

LOVE AT SIGHT

By HELEN F. MACDONALD.

Of all the sickening bromides, 'Love at First Sight' is the worst—its an illogical platitude, never has meant anything, and never will. Proximity, mutual interest, loneliness, with the element of time, will all prompt love, but this immediate rapture that seizes people all of a sudden—oh, it's deliciously humorous. Judith Barnes passed, a little breathless, and looked challengingly around the group of her dearest friends—Anne Rogers, Nancy Staples and Dot Blair, all of whom were apparently taking the popular side of the argument, "love at first sight vs. love after a series of sights."

"But Judy," said Anne, "look at Dick and me; you know how terribly undecided I was about things before I took that trip last summer and met him—why, I loved him from the first moment I saw him, I'm sure of that"—and gentle Anne patted the shining solitaire on her left hand as if to protect it from Judith's voracious onslaught.

"Take Potty's case"—Nancy jumped up for emphasis—"didn't she marry Ned after knowing him only three weeks, and didn't he go to war and come home and aren't they two of the happiest people you know. Doesn't that prove that people are sometimes predestined to love immediately upon meeting?"

Nancy's velvet brown eyes flashed storm signals of indignation at Judith's disregard of such tried and true tradition.

"Well, girls," broke in Dorothy, the ever-ready diplomat of the quartet, "I move we adjourn, if we're going to the dance tonight. Judy has evidently got to have much stronger evidence presented that citing examples of the lives and loves of mere people. Let's wait until she falls in love herself, and then make her tell us accurately the moment the 'grand passion' claimed our Judith," and Dot dramatically appealed to heaven to witness the pact.

But Judy, the image-breaker, threw a pillow at the actress, and the girls dispersed for the day.

It had been an unusually gay winter. The annual charity ball had started the season auspiciously early in November, and now April had come with its Easter weddings to prepare for. Four happily excited girls, sitting around Judith Barnes' boudoir, were eagerly discussing color groupings, bouquets, and all highly important items which would render them worthy to attend on their royal highness, Judy, at the occasion of her marriage to the prince of her heart at high noon, the following Saturday.

"And to think, Judy," Dot's excited treble broke in on the general conversation, "you haven't seen Don since Christmas, just before he sailed for Japan; and then you had met him such a very short time before—it must have taken you almost a week to fall in love with that highly attractive naval officer, h'm, dear?" Dot paused and diabolically winked at Anne and Nancy. "And, Judy, apropos of being in love, do you remember our little discussion of a few months ago on the subject?"

"Oh, yes," demure little Judy happily smiled on the bridesmaids-to-be—"wasn't it something about love at first sight, and haven't Don and I proved to your entire satisfaction that such a thing exists?"

And then Judy got the first taste of her bridal confetti.

Ocean's Path of Light. The night before the islands were to come in view the sea was lit by a phosphorescence so magnificent that even my shipmates, absorbed in escarpe below, called to one another to view it. The engine took us along at about six knots and every wave that broke over us was a lamp of loveliness. The wake of the Morning Star was a milky-pathway lit with trembling fragments of brilliancy and below the surface, beside the rudder, was a strip of green light from which a billion sparks of fire shot to the air. Far behind, until the horizon closed upon the ocean, our wake was curiously mindful of the boulevard of a great city seen through a mist, the lights fading in the dim distance, sparkling still. . . . It was as if lightning played beneath the waves so luminous, so scintillating the water and its reflection upon the ship. "White Shadows in the South Seas."

Old Marriage Customs. The custom of sprinkling grain upon the bridal pair was in early use among the Semitic peoples. With them grain was a symbol of fruitfulness, and the Jews considered fruitfulness in marriage the greatest blessing that could be granted them. In ancient Persia in Talmudic times fruits and flowers were strewn in the path of the pair, and they were showered with barley, which had been planted in a pot shortly before the wedding. In England the use of wheat at marriages continued for many centuries, and under the Tudor kings brides bore wheat sheaves on their heads, the grain was scattered over them and garlands made of wheat, finely gilded, were carried by the chief maidens of the district in the bride's procession to the church. The custom of scattering grain over bridal couples was observed on the continent of Eu-

MARY



Among the hundreds of popular 'movie' stars there is one who is known as the "world's sweetheart." She is Mary—Mary Pickford—Fairbanks—and she is known to practical, if every man, woman and child in this country and in all others.

"What's in a Name?"

By MELDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky towel.

SADIE.

THE quaint name of Sadie, lately spelled Sadye, has its origin with Sarah. It comes from a Hebrew verb meaning to fight or rule, and hence came to signify "princess." The first record of the use of Sarah or Sara belongs to Bible history where the wife of Abraham was so called.

