

HER JUDGMENT

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

As Duncan read his mother's letter his face grew white and tense. How could he justify himself in her eyes, how keep from her bitter disappointment and humiliation? He had been so buoyantly confident of his genius; drawing, with him, had been as second nature since childhood.

So Duncan gave up his position in the small town bank, and taking his mother's eagerly proffered store went away to study. Even he could not know the plodding sacrifice that amount of money represented, but she had been so glad to help him to the accomplishment of his goal. And as months passed into years and Duncan's conscientious effort forestalled only failure, he had not the heart to share with the confident mother his discouragement. And so, at first hopefully, and then desperately—Duncan played his part of pretense. It was a story of promise that his letters contained, and the checks which he enclosed as he was able were supposed to come from the sale of sketches, instead of from unimportant employment he had been obliged to accept. And now she wrote that she was coming to visit him, coming to the great city to view for herself, the paintings which were winning him fame. And as Duncan dropped the letter, he found himself staring at an advertisement in the newspaper which he had been holding beneath it, and the one word which caught his troubled eye was that of "paintings." The advertisement stated that a house was offered for sale out beyond the city limit, and also several paintings of marked value. Recklessly Duncan decided. He would buy as many of these paintings as his purse would allow. They were offered, it was said, at a sacrifice, because of need. The transaction was easily made; unknown paintings appeared to have little market value. And when Duncan's mother stood in the bare room which her son designated his studio, she was silent in admiration and pride before the pictures. While Duncan, carried away by hope anew of an opening in the world of art, wondered if one of these conceptions offered for public display might not be for him that opening which to a success later honestly earned. And so his painted purchase found its way through pure worth to the walls of the city art gallery—and across its canvas cover was palated distinctly a name—his own.

When the study obtained "honorable mention" it seemed that his future promise might become reality, so Duncan again gave up regular employment and bent to fresh endeavor. As his need grew, he disposed of one by one of the smaller sketches which always found the safe his own had lacked. And one day as Duncan worked feverishly, the old realization came to him, his pictures would never find that sale—or recognition.

The will to do, but not the gift was his. Dishonesty had availed him nothing. When he lifted his despondent face a girl stood before him.

"I knocked," said the girl. "And then when I saw your studio door open, I walked in."

Duncan gazed listlessly; she was a pretty girl, he thought.

"I came," said the girl, "for an explanation. You who bought my pictures from my dead mother's home—how dared you display them as your own?"

"Your pictures!" Duncan murmured dazedly.

"Mine!" the girl replied. Her voice broke tremulously.

"When it was necessary to sell my home, it was necessary to sell all it possessed. The pictures were yours by right of purchase only. To erase my name from the canvas, and substitute your own—well, there's a name for that crime, and a punishment."

Before the fire of her indignation Duncan was dumb. Then came haltingly, another step across the wooden floor. Duncan's old mother greeted the girl with natural friendliness.

"Some one to see my boy's paintings?" she asked. "Let me show them to you."

Her voice held the eagerness of a child's. "My son's success is a joy that cannot be taken from me. Seems as if I'd lived, and worked for just this hour. Even Duncan did not hope to have a picture exhibited. But I knew."

Over the silvery head of his mother the man's miserable eyes met those of the girl, and suddenly the flash of hers softened to mistiness.

"I am so glad for you," she said to the mother, "that your dream came true."

It was as she passed out through the door that Duncan reached the girl's side.

"It's all right," she told him cheerfully.

"You have proven for me my talent. While your mother—still has her faith in her son."

From the foot of the stair the girl turned to smile up at him. And in that smile Duncan found belief in himself, and a new, sweet courage to make that belief come true.

Class Observation.
"Mr. and Mrs. Slocum seem to be an ideal couple. Last night I noticed how their thoughts always coincided."

"You, but did you also observe that it was always the lady who thought best?"

SAVES 150,000 FROM THE REDS

American Red Cross Is Active in Russia.

ARE RESCUED IN SNOWSTORM

Refugees, Followers of General Denikin's Army, Taken on Ships While the Bolshevik Fire Upon Them—Tells of Heavy Mortality in Petrograd—Red Cross Helps Russian Prisoners of War.

