

**THE WOODS**

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

**RAIN.**

**R**AININ', is it? So it is—  
An' I knew it would!  
When a man has rheumatiz  
In this old left stem of his  
He can tell as good  
When it's goin' to leak  
As your fancy weatherman  
Down here in Chicago can,  
If he thinks a week.  
An' I guess it's jest because  
Rheumatiz an' Nature's laws  
Sort of work together—  
Lots of moisture in the air,  
Rheumatiz a-plenty there,  
Both mean stormy weather.

This left stem of mine can smell  
Water miles away!  
This old stem of mine can tell  
Fifty furlongs from a well  
Where it ought to lay  
An' I'll tell you why.  
This old stem an' me has tramped,  
Waded, swum an' drove an' camped,  
Never gettin' dry.  
Forty Winters, forty Springs,  
Do you wonder that she sings  
When she smells the water?  
If you fellows really knew  
All that laig an' me went through  
Guess you'd think she oughter.

You ain't never had the luck  
Swampin' in the snow:  
None of you ain't never stuck  
To your boot-tops in the muck  
When it's ten below.  
There ain't none of you  
Ever drove the Chippeway  
In the early days of May  
When a nother blow.  
When the river water froze  
In your boots an' in your clothes—  
Freezin', thawin', freezin'.  
If this stem of mine finds out  
When there's water 'round about,  
Surely there's a reason.

An', besides, there's quite a line  
Of such signs of rain,  
There is many another sign  
'Ceptin' this old stem of mine  
'That is just as plain.  
There is bunions yet—  
For a corn or bunion is  
'Most as good as rheumatiz  
Prophecyin' wet  
When you see a cat eat grass,  
When you see a small-mouth bass  
Sendin' up a bubble,  
When you hear a rain-crow caw—  
It is simply Nature's law  
Indicatin' trouble.

Rainin', is it? So it seems.  
It's a nasty night.  
Yonder the street lamp gleams!  
Like the light you see in dreams,  
Soft an' far an' white,  
Like the light you see  
When you let life's half-hitch slip,  
When you kind of lose your grip  
On the things that be  
An' I sometimes think the shore  
That we all are headin' for  
Looks so far an' ghostly  
'Cause we're lookin' like tonight  
We are lookin' at the light  
Through a fog-bank mostly.

How the asphalt pavements shine!  
Almost lookin' clean!  
Every lamp post makes a line  
Like the shadow of a pine  
On a snowy scene.  
In the gutter nigh  
Little ripples curl an' comb,  
Little dirty rivers foam,  
In an hour to die  
They are like the stream of life,  
Full of work an' play an' strife,  
Proud with water an' splinter.  
Each believes himself a flood—  
Most of us is only mud,  
Runnin' down a gutter.

Rainin'! Sure enough it is.  
But it ain't the goods  
Doesn't git right down to biz  
Like the whirling raindrops whiz  
Up there in the woods  
It's a city shower  
Like the other kinds of stuff  
In the city, mostly bluff.  
Lastin' for an hour  
Up there, when it rains, it rains,  
Fillin' rivers, floodin' plains  
Down the mountains washin'  
Up there when a rain we git,  
When we're really through with it  
'Things are jest a-sloshin'.

For a rainstorm in the brush  
Is the wettest thing.  
Ground beneath you soft as mush  
An' around you all a hush.  
Not a bird to sing—  
Jest the droppin' slow  
Of the raindrops on the leaves,  
Spillin' from a billion eyes,  
On the earth below.  
Jest a blanket in the mire,  
Jest a smudgy kind of fire,  
Weak an' slow an' smoky  
Breakfast-pancakes simply lead;  
Dinner-wet an' soggy bread;  
Supper-biscuits stanky.

Rainin', is it? So it is  
Glad I'm high and dry.  
When a man has rheumatiz  
In this old left stem of his  
Keep inside, say I  
Now, this city stuff  
Ain't like woods rain near as wet,  
Ain't like woods rain in an' yet  
It is wet enough in the mire,  
Course the woods rain is the best  
It is dampest, healthiest,  
Better altogether.  
But I guess I'll stay inside  
Terin' to be set  
With this city weather.  
(Copyright.)

