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OF ROCHESTER

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DREW ON HIS IMAGINATION

To Put It Mildly, Longfellow was Not Always Accurate in His Descriptive Poems.

The poet Longfellow has set an example of inaccuracy in dealing with our Pilgrim ancestors which has been widely followed. His charming poem, "The Courtship of Myles Standish," has been read by millions of his countrymen and doubtless accepted by great numbers as gospel truth. Yet it has no historical basis, says a writer in the Boston Transcript. There is not a scintilla of evidence that the fearless captain, who was small of stature and red-haired, but every inch a soldier—had any desire to win the affections of Priscilla Mullins. He was a very busy man during the first years at Plymouth. And, but for his wisdom, skill and heroic actions, there is little doubt but what they would have all been murdered by wild savages, who were not wholly restrained by Massasoit. It seems too bad that so brave and unselfish a man as Standish was should now be paraded before his descendants as a rejected suitor. He and they deserve a better fate.

The poet is no more accurate in dealing with him than he is in describing the marriage of John Alden and Priscilla. What a pretty bit of fiction it was to place Priscilla on a "milk-white steer," when there was not a cow, nor a steer, in all New England!

STOPPED ANGRY WIFE'S TEARS

Woman's Emulation of the "Cinderella Act" Probably Averted Dire Domestic Tragedy.

Mrs. G. started for the shoe repair shop the other day with a slipper that needed mending. Once in the street she remembered an important message and stopped to telephone in a little office on the ground floor of the building in which she lives. The proprietor showed her the instrument in the rear.

Just then the proprietor's wife entered the office, and first of all she saw Mrs. G.'s slipper lying on a table.

"So you even have her shoes here!" she cried and began to weep. Her tears quickly turned to anger, and in a moment she began to upbraid her husband.

Then Mrs. G. interfered.

"That's mine," she said, appearing from behind the screen.

The angry wife looked at her during a pause in her heated language.

"I don't believe it," she snapped.

"I'll show you," said Mrs. G., and, like Cinderella, though the prince was missing, she tried on the slipper.—New York Sun.

Wonderful Nevada Opal.

The mines of Humboldt county, Nevada, have produced every kind of opal known to science. The great black opal found there some years ago was the largest ever discovered, weighing 16.19 troy ounces, or, in jewelry phraseology, 2,565 karats. It is nearly 4 inches long, 3 1-8 inches wide and averages 2 1-8 inches in thickness. It is, in short, about half the size of an ordinary brick. At $6 a karat its value would be more than $15,000, but its great size increases the value to the point where it is worth whatever a gem fancier will pay for it. The highest rating ever obtained for an opal was that for a gem from Hungary, which was estimated to be worth $250,000. On the same basis of rating the Nevada gem would be worth as much.

Had Peculiar Idea of Tree.

Bathed in the warm waters of the Gulf stream, the climate of the Hebrides is warm rather than cold, considering the latitude, and there is an average rainfal over the entire group of 47 inches per annum, which often mounts to over 100 inches at the coast. In spite of this, the islands are for the greater part treeless. Hope Moncrieff tells of a woman who, having lived all her life there, had no conception of a tree except that it must look like a cabbage. They present more often than not a bleak monotonous aspect of rock (granite or gneiss), water, sand and bog, "where the sea is all islands and the land is all lakes."

Not Very Deep.

He (calling)—Reading poetry, are you?

She—Yes, I'm wading through Tennyson.

He (glancing at page)—Ah! And you've just got to the middle of "The Brook."—Boston Transcript.

What Is Art?

The conclusion is that heaven born geniuses are a myth. Actors are no fonder of thinking hard and laboring hard than any other set of humans. The manager, seeing that there doesn't appear to be very much difference in their caliber, has taken to selecting them by their physical appearance. The actor is the cause, and the manager is the result. The public is quick to respond to really fine acting—that is what fine acting is, for if it doesn't make the public respond it isn't fine acting. You often hear it said that the public doesn't want art. It would be just as sensible for a man to take a broken watch to be mended, state his wants to the watch repairer and then add that he mustn't employ skill in the operation! For what is art in its practice? It is skill—accomplishment.—John E. Kellerd, in the Forum.

KEEP TO THE STRAIGHT PATH

Aimless Explorations on Life's Journey Mean the Squandering of Time and Energy.

No matter what the way is in life you must keep on going to get somewhere. The greater the delights of the way, the slower will be the progress. The bee that sips from every flower may be a long time collecting his load of honey. The wise bee goes straight to the honey flowers and to the place of their greatest abundance. The child that loiters by the road side is usually chided when he reaches the journey's end. You may escape the chiding, but nature and time will charge you with delinquency. To be abreast of your ability you must keep on going. Put your head to work and your feet will carry you in the right direction, and regulate your conduct when you reach the goal. There is too much at stake to squander time and energy on aimless explorations. Learn what your goal in life is to be and then see to it that you make every ounce of energy contribute towards its realization. Chart your life and the course it should follow and then make every day bring you nearer to the desired achievement. You are bound to succeed if you learn how to pass the dividing of the ways.—Grit.

