

POLLY

By NELL ADAIR.

Four pairs of bright eyes peered through the curtains down to the veranda where the man sat. "He's awfully stunning," Gwen commented. "And dresses in excellent taste," Gladys said. "I love his air of indifference," Janet added. "Indifference," Polly exclaimed, "that air of his comes from pure conceit. Think no one like himself ever visited this humble town before. Think also, that each and everyone of us is just dying of eagerness to meet him—" "Which we are," Gladys frankly interrupted. "Poof!" said Polly, "eager more likely to ride in that big car of his, or to be asked to play tennis in his wonderful new court." A mischievous gleam came to her dark eyes as she turned from the window. "All right, I'll show you. Ere another day has passed," Polly waved her arm dramatically, "the indifferent and disinterested Homer Bainbridge shall be seen in my company alone. Janet laughed. "Let her dream on," she said to the girls. When Homer Bainbridge arose and strolled to the entrance gates of the big place he had rented, Polly smiled in her corner. What would he think of her, this distinguished-looking stranger after she had made good her promise to the girls? Polly jumped up with a boyish whistle, and went out to the garage. Her own small car stood there, so she set to work with the cleaning cloth. Then when her work was done, Polly hurried up to her room for the becoming "daintiest blue" frock, and did certain bewitching things to her hair. When she appeared again, rosy and excited, she seated herself in the car and waved good-by to her mother. "See you later," was her only explanation as the little car went rolling down the white road. The difficult man was there as she passed, and he regarded her with his apparent remoteness. Polly knew the location of the golf links, also she knew that Mr. Homer Bainbridge would soon be on his way there! This she had learned through much interested observation of his daily life's routine. At a safe distance and rather wearily, she kept his tall figure in view as he moved about on the green. When the waiting became too tiresome, Polly brought forth an inviting magazine and began the latest serial. It was remarkable after that, how the afternoon hours flew. Mr. Homer Bainbridge had departed from the links to get his own big car. In ten or fifteen minutes he should pass her. Polly, very evidently, knew little about engines. She went on experimentally probing the car's tires with apparently little success. For each time that Polly resumed her seat, her hands upon the steering wheel, the small car utterly refused to move. A bigger automobile which had been for some time approaching, was obliged to halt in the roadside. This was a narrow park passage, and the driver wished to make sure that he might safely go ahead. The driver was Homer Bainbridge. Polly faced him with a hopeless gesture. "You will have to go around me," she said meekly. "I'm afraid that I'm stalled here for the day." Mr. Bainbridge alighting, instantly came to the rescue. "What," he asked, "seems to be the trouble?" "I don't know a thing about mechanism," Polly honestly confessed. So the difficult man, entering aside his gauntlets, took it upon himself to find the cause of trouble. But his careful effort could discover none. Suddenly he grinned up at Polly. "Why!" he exclaimed, "it's your gasoline tank. Empty—that's all." Polly had the grace to blush, but remembering the mocking faces of her three friends she quickly regained her poise. "Thank you," she said, "then I will walk home and send Jim for the car. He can bring the gasoline with him." The courtesy of her neighbor intervened, as she was starting off jauntily. "Better ride back with me," he suggested, and with becoming gratitude Polly accepted the invitation. Gwen and Gladys were upon their veranda as she made her triumphant return. Polly put just the right amount of friendliness into her passing bow. Farther down the avenue Janet gaped wide mouthed over a garden hedge. To her, Polly also bowed, cordially. Mr. Homer Bainbridge had been bending in flattering attention to Polly's purposely low-murmured conversation as they passed. At her own door she dismissed him. "Thanks," Polly said briefly, and went in search of Jim. It was exactly three months later when the difficult man had asked her the one great question and was waiting in eager suspense Polly's reply, when suddenly the girl all remorseful and serious, made confession of her ruse. "Way Polly," her lover rapturously exclaimed, "Polly, my dear, all that time, I was hoping and longing for a good tale to bring us together."

TOO MANY LIKE BILL SMITH

Point Made by Department of Commerce Secretary Alexander Is a Good One.