**THE CHEERFUL CHERUB**

Coming home from  
work at night  
Gladness in my heart  
just wells  
As I hurry down the  
street  
Sniffing all  
the dinner  
smells

**A Hay Fever Victim.**  
Movie Magnate—Such realistic  
tears! Such genuine emotion! We  
must raise Miss Filmstar's salary at  
least \$500 a month.  
Callous Director—And while you're  
on the job, why not slip a ten-spot to  
the property man who slipped the rag-  
weed into the foliage just before her  
big scene?—Film Fun.

**HER REALLY BRIGHT THOUGHT**

Mary Ellen Had Shrewd Scheme for  
Making Sick Children Satisfied  
With Their Lot.

Little Mary Ellen McKee is, as she  
terms it, "just half past four," and  
lives around the corner from the  
Union hospital in Terre Haute, says  
the Indianapolis News. Recently she  
received a tricycle, which she rides  
morning, noon and night. At first her  
rides were confined to her own street,  
but the other day she wished to ride  
around the corner.  
"But the little sick children at the  
hospital will see you, and then they'll  
be unhappy because they can't ride,  
too," her mother told her.  
Mary Ellen was silent a minute.  
Then she said earnestly: "Well, then,  
mother, I won't ride past the hos-  
pital. When I get in front of it I'll  
get off and push it like it was hard  
work, and then they won't be unhappy.  
They'll be glad they can lie in bed  
and not have to push things like tri-  
cycles."

**BUILD IGLOOS OF CONCRETE.**

Eskimo Indians No Longer Satisfied  
With the Primitive Houses of  
Snow of Their Fathers.

It is a matter of government recog-  
nition that the Eskimo Indians of the  
Pribilof Islands are rapidly gain-  
ing in sophistication, as the prices of  
the sealskins and blue and gray fox  
pelts they sell mount higher and  
higher. These bits of frozen land in  
Bering sea, whose total area is less  
than seventy square miles, have only  
about 350 inhabitants, yet they are  
being assailed by all the aspirations  
of prosperity and are beginning to  
buy the most interesting items the  
mail-order catalogues offer. So Uni-  
ted States engineers are building  
them igloos of concrete, says Popular  
Mechanics Magazine, thus substitut-  
ing the most substantial of materials  
for what seems, from the temperate-  
zone viewpoint, the most ephemeral.  
The builders, however, are careful to  
adhere closely to the native style of  
architecture.

**GATHER HERBS IN MOUNTAINS.**

Carolians Derive Fair Income Col-  
lecting Materials From Which  
Drugs Are Ultimately Made.

An interesting trade in the Carolin  
mountain counties of Ashe, Alleghany  
and Watauga is that in what are  
known as crude drugs, in other words,  
herbs, plants, roots, etc. Some fam-  
ilies have for many years devoted all  
their time to gathering these from the  
mountain sides, live in tents and move  
from place to place until all the mate-  
rials in range are gathered. A con-  
siderable number of farmers spend  
part of their time in this line of work  
and get more money than is paid in  
wages in that region, while at the  
same time living near to nature, the  
most healthful life imaginable, amid  
the cliffs and with numerous rattle-  
snakes to be watched for also. Wild  
cherry bark, hazelwood leaves, man-  
drake, cohosh, ginseng and golden  
seal are sought after.—Manufacturers'  
Record.

**The Road to Success.**

A Sunday school teacher had been  
describing to her pupils the joys of  
heaven. At the close of the lesson  
she asked:  
"How many would like to go to  
heaven?"  
All, save one, raised their hands.  
Turning to the exception the teacher  
asked:  
"Surely, you don't want to go to  
hell!"  
The youngster nodded his head vig-  
orously.  
"Sure, I do," he asserted. "My  
father said that's where business has  
gone, and I want to go in business."  
—Finance and Industry.

