

NOT MUCH OUT OF ORDINARY

Instructor of Leopard of Course Added Excitement to Tennis Game, but Otherwise—

A leopard—but let us begin at the beginning. Last year an Englishman, Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, flew from Cairo to Capetown by plane. Among other places he landed at a little settlement in a British protectorate in Central Africa and spent a day and a night there. The jungle was right at the doors of the white men's houses. So numerous were the wild beasts that the village seemed to be in the midst of a vast menagerie, and so bold and dangerous that men and women went armed even by day. At night they kept indoors.

White Doctor Mitchell and his hostess, a young English matron, were having a game of tennis two bright-eyed bucks plunged into the court and a leopard followed them. "My hostess dropped her racket, caught her skirts in both hands and bolted for the house," says Doctor Mitchell. "I followed without a second look." The next-door neighbor, however, caught up his gun and got a shot at the leopard before it could spring on either of the bucks. The wounded cat turned tail and leaped back into the jungle behind the tennis court. The bucks, however, could not stop but went careering across the street, crashed through a garden and a pergola and disappeared into the bush beyond.

Let Fortune Get Away. All that glitters is not gold, but lack of glitter is not a certain test for worthlessness. It was found by gold diggers along a river in Papua, British New Guinea, recently. While searching for gold the men encountered a bluish-gray, flakish substance which they cast aside as worthless. Two months ago two pounds of this substance was bought in London by an American firm for approximately \$4,000, or eight times the value of the same amount of gold. It was osmiridium, a member of one of the hardest metals known and used for the tipping of fountain pens and for delicate bearings of fine machinery. It is worth \$200 an ounce. When the prospectors learned the value of the substance they hurried back to the river and leaped that tropical rains had washed away most of the precious stuff. By careful work they raked together what was left, had it refined and sent to London.

Intentions Good, Methods Poor. The Pullman porter's intentions were good, but his methods poor. Two sisters, near the sixty mark, were en route from Kansas to Indiana. The younger, weighing about 80 pounds, was convalescing from a long illness and needed assistance in moving about. The porter frequently was called for help. One morning he met the older sister, who weighed near the 150 mark, and remarked: "Why, your mother just walked down the aisle. She must be much better."

The Explanation. Returning home from the park a man was jubilant because he had won prizes at several of the stands. "I got four boxes of candy, two ketchup dolls, seven stickpins and a chicken," he told his wife. "Did you wear your sporty hat?" "Yes." "And that suit with the big checks?" "Why, certainly." "And that loud tie?" "Yes, but what's the difference?" "That accounts for the winning of all these prizes. I'll bet a cookie the stand keepers thought you were a caper connected with the outfit."

Suez Canal to Be Tunnelled. The great military base at Kantara, from which the British built a military railway through the desert to Palestine, is being dismantled. The line, of course, is permanent. During the war the Suez canal was crossed by a large swing bridge, which is now to be dismantled. Connection between the Egyptian railways and the new line to Palestine will be maintained by means of a tunnel which will be built below the Suez canal.

Japan to Honor First Emperor. Japan is preparing to build a pyramid for the first emperor, Jimmu Tenu, somewhere in the suburbs of Tokio, and for this purpose a collection of prominent men will collect a stone from every subject of the empire says the Argonaut. It is the intention to make this the highest monument in the Far East.

Henry's Young Grandmother

By R. RAY BAKER

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Alice Trover's heart was heavy as she turned from the window where, shielded by a curtain, she had watched Henry Gordon disappear round a corner of the street.

She dropped into a chair and picked up a magazine. The cover represented an insipid young woman carrying a parasol and a dog-looking in rapture over a fence at a stack of hay. The cover oppressed Alice, so she turned to the back and absently began reading an advertisement in colors.

"Discovered! The Elixir of Youth!" ran the headline of the advertisement in bright red letters. And a subtitle below it was:

"Why Have Wrinkles? Use Sylvia Hall's Carmine Cold Cream and Banish Signs of Age and Worry."

Then there were two pictures, one of a woman who might be about eighty-five years old, and the other of a girl of perhaps sixteen. On perusing further, Alice discovered that the two persons were one, and the same, the first being "before" and the other "after" using the wonderful "Carmine Cold Cream."

