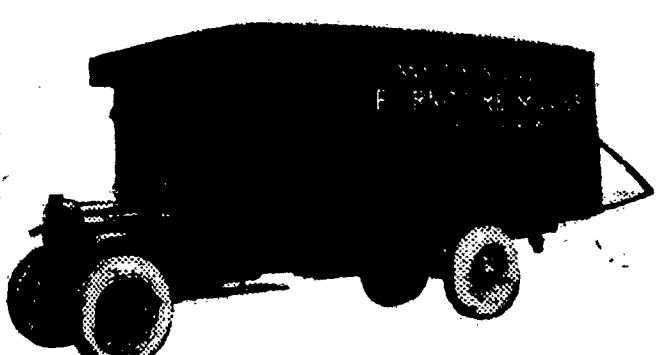


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Nell's Golden Galleon
By CLARISSA MACKIE

"When my ship comes in," sighed Maud Blont as she slipped another sheet of paper into the typewriter. "I shall throw this wretched machine out of the window!"

"With never a thought of the innocent passerby, who might be the target!" smiled Nell Woods, looking up from her work.

"Oh, well! No danger of my ship coming in—it has probably foundered somewhere off the coast of Nowhere—too heavily freighted with gold, perhaps. What's the use of wishing for money and love and everything—nothing ever happens to me!"

"Never mind, Maud, don't worry, and some day it will come sailing into port."

Maud lifted her shoulders expressively, found a package of chewing gum, and went back to her typing. Nell raised great, dark eyes, soft with much dreaming, and looked out of her window at the panorama of New York harbor on a sunny May morning. From her window on one of the upper floors of a tall office building she could see the ships come sailing home—she could see them set sail again for foreign shores. She loved them all, even the busy little tugs that bulled their way about the other craft; she built many strange fancies about the ships, and the most elusive one of all was her ship that some day would come sailing home through the narrow straits.

It was no ordinary ship, this one of Nell's dreams—it had grown to be a wonderful old Spanish galleon, freighted with gold and silver and jewels, and its steersman was a dashing lover who would bear her away from the tedious office forever—she would never see another hall bedroom again—never eat another meal in a cheap restaurant. She never said "When my ship comes in," but "When my golden galleon comes home."

Sometimes she wondered why she was so anxious to leave New York. She had been just as anxious to leave Sunport, where she had been born. When her parents died and her aunt offered her a home, Nell refused.

"I must see the world, auntie," she explained. "I cannot be buried alive here. Some day I will come home again—now I must go."

So they let her go, and two years had passed away. She had tired of New York with its fictitious air of friendliness to the stranger within its gates. "New York is Sunport grown up," declared Nell whimsically one day. This summer she was going to Sunport for her vacation. "Perhaps my golden galleon will come sailing through the inlet and find a harbor there," and so Nell took her dreams with her to Sunport.

Every day she went out on the beach beyond her aunt's house and read and sewed, and sometimes dreamed. Mrs. Lynn scolded her for her solitary habits. "Lem Barker was looking for your coming, Nell. If he had been home you would not have been alone. I'll warrant!" The good woman nodded wisely over this reminder of Nell's old admirer.

"Where is Lem?" asked Nell lazily.

"Went to the fishing grounds with the fleet—he's making money hand over fist—he's bought your old place from Adam Marsh, and fixed it all up. Some folks say he's going to be married."

Nell shrugged. Lem Barker, still a fisherman—she thought of the smartly dressed men who had occupied the offices in New York; some of them were her co-workers. How they would laugh to see Lem—to hear his drawl!

"Well, I must get in one last sunbath on the beach, auntie," she said; "I think it is going to storm."

Mrs. Lynn lifted a weatherwise eye to the sky. "A bad blow," she predicted, with a worried look on her motherly face. "I hope the boats will get in before it strikes."

"I hope so," returned Nell, running down to the beach and plunging into the churning gray waves.

But the ships did not come home before the storm broke. It was a dreadful gale and not a soul in Sunport slept a wink while it lasted. Nearly every home had a man out among the fleet of fishing vessels, and hundreds of eyes were strained toward the inlet as the storm increased in fury.

At last telegrams came straggling in—messages that carried joy or woe to many homes. A few Sunport men had gone down with their little boats, the rest were coming home. There was one man missing—Lem Barker. No one had seen him or his gallant little boat Nellie since the storm struck the banks.

Nell Woods felt oddly anxious about the missing man. She had felt a tenderness for Lem in the days before she had felt the call of the city—he had been kind to her parents during days of illness, and she had remained in Sunport it is very likely that she would have married Lem Barker and remained in her own home.

But ambition had called, many months intervened—and she could not visualize Lem, save as a blushing, bashful country youth with big hands. Though she shuddered at the recollection of her passing fancy for him, she watched for his sail, as did many of her neighbors. Lem Barker's folk

Wells all dead, and Nellie can't look for his homecoming. One by one the neighbors shook their heads and gave up the task.