Sadie came into existence through the Irish—unless one came to believe that she is only an Americanization of one of Sarah's many diminutives. But for the sake of etymological exactness, it is nice to believe that the Irish Sadhbh was the real forerunner of Sadie.

But between the time of Abraham's wife and the appearance of the Irish version of her name, Sarah had been adopted by other countries and had won great popularity. In England Sara Beauchamp gave it vogue in the reign of Edward I and Sarotta of Moulton, who lived in a former reign, was also supposed to possess a name which was another and favorite form of Sarah.

The French preferred Sara without the "h" and it still continues in great vogue there. They have another form, Sarotte, which is also popular. Ireland's Sadhbh and America's Sadie are apparently the only other existing forms.

Sadie has a curious talkative gem—malachite. If it is engraved with an image of the sun, it will bring her peace, freedom from danger and disease, and sound sleep. It is particularly lucky for children, and it is said that a piece of malachite tied to a child's cradle will protect it from dangers throughout later life. Saturday is Sadie's lucky day and 7 her lucky number.

(Copyright.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

HOW FARES THE LEAF?

HOW fares the leaf that you turned o'er When glad New Year first showed her face? Today what seems to be the score? No mortal hand can e'er erase? 'Tis withered? And your promise fair Hath gone to glimmer with the days, And many a blot hath fallen there? Through lapses into former ways? Ah well—too bad. And yet Time's tree Holds leaves abundant to your head. And if this one shall withered be A fresher waits for your command.

(Copyright.)



EXPENSIVE SPORT NOW. "Do you remember when you were a little girl and played beam bag?" "Yes. Weren't beam cheap in those days."

FORGET PASSAGE OF TIME

Neither at Work or in the Hours of Play Does It Pay to Watch the Clock.

At only one time does the average human being measure time with effort, and that is when he is goaded by fear. Scare a man with impending disaster, with bodily danger or with death and he becomes really active. Time doesn't drag then. The clock hands, if he took time to look at them, would seem like racehorses in their speed.

Don't be a clock watcher. Work while you work with so much energy, so much interest that time doesn't matter.

Play when you play with so much abandon, so much enthusiasm that the day passes without your measurement.

The man who measures time in cycles or circles is wrong. Time must be computed in a straight line along which there is no backward motion.

You can never have yesterday again. If you wasted it, try and make today do double duty. But you can't do that if you watch the clock.—F. A. Walker in Chicago Daily News.

BELIEVES IN SAVING PENNIES

Rich New York Banker Certainly Cannot Be Justly Accused of Undue Wastefulness.

Russell Sage made a great record but there's another rich old man who is hot on his trail.

This man is a New York investment banker, who is largely interested in a southern railroad. Once a year he makes a trip of inspection over the property in a private car. Usually he takes with him two big valises, into which his extra clothing is packed. Arriving at the end of the road he sends his valet to a barber shop, which he has patronized once a year for years, to arrange for a bath. A porter carries the two valises there and back. For this he receives a tip of 5 cents. The banker pays 25 cents for his bath. After bathing he returns to the private car. He sleeps in it in the railroad yard rather than pay the fancy price the hotels charge.

The financial man's valet never washes out his employer's shaving cup. The banker does not believe in wasting soap.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Contempt, but Not of Court.

When "Auntie" Dorcas, a typical old negro mammy, was placed in the witness chair in the Austin (Tex.) police court the other day, she observed Judge A. L. Love presiding over the august body. She had been in the family of Judge Love when he was a boy. She was peeved at being summoned as a witness and, glancing up, she recognized the judge.

"Is dat you?" she sniffed contemptuously. "Correct you are, 'auntie,'" was the reply.

"What you all doin' up there? Is a good mind to knock you all out of that chair with a stick?" Judge Love took the remark good naturedly, and there was no hint that the witness was in contempt of court.

Pa Equal to Emergency.

Wittle—Paw, can you name six noted legislative bodies?

Paw—Well, there's the American congress, and the British parliament, and the French chamber of deputies, and the German reichstag and the Japanese diet, my son.

Wittle—But that's only five, and the teacher wants us to name six.

Paw—Well, there's the—er—er—the Hungarian goulash. Now, don't bother me. Can't you see I'm reading.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Thought She Was a Parrot.

"You are charged with being drunk and disorderly, sir."

"Your honor, there must be a mistake somewhere. I had a few drinks, but I'm sure I wasn't disorderly."

"The young lady cashier who had you arrested says you were poking crackers through the brass bars of her cage and saying, 'Pretty Polly, pretty Polly.'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

It's Naturally Longer.

