



TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

ROCHESTERIANS who are leaving on their summer vacations to-day and to-morrow should step into our friendly bank and convert their funds into American Bankers' Association Cheques—the safest and handiest way to carry "Travel Money."

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TO BOARD OR NOT

By JESSIE A. PARSONS.

"That proves what I have always said," interrupted Mrs. Doane, "that two generations ought not to live together. If Molly thinks her mother interferes with the children, how much worse it would be if it were Tom's mother who was living with them."

This unfortunate comment kindled an idea in the irresponsible head of pretty Mrs. Benton, who tactlessly gave it expression.

"How is Victor's mother, dear? It didn't seem to me she was looking very well the last time I went to see her."

"She couldn't have anyone better to do for her than Kate Stephens," replied Mrs. Doane. "As to not looking well, there's nothing whatever the matter with her except that she's always brooding over the loss of her money."

"Perhaps she misses her home, Ruth. It was very lovely and Kate Stephens' home is anything but home-like, even if she is a tower of strength." Then, seeing that something was wrong, she turned her remarks into another channel. "How wonderfully warm they keep you here!" she exclaimed as she took leave.

"That's a splendid point about the Gates house," agreed Mrs. Doane. The visitor had hardly turned the corner of the street before Mr. Doane returned for the evening meal. In the dining room a light suspended in a garish dome of kaleidoscopic glass tried to lend a festive air to the occasion and to counteract the effect of the smoke-tinged wall paper. There were two long tables and two small ones in the unoccupied corners. At one of the latter sat Mr. and Mrs. Doane. Tonight it was impossible for them to exchange a word as the occupants of one of the long tables—young men from the mill—were a little more hilarious than usual.

"The tide's out, Lissie," bawled one youth, as he thrust into the hands of the bewildered waitress an empty milk pitcher.

Mr. Doane wearily pushed back his plate with a sigh, glad to reach the quiet of his room, where he sank into a chair near the table and began to fill his pipe.

"Don't smoke tonight," protested his wife. "I've a splitting headache," and she moved her chair near the open window.

Now Mr. Doane wanted especially to smoke, not only for the stimulus it gave his jaded nerves, but also to brace him to lay before his wife what from previous experience he knew would be an unwelcome proposition.

He laid down his pipe, however, and began. "Taylor told me today of a great bargain he has in a house. It's new, convenient, and the most attractive place in the town, and he is willing to hold it for us a day or two. Won't it be fine to have our own home, Ruth, with everything just as we want it, and get away from this distracting place?"

Mrs. Doane drew a golden tangle from her beautiful hair and wound it around her finger for a moment before speaking. Every word came slowly and deliberately from pouted lips.

"Victor, you know very well, after the time I was hurt last winter the doctor said I must be careful, so I couldn't possibly do housework. Now don't interrupt by saying there will be maids. This is a mill town, with its endless procession entering the mills and leaving one for days without any help."

Then because she hadn't yet learned that too many excuses weaken a cause, she added: "Think how horrid it would be for you if the furnace even should be sick and you might even have to shovel snow, to say nothing of the extra expenses."

After much patient arguing, Mr. Doane knew that the only thing was to tell his brother, John, who lived in a small apartment and wanted a house, about the bargain.

John's wife, Mildred, came to see Ruth the next day. She was beaming with happiness over the thought of having a real home. Although not as beautiful as Ruth, she was most attractive in her animation.

"And we've asked Mother Doane to come and live with us!" she exclaimed. "She is such a wonderful woman and misses her old home so much."

But Mother Doane died suddenly before the young people moved. Ruth put on the black gown she had worn to the funeral and went with her husband to the office of Mr. Gray, the lawyer, to hear the will read.

Mr. Gray explained that Mrs. Doane had made her will six months before, after a visit from her physician, who told her she could not live more than a year. Her money had not been lost in a foolish investment as every one but himself had thought. She merely wanted to find out how many people loved her for herself. Then, in his customary dry manner, with a slight rustle of paper and adjusting of spectacles, Mr. Gray read in a monotonous voice many things without interest until he came to the following:

"I give and bequeath to my oldest son, John, \$500, to my younger son, Victor, \$500, and the residue of my estate I give and bequeath to Mildred, beloved wife of my son, John."

Various minor bequests followed, and the will ended with the bequest of "my heavy cashmere shawl to my daughter-in-law, Ruth."



GREEN GREPE GARDEN SMOCK

Only in Green.

There is a garden smock designed in green crepe with embroidery of white. It is a charming addition to the costume and is decorative as well as useful.

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Off Again On Again

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

(Copyright.)

A CONFESSION.

I do not dress as well as some, Before the public, or to hum. My loved ones call me, with a sob, A name that sounds to me like "alob."

It is not that I am averse To looking very much less worse, It is not that I like to be The shabby hick folks know as me.

No, it is merely that in youth I had such scanty duds, in truth, That when guests came I up and hid— This is no jest! I surely did.