The American Red Cross is operating in the Crimea and waiting for the United States to approve of more extended operations in Russia for which they have more than \$5,000,000 to expend, according to reports received at the London office, Maj. H. L. Bridges, who is in touch with the activities of the American Red Cross, says it has been instrumental in rescuing more than 150,000 refugees who were the followers and families of Denikin's army.

These refugees were rescued from the Crimea and received, while the Bolsheviks fired upon them, on ships under the control of the American Red Cross. They were all taken to the Princes islands, off Constantinople, and divided for care and rehabilitation among the British, French, Italians and Americans; the Americans having their refugees on the island of Proti, the British those on the island of Prinkipo, the French on the island of Malti and the Italians on the island of Antigone.

The plan is to rehabilitate them as far as possible and then send them back to Russia. The British have just conditioned their relations, trade and otherwise, with Russia on the basis of humanitarian treatment for the refugees of Denikin, so that it is virtually assured that so fast as they are able to go back they will be reabsorbed. Still, there are thousands, it is said, who will never be able to shift for themselves in the soviet state, and it is the plan of the allies to form them into a colony on the island of Lemnos just beyond the Princes islands.

Rescued in Snowstorm.
The story, as chronicled in the Red Cross reports, of the rescuing of the first followers of Denikin is pathetic. The worst snowstorm known in many years was raging at the time of their rescue. The Navajo, a ship flying the American flag but under a Greek company, was lying in the harbor of Odesa waiting to get a cargo. Lieut. Commander Hamilton Bryan, U. S. N., and Captain Irvine of the American Red Cross, organized a committee and put the people on the ship until it pulled out to save itself from the fire of the Bolsheviks, leaving the docks covered with refugees whom they could not take.

The ship encountered a snowstorm in the Black sea and took nine days instead of four to reach Constantinople. There were eight hundred on this boat, many of whom had typhus. Several died en route. During the last four days of the trip they had no food.

They arrived in Constantinople at night and later landed on the island of Proti.

The conditions were hard, but shelter tents were ultimately supplied, and now about eight hundred sewing machines have gone from England to enable the refugees to make garments for themselves. It is the policy of the allied governments to care for those who are old and unable to shift for themselves on the island of Lemnos, and as the British government in a late diplomatic note has intimated to compel on grounds of humanity the reabsorption of the residue in Russia.

Red Cross Aids Russians.
The island of Lemnos is likely therefore to be the seat of the old aristocracy of Russia, the one memorial of those who remember the day of the czar, for the Bolshevik policy has exterminated thousands of all strata in life and a greater part of the aristocracy of Russia.

The United States Red Cross has been recently spending perhaps a major portion of its time on Russians. It recently provided transport for some 200,000 Russian prisoners of war who were in Germany and were repatriated. It has \$5,000,000 to spend, but awaits advice from Washington before proceeding into Russia. There have been no recent reports on the 80 Red Cross workers who were captured by the Bolsheviks when Denikin retreated. The Red Cross were working with Denikin's army and had erected hospitals which were captured together with the 800 personnel.

Red Cross reports tell of conditions in Petrograd. There is a monthly mortality of from 20,000 to 30,000 of the population, which is now 700,000, and less than 2 per cent of the babies born live, on account of the debilitated vitality of mothers and the unbearable hardships.

No Budget for Her.
"Can you get your wife to try the budget system?"
"No; she won't budge."

Yet None to Spare.
"Have you any cash to spare, old man?"
"My cash is all too spare."

A Suggestion.
He—"I've often wished that I had a sister." She—"Why don't you propose to some nice girl?"

WAR HERO WINS BRIDE DESPITE CUBAN RIVAL

Man Who Served Under Eight Flags Surrenders to Washington Girl.

A veteran of five wars, serving under eight flags, decorated by two kings for bravery—Capt. Pat O'Brien has finally lowered his flag and surrendered. His captor is the present Mrs. Pat O'Brien. He capitulated to the charms of the American girl whom he met in Cuba and asked for no quarter. Overcoming all obstacles, including a rival in the person of a high Cuban official, Captain O'Brien finally won the young woman, who, before her marriage, was Miss Virginia E. Allen of Washington, D. C.