J. B. M. has revived and revamped a trick question that was popular in Grover's day. "How far would the names of our Presidents reach if they were placed one after the other?" The old answer was "from Washington to Cleveland." The revised answer runs "from Washington to Harding" (a town in West Virginia).—Boston Transcript.

Where He Might Succeed.

Blind Beggar (who has been advised to go to work)—"And what would you have me work at—me being blind from birth?" Old Gentleman—"Why, my friend, many of your colleagues have succeeded splendidly as diplomats."—Paris L'Illustration.

Willing to Serve.

"Want to go on an investigating committee?"

"If it is headed in the right direction, I don't mind investigating ice conditions in Havana harbor."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Returning the Ring.

Jeweler—Why do you want the diamond removed from this ring? It's a perfect stone.

Maud Grabbins—Well, I've broken my engagement with Mr. Green and fit's against my principles to keep the ring.

SMILE WITH US

No Other Way. "He's gone crazy over golf." "That's the only way there is to get over that game."

Awful Blunder. "What cured Cholly of flirting?" "He tried to flirt with a police woman."

Righto. "You say he is a man of decision?" "Yes—he's a baseball umpire."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Taking a Chance. "Congratulations, my dear. I once thought of marrying him." "Well, maybe I'll congratulate you later."

Perverse. Husband—"You must try to keep the bills down." Wife—"I do, but they are always running up."

Sarcastic. "That's a bad cold you have." "Yes. Sometimes I wish I could have a good one for a change."

Inseparable. "Waggle and his young wife are inseparable, aren't they?" "Yes; he calls her his altar ego."

Without Interrupting. "Is she really so curious?" "Curious? Why, that woman would listen to advice."

Located. Maud—"If the third finger is for the wedding ring, which is for divorce?" Marie—"The finger of scorn."

Where Wizardry Fails. Knicker—"Is that seer any good?" Bocker—"No, she could tell my fortune, but not my income tax."

Superfluous. Guide—These are the Catacombs. Tourist—Why cellars without prohibition?—New York Herald.

Oversold. "Do you solicit orders for automobiles?" "No. I accept them from deservng people."

Simplifying Matters. "Grace's husband has insured himself for \$50,000." "The selfish brute! He ought to be shot!"

Luck. "Is there such a thing as luck?" "What do you pick out cantaloupes with?"

A Call. "Have your neighbors made any overtures as yet?" "Their cat was over today looking for trouble."

Truthful Answer. Customer—"Your knit underwear, is it all wool-knit?" Merchant—"Ach! Mein crastus, yes; all wool—nit."

A Dry Ocean. "Yes, I was on the ocean 14 days." "And how was the trip?" "Very dry."—Courier-Journal.

For a Consideration. Spratt (gloomily)—"I don't believe I have a friend in the world." Sponger—"You can make one; I need \$5."

Other Ways. "Some people have all the luck." "Then we'll take other ways to succeed. We'll hustle and we'll advertise."

Tough Fare. "Is it true that the cannibals you've been visiting sharpen their teeth to a point?" "Yes," said the explorer, "that's one of the tribe's customs."

"And do they eat old and decrepit members of their own families?" "I'm sorry to say they do."

"Umph! Maybe that's the reason why they sharpen their teeth."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Worth Cultivating. "I have here some lines to the early robin," said the timorous poet.

"Just keep them about you," replied the hard-hearted editor. "The arrival of the early robin has no news value. In fact, it's discounted in advance, but if you happen to hear of any body coming to town with a few million to invest I'll publish a welcoming ode if I lose every subscriber on my list."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Another Call to Arms. A lad of twelve, riding a wheel at top speed, suddenly burst out singing "Good-by, Ma. Good-by, Pa. good-by mule with your old behaw."

An old dandy, sitting half asleep on the board seat of a little old wagon, and drawn by a gray mule, roused himself and exclaimed, "What, you goin' agin'?"

No Consequence. Motorist (after hitting pedestrian)—You were trying to cross the middle of the block.

Pedestrian—What difference does it make? If I cross at the corner you will knock me into the middle of the block, and we might just as well begin there.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Nervy. "He certainly has nerve." "In what way?"

"With times the way they are now, he actually walked in yesterday and asked the boss for a raise in pay."—Detroit Free Press.