**Kinds of Berries.**

One kindergarten teacher was in-  
structing the class in nature study,  
and was asking the children to name  
many kinds of berries as they  
could. Raspberry, strawberry, goose-  
berry and huckleberry were mentioned,  
but the list was not complete without  
the last "berry."  
Johnny stood up in his anxiety to  
be the first to name it.  
"Library, library is another one," he  
announced.

**She Knew Time.**

Four-year-old Betty had been per-  
mitted to go visiting at Aunt Ruth's  
house. About four o'clock Uncle  
James made ready to take her home,  
but Betty objected strenuously to go-  
ing. "My Muvver said I could stay  
all day," she said, "and it's all day till  
it's dark."

**A Ruling.**

"My client accuses her husband of  
cruel and inhuman treatment, your  
honor. He refused to buy her a thou-  
sand dollar fur coat."  
"Well, that may have been cruel,  
but I hardly think it was inhuman."  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Muffler Wanted.**

Agent—I have here a little inven-  
tion to make the voice carry farther.  
Mr. Henpeck—For goodness' sake,  
don't tell my wife.—Science and In-  
vention.

**The True Answer.**

Interviewer—"To what do you at-  
tribute your longevity?" Old Man—  
"To the fact that I never died, prin-  
cipally."

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**THE RIGHT THING  
AT  
THE RIGHT TIME**  
By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

**WHEN YOU TRAVEL.**

An agreeable companion on a journey  
is as good as a carriage. —Publius Syrus

**D**ON'T open the window until you  
have asked your seat-companion  
whether or not she would object, as  
many a person detests a draught, and  
is seriously tormented by the dust or  
soot that comes in.

Don't wear a hat with a feather long  
enough to threaten eyes and cheeks  
every time you turn, or carry great  
bunches of flowers which take up too  
much room in the seat, or else drip  
water from the rack above.

Don't forget that when you draw up  
the shade of the window in your own  
seat you may be causing the rays of  
the sun to shine directly in the eyes  
of the person in the seat behind you,  
by lowering it slightly you can pre-  
vent this without blocking your own  
view.

Remember that when you pay a  
single fare for a ride in a day coach  
you are really entitled only to a single  
seat. You are not, therefore, confer-  
ring any favor on the person who asks  
whether he may ride beside you. You  
have actually paid for no more than  
half the section; so when you permit  
your luggage or other belongings to  
lop over on the other side you are  
using something that does not belong  
to you—something, in fact, that your  
seatmate has paid for.

Don't forget, however, if you take a  
seat beside another person to express  
your thanks if he moves his things to  
make more room for you. This need  
be no more than a formal but gracious  
"thank you."

In short, do nothing that you would  
not do to your best friend or the per-  
son you loved with all your heart, for  
every train traveler is your brother,  
and sister in a broad sense.  
(Copyright.)

**Champion Stingy Man.**

One morning, about three years ago,  
it snowed very hard. It must have  
been about three feet deep. I wanted  
to make some money, so I went across  
the street from where I lived and  
asked the man who lived there if he  
did not want his snow shoveled off.  
He said, "Go to it."

It took me about two hours to shovel  
it off. I expected to get about 75 cents  
for it. I went to the door and asked  
for my money.  
"Do you expect to get anything for  
shoveling that snow off? Why, when  
I was young we thought it good exer-  
cise to do a little work like that once  
in a while."—Chicago Tribune.

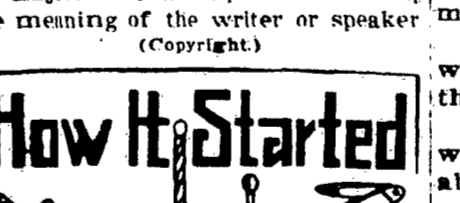
**HOW DO YOU SAY IT?**  
By C. N. LURIE  
Common Errors in English and  
How to Avoid Them

**"GRAND"**

**T**HE word "grand" has its proper  
place in English, but it is fre-  
quently misused. Used properly, it  
means "impressive, of imposing char-  
acter or size, of large proportions."  
Thus, we may say of St. Peter's in  
Rome, that it is grand. "The sun ris-  
ing over the mountains, presented a  
grand spectacle" furnishes also an  
instance of the correct use of the  
word, as does, "Gladstone is called the  
'Grand Old Man' of England."

