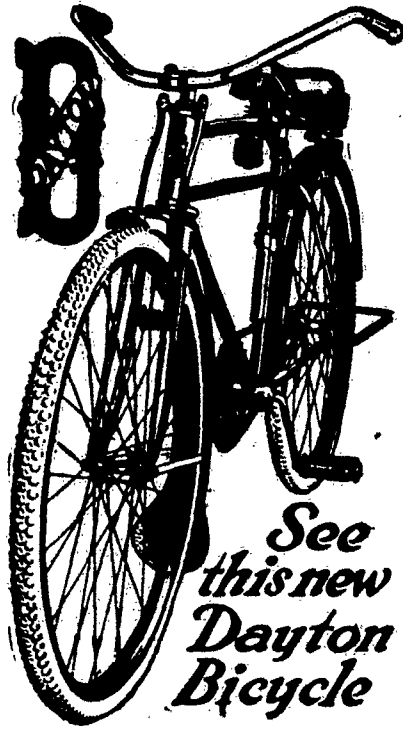


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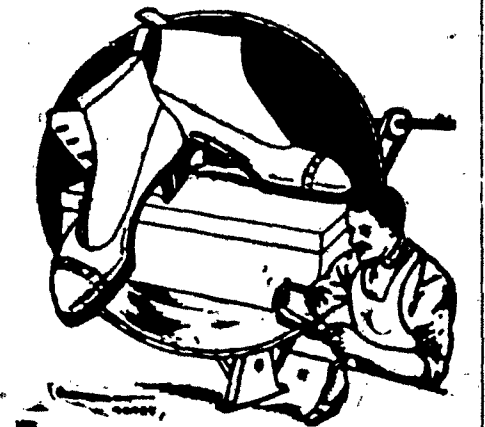
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AN ENTANGLEMENT

By EDITH LOWELL.

(© 1928, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
"Yes, I love you, more than anyone in this world," and Hilda smiled at the questioner. "I love you, but I won't marry you—yet."
"Now, Hilda, be sensible. That's a good girl. There's absolutely no reason why you should put me off, so your only reason is—"
"That I'm not ready. I'm not, and since you're so angry, I'll finish reading this story. You are angry, aren't you? Please be cross, for I'm nearly bored to death with your everlasting good nature."
Bob glanced at her quickly. Although her eyes were mocking, there was a hint of earnestness in her words that made him uneasy.

"Why, Hilda, little girl, what is it? Are you tired of me?"
"No, Bob, not tired. It's just because everything is too good to be true. I want romance! adventure! Listen, Bob, when I was a little tot it was you who hauled me in your cart. I rode on your velocipede, you pulled me out of the duck pond. You've danced with me, studied with me, and loved me. It has always been you—nothing has ever come between us—and now you want me to marry you!"
It was astonishing, but it was true—Hilda was crying. With a burst of tears she continued: "You enlisted and went to camp, but you never—even got across! It's the most commonplace and unromantic love I ever heard of. There!"

"Why, Hilda, little girl, I don't know what you mean—or what to do—but isn't love enough?" His arm stole around her.
"Bob, I want to be rescued—I want you to be a hero. I want you to snatch me from the jaws of a horrible death, to carry me from a burning building! Anything—anything! Bob, dear, only let's not just be married and live happily ever after. I want an adventure, something different, something to remember and thrill at, even after ten years!"
That night when Bob was alone in his room he pondered the question deeply. What could he do—what could a man in such a position do?
But fate often steps in and settles our difficult problems when we least expect it.

The next morning Hilda's six-year-old neighbor, Stanley Mason, found her in her garden. "Oh, Miss Hilda, won't you please have a picnic with me this afternoon? Mother's going away, and I just hate to stay with Katie."
"Why, Stan, I'd love to. What shall we do, and where shall we have our picnic?"
"I tell you what; I'll get my fish lines and you can take us in your car and we'll fish in 'Shady Brook.'"
"That will be lovely, dear. If mother says you may we will start at three o'clock. I'm so glad you invited me. I'll put up the luncheon. You run and ask your mother."
It was only four miles to the sluggish little brook and in a short time they stopped by the side of the seldom-used road. After Stanley had actually landed a fish, Hilda thought she would try her fisherman's luck. Stan seemed to enjoy baiting her hook with a wiggling worm, though Hilda had to turn away.