Department of Commerce Secretary Alexander was talking about the alien question. "The alien," he said, "who comes over here, learns the language and gets naturalized—with him we have no quarrel; but too many allege only come over to make a small fortune and then go back home. Such aliens are like Bill Smith. "Bill Smith dropped in on his cousins, the Vanderpelt, one day with his trunk. It soon developed that Bill had come for a pretty long stay. From one week his visit lengthened into two. Two weeks became three, and it wasn't till five weeks had gone by that Bill at last announced his intention to depart. "The Saturday evening before his departure Bill, who was a notorious tightwad, astonished and pleased the Vanderpelt by coming home with an enormous bundle. "Just a little something," he explained, "to help me on my way." And with a beaming smile he undid the bundle's wrapping. It's my farewell Sunday dinner with you, you know. I thought we might celebrate a little. "It was a gorgeous bundle. There was a large turkey and a magnificent ham. There were green peas from Florida and luscious California peaches. There were nuts and raisins and candy. "Well," said the Vanderpelt, after Bill had gone to bed, "so Bill has loosened up for once." "All hands enjoyed the farewell Sunday dinner tremendously, and on Sunday evening Bill departed by the 8 o'clock express. The Vanderpelt warmly urged him to come again. He had loosened up, and they felt very friendly toward him in consequence. "Then, the next morning, the grocer's account came in, and the family learned that the whole of Bill's farewell dinner had been charged to Pa Vanderpelt."

Rests With His Chief.

Sir Starr Jameson, better known as "Dr. Jim," the intrepid leader of the Transvaal Raid of 1896, now lies alongside his great leader and friend, Cecil Rhodes. His body was the other day removed from its original resting place to a new tomb, blasted and chiseled deep into the enormous mass of granite forming the top of the World's View, in the Matoppo hills, Rhodesia, which the founder of Rhodesia had chosen for his own resting place. "Doctor Jim" now lies under the shelter of, but just outside the great boulders—each as big as a four-roomed cottage—that encircle the grave of Cecil Rhodes. His tomb is closed with a plain slab of granite that had already been prepared on the spot, bearing a brass plate with the words: "Here lie the remains of Leander Starr Jameson."

Linguist Baffled.

Though she spoke English, French, German and Roumanian, the interpreter traveling with American Y. W. C. A. secretaries in Roumania, struck a snag when she came to Cluj, a university center near Bucharest. Hungarian was the popular tongue there. The town, formerly Kolozsvar, is the home of Hungarian proprietors and the seat of a former Hungarian university. Out of 2,351 students, only 120 were women. The Y. W. C. A., which is carrying on work for girls in Roumania at the invitation of Queen Marie, is considering opening a center for these college women.

Will Build Homes for Employees.

One of the largest London dry goods merchants, with a view of doing his bit toward overcoming the housing shortage and also to enable his own employees to secure houses at reasonable rates, and with no desire to make even a penny profit, recently acquired a large tract of land with the intention of building thereon several hundred dwelling houses which could be let at reasonable rates.

Burglars Helped Him Out.

For a year D. T. McRoberts, a business man at New Castle, Pa., had not been able to open his safe on account of the combination being lost, and so had been unable to get at papers and other property inside the safe. One night recently burglars broke it open, found no money, left the papers and other property, and Mr. McRoberts felt very much obliged.

Comparison.

"How much does a farmhand charge for a full day's work?" "I dunno," said Farmer Cornsossel. "I s'pose my ideas is influenced by the way I was raised. At the present time, so far as I can see, there ain't any such thing as a full day's work."

Sidetracked.

"Have your summer vacation plans matured yet, Jim?" "Oh, yes, but they had to be sidetracked on account of some summer notes that also matured."—Boston Transcript.

The New Poor.

"Good morning, madam. I deal in cast-off clothing." "Oh, how lucky! Do you think you have anything that would suit my husband?"—From London Punch.

The Right Sort.

"She found movie acting a door, so to speak for her ambitions." "What you might call a screen door, eh?"

IN GAY SWEATERS

Garments of Color Are Copies of the Winter Styles.

Cheery Shades in New Country Clothes Have Been Provided by the Manufacturers.

