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THE LEADER By MYRTA ALICE LITTLE.

Always writing in conservatory corners, in' dears, aren't you? drawled the great Duncan Pierce, loitering near the mischievous creature whom, a half hour before, he had nonchalantly deserted for more thrilling feuillets at the house party dance.

And Duncan Pierce stood grandly into the hall room. "Here you are, Sidney. This dance?" "You always do the rescue act when we little wallflowers get too willy, don't you, Rob Long?" she smiled.

So that's the way the land lies, he whispered under cover of the violins in the dream girl waltz. And it was not what he had hoped to say. Sidney stared. "Why-I haven't said anything," she stammered.

Rob and Sidney did not speak during that dance and encore. When the number was half through Duncan Pierce came on the floor with Glen Lawrence, with his air of possession and the sullen, well trained, ever-practiced, Sidney overheard a comment on the couple, looked up to see if Rob had heard, too. He had, and he was gazing into her eyes, with revelation in his own. He led her back to the corner by the palms, and spoke quietly.

"So it's Duncan Pierce who is the everyone, Sidney girl. He's all right. Plenty of money, and a good mixer. I hope—he appreciates you—caring the way your eyes told me when you looked at him."

Rob Long stared into Sidney's eyes. "What's happened, girl?" he gasped. "I followed—the leader," whispered Sidney. "And it was the wrong one. Please, lead. You're real."

Last Night's Dreams —What They Mean

DID YOU DREAM ABOUT GOATS?

Freud states that modern dream books are but plagiarisms of ancient Eastern writings of the same character and are necessarily bad ones because in nearly all cases the Eastern interpretations of dreams hang upon a play upon words which is, of course, lost in turning them into another language.

The most famous dream prophecy depending upon a play upon words is that given by the soothsayer, Aristandros, to Alexander when that monarch was besieging Tyre. Alexander was much disturbed by the stubborn resistance of the city and the consequent delay in his plans of conquest.

Although Freud cites this as an example of his statement it will be noted that the play upon words was Greek and not Oriental. Satyrs were of the male sex and had the horns, tail and legs of goats. They were mischievous creatures and sent the nightmare. To meet them or dream of them was accounted by the ancients as unlucky.

Mother's Cook Book

Upon the shoulders of the past we stand, And to the future turn our questioning eyes. What doth she hold in store, what pre-close prize, That we may wrest from her our close-shut hand?

Ham Balls. Take three-fourths of a cupful of minced ham, two cupfuls of mashed potatoes, one tablespoonful of melted butter, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of rich milk, and pepper to taste.

Prune and Pineapple Marmalade. Take one pound of washed, soaked and steamed prunes. Remove the stones and put through a meat chopper, add two cupfuls of pineapple (grated), one cupful of sirup, a little salt. Cook very slowly until thick, stirring often.

Baked Bananas. Remove the skins from four bananas, cut in halves lengthwise. Put in a shallow pan. Mix together one tablespoonful of melted butter, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a dash of salt and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Pour half the mixture over the bananas and bake in a slow oven.

Combination Marmalade. Take half a dozen oranges, half a pound of carrots, put through the meat grinder and cook until tender in just as little water as possible. Cook the rind of the oranges cut in bits in water to cover until very tender; add to the cooked carrots. Add the pulp and juice of the oranges and four pounds of tender rhubarb unpeeled, cut in small pieces. Cook all together until the rhubarb is tender, then add seven cupfuls of sugar and cook until the mixture is thick. Seal in jelly glasses.

Tomato Succotash. Take two cupfuls of canned tomatoes, two tablespoonfuls of minced onion, two tablespoonfuls of minced celery, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of paprika, two cupfuls of cooked lima beans and two cupfuls of canned corn. Cook all together for a half hour. Four into a buttered baking dish, cover with thinly sliced bacon and brown the bacon in a hot oven or under the gas flame.

Practice Cheerfulness. There is no physician like cheerful thought for dissipating the ills of the body; there is no comforter to compare with good will for dispersing the shadows of grief and sorrow.—Allen.

CHALDEAN STORY OF FLOOD

According to That Tradition, Before the Great Deluge 432,000 Years Had Passed Away.

According to Chaldean tradition, 432,000 years had elapsed before the flood and in the year of the flood the god Bel revealed to Xisuthrus (corresponding to the Hebrew Noah) in a dream that there would be a great storm of rain, and that all the people of the earth would be destroyed by a flood of waters.