"Poor Lemmie's gone for good," said the last one, shaking his old head sorrowfully. "He was a good lad, was Lemmie, and knowed his boat better'n most folks. Can't seem to see how he'd let the sea get the better of him—no, siree! I shan't believe he's lost yet—" but he went home at last and Nell was alone, straining her eyes toward the mouth of the inlet. It was the last day of her vacation and she would have to return to the city on the morrow; and here was Lem—her aunt had promised to write and tell her whether he ever came home.

Nell forgot all about her golden galleon and the smartly dressed office men in the city as she remembered the touch of Lem's strong arm across her shoulders when her father died; once his lips had touched her bright hair, reverently, Lem would take up more than that, then. Her heart quickened at the thought of him.

The sun was setting. The water was turning to yellow liquid under its golden touch. What was that in the inlet? Nell rubbed her eyes. Something shining—something golden? Yes—it looked like a galleon, its stern heaped high with silver fish—tons of them. As it drew near to the old wharf Nell ran down to meet it. A fishing sloop, painted yellow from stem to stern, riding into port on a flowing tide! A sail was reefed quickly and she came to under bare poles. A chain rattled and there was a fresh "chunk" as the anchor struck the water. Nell's hands went to her throat—it ached so! Her golden galleon—so this was the way it came? Now, the dashing lover—how strong he was, this Lem Barker—like a young bronze god, his hair blowing back from his handsome face, breaking into a smile at sight of her slim loveliness.

"Oh, Nellie! Is it you?" he said hoarsely, as he leaped ashore.

"Yes—Lem—you are safe, my dear—"

"Well, darling?" he asked after a long silence.

She lifted her wonderful eyes to his sea-blue ones. "My ship has come in at last," she sighed contentedly, and forgot all about the golden galleon she had dreamed of.

MYSTERIES OF HIDDEN HEAT

Time Will Surely Come When the Earth Will Yield Up All of Her Riches.

Yast stores of heat and power lie hidden in the bowels of the earth, waiting to be tapped.

We could do without coal and oil could we but develop the heat resources of the earth.

And in so doing we should probably find new chemicals and minerals of the greatest value to the world's commerce.

That is the conclusion scientists have come to, and they are urging expeditions to solve the mysteries of the crust of the earth. Already some use is being made of the internal heat of the earth in the volcanic regions of Italy, where the steam issuing from the ground is trapped and put to various uses.

It is suggested that holes should be sunk to admit water, which would be converted into steam and could then be utilized for mechanical purposes.

Excavation methods and machinery have been improved so much of recent years that it may be possible to sink such bores and shafts to a depth of thirty miles.

At present the deepest well ever bored is a hole six inches in diameter on a farm in the United States. It has been driven to a depth of 7,579 feet, or nearly a mile and a half.

The deepest mine shaft is at Morro Velho, Brazil, which goes down about a mile and a fifth.

As one expert points out, we have only succeeded in scratching the earth's crust. The real wonders have yet to be revealed to us.

Riches From the Mind.

In the last analysis a man's mind is his best source of riches. To him who works it, no Klondike ever yielded richer ores. There is no limit to the variety of jewels stored there; the supply gives out only when men cease to dig. Columbus got a new continent out of his mind and the marvels of that new world are not yet fully known. Newton got the laws of gravity from his mind and science has been revolutionized to stay ever since. Faraday mined the science of chemistry from his mind. Edison, Marconi, Holland, the Wright brothers and others have chiseled from their minds the facts that have left blessings to the race. They did not get them bodily from their minds. They found them the ideas and the incentives, and as they worked the material world was made to yield returns that blessed the race.—Grit.

Why Success Succeeds.

It is surprising how quickly one can gain the reputation of being a brisk, lively worker—and it is wonderful how valuable such a reputation becomes to a man.

It is said of such a fellow: "He is a hustler"—and knowing that hustling is one of the fundamentals of progress, we look for him to get along well—even putting ourselves out to shove him up the ladder.

That is why nothing succeeds like success.

People are always willing to believe that intense activity is founded on true ability and a good purpose, and will play that vitalizing force in their efforts.—Louisiana Grocer.

VEILS IN DEMAND

Decorated for Middy's Hat at Height of Popularity.

Countless Ways of Draping and Each One is Very Much in the Mode.

The enthusiasm over veils continues unabated. It has reached the point where it might also be termed a fad. Women have taken veils so seriously that they spend hours adjusting them.

Never in the history of the world has the veil been in such high favor. The matter of draping it has come to be an art. There are countless ways and each one very much in the mode. This is one part of dress in which women may be individual. The more so, the better. Just as no two people draw alike, no two do any piece of drapery in the same way, and this applies to veils.