WORLD ALMOST LOST GENIUS

Handel, Immortal Composer, Had Remarkable Escape From Death in Duel in Early Life.

The great composer Handel was born at Halle, February 24, 1684, and at the outset of his professional life, which was about his twentieth year, he was nearly lost to the world by a quarrel with one Matthewson, an able musician, who violently assaulted him. A duel ensued, and nothing but a score buttoned under Handel's coat and on which his antagonist's weapon broke, saved his life, which was destined to prove of inestimable value to the whole world.

In performing on the organ his command of the instrument was amazing, as was the fullness of his harmony and the grandeur and dignity of his style. Handel wore an enormous white wig, and when things went well at the oratorios it had a certain nod or vibration which denoted his satisfaction and pleasure. Without this signal it was certain that he was out of humor.

He never married and died possessed of $100,000, of which he bequeathed one-half to the fund for decayed musicians, while the remainder went to his relatives.—Chicago Journal.

Many Classes of Dreams.

There are several distinct classes of dreams, which are: The confusing fantastic dreams; dreams we receive as a warning to be on guard; some dreams are created through our nervous system when something is not in order in our body. These may come after eating heavy meals before bedtime, cold feet, etc. These dreams are to bring our reasoning power to action. Some dreams are created through the power of fear. Then we have the prophetic dreams. One kind of dreams—we believe they are dreams—are in actuality not dreams, but actual experiences of the ego, which leaves the body when at sleep and travels on in the mental world.

Take "Movies" Seriously.

Moving pictures are a marvel to the South Sea islanders, according to a recently returned visitor to that portion of the globe. The tragic part of the film is too much for the natives, he said, and there is so much weeping and groaning that a man has to go up in the gallery and tell them that it will all come out all right in the end. Thus assured, the audience proceeds to wipe up and watch for further developments, and when the heroine is rescued and the villain is thwarted, pandemonium breaks loose, for the people not only shout, but dance with joy.

Far Away and Long Ago.

The brewers' parade in New York city in 1788 has never been duplicated. There were hogsheads entwined in hop vines and a live Bacchus was the feature of the marching fete. But such a procession did once wend its way through New York streets, in celebration of the adoption of the federal constitution. One historian says in part:

"The display of the brewers was happily conceived and appropriate. In addition to their banners fluttering gayly in the air, they paraded cars with hogsheads and tuns, decorated with festoons of hop vines intertwined with handfuls of barley. Seated on the top of a tun was a living Bacchus—a beautiful boy of eight years—dressed in flesh-colored silk, fitted snugly to the limbs, and thus disclosing all his fine symmetrical proportions. In his hand he held a silver goblet, with which he quaffed the nut-brown, and on his head was a garland of hops and barley ears."

Since Ladies Smoke.

"Your wife used to object to your smoking."

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "That was before Henrietta became so interested in great public questions. Now she has me light a pipe now and then so that when she makes a speech she won't mind the cigarette smoke in the audience."

GRAY FOR SPRING

Varying Tones Are Becoming to Nearly All Types.

Millinery and Gowns in Advance Displays Indicate Decided Preference for the Color.

From present indication, it would seem that gray is to be the principal color note of spring fashion, and we should not be loath to accept it, for the varying tones are becoming alike to young and old, blonde and brunette. The millinery shops are filled with chic spring models of gray straws and silks, some showing touches of henna or other contrasting colors, and the modistes have certainly shown a decided preference for gray in the new gowns they are displaying.

An afternoon dress is of steel gray pussy willow crepe. The neck is rounded slightly and part of it is bordered by a white organdie collar of Quakerish simplicity. The short sleeves are set in, and from the top of each cuff little gray silk balls dangle. More balls appear in a row at the front of the bodice, and a double row of them serve as trimming around the lower part of the skirt. Gray silk crepe streamers are set in on either side of the front of the bodice and pass around the waist to tie in a simple bow at the back. Small puffy panniers on each side of the skirt add a quaintly charming touch.

Another gown is of silver gray satin, with a lustrous mirror-like quality to the surface. The bodice has short kimono sleeves with turned-back cuffs and a rounded neck bordered by a rolling collar. An apron-like piece of satin folds up over the bodice, so that

Afternoon Gown of Steel Gray Pussy Willow Crepe.

the straight upper edge completes the neck, the collar ends extending to each side of it. The lower part of this overbodice is draped slightly in basque effect, and a portion of it rolls back to expose the facing of henna georgette. The sleeves and collar are also faced with the contrasting material, and a strip of it edges the apron panel of the overbodice. The skirt has tiers of satin flounces on each side to vary the outline.