Alice discarded the magazine and smiled bitterly.

"Perhaps I had better invest in some of that," she mused. "Not that I'm so old, but I'd like to banish worry. I must be getting a liberal supply of wrinkles, and I'll be looking like a hundred years old if this ordeal doesn't end pretty soon. Why can't I muster enough courage to do my duty to Henry and myself?"

The "ordeal" in question began two weeks ago, when Alice first saw Henry with another woman. They had been in a restaurant dining, and Alice had happened along and had seen them through a window. The view was from a distance, but it had been sufficient to convince Alice that her rival was young and good looking.

She waited for Henry to speak of the matter, but he did not mention it.

She Had Watched Henry Gordon. Inasmuch as he had been engaged to Alice for a year, it would have been the proper thing for him to explain himself, she thought.

Alice was willing to let it drop, only the very next day Jennie Quates, who worked with her in the shoe manufacturer's office, came to her with a story of having seen Henry with "a very stylishly dressed young woman" at a party. Soon after other friends were kind enough to inform her of episodes of a similar nature, and finally Alice again saw the pair herself at the same restaurant, through the same window.

Then she decided she must act. She no longer loved Henry's ring. He had fallen in love with another girl, and his own sense of duty was preventing him from stepping out of Alice's life. That was the way Alice figured it.

Three times after Alice had made that decision Henry called on her, and three times she had tried to act as she had planned. But she cared so much for him, and he treated her so much as he always had that she could not bring herself to the climax of their romance that she had determined upon.

Finally, in desperation, Alice sought the advice of her aunt, who was worldly wise and versed in matters of the heart, having had three husbands and survived them all. She found her aunt performing her toilet and making profuse use of some crimson, paste-like substance which she took from a large jar.

"Making myself young again," explained the aunt, rubbing the oily substance into her face. "This is Sylvia Hall's Carmine Cream, which restores youth, banishes old age and wrinkles. You won't know me when I get made up. I think I'll try my hand at matrimony again when I have camouflaged the traces of Father Time's scythe."

She refused to become serious when Alice related her tale of woe.

"There's only one of two things to do," advised the aunt. "Hand him his ring and forget about him (what's one man more or less? There's plenty of them.) Or get busy and beat out this other woman that has stolen his affec-



When Doctors Disagree. "What did the doctors decide upon at the consultation?" "The surgeon advised an operation." "Did they all agree with him?" "No. The osteopath insisted upon osteopathic treatments; the electrical man thought electricity necessary; the throat specialist recommended his treatment, so we decided to stek to the family doctor since we couldn't give them all a chance."

Poor. "Here's a pass for two. Take your girl to the theater tonight." "Sorry, mister, but I can't accept your generosity." "Why not?" "I can't afford the price of the meal she'd expect after the show."—Detroit Free Press.

doos. This may sound terribly slaty, but that's the result of the youth restorer getting in its work.

"But I love him too much to let him go, even though it's my duty," protested Alice, "and I can't bring myself to entering in a contest for his affections, especially when I've had them all to myself for so long."

"Better think it over, then," said the aunt. "You have my advice, and it's the best I can give. Better let him take the initiative, if you can't do it yourself."

"I must, though. It's my plain duty to break off our engagement and let Henry and this other woman enjoy happiness. I'll do it next time I see him, in spite of the inclination of my heart."

And Alice took her leave, while her aunt muttered something about "heart, affections—rot!" and resumed lather-lag her face.

While Alice was passing the window, however, the aunt appeared to have been struck with an idea, for she called:

"Alice, I just happen to think of something. Perhaps this other woman is Henry's sister, or cousin, or—his mother. You never can tell these days, you know. Wait till you see me after this restorer gets in its fine work."

"No, it can't be," Alice rejoined. "Henry has no sisters or cousins. I know that to be a fact, and his mother is dead."

"Too bad, then. I thought perhaps I'd solved the puzzle. Well, good-by; and don't lose any sleep and get a lot of worry wrinkles."

At the dinner hour the next day Alice could not keep away from the restaurant where her troubles of the heart had begun. She had no intention of spying, but she simply must know if "that affair" was continuing.

