetty Green, explained Comptroller Travis, in commenting on the case, was known throughout New York state as a wealthy business woman. Upon her death four years ago her estate was estimated at a value of nearly \$100,000,000. When my office, represented by Lafayette B. Gleason, attempted to collect the tax, the attorneys for her estate endeavor-



EUGENE M. TRAVIS.

ored to avoid payment upon the ground that she was not a resident. Mr. Surrogate Fowler upheld this view, declaring her to be a resident of Vermont, although the proof showed she resided there only four or five weeks each year during the summer months.

This decision was appealed, but the state was defeated in the Appellate Division. Mr. Gleason thereupon instituted proceedings to tax the property used in business in this state to the value of about \$38,000,000, his contention being that it was taxable under an amendment drawn by Comptroller Travis' office. Surrogate Fowler again decided against the state, and the case was again taken to the Appellate Division, which reversed the surrogate's decision. On the report of the appraiser Surrogate Fowler again held this property non-taxable, and it was from this decision that the appeal was taken which has just been decided favorably to the people.

Another important element in the Hetty Green decision will be its far-reaching effect in other matters now awaiting decision, and already the case has been heralded as a signal victory which is bound to add additional millions each year. It also has bearing upon an amendment to the Transfer (Inheritance) Tax Law, which for the last five years I have repeatedly urged. Had this change been effected, litigation of this character would have been prevented and our inheritance laws would have been restored as they existed up to 1911, when the present exemptions were enacted. It would have also netted the state over \$40,000,000 which was lost because of the change which relieved non-residents' estates from the payment of a tax similar to that imposed in almost all other states. The comptroller has attempted ineffectually to have the law restored, and finally succeeded in getting an amendment through which taxes real estate goods, wares and merchandise of non-residents as well as their property used in business in this state at the time of their death, and it is on this amendment that the Hetty Green decision is based.

By the amendment of 1911 almost the whole burden of our inheritance tax fell upon the estates left by our citizens. The state comptroller's amendments have brought a large portion of the estates of non-residents who accumulated property within this state under this tax equally and proportionately with the estates of our own citizens, but the comptroller and his attorneys feel that the legislature should amend this law so as to tax the transfers of the property of those who avail themselves of the facilities and advantages of our state but find it convenient to have homes in an adjoining state and to restore the law as it existed in New York state upward of twenty-four years prior to July 1, 1911.

AS FRIEND SAW STEVENSON

Novelist, Full of Earthly Frailties, Characterized as Sincere Moralist and Effective Preacher.

I lately found one writer, because Stevenson was thin, speaking of him as having been a "shadowy" figure; another, because he was an invalid, describing him as "anemic," and a third as "thin-blooded," writes Sir Sidney Colvin in Scribner's.

Shadowy! He was indeed all his life a bag of bones, a very lath for leanness; as lean as Shakespeare's Master Slender, or let us say as Don Quixote. Nevertheless, when he was in the room you were hardly aware of anybody else. The most robust of ordinary men seemed to turn dim and dull in presence of the vitality that glowed in the steadfast, penetrating fire of the lean man's eyes, the rich, compelling charm of his smile, the supple swiftness of his movements and lively expressiveness of his gestures; above all, in the irresistible sympathetic play and abundance of his talk.

Anemic! Thin-blooded! The main physical fact about him, according to the doctors, was that his heart was too big and its blood supply too full for his body. There was failure of nutrition, in the sense that he could never make flesh; there was weakness in the throat and lungs; weakness, above all, in the arteries, never in the heart itself; nor did his looks, even in mortal illness and exhaustion, ever give the impression of bloodlessness, scarcity even, or momentary pallor.

If you want to realize the kind of effect he made, at least in the early years when I knew him best, imagine this attenuated but extraordinarily vivid and vital presence, with something about it that at first struck you as freakish, rare, fantastic, a touch of the elfin and unearthly, a spright, an Ariel. And imagine, as you got to know him, this spright, this vivacious from another sphere, turned out to differ from mankind in general, not by being less human, but by being a great deal more human than they; richer blooded, greater hearted, more human in all senses of the word, for he comprised within himself, and would flash on you in the course of a single afternoon, all the different ages and half the different characters of man, the unfaded freshness of a child, the ardent outlook and adventurous-day dreams of a boy, the steadfast courage of manhood, the quick, sympathetic tenderness of a woman, and already an almost uncanny share of the ripe life of wisdom of old age.

He was a fellow of infinite and unrestrained jest, and yet of infinite earnest, the one very often a mask for the other; a poet, an artist, an adventurer; a man full of fleshly frailties, and, despite his inborn health, of strong appetites and unchecked curiosities, and yet a profoundly sincere moralist and preacher and son of the covenant, after his fashion, deeply conscious of the war within his members and deeply bent on acting up to the best he knew.

Medievally Entertained.

