



A Well Appointed Kitchen Is The Pride And Joy Of Every Housewife

Our basement specializes in those articles that make your kitchen attractive, convenient and efficient.

**Red Cross Stoves and Ranges
McDougal Cabinets
Ideal Fireless Cookers
Innumerable small household labor-saving devices**

Fill your kitchen needs here when shopping in Rochester

H.B. GRAVES CO.
78 STATE ST., ROCHESTER, N.Y. WE FURNISH HOMES COMPLETE

C&B DAILY BETWEEN BUFFALO & CLEVELAND

MAGNIFICENT STEAMERS 3

The Great Ship "SEABOARD" - "CITY OF ERIE" - "CITY OF BUFFALO"

BUFFALO Daily, May 1st to Nov. 15th - CLEVELAND

Leave Buffalo 9:00 P. M. Arrive Cleveland 1:00 A. M.
Leave Cleveland 9:00 P. M. Arrive Buffalo 1:00 A. M.

Connections at Cleveland for Cedar Point, Puk-ko-Bay, Toledo, Detroit and other points. Reduced tickets reading between Buffalo and Cleveland are good for transportation on our steamer. Ask your ticket agent or tourist agency for tickets via C & B Line. New Tourist Automobile Rate - \$10.00 Round Trip, with 3 days return limit, for cars not exceeding 27 inch wheelbase.

Beautifully colored national pennant sheet of The Great Ship "SEABOARD" sent on receipt of 50 cents. Also ask for our 2-page pictorial and descriptive booklet free.

The Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Company
Cleveland, Ohio

FARE \$5.95

The Largest and Most Comfortable Passenger Steamer on inland waters of the world. Sleeping capacity, 1500 passengers.

Rochester American Lumber Co.
GET OUR PRICES
142 Portland Avenue 888 Clinton Avenue S
Both Phones, Home 1365, Bell 1246

John H. McAnarney
General Insurance Fidelity Bonds
101-102 Ellwanger & Barry Bldg.
Roch. Phone 2172 Bell Phone 3682 Mail

SUNMAN HELPS WIND.

ONE night the Wind and the Rain met in a field and such a quarrel as they began at once. "Get out of my way," said the Rain, "or I will drench you until you cannot move."

"Ha, ha," laughed the Wind. "I guess you do not know to whom you are speaking. Why, I can drive you before me and send you where I like."

This made the Rain very angry and down it came faster and heavier than ever to show how powerful it could be, but the Wind only blew harder and drove the Rain against the trees and bushes until they lay flat upon the ground and the Rain stood in little pools.

Then across the field the Wind drove it until it struck the big farm buildings and ran in great tears down the sides, splashing upon the ground.

But though the Wind blew and drove the Rain as it braggied it could, the Rain in little rivers and pools called out that it would show its power in a short time by making floods which would rise high and cover the land.

It was then that the Wind began

to think it must end the quarrel and in some way that would stop the Rain, for though it knew the Rain could never overpower it, the Rain did not and in trying to show its strength it would do great harm.

And then it was, too, that the Wind discovered that it could not do this alone, in spite of its bragging and being able to drive the Rain before it.

As soon as the Wind stopped blowing and began to think, the Rain came down faster and faster and the pools grew into little ponds, for now it was sure it had overpowered the Wind and was master of everything.

But this was not true, for over the tree tops and over the hills and mountains went the Wind, running swiftly toward the east, for there it knew was Mr. Sunman, and he could always make everything right.

"Oh, Mr. Sunman," called the Wind, "wake up quickly and get up. There is something terrible happening," and then it told Mr. Sunman all about it, taking its part of the blame.

It was very hard for Mr. Sunman to get up that morning for the Rain had thrown thick blankets of clouds over him while he slept, but with the help of the Wind he at last threw them off and up he got and away they ran.

Up higher and higher they went, and in a short time away went the Rain and even the ponds and little rivers and pools were soon taken care of, and all that remained of the dreadful quarrel were the tears of rain drooping from the leaves.

The Wind carefully ran among the trees and helped Mr. Sunman dry them, and by and by all was well in the land, and now the Wind always goes over the hill and mountain tops early in the morning to awaken Mr. Sunman and sometimes if you listen you can hear the sound of its heavy breathing as it runs.

(Copyright.)

Caramel Custard.

Put one-half cupful of sugar in an omelet pan and stir well while melting; when a golden brown add one quart of boiling hot milk, adding very carefully a little at a time, when the caramel is all dissolved and mixed with the milk add five slightly beaten eggs, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of vanilla and strain into a mold. Chill and serve with a caramel sauce. Four eggs will make a rich custard, but not so well to mold.