The captain won fame when, as Lieut. Pat O'Brien, he fell 8,000 feet in an airplane and found himself 90 miles inside the German lines. He crawled most of that distance back to the allied army, taking 71 days to make the trip.

Captain O'Brien started out when twenty years old to be a soldier of fortune and he liked it so well that he followed the profession until at last fortune smiled on him when he won his bride in the green of the southern island. His life as a free lance would furnish suitable plots to meet the desire of any Harold MacGrath of Richard Harding Davis.

The captain and his bride are now visiting in Detroit. They will continue their honeymoon trip to California, where they plan to "live happily ever after."

BABY ALLIGATOR TAKING FIRST EGG



"Peter, a youthful alligator, is taking his first breakfast egg with an apparent great relish. Like most commentators he's in a hurry and is trying to bolt it whole."

SOMME RUINS RECLAIMED

Great Progress Made in Restoring Towns and Farms.

Great progress has been achieved by the inhabitants of the devastated regions of the Somme during the 13 months which have followed the armistice in restoring something like normal conditions.

Of 400,000 acres in a completely useless state, statistics show nearly half have been put in cultivation and this year's harvest will yield a cereal crop of more than 3,000,000 bushels. At the end of the year it is expected there will remain only 70,000 acres unreclaimed.

At the time of the armistice there were 250 towns and villages more or less demolished, giving an area of 4,500,000 square yards of debris to be cleared. About a quarter of this has been done. The towns of Amiens, Corbie, Ham, Nesle, Boves and Alisy-sur-Noise and a number of neighboring villages have been almost entirely cleared and more than 8,000 of the 20,000 damaged houses repaired.

ANNOYED SHIP CREW

Animals Being Shipped Caused Men a Lot of Trouble.

The Pacific Mail freighter Haleskela arrived at San Francisco recently from Calcutta, and had a lively voyage, according to Captain Fleming and members of the crew.

An orang outang worked the reverse gear of the engines while the engine room crew took pot shots and finally killed him, a monkey scurried aloft and nearly deafened all hands by swinging from the whistle cord, a 100-year-old elephant, which died aboard ship because a derelict in mid-Pacific when the carcass failed to sink after it had been weighted with iron and heaved over the side, and enraged tigers took bites out of all who approached too near.

Four men were in the sick bay when the ship made port, three suffering from tiger bites and one with his arm torn from wrist to shoulder by an enraged monkey. The animals are coming to American zoos.

Influenza Restored Woman's Hearing.
Deaf in her left ear for 47 years, as a result of scarlet fever when she was three years old, Mrs. Lillian Benny of Lewistown, Pa., is now able to hear perfectly following an attack of influenza.

SYLVIA'S WANTS

By ELIZABETH B. DAY.

"Yes, Tom I'll marry you," consented Sylvia so readily that Tom was almost overcome.

Sylvia, the talented, brilliant, popular girl, with half the young men in town clamoring for even one evening of her company, accepting Tom Trainor, the moderate, determined young bank clerk with a moderate salary and very moderate prospects for the future. Truly it was amazing! It had taken Tom three years to summon sufficient courage to propose, and now he wondered for a moment why he had not done it before.

Too well he knew! His limited circumstances had at one time seemed an insurmountable barrier between them; but now that he had saved a little and was getting on better at the bank he had mustered the necessary courage to "pop" the question.

"Yes, and we'll have a church wedding and six bridesmaids and all the 'fixin's,' and, Tom, I know, a dear little house I'd like to live in, brand new, and only \$3,000. There's a duck of a garage where we can keep our own little car, for we'll surely have one, won't we, dear? And, Tom, I saw a living room suite in town the other day for \$750, and a solid mahogany set for only \$1,200. You see, dear, I sort of had a hunch you'd ask me soon, so I've been scouting around, for I am a firm believer in preparedness, you know."

Tom was beginning to have "hunches" in several different directions. Now, Tom thought he had sized Sylvia up better than that. He knew her father was very "well off" though not wealthy; that they had a "flivver," as did almost everyone in the thrifty little town, but where had Sylvia acquired such extravagant tastes? Oh, but he had been a fool to dream of winning her and keeping her. He had won her, but how about keeping her? Was she, after all, like some other empty-headed girls he knew, with aspirations for a rich husband? Surely he had never lived in a manner that would cause Sylvia to believe that he had money.