Madame de Navarre, better known perhaps as Mary Anderson, allowed her friends to share the joys of a medieval England when she welcomed them at her home in Worcestershire, and set them to dance in her Tudor house and make merry round the great open fireplaces in her paneled rooms. A youth with a lantern conducted those visitors who lay at nine inn up the single street of the village to mine host, who received the guests in a mask and flowing cloak, and bade them welcome among the youth of Merrie England. To sit for an hour or so in a Cromwellian chair in front of an Elizabethan fire, burning logs five feet long, till a clock of a hundred years or so strikes the hour for parting, is indeed a way of putting time to flight.

Waiting for Him.

They were going to have a "literary" one night, and that afternoon, just before leaving school, some mischievous impulse prompted me to put a pin in my seat. I did not come that night, but the intended victim, instead of sitting, on it, merely bent it.

The next morning I came to school and slid into my seat with much force (I had forgotten about the pin) and slid into that bent pin. I was so surprised I jumped up and yelled, "It's there yet."

The teacher needed no other explanation.—Exchange.

Footprints of Progress.

A good substitute for cork is obtained from certain fungi, which are dried and ground, mixed with cement and consolidated by pressure. In Norway a process has been patented to enable carbide to be used for driving motors. In Denmark a company has been floated to make briquettes from heather. These have a higher heat value than peat. Experiments are being made to use chalk marl, especially that which comes from the Limburg mines, as a fertilizer.

Embryo Politician.

"Mother," said little Ray in an aggrieved tone, "you have no constitutional right to send me to bed without my supper."

"What do you mean, Raymond?" "You are exercising rule without the consent of the governed."—Boston Transcript.

The Building Crisis.

Knicker—The house divided against itself will fall.
Bocker—Nowadays it won't get built.



PRINCESS AND DRAGON

WILLY lived on his father's poultry farm and herded the geese, a big flock of huge white fowls fit for the king's table. And, in fact, it was to the king's table that they went, for Willy sold every one of the fat geese to the royal cook. And that is the way he happened to catch sight of the pretty princess drying her golden hair on the back porch.

One fine morning Willy drove his cackling flock into the back gate and waited for the fat, cross cook to come out. Suddenly there was a great commotion and the soldiers ran out of the palace white with terror.

"The Great Dragon of the Drule is coming," they shouted, "for the king has just received a messenger who says that that animal is right now



only 20 miles away napping in the woods. He wants to wed the princess and says he will devour her if he does not get his way."

Willy looked up and saw the princess in tears. The attendants had fled, but she thought it would be cowardly for a princess to run, so she remained, and so did her royal father. But the king took the princess to hide in the cellar.

"You better come down with me, my child," he exclaimed. "The Dragon's coat is of steel scales and nothing can harm him. Come with me and maybe he will get tired looking for us and return to his den."

Willy heard the conversation, for he was the only person about except the royal family. In the distance he saw a dark cloud approaching swiftly and he knew that to be the Dragon from

the clouds of fire and smoke from its mouth.

"Come in, my child," the king said. "He will swallow you whole, for his teeth are sharp and he never touches anything but the meat."

That gave Willy an idea. He ran back of the yard and hid in a wooden crate. He decided that with the help of the princess he could rescue his beloved Princess at the same time get rid of the Dragon without danger to himself.

"If I kill the Dragon will you marry me to marry the Princess?" asked Willy of the King, who was wringing his hands in despair.

"Of course, boy!" shouted the King. "Why, of course, it would be better to marry a gooseboy than furnish a meal for that horrible creature, which I even now in sight."

"Well, I can settle the Dragon, if right," replied Willy; "only let the Princess remain in sight. She will also refuse to marry the Dragon. Then, when he prepares to harm me, I will kill him so dead he will never even leave his place."

With that Willy ran to hitch the end of a long rope to the iron crane and as the rope was banging about on a pulley it was a moment before the huge thing was poised in the air just above the balcony on which the Princess stood. In five minutes the Great Dragon was before the palace and smoking up all the windows of the place.

"Will you marry me or would you prefer to serve as my lunch?" the creature, showing his big teeth, asked the Princess.

The Princess trembled, but she bravely on the porch. "I will marry you!" she cried. "But after as you do not deserve to be married."

"All right," snarled the Dragon, he opened his big mouth.

But just then Willy loosened the rope, the heavy iron crane swung around and dropped right into the Dragon's mouth. In an instant the great Dragon lay dead.

"A pretty good job for a fellow your size," exclaimed the King.

"That night there was a big wedding for Willy and the Princess, and everyone was happy except the housemaid who had to clean the windows. The Dragon had smoked up so many windows that she had to clean them all." (Copyright.)



WHERE ST. PATRICK LIES AT DOWNPATRICK

The huge uncarved stone was two years ago drawn from the neighborhood hills and placed over the supposed grave of St. Patrick. It bears a cross and the word "Patrick" in Irish script letters. It weighs seven tons. Part of the present Downpatrick cathedral is shown in the background.

SCHOOL DAYS