The day when the veil was worn just as its name implies, as something to shadow the face and flatter the wearer by concealing any traces of weariness or to soften the effect of rouge and powder, has passed. While it is still worn for these purposes, its principal role today is that of a graceful piece of drapery.

It would never be possible to put one's personality into the wearing of a hat or dress as into the wearing of a veil. Every woman has a different little way of her own in its arrangement. In this the greatest originality prevails.

The flowing veil may be of almost any length. Some veils hang almost to the bottom of the skirt and many well down around the hip. At the front they may merely conceal the ears, come just over the nose, or fall to the knees.

Hats of bright colors or beautiful light shades of brown are shadowed by huge black chauntilly lace veils. Embroidered tulle takes its place with the laces and the net of hexagon mesh. The color of the veil is a matter to be given consideration. Black is the favorite. Then come browns and the shade known as blond. Very little white is used. When it appears at all it is among the novelties. Women have been known, in their devotion to the fashion, to appear in white veils that reach to their knees.

CHIC CHAPEAU WINS FAVOR



These who know assert this hat is one of the prettiest to make its appearance. It is not lavish but it is neat. It is black satin and is trimmed with downward pointing black wings.

FASHION NOTES

Paris uses velvet profusely. Tailored suits have wide cuffs. Brilliant colors prevail in wraps. Lingerie makes much use of ribbons. Gray will be a favorite color for spring. Costumes are flat and tight at the back. Evening headdresses have disappeared. Paisley effects in trimming are returning. New fur coats are cut on redingote lines. Scarlet enamel buttons appear on a gray coat. White pelican is a smart trimming for hats. Many coats are a combination of fur and velvet. Tailored blouses are made of crepe de chine. The bodice of crepe molds snugly to the figure. Novel dresses in stiff moire have appeared in Paris. A combination of gray and green is favored in suits. White blouses have collars and cuffs of solid color. Multicolored striped taffeta trims a serge dress. Round and scarf veils are replacing the square veils. The long-waisted bodice may give the tunic effect. An imitation leather fabric is used to line topcoats. Black lace over taffeta is a favored combination. Triangular-shaped panels are a new whim of fashion. Fur-faced and cat trims are smart millinery notes. Black serge is embroidered in white porcelain beads. Imported fabrics are in bold and eccentric design.

SELECTING FOOD BY COLOR

Observations of Naturalist Show That Insects Are Attracted by Certain Colors.

"There is much in the habits of certain species of insects," says the text, "to suggest that food-plants are selected on the basis of color by the female and also accounted for by the male by the larvae. Experiments with cabbage butterflies, for example, show that these insects are attracted by the color of the leaves. It has also been shown that the larvae will feed on white plants, although the plants are not of the same species. The distaste of insects for all of citrullin is well known, and also the attractiveness of the substance for butterflies of the genus Danaus. Very recently, too, has published some observations showing that caterpillars are attracted to the color of the leaves and to those of various colors. This, when taken with the fact that the larvae will feed on white plants, is treated with a warning of the fact that color is an important factor in the selection of food-plants."

"ALL STRIPPED FOR DINNER"

Butler's Remark That Stage-Set Father of Family to Go to Job of Thinking.

Edward Bok, the talented editor and reformer, paid at a luncheon in Philadelphia.

"I claim that business men are partly to blame for the ill-fated fashion from Paris which their customers wear. The business man should not permit his innocent child to appear in shocking, expensive dresses in the Rue de la Paix for the fashionable trade."

Mr. Bok paused and smiled.

"A Merion business man," he said, "entertained a house party on other week. As it came from a dressing room one evening during the party he overheard his brother-in-law in a fierce whisper down the hall whisper:

"'For de land's sake, cough 'em up de, cough. De ladies is stripped for dinner!'"

Like and Unlike.

The death of Andrew Kern, the moon catcher, brought the talk around Whittier, and a Pittsburgh poet said:

"Whittier and Walter Keiser, once printing etchings together, got, stumbling, had the mistletoe drop a copper plate.

"How like you" said Whittier, jolly.

"Hardly five minutes later Whittier usually the dearest, surreptitiously dropped a copper plate himself, stooped and picked it up. Then murmured:

"How unlike me!"

Weighted Down.

"How do you account for his being so fat? I thought he was an excellent swimmer?"

"So he was but after his body recovered, we found that he had so loaded down with a cigarette a fancy match box, a metal cigar case, a pair of patent cigar lighters, a pair of trimmed fountain pens and a pair of metallic curls and a pocket watch that he didn't have a chance."

Going With the Crowd.

"I hear your wife is going to be overhauling her wardrobe."

"She did," replied Mr. Keiser.

"The situation," continued he, "her studious attention."

"I don't know about her wardrobe, but you can't get Harriette for following the crowd."

A Steam Boat.

A country farmer is going to let a city woman to be a steam boat.

"I am a steam boat," she said, "and I am a city woman."

"I am a steam boat," she said, "and I am a city woman."