While wandering around on the great ocean of waters Xisuthrus and his colony were overcome with fear. It is reported that for six days a storm raged and on the seventh it abated and the sea began to dry. After land was reached Xisuthrus offered sacrifices to the gods and then disappeared with his wife and daughter and the architect of the boat.

Some Inducement. It was a beautiful little place. The house was small, but perfect, and the garden lovely with flowers and fruit and vegetables and hens, and all. And the surrounding country matched it for prettiness.

However did you get such a fine house? asked the friend after the host had proudly shown him round. "It was this way," said the host, casting a cautious look around to where the lady was inspecting and condemning the gardener's work.

Siberian Exports Ready. According to a dispatch from Omsk, Siberia, a committee has been formed to prepare energetically for the opening of navigation in the Ob and Yenisei basins. Raw materials valued at \$75,000,000 are being concentrated for export, comprising 2,500,000 squirrel pelts, 500,000 pieces of various furs, 350,000 pounds of various bristles, 2,700 tons of wool, 2,700 tons of flax, besides linseed oil, linseed and other raw materials.

Girl Seeks Forestry Post. Miss Mildred Johnson, a student at Oregon Agricultural college, is, so far as the records show, the first woman to make application for civil service examination for the position of grazing assistant in the United States forest service. The position is one requiring practical experience in handling stock on the range.

Hobbies. Our friend has expressed himself too emphatically on one or two subjects to have a chance at a candidacy. "Yes," commented Senator Sorghum. "He isn't even a dark horse. He's a hobby horse."

Tobacco Firm Employs 12,000. A single firm of tobacco manufacturers in Manila employs 12,000 persons and turns out every year more than 100,000,000 cigars, in addition to large quantities of cigarettes and cut plug.

The Spell of Melody. "Give me the man who sings at his work!" said the idealist. "Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "It's all right for a man to sing at his work, unless he insists on singing himself to sleep."

Old Fashioned. "Codger is an old fashioned cuss, isn't he?" remarked Blinks. "He sure is," agreed Blinks. "Why, he still refers to woman as the weaker sex."

Dear Outnumbered Horse. Retiree are more numerous in Norway than horses.

Lax Laws. Governor Smith, advocating stricter divorce laws, said in Albany the other day: "They told me at Atlantic City on Easter Sunday a story about a beautiful young woman at one of the leading hotels. It seems that she was heard to sigh bitterly and exclaim: 'What annoys me isn't George's desertion but the fact that my next husband will be the thirteenth.'"

Malice. "College professors," said President K. C. M. Sills of Bowdoin, "can be very malicious at times. Two professors were talking the other day over their luncheon. 'I see that Erudite of Yalevard has written a novel,' said the first professor. 'Is it any good?' 'It ought to be,' said the second professor. 'It cost him \$50 to get it published.'"

Reverse Method. How does this detective you have employed propose to follow the case? "By hunting it down."

CONQUERED

By MILDRED WHITE.

Jack Wallingford stretched his long white-flannelled form on the grass and blinked his handsome eyes toward the ocean. Sunlight lay upon the waters, and nearby was the summer resort hotel. The veranda of this big hotel presented a rainbow appearance, with the variegated color costumes of its guests. Arthur Tanner gazed quizzically into his friend's averted face.

The young man addressed turned alertly and laughed. "Waiting worlds for me to conquer," he replied, motioning toward the assembled girls on the veranda. "As insufferably conceited as ever, I see," Tanner remarked.

Wallingford shook his head. "Can't be done," he said. "I've hoped often—that the girls would let me lose—but they don't." Suddenly Tanner's disapproving expression gave place to one of amusement. "Introduce you to Mary Holly," he said. Wallingford arose, settling his ruffled attire.

But Arthur was already waving the signal of a white handkerchief toward the rainbow group of girls. "Heavens!" his friend ejaculated. "You'll have the whole bunch over."

The girl who approached wore simple, ordinary white, and her face, at close view, appeared to be rather displeased than otherwise, at her summons. It was a small, dark face, crowned with quantities of loosely coiled hair. "What do you want with me?" she demanded.

"Want you to meet Mr. Jack Wallingford," Arthur replied. He gave her an understanding smile. "And help to make his stay interesting." Absently nodding, Mary Holly acknowledged the introduction, and as Arthur Turner departed, she settled herself on the grass, where Wallingford had lately reclined and opened a magazine.

