

Model and the Artist

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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Jimmy Gilmore idled into the small, interesting-looking tearoom because he had nothing to do than for any terrific thirst he had for black coffee.

However, having arrived inside the quaint little orange-colored door, he felt glad. There was a decided sense of atmosphere about the small, tastefully arranged tearoom and, as he sank into a corner built for two, Jimmy was conscious of a longing for the other of that two. But, alas! he was only one, and a desperately lonesome one at that. Jimmy's entire flock of best girls was scattered at seaside or mountain resort.

After he had ordered his black coffee and cinnamon toast he slumped down into his chair in an effort to find greater comfort for long legs. One of those long legs shuffled something along the floor and Jimmy peered under the table to see what it was.

It proved to be a photograph ready for mailing but badly, very badly, done up. The string was slipping off and the cardboard protection was in a decided way of escaping its duty. Jimmy supposed a woman had tied it up.

It was addressed to a man in Chicago and in the corner the sender's name was given as Fay McBane, with an address that Jimmy knew to be only a block or two from the tearoom. Apparently Miss McBane had been out to post the photograph and had dropped it in the tearoom rather than in the mail box.

Jimmy let slip the string that was already but a frail binding. He wanted to see what Fay looked like. Had the photograph been well tied up he would have dropped it in the first box. As it was, he decided swiftly that, since he was not near string, pen and ink or anything that would make a sendable package he would just pop around the corner and return the photograph to the sender—that is, if he in any way fancied the face within.

The face was beautiful but with a boldness of outline that did not appeal to Jimmy as being of the best-girl type. She would be delightful to take out to dances and dinner just for the

author to see if the type was suitable for the illustrations of her latest novel. It was most, kind of you to bring it. I fancied I had dropped it in the mail box.

"Male hands instead," laughed Jimmy.

The quaint little face of the artist lent itself beautifully to smiles.

"And I was a bit lonesome," he confessed.

"I suppose you expected to see the original," said Fay with a short laugh.

"I'm sorry she is not here just now—she may drop in later."

"She is a big, goodhearted girl and far more lovely to look at than her picture indicates."

"Far more lovely to look at than to talk to also, I suppose," Jimmy suggested and found himself just a trifle annoyed that Miss McBane was so willing to praise this other girl. "I suppose you never have many hours to idle," he said gazing about the well-worked canvases.

"No. I have had so much illustrating to do lately that I don't even have time to cook my meals and I just love to cook," lamented Fay. "I have to use my energy for painting rather than cooking so I am compelled to go into that little tea room for nearly every meal."

"Oh," said Jimmy.

A slight flush crept across Fay's cheeks. Hurriedly she made an attempt to cover up the apparent lead she had given him. "Really I should be only too glad to bring in Doris or any of my lovely models and introduce them to you—that is, if you want to know them."

Jimmy was silent for a long moment, then he decided to say just exactly what was uppermost in his mind, even if Fay McBane was an almost perfect stranger.

"No, I don't want to know any of them—they would be only third best girls. I know some girls that I have always considered best girls, but now I realize there can only be one best; the others will be seconds. I don't want to know the thirds, nor the seconds, but I do very much want to know the best—the very best girl."

"You have an idea, then, who the best girl is?" asked Fay, with a twinkle behind the wide eyes.

"A slight idea," said Jimmy. "I wonder if I could do up that photograph for her—could I?"

Fay looked back seriously at Jimmy Gilmore and found him boyish and frank and clear of glance—the kind of man a girl, even an artist, independent bachelor girl, finds worth while, and her smile met his eager eyes.

"I should like it to reach its destination," she told him, and Jimmy knew that the best girl had entered upon his horizon to stay.

MEN GIVEN FEMALE NAMES

Custom That Has Been by No Means Unusual, and for a Variety of Reasons.

The great soldier, Anne de Montmorency, was so named after his godmother, the good Anne de Bretagne. Then there was the fourth son of the first Earl Poullett, who was named Anne in honor of his godmother, Queen Anne. Several of Queen Anne's godsons bore her Christian name.

Lord Anne Hamilton, for whom the queen stood sponsor as some compensation for the duke's losing his seat as an English peer, fell in the famous duel with Lord Mohun, in Hyde park, 1712.

The duchess of Marlborough ridiculed the custom of giving the queen's name to her godsons, by proposing once, at the christening of a girl, to follow the example of confusion by calling the little lady "George." That name was one of the baptismal names, or rather appellations, of the celebrated actress, George Anne Bellamy, who was born on St. George's day, 1733.

In Roman Catholic countries, it is not unusual for a boy to have the appellation of a female saint among his names, particularly Mary, as it insures for the wearer of the name the protection of the saint. So with women—Mary George, for instance.