Full of my trousers (do not grin!) Had scarce a trace of bottom in. Such things are not a source of joy To any half-way modest boy.

I wore this sort of uniform Through summer's sun and rain and storm Until I was too old to learn To look as now to look I yearn.

But I've grown reconciled unto The way I have to look and do, Though I don't dress as well as some, Either in public or to hum.

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FINNIGIN FILOSOFY.

Every town has its local blow-hard that th' home folks won't listen to at all, but who ivery wance in a while corners a stranger an' impresses 'im till some citizen puts th' stranger mixt.

It's Your Choice. Weather suit you? If not, are you thinking of making trouble about it?

CROSBY'S KIDS

Righta, queeck I am mad because maku frien' weeth dog whosa German name. I decida nexa time finds cat or maku dog show da ceetzen papers. Wot you tink?

Entertainment. "How's your singin' society getting along?" inquired St Simlin. "Fine," replied Jud Tunkins. "The singin' doesn't amount to much yet, but some of the arguments are full of first-class repartee."

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JUVENILE JOYS

SEEING HOW FAR YOU COULD FETCH

What the Sphinx Says.

By Newton Newkirk.

"Why fritter away your time with tiresome experiments of the obvious when you can associate (between book covers) with the greatest minds the world has produced?"

One's tongue will behave if he nas trained his temper to.

A grin can be worked mechanically, a smile is more difficult.

Many a man falls to arrive because he began with cold feet.

After all there is a good deal of humanity in human nature.

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NOW USING LACE AND LINEN

Materials Find Way Into Various Attractive Articles Necessary for Home Decoration.

This year, says Delemaior, lace is used in boudoir for chaise-longue covers, for boudoir pillows and bedspreads. It is used, too, for the table. A very sensible style has decided that old pieces of odd lace can be made up into a sort of patchwork cloth or set of doilies.

Linen is in good taste, also the pretentious substitutes that modern housewives are using these days of limited materials and curtailed help. There are crocheted doilies, easy to launder, and the embroidered natural colored linen sets, consisting of two oblong pieces that are simply laid one across the other at right angles, the one with the center design on top, forming the centerpiece, and cleverly shaped individual doilies that fill in the spaces left by the centerpiece, which extend out to the table edge. The most practical of all are the luncheon sets of hand-painted enamel cloth, which is not very far removed from the old-fashioned oil cloth of our grandmothers' time.

The New "Toast" Shade. The new shade of ecru that is seen in much of the new lingerie and in some of the new blouses is called "toast," and this describes it perfectly. It is very charming in sheer batists used over navy blue.

New Summer Wraps. A new summer wrap is made of beige crepe de chine accented with and fitted into a beauteous hood and a deep yoke of stock in the shade.

GREEN GREPE GARDEN SMOCK

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CLOTHES FOR THE WEE TOTS

Green Apparently the Popular Summer Color for Gingham and Chambray Garments.

Warm weather is bringing out some charming little wash frocks for the wee tots' summer wardrobes. These are different, too, from the wash frocks which little girls have been wearing under heavy winter coats. There are new gingham, for instance, with straight lines or long-waisted effects of green and white check, the skirt made straight and the bodice on the bias or vice versa. Green seems to be the popular summer color for gingham and chambray.

Organdie is more popular than ever. It is made now in a brilliant red—"Palm Beach" is called—and relieved with white net footings, or white pick-rack braid. So dainty are the little frocks, and so simple that one forgets red is not usually a popular summer color for children.

There is a great deal of colored embroidery used on fine white voile, batiste and linen frocks for little girls. Pockets are added and sleeves are curtailed.

Dimity is much used. In orchid it is particularly dainty and cool looking. In rosebud print it is adorable. Even tiny tots who have not yet given up bonnets for sure-enough hats are wearing these dainty colored organdies and dimities, with inverted pick-ruffles at the hems, yokes of fagoting and sashes of organdie. Often the little bonnet matches the frock and is cut mushroom with tan-crown or is true bonnet shape, with ruffles and strings under the chin.

LIVES IN CONSTANT DREAD

At No Period of His Life in the East From From the Fear of Witchcraft.

The Hindu baby is born into the shadow of witchcraft; by the fear of witchcraft he grows up and when he is an adult is about to die, his life being in that a spell has been cast upon him for which the charm cannot be broken.

All his life long he trembles in dread of the evil spirits that are about to take his life. He is constantly searching for a talisman to protect him against it.—Dr. James E. Smith, Medical Missionary.

CATTLE ROCK IN KANSAS

One of the most interesting points of nature in Kansas from a geological standpoint is known as "Cattle Rock," a natural formation located in Grant county, in the valley of the Kaw river, about ten miles from Lawrence. This castellated mass is composed of a coping of limestone and has the appearance of a giant's foot. It is a unique formation, and is the only one of its kind in the state. The rock is a natural formation, and is the only one of its kind in the state. The rock is a natural formation, and is the only one of its kind in the state.