"You don't have to stay with me, you know," she told the winner of hearts, and prepared to become absorbed in her book.

Mary Holly certainly was an unusual girl. He found that out before he had been in her company an hour. "Good morning," said Mary Holly abruptly—and Mary Holly was gone. She looked much more attractive at the evening promenade. Wallingford was piqued into asking for a place on her program. The program was well filled, and she gave him place reluctantly, then removed the sting of her reluctance with a smile, and the small, piquant face was for the moment transformed. He sought to bring the radiant smile again, and sometimes succeeded. Also, he found himself returning again and again during the days which followed, to Mary Holly's side.

"I love you," said Jack Wallingford, then: "You must know that I love you." "Of course I do," came the surprising girl's answer. Wallie gasped. Calmly Mary Holly regarded him. "Will you marry me?" she asked. Wallie choked. "It's leap year, you know," she quietly reminded him, "and if you will make love—well, there's your responsibility."

From near by came a man's exultant laugh. Arthur Tanner's face appeared above the stone boulder against which the two had been leaning. "You really did do it, Mary," he cried. "You certainly are game. 'Mary Holly is my half-sister,' he explained to Wallingford. "When I told her about your captivating powers she insisted that she'd teach you a lesson—and by George! from the looks of your face this minute, she has."

But Jack Wallingford, still white and serious of gaze, leaned toward the girl. "Yes, I will marry you," he said. "It happens to be the truth that I love you. Now, what are you going to do about it?" The unexpected Mary Holly turned to Tanner. "You see," she said with a mock sigh, "you cannot beat a conqueror. I am going to marry Wallie."

TRUTH TABLOIDS.

- All news isn't black as it's printed. Truth and trouble play no favorites. Everything comes to the man who pays cash. It isn't "doing without" that makes commerce. Common sense is more uncommon than otherwise. Many a great hope is erected on a small foundation. A man may be driven, but a woman must be coaxed. Free speech is responsible for most of the ill feeling. And the lullaby is responsible for many a kid-napping. Way of the transgressor is hard; and 'most everybody's. Wise men labor while waiting for something to turn up. Even a blind man can find trouble without touching anybody. How many men do you know who do just as they please? An author is a queer animal. His tale grows out of his head. Indifference to little promises results in a great weakness. When a man buys groceries he likes to begin at the cigar stand. Some disappearances are less deceptive than some appearances. The privileges desired are what the average woman calls rights. Blessed are the meek, for they get in their work just the same. Does anyone really understand you? Do you understand yourself? It is better to work a combination than it is to blow up a safe. If a man never has any use for a doctor he has no kick coming. No homely girl appreciates the fact that beauty is only skin deep. The pleasure is all yours when the other fellow hands you money. If a man has no means of forgetting his trouble, he will make more. Give the boaster a chance to make good and watch him fade away. A man usually drops his prosperous look when a bill collector calls. Sometimes a man's past takes a short cut and heads off his future. Looking as if you could make good is half of making good—but only half. Think twice before you speak and you can frame an excuse so much better. If it were not for cold storage, most city people wouldn't get chicken at all. A girl throws herself at a man, and later her mother speaks of it as a good catch. A rabbit's foot in the pocket may promote peace of mind, but you can't lean on it. A friend is often one who not only doesn't criticize your foolishness, but joins in it. This has certainly been a bad year for the man who prints "house to rent" signs. A good wife is entitled to a good husband, but it doesn't always work out that way. The secret of success lies in the man and not in the stuff he works on.—Bradford Torrey. Where is the old-fashioned neighbor who would volunteer to come in and help move the piano? One who can't agree to turning the other cheek accepts his religious creed "with reservations." A man is a "young man" until he's thirty-five, and after that he's "middle-aged" until he's eighty. A landlady who rents her rooms to old bachelors never has a vacant room. There is a grate fire in everyone. The fellow who stays at home every evening accumulates a bank account, but very few good stories. Preferred a Sure Thing. Ethel—When it comes to love, I wouldn't give a thought to how much a man is making. May—Neither would I, dear. What would interest me more would be how much he had already made. There's no use taking chances.—Stray Stories. Leap Year Stuff. Miss Manchester—Don't you think you could learn to love me? Mr. Skirshaw—I love my work. Miss Manchester—Then! Marry me and you'll have to work twice as much.