It is not unusual to give the name of a patron saint to a child, and without reference to sex. Thus, Carl Maria Weber, Jean Marie Farina.

A gentleman named Beaumont, in Yorkshire, England, named all his latter-born children "June," in consequence of a family will, renewing the name, that there might be no loss for an heir, male or female.

Barbados.

Barbados, one of the British West Indies, of the Lesser Antilles group, is 21 miles long and 14½ miles wide at its broadest point. It has an area of 168½ square miles or 106,360 acres. Almost every acre is cultivated and Barbados has more agriculturists to the square mile than any other country in the world. Barbados is in fact a great farm, practically the whole population being engaged in agriculture excepting about 35,000 people living in the city and suburbs of Bridgetown, and at some seasons of the year considerable numbers of laborers go out from Bridgetown itself to work on the sugar estates or in the sugar factories on the estates.

Precision.

An American sugar planter in Hawaii, entertaining a friend, took him to the edge of a historic volcano and said: "That crater, Joe, is just 70,004 years old."

"But why the four?" asked his guest.

"Oh, I've been here four years," was the reply. "It was 70,000 when I came."—Boston Transcript.

BLADE QUICKER THAN PISTOL

Expert Gunmen Meet More Than Their Match in the Knife Throwing of the Argentine.

The danger zone encircling a gaucho (cowboy of the Argentine) with his knife in his hand is by no means limited to the circle he sweeps with his extended arm. I am not sure just how far it does go, nor have I the least desire to find out. I heard, however, a crack revolver shot, a man who could blot out the spots on a ten of spades at a dozen paces, say that he would be extremely reluctant to take his chance at a draw-and-let-go with a gaucho at any distance under 20 yards.

An illuminative case in point came to my attention in Buenos Aires. As a class the American agricultural machinery experts sent to Argentina are as handy with sixshooters as any I have ever met. They are mostly westerners, have used revolvers from their childhood, and their arms, from which they never separate themselves for a moment while in campo, are always of the best and latest pattern.

Not once or twice, but on dozens of occasions, have I seen one or another of these men with his Colt's or Mauser "automatic," after a preliminary shot or two to get the range blow over a rabbit running at full speed across the pampa. This is good shooting, as will be appreciated by anyone who has had experience with the revolver. Yet the case I have in mind is that of a thrashing machine expert from Texas—a crack shot—who had trouble with his Argentine maquilista, had an even break on a draw at 25 or 30 feet, and was retired from action with a knife through his shoulder before his revolver was clear of its holster.—Lewis R. Freeman in the Cornhill Magazine.

USE OF ETHER IN SURGERY

Youthful Dentist Said to Have Been Responsible for its Introduction to General Practice.

While various experiments had been made with so-called "laughing gas" or nitrous oxide gas in America prior to 1840, it was some 74 years ago that the first practical operation under ether was performed in the Massachusetts General hospital in Boston, and the peculiar part of it was that the sulphuric ether was given, not by one of the house physicians, but by a young dentist who had been experimenting on himself and had gone to sleep for eight minutes. He rushed over to the hospital and asked a chance to demonstrate his discovery. A man about to have a tumor removed from his neck gave permission to have the "new-fangled dope" applied. Dentist Morton went to work and the tumor was removed. The patient opening his eyes after the operation cried, "Gentlemen, this is no humbug," and with that remark ether was given to the medical world.

Oliver Wendell Holmes came forward with names for the process and the liquid, and the dictionary gained "anesthesia" and "anesthetic." In three months the drug was being used throughout the civilized world.

Fallen Fruits Never Good.

The difference between humans and fruits lies in the fact that the human is largely the master of his own destiny. A man does not need to fall if he does not want to. He may have the taints that imperfect hereditary leaves, but even they are not bound to cause him to fall. If he can be surrounded with the right environment much of what is in the blood can be turned to good account. But if the fellow himself wants to fall the world is only too ready to make the way easy for him. And there are many that seem to want to try everything that any one else has ever done. It may lead them to the lowest pit, but they are always sure they can worm out somehow. Only after it's too late do men and women realize that fallen fruits have not real rating among good products.—Exchange.

Archeologists Interested.

That the remote ancestors of the American Indians may have lived in Spain in prehistoric days is indicated by some very remarkable discoveries of rock paintings that archeologists have made at El Bosque, in the hilly country north of Aptera, a Spanish town about half way between Albasete, situated in the plains of La Mancha, and Alicante on the Mediterranean. Anthropologists also say that these discoveries throw a fresh light upon the life of prehistoric man in southwestern Europe during the Magdalenian period of the great Ice Age. These Paleolithic tribes, when not compelled by the rigor of the climate to find their dwellings in caverns, where they obtained protection against both the intense cold and the attacks of ferocious animals, lived under rock shelters on the sides of valleys.