Evidently it was, for through the window Alice saw Henry and the fashionably garbed woman she had almost learned to hate. Apparently they had dined earlier than usual, for Henry was paying the cashier and the lady was waiting for him. She carried a pink parasol, and all she needed, Alice thought, to duplicate the insipid picture on the front of a magazine was to have a dog nestled under her arm and a stack of hay at which to gaze in rapture.

"She's a silly looking young thing," the watcher remarked, and started away, determined not to be seen.

But she was seen. Henry spied her as he turned from the cashier's desk. Immediately he waved to her, and linking his arm through that of the other woman he strode to the door.

"Good evening, Alice," he said, doffing his hat and drawing the other woman toward his fiancée.

"Good evening," Alice responded coolly.

"I'd like you to meet a very celebrated lady," Henry went on. "You've read lots about her, no doubt, for her name is in all the magazines. Women are blessing her in every part of the globe for the good service she is performing for them. Alice, this is Sylvia Hall, the inventor and manufacturer of the famous 'Carmine Cream,' that has banished age for so many, including herself. She's a living advertisement of her wares, as you can see for yourself. And," he finished proudly, "she's my only living relative. Alice, my fiancée—my grandmother."

DIPLOMATS IN GAUDY DRESS

Uniforms Worn Long Ago by American Representatives Abroad Had No Note of Simplicity.

With the early life of the Republic we are inclined to associate the idea of Jeffersonian simplicity in all forms, yet in 1817 the accepted uniform of the American diplomatic service was as follows, according to the Literary Digest: Blue coat lined with white silk; straight standing cape embroidered with gold, single-breasted, straight or round buttonholes, slightly embroidered; buttons plain, or if they can be had, with white silk; straight standing upon them, i. e., an eagle flying with a wreath in its mouth, grasping lightning in its talons; cuffs embroidered in the manner of the cape; white cashmere breeches; gold knee-buckles; white silk stockings and gold or gilt shoe buckles. A three-cornered champagne bus, not so large as those worn by the French nor so small as those worn by the English. A black cockade to which, lately, an eagle has been attached. Sword, etc., corresponding.

Then Andrew Jackson became President, and the uniform was modified for economy and to be better "adapted to the simplicity of our institutions," and finally, in 1853, there went forth the recommendation to ministers to confine themselves to the "simple dress of an American citizen," a recommendation which, we are told, produced "a terrible uproar in Europe."

Immaculate Conception Parish

The funeral of John G. Fitzgerald was held at 8:30 o'clock Thursday morning from the family home, No. 159 Plymouth avenue south, and at 9 o'clock at this church. Rev. A. M. O'Neill officiated at the high mass of requiem, assisted by Rev. Leo B. Smith as deacon and Rev. Francis J. Lane as sub-deacon. The bearers were James B. Bennett, Thomas Condon, W. E. Driscoll, Edward L. Mangan, Stephen J. Spellman and Edward F. Wemett. Interment was made in the family lot at Holy Sepulcher cemetery. Rev. John McMahon, chaplain of St. Ann's Home, officiated at the grave.

According to His Lights

Nine-year-old Margaret came home from church with the announcement that the regular minister was absent and that one of the laymen, a doctor by profession, had preached in his stead. "Well, dear, did he preach you a good sermon?" her mother asked.

"I suppose so, mother," the little girl returned seriously, "only he seemed to have forgotten God, for he talked about himself all the time."—Indianapolis News.

Suitable Covering

"What shall I wear to the party tonight?" asked Mrs. Glipping. "Have you a dress in the house?" said Mr. Glipping. "Of course I have a dress in the house." "Well, I wish you'd put it on. I haven't seen you wear a dress to a social function in so long I'd like to see how you look."—Birmingham Age Herald.

From First to Last

Henry was called from his play about 4 o'clock one afternoon recently, his sister saying: "Time to clean up; come on." Henry, who is dutiful, looked up and inquired: "I gotta take a bath?" "Yes, sir!" "A whole one?" Laughter drowned the answer.