Miserably he thought of the \$4,000 he had managed to save, at no small sacrifice, either. Well, he was doomed to be an old bachelor, for he never could love anyone but Sylvia. He was disappointed in her, to be sure, for he had believed her the sincerest, truest type of womanhood, but he loved her none the less for his disappointment.

Sylvia, apparently mistaking his silence for bliss, was chattering on happily about a "duffy" kitchen cabinet and fireless cooker and no end of aluminum ware, the purchase of which would mean bankruptcy for Tom.

He must speak, he must tell her that all these things could not be, for years and years anyway, and probably never.

"Sylvia" he began, miserably.

"Yes?" with some asperity.

"I love you," finished Tom lamely.

"Of course you do, dear, and I love you to distraction, and that is why I can't hardly wait for all the lovely things we are going to get together."

So that was it; she loved him not for himself alone.

"Sylvia," he began again, and then stopped. Then a courage came to him, a courage he had not thought possible. It was clear that he must speak.

He did not try to take her hand or even to look at her. Gripping his knuckles together, he plunged.

"Listen, just a minute, Sylvia, I never intended to misrepresent things, but I surely must have if you think I can afford to buy a \$9,000 house, several thousand dollars' worth of furniture, a car and all that sort of thing. I've tried to save, and thought I had a tidy little sum until I heard your wants. I didn't realize girls needed so much to make them happy. I somehow thought you loved me enough to start at the bottom of the ladder and climb up with me, but I guess I made a mistake."

"I'm sorry, Sylvia, but I can't expect you to marry me, for you'll never be happy on a salary of \$2,500 and a bank account of \$4,000, out of which we'd have to buy furniture and get started."

Sylvia was silent. Oh, if she would only say something—anything to break the awful silence. Tom could not look at her; he felt weak and shaky and thoroughly miserable.

"Tom, dear," said Sylvia, snuggling close.

"Don't," he begged, moving away from her, "don't make it any harder, dear."

Sylvia sat up very straight.

"Very well, then. I've listened to you often and now you must listen to me."

"Tom, you're not the first man who has proposed to me; in fact, you're the third right here in this town. I'll not tell you their names because that would be unfair. I told each of them the same list of wants I've told you, and they let me think they could give me all those things. I knew better, and I hated them for being so dishonest, but you, you great big honest boy, have shown just how good you are. Why, honey (and this time he let her snuggle close and closer), all I want is you and your love and enough to live on, and a little coop just big enough for—well, two at first, anyway, and—"

But why go further? Isn't that quite perfect?

HOW SHIPS GET LATE MAIL

Airplanes Used to Overtake Liners and Drop Bags While the Vessel is Traveling.

Experiments have proved it entirely practicable to deliver belated transatlantic mail to steamers at sea by airplanes.

The ship may have taken its departure several hours previously, yet the flying machine, with a speed of 100 miles or more an hour, can easily catch up with it and put the mail aboard. A plane of the "flying boat" type is used for the purpose, and the waterproof mail bag is held in a chute on the side of the hull. The aviator flies over the ship and the rigging entangles a long line dropped from the plane that has grapple tails on its end. This line is attached to the mail bag, which, when the grapple tails catch, is jerked out of its chute, falling into the sea.

It is then an easy matter to haul the mail bag aboard, while the steamer continues its uninterrupted voyage.

DIDN'T WAIT TO BE ASKED

Elsie's Little Scheme to Test Sweetheart's Fidelity—Could Hardly Be Called a Success.

Elsie, about to be married, decided at the last moment to test her sweetheart; so, going to her friend, Maude, the prettiest girl she knew, she said to her, although she knew it was a great risk:

"I'll arrange for Fred to take you out tonight—a walk on the beach in the moonlight, supper, and all that sort of thing—and I want you, in order to put his fidelity to the proof, to ask him for a kiss."

Maude laughed, blushed, and assented. The plot was carried out. The next day Elsie visited her friend, and said, anxiously:

"Well, Maude, did you ask him?"

"No, Elsie, dear."