Relation of Doctor and Patient.

The relations between a doctor and his patient are absolutely confidential and are safeguarded by law, which forbids a physician from testifying to what he has learned in treating the patient, unless the latter expressly waives his right to secrecy. If, however, a patient has employed several doctors, and has at a trial called some of these to testify to his condition as the result of an injury, the other side has a right to call the other doctors, as the calling of some of the physicians by the plaintiff is a waiver of his rights.

COULDN'T HAVE FIRST OPTION

As Girl Remarkd, That Was a Matter in Which "Business" Didn't Cut Much Figure.

There was no sentiment about Herbert Jones. He met the girl he wished to marry; and he proposed like this: "Mary Dugh, will you be my life partner? I am a business man. If you are agreeable, I will draw up a marriage contract, we'll both sign, before witnesses, and then we can carry on with the world's work."

She gasped, but presently regained her composure.

"Fortunately," she said, "I've had a little business training myself, so we can discuss this proposed contract properly and dispassionately."

"I'm so glad to find you so sensible," he told her.

She smiled sweetly.

"I regret I can give you nothing better than second option," she said.

"What?" he exclaimed.

"I'm afraid I have to inform you I am already engaged—that is to say, the first option is already taken. But a first option does not necessarily mean a closed contract. If you don't want to take a chance on a second option, say so; if you do, I'll drop you a line if I find myself on the matrimonial market again."

"That's cold blooded," he complained.

"It's business," she averred.

"I'd rather have first option," he pleaded.

"A first option in such a case never has been and never will be secured by business methods," she replied.

DUXBURY HAS ALDEN HOUSE

Massachusetts Town Proud of Historic Abode That Dates Back to the Year 1653.

One of the most important of the old-time houses that are associated with the Pilgrims of the Mayflower is the Alden house at Duxbury, Mass., lately acquired by the Alden kindred of America.

The Aldens, John and Priscilla, with seven others of the Mayflower Pilgrims, went from Plymouth to settle in Duxbury in 1627, seven years after the landing of the Mayflower and three years before the founding of Boston. They built a house that stood on a knoll not far away from the existing one, and there their children were born.

The present house was built by the oldest son, Jonathan, in 1633, and has the remarkable record of having been in the possession of Aldens from that day to this.

A notable feature of the house is the existence of certain secret passages and hidden stairs whose location would never be suspected. The house dates back to the days of witchcraft and Indian wars; and notwithstanding the new freedom brought by the Pilgrims, there was no saying when opportunities for concealment and escape might come in handy.

Odd Mixtures in Bermuda.

Hamilton, largest town and capital of Bermuda, is a curious mixture of the quaint and the modern. Consulates jog elbows with the oldest and largest India rubber tree at Pariah, and tourist agencies hobnob with cathedrals of native limestone. Americans in thousands are all visible on the well-kept streets, and there are not a few English who have come to escape the rigors of a northern winter and wander, while suited, up Front street and down Queen and around to Reid. To an American, one of the strangest matters is the speech of some of the negroes of the island. One is quite startled with surprise when for the first time one hears a negro caddy sing out in tones of cockney London: "Keh, sir! 'Ere you are, sir," and to be assured by another negro that the view from the peak is "a little bit orl right" is too much.

Japan's Famous Mountain.

Fuji is 12,355 feet in height, and only 200 years years ago was an active volcano. There are still signs of fire in the jets of steam that spurt from parts of the cone, though one may now descend the crater with safety. All about the base are great boiling springs, hot enough to cook an egg in a minute. These are known as Ojigoku, or "Great Hell." Whether the idea was taken from the Bible or not is not known. But Buddhism has plenty of hell of its own. Some 300,000 pilgrims ascend the cone every year; and this year, being a special one in sixty, according to the Japanese calendar, the number was much greater than usual.

Not Exciting.

"How was the movie?"

"Rather dull," said the jaded patron.

"No thrill, eh?"

"Well, the heroine jumped from a train traveling 60 miles an hour to an airplane, was carried over a precipice in a motorcar, was left standing on the deck of a submarine when it submerged, but there wasn't anything you could really call exciting."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Complete Transformation.

"I understand one of your former waitresses is now a motion picture star?"

"That's so," said the proprietor of the Elite restaurant for ladies and gentlemen.

"Any change in her?"

"I should say so! She's changed her name, her hair and her disposition."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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