

THE DOCTOR'S CAR

By FRANCES GOODRICH.

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Through the stillness of the night came a deep, mellow roar, and many of the occupants of the little fishing smack turned uneasily on their beds and muttered: "There goes the doctor in his devil wagon." They had never in their lives seen anything like the mysterious vehicle in which the doctor rode, a vehicle that had no visible means of locomotion, yet roared down their narrow, crooked streets like the wind when the doctor was answering a sick call.

The people loved the doctor, but hated his car with all the hatred and ignorance of superstitious minds, and, as Tim Barden expressed it, "If only the doctor didn't have that thing, he would be all right, and the same as us."

That remark fell on fertile ground when Jim Carter heard it. Jim was a great, uncouth fellow—a giant in physical strength, but a pigmy in mental growth. He was subject to terrible fits of rage, but as during those he harmed but himself, he was allowed to wander at his own sweet will. He worshipped the doctor, but hated his car with equal fervor, and at the first sound of its horn he would hide until it passed.

Now Tim Barden's words suggested something to him, and the thought began to work in his darkened mind. How wonderful it would be to have the doctor without his car. For several days he pondered this over, then one dark night Tim crept up to the door and listened. In his hand he carried a great sledge hammer.

Not a sound came from the shed; perhaps the monster was sleeping. As quietly as possible he swung the door open and peered in. A sickening feeling of terror swept over him, and an almost uncontrollable impulse to shut the door and dash for safety, but he must rid them of this thing, no matter if the doctor did like it—some day it would harm the doctor, too.

The big eyes that frightened him were closed now, and only a faint light showed the outlines of the big roadster. He knew that back of those eyes was the thing that lived, and with the rush of rage that suddenly swept over him, he brought the great hammer down with all his strength. There was a sound of crushing metal, and splintering glass, and Jim felt that his work was good. As he stood there with the hammer poised for another downward swing, he might have been a modern St. George fighting the dragon. Another blow and he dropped the hammer and fled.

In the early morning Doctor Cranston was awakened by someone pounding at the door. It was Tim Barden. His little daughter, the dearest thing in Tim's heart, was desperately sick.

Hastily the doctor threw on his clothes and rushed to the shed for the car. The moon had risen, and as he threw open the door a strange light met his eyes. The roadster looked as though it had been in a head-on collision. It took but a few minutes for the doctor to ascertain that the car was beyond use then, so he thought of the best way to get to Tim's. Tim had already started back on foot, but the doctor, who knew the child's danger, dreaded to think of the precious time that would be wasted if he must make it that way.

However, there was no other way out of it, but he thought of a short cut over the rocks. Perhaps, with the bright moonlight he could make it safely. He knew that there were many danger spots to those unused to the path, but he got his bag and started.

At the first bad place he stood for a minute undecided how best to make it, then he heard a footfall behind him and looking back saw Jim Carter making his way sure footed over the rocks toward him. Then Jim caught up with him and without a word of explanation except to say: "I know this way better than you do, doctor," he picked the doctor up as though he had been a child and carried him easily over the treacherous places. They made the trip in record time in that manner, Jim carrying the doctor over the dangerous places.

At last Tim's old tumbledown shack was reached, but the doctor saw at a glance that he was too late. If he could have reached her sooner there was no doubt that the child could have been saved.

As gently as possible he told them the truth, and bitter was the wailing when Tim and his wife understood that their only child could not live. But more bitter than all was the terrible cry that Jim gave as he threw himself on the floor at the doctor's feet. Rose had been his little chum, and when he realized that by his own act he had kept the doctor from reaching her in time to save her life, his agony was so great that the doctor feared he would kill himself.

When the doctor had made the dying child as comfortable as was possible, he made the three sit down and told them as simply as he could just what the car meant to him and to them. He made them see at last that their ignorance and prejudice was hurting themselves, and that he could do his best for them only when he could reach them quickly when needed.

In a short time the doctor had a new car, and now the simple islanders regard it rather with a feeling of security and almost something of reverence rather than fear.