"No! Why not?"

"I didn't get a chance; he asked me first."

BREAK IN TRAIN'S SCHEDULE

Fair Driver of Auto Had a Hunch, and the Sequel Proved She Was Correct.

Let me recommend a ride in a new car with a woman driver as the best prescription for a thrill that will last a lifetime, writes a correspondent. Mine came when, after reluctantly accepting an invitation to ride from a friend who had just received her new machine, we mounted the incline to a grade crossing in a suburb and started across the tracks. In the exact middle the engine stopped and nothing we could do had the slightest effect on it. While working we were approached by an excited flagman.

"A limited is due here in two minutes," he said, "and it never has stopped at this station."

"It will today," calmly replied my friend. And it did, but not before it had been flagged and the train crew helped boost up from the rails.

Stale Goods.

"This sword is very old," said the curio dealer. "In fact, it is over a hundred years old."

"Indeed!" said the customer.

"Aye. It came from the battle of Waterloo—that was in the year 1815, sir—and there's an anecdote goes with it."

The customer listened patiently while the old man recounted the story. Then, at the conclusion, he returned the sword to its owner.

"Thank you! That was very interesting, and I quite enjoyed it," he replied kindly. "But, unfortunately, I bought that same anecdote once before with an old musket!"

Taking After Mother.
Bert just came home from college and he had a "shadow" on his upper lip. He stopped to say "Hello" to his grandfather.

His grandfather looked him over and said, "Why, son, you look more like your mother every day."

"What makes you think so?" asked Bert.

"Why because your father had a mustache that came down to his chin. Just look at that one of yours; you must take after your mother."

The Terrible Future.
"What's the matter?"
"I'm terribly worried about the future."

"Why fret about the future?"
"It's this way: I'm not making very much money. I'm just going along the ordinary way without piling up anything that looks like a fortune."

"Well, why worry? You're happy, aren't you?"
"Yes, I'm happy enough now, but twenty or thirty years from now, when the record of this age is written, what shall I say to my children when they ask me what I was doing when everybody else was getting rich?"

More Critical.
"Kind sir," began the meekly mendicant, "the Lord loves even the meanest and most humble of us, and—"

"I am more particular!" interrupted J. Fuller Gloom. "On your way!"—Kansas City Star.

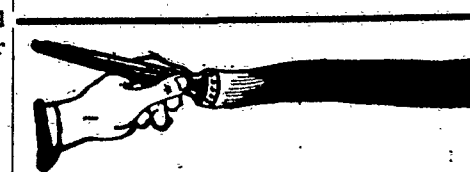
Tribute to a Financier.
"King Solomon was the wisest man of his day," remarked Mr. Dustin Stax.

"He was also the richest."
"True. In my opinion that is one of the things that prove he was the wisest."

Growing Children

Often are pale, delicate, easily attacked by disease, because their bodies are imperfectly nourished since the rapidly growing nervous system has first call upon the supply of repairing and rebuilding material.

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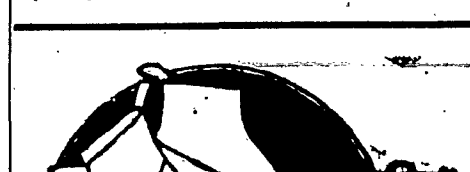


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Louise—Have you a speaking acquaintance with Mrs. Teller?
Julia—No, just a listening one.—Life.

Not a New Discovery.

George Ade, seated in the library of the Chicago Athletic club, looked up from his magazine and said:

"It says here that an English scientist has discovered how to turn anything to gold."

Mr. Ade blew forth a smoke cloud thoughtfully.

"But, then," he added, "our profiteers discovered that several years ago."

Ouch!

Young Lady—it seems to me that you have a very keen sense of the comical.

The Snob (visibly flattered)—Yes, I cannot deny the fact. How have you discovered it?
Young Lady—I saw you smiling at your image in the mirror.

Two Souls With but One Thought.
Mrs. Highfly—Doesn't Mrs. Owens look radiant? She must be thinking of her new gown.
Mr. Highfly—Yes, and do you observe how wretched her husband looks? He is evidently thinking of it, too.—St. Augustine Record.