He Said Too Much

Young Wife—The dentist pulled my wisdom tooth today, so you mustn't be surprised if you find me stupid. Hub—Nonsense! The idea that a wisdom tooth has anything to do with wisdom is absurd. Why, you wouldn't be any stupider if you had every tooth in your head pulled.—Boston Transcript.

Those who are gossiped about most, gossip least.

Good taste is essentially a moral quality.—Boskin.

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Padriac Pearse Council

The Padriac Pearse Council, American Association for Recognition of the Irish Republic, will hold its annual outing at Island Cottage Sunday, July 24. The committee is in charge of P. J. Fogarty and John Cotter and an elaborate programme of entertainment has been mapped out, including various sports.

Athletic events will begin at 1 o'clock. A unique feature of the picnic will be a series of dances played to Irish tune with bag pipes.

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C. Y. M. A. Have Big Time At Twenty-Ninth Annual Outing

Everything at the twenty-ninth annual outing of the C. Y. M. A. of St. Joseph Church, held last Wednesday at Corbett's Glen, went off as the committee in charge meant it should, possibly better. In the quarter-century the men have had excursions, but no picnic has been so successful as that of Wednesday, it was said. Fully one hundred and fifty men were present when dinner was served at noon and more came later.

Many prizes were donated by several large business men and by the officers of the club and members. The program was more elaborate than any of the former years. One hundred and forty prizes were offered. Two ball games were played, one between the Freebooters and the Muffs, which was won by the Muffs by a score of 8 to 7, the other was between Fr. Thomas Raynor's Saps and Fr. Straus's Crutches which was won by the Crutches ending in a score of 7 to 6. The feature of the game, was a Babe Ruth hit by Rev. Father Stauder bringing in four runs that won the game.

A roast veal dinner was served by Oscar V. Hoffman. Refreshments were generously served throughout the entire day, those in charge of the refreshments were advertised as the life saving crew. That they may have been such was suggested by the eagerness with which the participants in the contest helped themselves after each tempting portion stop hunger and quench thirst were dispensed by the Captain Gus Klotz, Chuck Mura and George Kress.

Many business men went down for a time either on the cars or in autos. Among the clergy present were Rev. Father Holtz, rector of St. Joseph's Church, Rev. Father Raynor, Rev. Father Straus, Rev. Father Stauder of Webster, N. Y., and Rev. Father Schelle, who recently came from Germany to this country to apply for aid for the starving children of Germany.

Those in charge of the picnic were Gus G. Klotz, chairman; Bert Horn, treasurer; Hub. Mura, Secretary; Charles Mura, Joseph Schm, Joseph Brown, Eustace Loimas, Charles Weigle, Eugene Schueller, George Kress and William Ernst.

Sacred Heart.

The tenth anniversary of the laying of the corner stone of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Flower City Park, will be observed on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. An "old-home" festival will be held each evening on the church grounds, to which the admission will be free. The men and women of the parish will serve refreshments from booths erected on the grounds and a free entertainment will be provided. The graduates of Sacred Heart School will be a Reception Committee to see that former parishioners have an enjoyable time. Miss Frances Brosius will be chairman. Former members of the church are invited.

The children of Sacred Heart School will take a leading part in the entertainment. Mae Roberts Scheid will sing. A feature that is expected to be exceptionally pleasing will be the singing of Miss Anna Masucci, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Masucci, of Seneca Parkway. Although scarcely 14 years of age, it is said, Miss Masucci has a soprano voice of unusual power and sweetness.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

Miss Marie Messmer, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Messmer, of Oscar street, was married on Tuesday, July 12th, to Edwin L. Mayer, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Mayer, of Durman street, at this Church. The attendants were Miss Esther Mayer, sister of the groom, and Robert Messmer, brother of the bride.

A reception for seventy-five guests was held at the home of the bride's mother. An orchestra played.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayer are at the lake for three weeks. On their return they will be at home at No. 394 Durman street.

Catholic Women's Club

The Catholic Women's Club will hold its third picnic of the season Saturday, July 23, at Ontario Beach Park. The program will begin at 3 o'clock and supper will be served at 5 o'clock at Ontario Beach Hotel. Supper tickets are on sale at Gibbins & Stone's and at the clubrooms, 47 Clinton avenue north.