GET SIGNS FROM BARNYARD

Many English Farmers Consider Poultry as Prophets — Superstitions Concerning Other Birds.

Farmers who get a crowing hen among the brood in the yard often look upon it as an evil omen, says a writer in London Tit-Bits.

A superstitious farmer considers his poultry as prophets; thus, if his own death is near, he will tell you that they will go to bed at noon instead of at their usual roosting time.

Numerous birds are mixed up with signs of death. Let a pigeon enter a house or a robin come through the door, and some people expect calamity. Owls, again, are ominous birds to the superstitious, especially if they hoot from the housetop.

For a single magpie to cross the path of the superstitious is enough to send them into a cold perspiration, and they hasten to lay two straws across each other to avert the evil influence. When swallows and martins build about a farmhouse the superstitious farmer is troubled if they do not appear regularly year by year, for should they desert their old guests he expects misfortune.

The call of the cuckoo has always been mixed up with good and bad luck. Hear it while walking, and provided it is the first time you have heard it that year, it is said to indicate a happy new year for you.

When the farmer's wife sets eggs she will sometimes place an odd number in the nest if she wants her chicks to prosper. The superstitious farmer will not bring eggs into the house after sunset.

Pencocks' feathers in a house are said to mean misfortune, but for an eagle to hover over a person or house is thought to indicate an approaching success.

SEA GUARDS PIRATE'S GOLD

Though Location is Known, It is Not Probable the Treasure Will Ever Be Recovered.

On Oak Island, Nova Scotia, there is buried a great treasure. It is believed to be the blood-stained loot of pirates, and although its exact location is known, human hands have failed to raise it from its pit.

The discovery was first made in 1795, when three young men found an iron ring in a rock as if a vessel had been moored there. Near it was indication of a hole drilled. They dug and at 10 feet discovered a wooden plank and at 20 feet and again at 30 feet. They had no money to continue operations, but six years later a company was formed and with machines and tools got down to 90 feet where they found a rock bearing the words "Under me is two million pounds." Before they could go deeper the sea rushed in and filled the shaft. A second shaft was sunk and that, too, was filled by the sea. The company went broke.

In 1849 a third attempt was made, and this time borings showed that at 100 feet there was gold and silver to a depth of 22 inches. The spa drove the workmen out in failure to open the shaft. In 1890 and in 1911 other attempts were made, the last very elaborate with a coffer dam built by engineers. But the sea laughed at their efforts and filled the shaft with water and quicksand and seemingly the treasure will never be uncovered.

Mr. Grateba's Trouble Test.

Could there be any better proof of the insubstantial nature of most of our troubles than is found in the fact that old troubles are completely brushed away by new? We may fret and bother and worry over something for days, and even be awake nights over it if we must; but let some new trouble, real or imaginary, come along and straightway we forget the old one entirely, showing conclusively that the old one was never worth worrying over. We've all had that experience, haven't we? Surely! And the chances are a hundred to one that this new trouble that has popped up isn't worth any more serious consideration than the old one which it has displaced.—New York Herald.

Pontius Pilate's Tomb.

Pontius Pilate, it was declared, returning from Galilee, died at Mount Pilatus, near Lucerne in Switzerland, in the bitterness of remorse, and drowned himself in a tiny lake on the summit. All the storms and calamities on Lake Lucerne were ascribed to the workings of his restless spirit, wrought to wrath by the disturbance of his watery domain. Severe punishment awaited those who dared approach his supposed tomb. That tomb was fearfully and wonderfully described, but in reality it is only a pond, melted snow collected in a hollow. It frequently dries up in summer, with never a vestige of a Pilate to show.

Make Toys to Suit All.

From the ball and string of the baby to the practical juvenile wireless apparatus or electrical train or toy or the scroll saw or the sewing machine, the range and variety for the boy or girl of sixteen is so great as to make full description prohibitive because of space. It is sufficient to say that American toy manufacturers have so thoroughly learned the real needs of American children through a careful study of the subject that they now provide the proper toy or plaything or doll for the needs, entertainment and educational advantage of children of all ages and both sexes.