But we hear frequently such Indi-  
cious uses of the word "grand" as the  
following: "Did you enjoy your dish  
of cream?" "Yes, it was grand."  
"Did a fine fall down the bay; the  
weather was grand." "We had a  
grand time at the picnic." In most  
cases of the incorrect use of the ad-  
jective "grand" the word "enjoyable"  
or "delightful" may be substituted.

In other cases it is not difficult to find  
an adjective that expresses correctly  
the meaning of the writer or speaker.  
(Copyright.)



**THE PENCIL.**

**I**N THE earliest days draftsman-  
used simply bits of colored chalk  
or clay to mark with; a little later  
metallic lead was used. The modern  
plumbago or graphite is not lead.  
From there the industry spread to the  
United States, which now leads in the  
manufacture.  
(Copyright.)

**Her Irritability.**

"Bonnie's got a terrible dispost-  
tion, don't ya think?" asked Claudine  
of the rapid fire restaurant.  
"I'll say she has!" replied Heloise  
of the same establishment. "Why,  
night before last while she was stroll-  
ing home three fellas in a motor car  
drove up to the curb, and one of 'em  
jumped out and grabbed her and tried  
to drag her into it. I s'pose she didn't  
like their looks or sump'n; anyhow,  
she began to yell, and slapped the  
first fella into the ditch and yanked  
the other two out of the car and like  
to have beat 'em to death before they  
could get away."—Kansas City Star.

**CAUGHT ON THE FLY**

The man in the treadmill doesn't  
enjoy seeing the wheels go round.  
If a man can put a squalling baby to  
sleep he has a right to feel chesny.  
It's often a man's strong right arm  
that favorably impresses a woman.

Only a beautiful girl can afford to  
keep her domestic virtues under cover.  
Nothing else so enhances the value  
of a thing as difficulty in obtaining it.  
Even if the wind does whistle occa-  
sionally it never tackles popular airs.  
There is a limit to everything, but  
lots of men never realize it until it is  
too late.

When a man gets beat at any kind  
of game he says that he is out of  
practice.  
Profit is not without honor in any  
country; but it is often dishonorably  
acquired.

A wise man never tells a woman  
with a baby how pretty some other  
woman's baby is.  
Let's not waste time trying to figure  
out how much of a snake is body and  
how much is tail.

Adding as a postscript, "Burn this  
letter," is your cue to start the con-  
flagration yourself.  
The girl who listens to soft noth-  
ings hopes that they may eventually  
mean a great deal.

We feel sorry for the young man  
who is afflicted with the impression  
that he knows it all.  
About the easiest way to hurt a  
woman is to say something mean  
about the man she loves.

Every woman knows that she talks  
too much, but what she doesn't know  
is that there is a remedy.  
Because a girl refuses a young man  
you needn't suppose it's a sign that  
she isn't going to marry him.  
**EVIDENTLY HE DIDN'T LIKE IT**

**From Report Made, Postoffice Em-  
ployee Had Decidedly Poor Opin-  
ion of That New Trailer.**  
Once on a time an automobile con-  
cern asked the postoffice department  
to try out a certain truck trailer. The  
car was put in service at a post-  
office and shortly the traffic superin-  
tendent asked for a written report  
from one of the automobile drivers.  
This is the report.  
"I has respety used in this run 74  
Taller for 4 days in this low down  
driveway and is to be in my way and  
to have to push and shove it and lift  
it around myself in the lie and get  
under the end to uncouple it luse and  
can't back it up at all and go ahead  
2 doors in backing and getting the  
pin thing loss again and the gas  
shooting in your face and everybody  
holtering at you and in my way to get  
out."  
The report finally reached Washing-  
ton, was read and filed. The trailer  
was not accepted.

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