For the sauce brown a cupful of sugar, add one-half cupful of boiling water, stir until dissolved and when cold serve as sauce.

A cupful of cake crumbs stirred into a custard will often prove a good way of using leftover cake and making a dainty, nourishing dish for a child's supper or luncheon.

Long Distance Investment.

"What was he arrested for?" "Selling canal stock." "That isn't a criminal offense, is it?" "The canal is on Mars."

Phone Us for Printing

HAMMERMILL BOND

PRINTING

Our plant is complete for everything you need in the line of printing and we can assure you fast good work on Hammermill stock. Ask us

Nellie Maxwell
Copyright, 1921. Western Newspaper Union.

HOW A CRAB CHANGES SUITS
He Withdraws Painfully From His Old Shell and Then Quickly Grows Another.

How does a crab grow? Does his armor increase in size to accommodate his body as it becomes larger and larger? As a matter of fact it does not; the shell never alters at all. The crab, like a growing boy, requires a new suit every now and then to cover his growing limbs.

He grows slowly inside his shell, until a day comes when he simply cannot bear it any longer, says a writer. Then he retires to the safest hiding place that he can find, and a curious process begins. Grasping a tuft of seaweed firmly with his legs, he begins to move his body about inside his shell. In a short time a crack appears across the back. Through this the crab gradually heaves out his soft body.

Then, after a short rest, he sets to work on the long business of unseathing his claws, legs and feet, each of which is drawn out of its armored covering, just as a sword is pulled from the scabbard.

Your crab is now the most defenseless creature imaginable; not only is his body as soft as butter, but he is quite unable to move, for the unshelling process has completely exhausted him.

He remains perfectly still, trusting that he is well concealed from foes. And as he waits you see him growing. There was not room for much expansion inside the shell, so he makes up for lost time once he is out of it.

In a short time a new shell begins to form, and before many weeks have passed he is as full armored as ever, and several sizes larger.

NUMBERS THAT PEOPLE LIKE
Results of Curious Inquiry into the Preferences of Inhabitants of Various Countries.

There has been announced in France the result of a curious investigation concerning "preferred numbers" of the inhabitants of different countries. The basis of the investigation is a study of the various denominations of money, postage stamps and other measures.

It appears that nearly all races show a marked preference for the numbers "two," "three" and "five," and their multiples. But the Mohammedans avoid the number "three." Neither in Turkey nor in Persia, it appears, does one find a trace of this number, and it is scarcely found in Egypt.

Among the French and other Latin peoples "two" and "five" are more popular than "three," while the English prefer "two" and "three" and the Germans "three" and "five."

The Chinese resemble the Latin race in their choice, while the people of India have a strong liking for "two." The number "seven" is most used in Russia and other Slavie countries. The higher numbers are not much used except in Spanish countries, as "eleven" in Salvador, "seventeen" in Mexico, "nineteen" in Spain, and "thirty-one" in Guatemala. The people of Hawaii are said to be quite fond of "thirteen."

Businesslike Toads

After lizards, batrachians are likely to be the popular favorites; indeed, I prefer a couple of wise old natterjack toads to anything else, a writer says in the London Express.

Their manner when about to take a meal may not be graceful, but it is decidedly businesslike. A few strides take the natterjack alongside his prey—a nice fat worm.

He arches his neck and waits for another sign of life; then, unseen, his tongue flicks out and with a series of very pronounced "swallows," the eyes sinking into the head each time, the morsel gradually disappears.

Fishes are great favorites with batrachians of all sorts and I have now a pair of natterjacks that will sit beside me in my hand and flick the insects off the window pane.

English Roads.

Four times only in English history has there been a studied effort to provide new roads or improve the road system. The Romans built the great military roads, like Watling street, by which in part the modern motorist travels from Liverpool to London and then there was a lapse of 1,100 years until Elizabeth. It is curious that neither Alfred nor William the Conqueror nor Edward I nor Warwick the Kingmaker should have set himself to roadmaking, the first need of every army, but so it was. The Elizabethan effort was only one symptom of the new progressive public spirit to which England owes the Elizabethan poor law and a revival, if not a re-creation, of the ordered life of shire and village.

—Christian Science Monitor.

UNCLE MARK'S WILL
By PEARL FARROW.