The brilliant colored sweaters seen in the shops are copies of those worn during the winter season at St. Moritz, notes a fashion authority. Some of the loveliest are of copper colored silk. In the middy models narrow bands in a contrasting color are knifed at the waistline. A yellow angora has brown bands at the waist. Accompanying it is a yellow beret encircled with a brown ribbon knotted in a perky bow at the side. In sweaters of the smock type sleeves are elbow length, while those of Tuxedo cut usually have full length sleeves.

Collars are of various shapes and sizes. They may be large enough to form a scarf with long ends or so small that they are nothing more than a neckband. Or sweaters may be collarless. A change from collars and cuffs of the angora, which we have had for several seasons, to the extensive use of those crocheted of chenille, is seen on this summer's sweaters. The chenille, while very becoming, retains the soft effect that made the use of angora so successful. A large rolling collar of brown chenille is most effective on a middy sweater knitted of French blue wool.

While the conservative navy blue and black sweaters are still smart and distinctive, a great many bright colored ones are worn. Dark sweaters are practical, it is true, and for some reason they became fashionable; but after all, there is nothing like a cheery color in country clothes. There are so many ravishing hues that custom debars us from wearing on the streets of the city that those who have a love of



Sweater for Summer Wear.

color should revel in it wherever possible. In the imported cashmere sweaters color abounds. Not content with one bright shade, the makers of these comfortable coats have combined two or three bright hues in a single garment. French blue is combined with dull gold, bright yellow with lavender and so on through an endless number of tints.

Llama sweaters have taken the place of Shetland wool for a lightweight garment. They are thinner, and at the same time give considerable warmth, which makes them especially desirable for tennis. In exceedingly bright colors, they come in the surplice style with the sash tying in the back, the Tuxedo and the middy. There is quite a family of scarfs, lightweight cashmere, the colors of which are quite gay. Is the most popular material. One reason for this popularity is that although very light in weight it is warmer than silk.

SAY LOW WAISTS ARE COMING

Rumors of Fall Styles Herald Approach of New Style Garment—Two Fabrics Combined.

Faint rumors of fall styles herald the approach of a low waistline, but the models so far shown justify the low waistline claim only because two fabrics are combined, one being used for the skirt and the other for the upper part of the dress. The dividing line between the two is at the hips rather than at the waistline proper and the dresses are really held in at the normal waistline by narrow belts. Usually made of material matching the skirt.

Fashion changes for years have not been radical and the woman who gives intelligent thought to the question of her clothes is never disturbed by style bulletins heralding this, that and the other that is new. She may feel reasonably certain that when the garments actually put in their appearance they will be close of kin to the ones of the season immediately preceding.

Hats Show Upward Tilt to Brim.

A hat to be in vogue this season requires the lines to swing away from the face. The general tendency is toward three-cornered hats or tams. Smaller turned-back turbans are also shown and the larger hats show brims that roll backward all the way around. Hats are shown in various brilliant shades, such as jade, henna, the new tones of red, and vivid orange.

Stop the "Run."

If a "run" is discovered in a silk stocking at a time impossible to catch it with a needle and thread, a little soap slightly wet applied to the lower part will keep it from spreading until such a time as it is possible to mend.

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MIR. FOX THE WINNER

R. BLACK FOX who has been having some interesting experiences with an old witch, in which his desire to be changed into a turkey at will got him into some bad predicaments, one of which resulted in his being changed into a frog, is happy once more now that he is a fox again. He had promised the witch to bring some stones from a pool; he forgot to make good his promises; seeing there was no other way out of the middle he concluded it was best to do as he promised and he brought the stone to the witch, carrying it in his mouth.

The Witch smiled when she saw the stone. "This is one of many which



I want," she said. "Hop away for another if you wish your own form again."

Back and forth, back and forth each day went the poor Frog, hopping all night for a long time, and then one night just as the Frog was taking a stone from the pool up came from the bottom a terrible rumbling noise.

Up to the top of the pool went the Frog, but he held the stone, although he was badly frightened, but when he saw the head of a big Dragon, with two tongues and four eyes, loom up from the middle of the pool, "splash!" went the stone into the water, and Froggie hopped behind a stone more dead than alive.

"My son, my son," said some one, and when the Frog looked out there was the old witch holding out her long, lean arms to the Dragon, who still stood in the pool.

"Mother!" bellowed the creature.

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