After losing her bait several times she felt a heavy jerking on her line. She pulled it in, exclaiming: "Oh, I must have the grandfather of all fishes!" She gave a tremendous pull—and there on the bank beside her lay a horrible, great, wriggling eel! At Hilda's cry of alarm Stanley ran toward her, but he was just a little boy, and Hilda's terror frightened him. He began to wail. Hilda's panic increased as she scrambled up the steep bank. The line somehow became entangled about her ankle, with the eel pulling and writhing at the end of the line. Hilda screamed and struggled—but could not release her foot. She suddenly realized—Stan's fright and calmed herself.

"There, Stan dear, we'll get the old eel off somehow. Mary must have put a knife in the luncheon basket—will you look and see?"
Stanley ran to the car and opened the basket. "No, there isn't, the bread's all sanctified, so we didn't need any."
Hilda tried to loosen the fishing line so that she could slip her foot from the noose, but the slight tugging caused the eel to flop and twist. Hilda jumped again and the cord tightened. After several trials, each seeming to stir the eel into greater activity, Hilda asked Stanley to go to the farmhouse across the field for assistance.
A moment later a car rumbled over the wooden bridge.
"By all the saints! That's Hilda! What can she be doing there?" And Bob sprang from the runabout and approached the knoll.
"Oh, Bob! I'm so glad to see you! Do hurry and cut me loose from this dreadful eel!"
Bob took in the situation at a glance. He was cruel enough to laugh.

"So you want to be rescued, my fair lady? There are no burning buildings, no jaws of death, but I trust I'm as welcome as if there were. Am I?"
Hilda moved her foot slightly, the eel turned a twisting somersault. Hilda screamed.
"Oh, Bob, cut me loose from this terrible creature, but tie me to yourself. I want you to be near me always. I'm rescued—I've had my adventure—and I'm yours forever and ever."

Peace

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

IF YOU would look into the face of a strong man, search out him who is at Peace with himself. For it is during the time of Peace, both in the life of an individual and a Nation the growth and power accumulate.
Live in Peace.
Peace is always constructive. For where there is mutual co-operation between every one of your faculties, there is team work. And team work means that you get the biggest results from your combined efforts.
Live in Peace.
Live in Peace with all about you. Where there is no Peace, there is no happiness and no time for taking up the things that count for the most. We are greatly influenced and inspired by the lives of people with whom we come in contact most. And if there is continual Peace among all, there is sure to be continual helpfulness among all.
Live in Peace.
Keep your mind in Peace. For the Mind houses the "Headquarters Staff" from which all the important orders in the game of Life proceed. Peace originates in the Mind. Let Peace rule your great Nervous System. Let Peace guide your day. For out from its application comes Power and Plenty.
Live in Peace.

Hay weather, hay weather,
The midsummer month is the good time
For haycocks smelling clover and thyme;
Swing all together!
July is just in the nick of time.
—Myron Denton.

Mother's Cook Book

July is just in the nick of time—
Hay weather, hay weather,
The midsummer month is the good time
For haycocks smelling clover and thyme;
Swing all together!
July is just in the nick of time.
—Myron Denton.

Seasonable Dishes.
When the family enjoys a few nutty doughnuts try this simple recipe which makes a dozen and a half the size of an egg:

Drop Doughnuts.
Take one-half cupful each of sugar and milk, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one egg and one teaspoonful of baking powder, salt, ginger and grated lemon rind. Beat the egg white, add the sugar gradually, then the beaten yolk, a grating of lemon rind, a pinch of ginger and a quarter of teaspoonful of salt, milk and flour sifted with the baking powder. Drop by teaspoonfuls into hot fat and roll in powdered sugar.