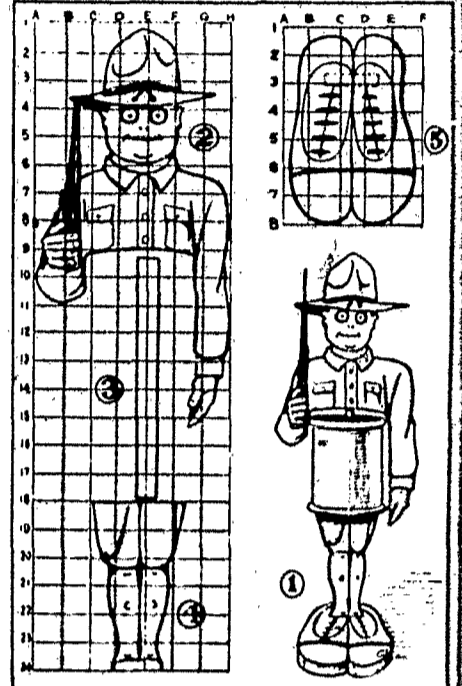
Christmas Gifts for Mother and Sister

By A. NEELY HALL

The Sammy spool holder in Fig. 1 will be a delight to mother or sister, not only because of its uniqueness as an ornament, but also because of its handiness in the sewing-room. Cutting out the figure of Sammy is simple bracer-saw work. Basswood 3/8 inch thick is best.

The patterns shown in Figs. 2, 3, 4 and 5 are about one-half the right size. To simplify the work of enlarging these patterns, I have marked them on checker-board fashion.

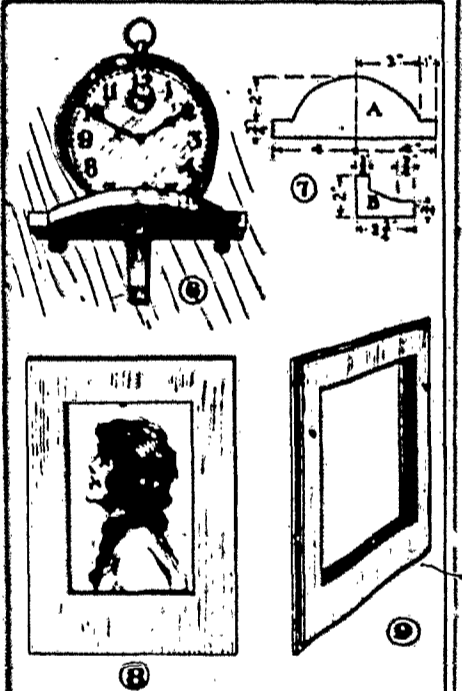
When you cut, saw a trifle outside of the outlines, to allow for trimming the edges with chisel and sandpaper. The upper portion of the body is connected to the lower portion by means of the round stick shown in Fig. 3. Glue the upper end of the stick; make the lower end fit loosely, so it can be removed.



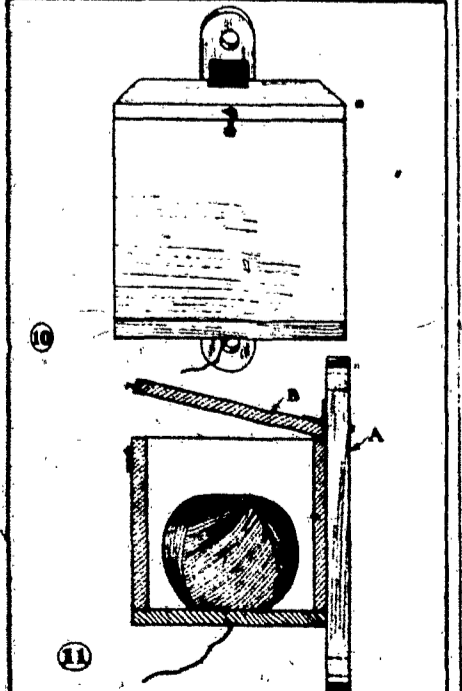
To strip the spool off, Sammy's feet are made large to form a base. Cut a slot to give the legs room. A needle forms Sammy's button, and a small hole is made in the gun to stick it into.