A new hat is also of gray, the medium being a fine silk crepe. Combined with it is a shiny straw with pale greenish gray tints.

HOW BLOUSES ARE TRIMMED

Garments Are Heavily Tinseled, Inset With Jewels and Lavishly Beaded in Bugles.

The newest blouses are elaborately trimmed and embroidered. Heavily tinseled, inset with jewels and lavishly beaded in bugles set in close all-over designs, these blouses are made both long and short. The longest models reach almost to the knees. Rust-colored background for embroidery of dull purple, and blue and gold are combined with black bugles. In rust-colored crepe a short tie-on blouse is embroidered in white silk, and is further ornamented with jewels of ruby color, a heavy antique gold gimp trimming being used to simulate a setting for them as well as making a neck finish.

Imitation sapphires stud circles of heavy silver tinsel thread, which is applied in a loose darning stitch on a black blouse, which is also of short cut, and another of the waistline length black blouses has a design in green and gold trimming.

Crystal bugles in gold color are effective in combination with milk bugles on a long pale gray blouse, which has a border design closely patterned, and a similar band treatment is introduced at the shoulder, this forming also a large portion of the sleeve.

A dark blue taffeta silk panel on a tan crepe blouse gradually grows wider as it runs from neck to below the waistline, and is tucked in flat horizontal rows inset at intervals with val lace; it is girdled with dark grosgrain ribbon.

[illegible]

It was [illegible] writing. The [illegible] weak [illegible] poor old [illegible] more himself [illegible] by the [illegible] closely [illegible] a woman's [illegible] and there is [illegible]

"To this old [illegible] lives in the [illegible] to what [illegible]

"That is because [illegible] her name, [illegible] the gray head [illegible] lady.

"It is many days [illegible] stole away in the night [illegible] ashamed. What [illegible] thought? I shall never [illegible] haps you expected [illegible] slinking silence from such [illegible] I thought I [illegible]

"I am very weak. That [illegible] sapped my small strength [illegible] the fever gripped me. [illegible] is quite clear.

"I can see you now, the [illegible] in your mind eyes as you [illegible] the wounded lad fallen at your [illegible] compassion that changed [illegible] ly to aversion, to hatred, at [illegible] the too-familiar gray of the [illegible] field uniform.

"You would have turned [illegible] knew it—but you would not [illegible] thing held you. Was it the [illegible] of a boy in those hortons blue? Or it the utter helplessness of the [illegible] stranger that touched your [illegible] heart? No tears of pity [illegible] eyes, yet I felt your [illegible] fumbling at my naked [illegible] my weight over to [illegible]

"Then I was lying [illegible] bed as my weary body [illegible] for months. I was [illegible] ing between clean sheets [illegible] pain somehow [illegible] over me, offering [illegible] was gentle; you [illegible] from me.

"Again I [illegible] the moonlight [illegible] the tiny window. [illegible] on the earthen floor, [illegible] God.

"Then I saw [illegible] flict, in its power [illegible] heart. For your [illegible] gone—two sons with [illegible] ing their lives daily [illegible] husband of your [illegible] a wooden [illegible] violated by [illegible] your last, [illegible] Ah, how well you [illegible] of war!

"Yet you could pray, [illegible] crushed and alone [illegible] amid the ruins of all [illegible] lished, you prayed for [illegible] though he was yet [illegible] ing upon the wounded lad [illegible] taken in

"You sleep, that night, [illegible] hard [illegible] And I [illegible] of my pain, for your [illegible] brought me a strange [illegible]

"For two days and nights [illegible] sive, gaining strength [illegible] mission. Patiently I was [illegible] and tenderly, and I [illegible] miracle of your love.

"For how [illegible] was for [illegible] thers, that I had [illegible] I had risked life [illegible] indeed, could you [illegible] ness of soul [illegible] and loss of [illegible] to this [illegible]

"I could [illegible] carding the [illegible] no longer serve [illegible] the stolen speech of [illegible] band, I could leave [illegible]

"Now at last I may [illegible] work is done and I rest.

"What may come I know [illegible] this I know: My [illegible] crushed is whole again. [illegible] life, O mother and friend, [illegible] more than that—you [illegible] to a soul that was lost [illegible] as I wait here, I have no [illegible] the God who has [illegible] will not forget me.

"Now it is evening, [illegible] But in my heart [illegible] never leave you [illegible] mother, and may [illegible] you for what you have [illegible]

* * *

The postscript was [illegible] by a tired nurse in [illegible] duties.

"He is [illegible] old cart, while Nanette [illegible] wept softly, "but his [illegible] drous sweet [illegible] not hear his [illegible] say he is [illegible] may never [illegible] your notes [illegible] that God will [illegible] mother, pray for [illegible] soul of that [illegible]

* * *

He—If I [illegible] me what would [illegible]

She—Good [illegible]

He—Well [illegible] with?

She—Good [illegible]

[illegible]