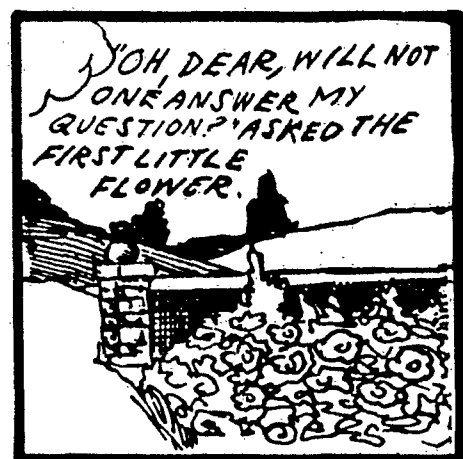
OLD EARTH REPLIES.

ONE night just before the Spring called her children to come forth in all their splendor of color and beauty, a little flower poked out its head and asked: "Where does the snow go that covered the Earth all winter?"

"Oh, what a useless question!" said another flower; "who cares where the snow goes as long as it goes and we can come out and find the sun nice and warm?"

"I think it must go just as the rain does," said another flower who was ready to come out in the morning sun. "But where is that?" asked the first flower; "that is what I want to know and no one can tell me."

"I do not use it," said a big rock. "I let it slide right off of me. I'd



much rather be nice and dry and I cannot see of what use the snow and rain can be to anyone."

"Well, I can tell you that if we had no snow or rain we should not grow," said a tree standing nearby. "But where it goes after we have had all we need for our roots, I cannot tell you."

"I wonder if the old Sunman drinks it up?" said the first little flower. "Oh! no; I am sure he does not," said the tree, for he has all the water he wants nearer home. There are all the rain clouds right up there where he lives."

"Oh, dear, will no one answer my question?" asked the first little flower. "Here I am ready to bloom and

the one thing I wanted to know I have not discovered, and all the winter I slept, with one eye open, too, just to find out."

"Ask the birds," suggested another little flower.

"But the birds are all asleep at night when we can talk," said the first little flower.

"You forget the Owl; he is awake, sister," replied one little flower, "and I have heard that he is a very wise bird."

"He is so far away," complained the first flower; "my head is hardly above the ground and I can never make him hear. Where do the snow and rain go? Will no one tell me?"

"Why not ask me where they go?" said Mother Earth, who had listened all this time to what had been said, "you seem to have forgotten me, my children."

"But, Mother Earth, I thought you were so old-fashioned that you would not know," said the first little flower. "This is a new question. I have never asked it before, and I have never heard anyone else ask it, either."

"My child, there is nothing new under the sun to me, and if you had asked me first you would have been spared all this bother. Even if I am old I can answer all questions, old or new, that my children ask."

"Well, tell us then," said the little flower. "Where does the snow go when we come back in the spring?"

"I drink it, my dear, of course," replied Mother Earth; "how do you suppose you all would grow if I did not?"

"Your roots are nourished, it is true, but first your Mother Earth drinks and then she gives to her children the nourishment they should have."

"How would the infant seeds know what is good for them if I were not here to feed them?"

"Do you know everything, Mother Earth?" asked the little spring flowers.

"All you used to know, my dears," replied Mother Earth. "Now go to sleep or you will not be able to bloom tomorrow." (Copyright.)



DINING FURNITURE OF CHARACTER. Individuality Dependability Moderate Cost. OUR ASSORTMENTS ARE ALWAYS THE LARGEST. Everything for the Home at "Rochester's Home Store". MAMMOTH ASSORTMENTS H.B. GRAVES CO. WE FURNISH HOMES COMPLETE. 78 STATE ST., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Roller Screens. Modernize the home. They are handy, all-steel screens, made of the finest mesh, that are permanently fastened to the window. Made so they roll up easily out of the way. Their installation means an end to screen troubles. Write or telephone for complete information. Fli-Bac Screen Corporation, Rochester, N. Y. Rochester Sales Office 100 East Ave., Phones Stone 1042 Chase 2650

Rochester Iron & Metal Co. 328 St. Paul Street. Iron, Steel and Metals. New and Second-Hand Rails, Pipe, Etc. Telephones, Main 464, Stone 1518

Rochester American Lumber Co. GET OUR PRICES. 142 Portland Avenue 888 Clinton Avenue S. Phone, Home 1366, Bell 1246

John H. McAnarney General Insurance Fidelity Bonds. 101-102 Ellwanger & Barry Bldg. Roch. Phone 2172. Bell Phone 3632 Main

STONE 726 MAIN 726 F. H. Phelps Lumber Co., Inc. We Serve You in LUMBER. Our Trucks Deliver in the Country. OFFICE AND YARDS, 256 ALLEN ST.

Mathews & Boucher. Mechanics Tools, Cutlery, House Furnishings Goods, Builders Hardware, etc., 26 Exchange Street