The clock shelf in Fig. 6 is handy for kitchen or bedroom. It requires two pieces of wood (A and B, Fig. 7) 3/4 inch thick by the other dimensions shown. Fasten bracket B to top A at the exact center of the length with finishing-nails and glue.

A cigar-box cover and bottom provide excellent material for small picture frames (Figs. 8 and 9). Trim one piece about 3/8 inch narrower and shorter than the other piece, so when the smaller piece is centered upon the larger piece, there will be a 3/16 inch



margin all around (Fig. 9). Cut the picture opening in the larger piece so there will be equal margins at the top and sides, and a trifle wider margin at the bottom. Cut the opening in the smaller frame 1/2 inch larger each way, to form a 1/4 inch rabbet for the glass, picture and backing (Fig. 10). Give the wood a coat of boiled linseed-oil, screw a pair of small screw-eyes into the back for hangers, and get glass to fit the back opening.



The box, round its ends, and bore 1/4-inch holes for hanger hooks. Hinge top B to hanger strip A for a lid. Bore a hole through the box bottom to pull the string through.

LOIS WILSON



Charming Lois Wilson, the "movie" star, comes from Birmingham, Ala. She was a schoolteacher before she heard the call of the screen. Her popularity was further demonstrated recently when her picture was chosen by a convention of veterans of the World War as the cover decoration of its souvenir booklet.

HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. Lurie

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

DOUBLE NEGATIVES.

ALTHOUGH the double negative—that is the use of two words to express the negative when one is needed—is found in early English and in other languages, its use in English nowadays is incorrect. The use of such phrases as "She don't want none," "I can't do no more," "We don't know nothing," etc., marks the careless speaker. They are found seldom in writing, since the very act of writing induces a more careful selection of words than does speaking.

Shakespeare says, "I cannot go no further," but in this the unsurpassed writer probably followed the usage of his own times; a modern writer or speaker would say, "I can go no further," or "I cannot go any further."

Similar to the use of the double negatives, and similarly erroneous, are such sentences as the following: "I haven't had hardly a night's sleep," "I cannot get but one suit of clothes," "Say, 'I have had hardly a night's sleep,'" "I can get but one suit." (Copyright.)

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"KANGAROO."

WHEN Captain Cook's expedition anchored off the coast of Australia one of the first things the explorer did was to send some of his men ashore with instructions to bring back specimens of the plants, flowers and animals which appeared to be distinctive of the country. Two of the sailors returned with a beast which had extremely long hind legs, short fore paws and an exceptionally well developed tail. Cook, who had never seen anything of the kind, desired to learn something more about the strange animal and sent the men back to discover by what name the natives called it.

Upon their return they reported that the nearest they could come to it was "Kan-ga-roo." "At least," as one of the men declared, "that's what all the natives said when I pointed to the animal." So, when Captain Cook returned home, he brought with him the body of an animal which was introduced to natural history under the name "kangaroo."

It was not until a number of years later that it was found that "kan-ga-roo" was the Australian equivalent for "I don't know," which was the reason that the natives said this when Cook's men asked them a question they didn't understand! (Copyright.)

A False Alarm.

A fireman in Irvington was returning from luncheon. When within about one square of the fire house he crossed the street and in crossing ran to get out of the way of a street car.

Two other firemen on the street car saw the first fireman running, so they jumped off the car and started to run for the fire house.

When the three reached the fire house the man who had started his running to get out of the way of a street car said: "Was there an alarm?"

To this the other two exclaimed: "You should know. We saw you running and thought that you heard one." (Indianapolis News.)

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By the way, you know that light clothing, worn for a week, discloses a deplorable accumulation of soil which is far from free of germs, but darker garments conceal them with impunity. We wash our hands a dozen times a day; we change our under garments and linens with scrupulous regularity—but outer garments have our attention merely when appearances require it. Not infrequently they carry the accumulated soil of months. They should be dry-cleaned regularly, and we invite your trial order if you are unfamiliar with our establishment.

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