Egg and Sardine Salad.
Cook three eggs until hard, cut in two lengthwise and remove the yolks. Rub the yolks through a sieve with four sardines, season with salt, pepper and add enough cream or oil to make a paste. Shape into balls. Shred the whites of the eggs with a sharp knife and mix twice the quantity of finely cut celery. Arrange on a nest of lettuce and drop the balls of egg paste upon the salad. Serve with mayonnaise.

Normandy Salad.
Cut three cucumbers and three hard-cooked eggs in dice, add a cupful of minced olive, half a cupful of pecans or walnut meats broken in bits and mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce.

Coffee Blanc Manger.
Take two cupfuls each of coffee and milk. Add four tablespoonfuls of corn starch, four tablespoonfuls of sugar to a little of the cold milk. Cook until it thickens, then pour into a wet mold and chill. Serve with whipped cream.

Celery and Pineapple Salad.
Use equal parts of celery and pineapple, cut fine. Sprinkle with French dressing and chill. When ready to serve add a few pounded almonds to a mayonnaise dressing and serve garnished with shredded almonds on lettuce.

Egg and Cheese Salad.
Slice half a dozen hard-cooked eggs, line a salad dish with lettuce and arrange a layer of eggs on the lettuce, then sprinkle thickly with grated cheese. Add cream to mayonnaise and spread a layer over the cheese, then a finely minced cucumber and the remainder of the eggs. Cover with mayonnaise and sprinkle with cheese. Serve cold.

Watermarks in Paper.
Watermarks in paper have been used from the earliest times. John Tate, papermaker of Stevenage, in 1494 used an eight-petaled flower for his watermark.

MILITANT MARY
My morale's pretty poor just now, I've got the chronic BLUES. I don't want marriage, but I WANT SOME CHANCES TO REFUSE!

LIVES CHIEFLY IN MEMORIES

Sleepy Little Pennsylvania Community Has But One Really Busy Season in the Year.

Within the limits of the city of Philadelphia, yet separate from the municipality proper, is the little village of Bustleton. Unlike its name, it is a sleepy community, peopled mostly by retired farmers.
Bustleton is replete with historic lore. Old Bill Tilyer's Union hotel is a relic of the days when British and colonial troops overran the country. One sleeping chamber in the ancient inn contains a great four-poster bed in which, so the historians of the village say, once slept "Mad Anthony" Wayne.
Stories of midnight raids by British cavalry patrols, duels fought between the young bloods of the Quaker city in a grove in back of the inn, and ghosts of colonial soldiers stalking through the long halls of the structure, are told with great gusto by Bill Tilyer. The Union hotel has been handed down from father to son in the Tilyer family for nearly two centuries.

But there is one time in the year when Bustleton really bustles. That is in the month of September, when the mushroom season opens. At sunrise dozens of men and boys may be seen plodding through the dew-laden pasture fields, armed with buckets and baskets. For the fertile fields in and around Bustleton yield many bushels of mushrooms, which are sold at the various markets in Philadelphia.

CAN TAKE PRIDE IN HOUSE

Domicile Expresses Personality That Can Be Pleasing, or the Reverse, as May Be.

But the best of a house is that it has an outside personality as well as an inside one. Nobody, not even himself, could admire a man's flat from the street; nobody could look up and say, "What very delightful people must live behind those third-floor windows." Here it is different. Any of you may find himself some day in our quiet street, and stop a moment to look at our house; at the blue door with its jolly knocker, at the little trees in their blue tubs standing within a ring of blue posts linked by chains, at the bright-colored curtains. You may like it, but we shall be watching you from one of the windows, and telling each other that you do. In any case, we have the pleasure of looking at ourselves, and feeling that we are contributing something to London, whether for better or for worse. We are part of a street now, and can take pride in that street. Before, we were only part of a big unmanageable building.—From "Not That It Matters," by A. A. Milne.

Hawthorne.
Dumas called himself a dramatic poet; Hawthorne claimed to be writer of fiction. Both were about equally near the truth. Hawthorne invented so much fiction as should serve to illustrate his doctrines; and he invented it for that purpose. It had a secondary rank in his thoughts and in his affections, though it is probable that he was not aware of the fact. He was, indeed, not a dramatic poet, not a novelist, not a historian; he was a moralist, a philosophic moralist, calling upon history, fiction, and poetry to illuminate and enforce his tenets. As an ingenious moral philosopher and essayist, rendering his teachings impressive by the use of fabrics more or less elaborate, he may well take rank with the most elegant and accomplished writers of his class.—J. C. Heywood.

Books.
Read not to contradict and confute; not to believe and take for granted; not to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tested, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but they should be only less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; also distilled waters, flashy things.—Lord Bacon.

Early Christian Communists.
For over 200 years all Christians were communists, who held the land and waters as well as all timber and precious metals in common. There were no superior ecclesiastics among them. The lot was cast in deciding all questions and the assembled commune judged all disputes; and when any decision was not well pleasing, the whole community passed review on it and reversed or confirmed it according to the will of all. This bold democracy was an inheritance from the Jews and was held in abhorrence by pagans who trafficked in land and made profits from others' labor.—Rollins' Ancient History.

Meanness Yet.
Sales Manager—Well, Jobbie, how did that last prospect turn out?
Vacuum Cleaner Canvasser—The original Mrs. Gaspard, the well-known miser's worst half! That dame let me demonstrate the machine till I made her best rug look like new and then all I got was a demand for a quarter of a dollar to pay for the electricity she estimated I'd use.—Buffalo Express.



FOX AND THE WITCH

BLACK FOX had often heard that there were witches and fairies living somewhere in the forest, but he had never seen one and did not bother even to wonder where they had their home until one day he thought of something which would need the help of a witch.
So one night he began to hunt and found the cave where an old witch and her black cat lived. They were dancing about a big kettle of something boiling over a fire outside the cave and for a second Black Fox thought of running away.
But instead, he hid behind a rock and watched the strange pair. He saw the old witch dip into the boiling pot and take out a cupful of something and give it to the black cat to drink, which changed the cat into a fox just like himself.
"Ah, this is just the place I am looking for," said Black Fox, running up to the witch, who was so startled by seeing two foxes she almost tumbled into the pot.



"Madam, I want your help," said Black Fox. "I want to have the power to change myself into a turkey whenever I like and the power to change back again also."
"What will you give me if I do this?" asked the greedy old creature. Black Fox had not thought of that. He had always got everything for nothing so far and this was a new idea, but he saw at once that this time he would have to pay, so he asked her what she wanted.
"As you have no gold to give," said

the witch, "I want you to give me the stone from the bottom of the pool, wise witch," said Black Fox, "and now I beg of you to help and give me the power I crave."
The old witch looked at the fox and she knew at once Black Fox had tried to deceive her, but said not a word. Instead she went to the boiling kettle and gave him some of the fluid in a cup. "Drink!" she said, and had Black Fox noticed that her blue eyes he would have dropped the cup and run.
But he didn't. "What shall I do next, wise witch?"
"Wiser than you think," murmured the witch under her breath, but the old Black Fox had that he had to do was to wish three times when he wanted to change into a turkey, and it would be granted.
"But remember, this will only last for tonight. Tomorrow you must bring me another stone from the bottom of the forest pool and from another place."
Black Fox promised, and as he trotted, laughing to himself, the old witch did not know the danger and it would be easy to bring the stone each night.
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SCHOOL DAYS



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What the Sphinx Says.
By Newton Newkirk.
"No business man can afford to retire, even though he CAN afford it—WORK IS A habit whose shackles are shaken off at the awful cost of going dead at the top, or 'stumpy,' which is worse."
Sales Manager—Well, Jobbie, how did that last prospect turn out?
Vacuum Cleaner Canvasser—The original Mrs. Gaspard, the well-known miser's worst half! That dame let me demonstrate the machine till I made her best rug look like new and then all I got was a demand for a quarter of a dollar to pay for the electricity she estimated I'd use.—Buffalo Express.

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