Standing in the lower hall Mildred Arris listened intently. She heard the drip of rain on the roof of the porch, and within the house the steady tick of the tall hall clock, a rapid tick from the dining room, and even the staccato tick from her own bedroom. Until today there had been no silence like this, for in the little room opposite the hall Uncle Mark had always been noisily arguing on the latest political news or yawning ponderously in the creaking rocking chair.

Now Uncle Mark was gone and Mildred, the only living soul who had cared, was all alone. She knew how all the village folk pitied her, how they were talking because Uncle Mark had left no will, and so, as they thought, she was unpaid for her long services to the eccentric old man. Because now Mark's sister, who had never been near him during his long invalidism, was coming for what was naturally hers, as the nearest relative.

After a long time Mildred sighed and moved. A gray cat came down the stairs, his eyes gleaming in the dull afternoon light. He sprang to her shoulder and she stroked him gently; his nearness recalled a duty, besides there was no reason for standing there now. She must gather together her few pitiful belongings and go away—she could not stand meeting Uncle Mark's sister—and her offers of charity. She did not know where to go; she knew only that she would go away from Greenville forever.

She wondered what Keith Wells, to whom she had been engaged for four years, would say. She would never marry him because she couldn't leave Uncle Mark, and now—oh, well, she hadn't heard from him since her uncle's death, and although it was hard to believe that he was like all the rest, nothing seemed to matter now.

A deep sigh shook her whole body. "It isn't fair! It isn't fair!" she said with clenched fists. She climbed the stairs as if her feet were weighted and had scarcely reached the top when she heard the faint tinkling of the door-bell. She had dismissed the servants directly after the funeral so she hurried down, giving a hasty look in the mirror as she passed.

But it wasn't a sorrowful friend offering sympathy who greeted her, but Keith—Keith Wells in the flesh, who grasped her in his arms and held her tightly, for a long, long while.

"I couldn't get here any sooner, little sweetheart," he said, "and I knew all the time how hard everything must be for you here. And you mustn't stay in this lonesome place any longer. Get your things and we'll get married to-night. And while you're getting ready I'll listen once more to that record of dear Uncle Mark's—remember—we three used to listen to it for hours!"

And so, while Mildred packed her suitcase, she could hear strains of "In Ole Virginia" fill the little room below.

"It was dear of Keith to remember," she thought, and the old tune seemed to bring Uncle Mark very near.

The bright tears came to her eyes; she had finished packing and was standing beside Keith in the room which was filled with memories of the past. How happy the three had been and how quickly everything had been changed—this would probably be the last time they would ever see the old house.

And then suddenly, to the intense surprise of them both, the record changed abruptly. Instead of the round tones of the soprano the gruff voice of Uncle Mark took up the refrain, and as the song came to an end he recited the words of his last will and testament.

"And to my beloved grandniece, Mildred N. Arris, I bequeath my house and furniture. To my friend, Keith Wells, I bequeath my grandniece, Mildred Arris, and as a wedding gift to them the money found in the bottom of the old music cabinet." So the dear voice went on, not forgetting a single friend or servant. And at the end his old servant and his doctor pronounced themselves witnesses to this peculiar, yet characteristic, will.

Mildred was crying softly. "And to think," she said, "that an hour ago I was the unhappy girl in the world. Why, Keith," she confessed, "I even doubted you, and I'm so glad you came before we discovered the will!"

Keith laughed. "I'm wondering what your aunt will say when she finds that everything isn't just what she expected. I'll say one thing, though, and that is that Uncle Mark sure knew what I wanted."

"Me, too," said Mildred shyly. "And I am sure that he is happy now if he knows how happy he has made us. I wonder if he knows?"

"I am sure that he does," said Keith. "And he isn't really gone away, you know, because he will talk to us any time we want him to. Dear old Uncle Mark!"

And they put the record back on the shelf with reverence.

Breadth and Depth.

"Do you think politics makes a man broad-minded?" "Occasionally," answered Senator Sorghum. "Sometimes a rather limited mentality has to cover a large range of thought. The trouble is that the more it widens sur the thinner it necessarily becomes."

SUITS AND COATS
Circular Lines Noted in the New Garments for Fall.

Stitcheries Accentuate the Flaring Outlines; Cape Effects in Evidence in Sleeves.

Among the suits and coats which have been added to the original early fall collection of one New York house are several which make a point of the flared accent, observes a fashion correspondent. These effects are not produced in a haphazard manner, but in the same easy fashion that characterizes all the productions of this house. Lovely soft fabrics of the pile family are chosen in the makeup of a great many of the garments, with the finest quality velvet employed in the instance of the more dressy type of wrap or suit.

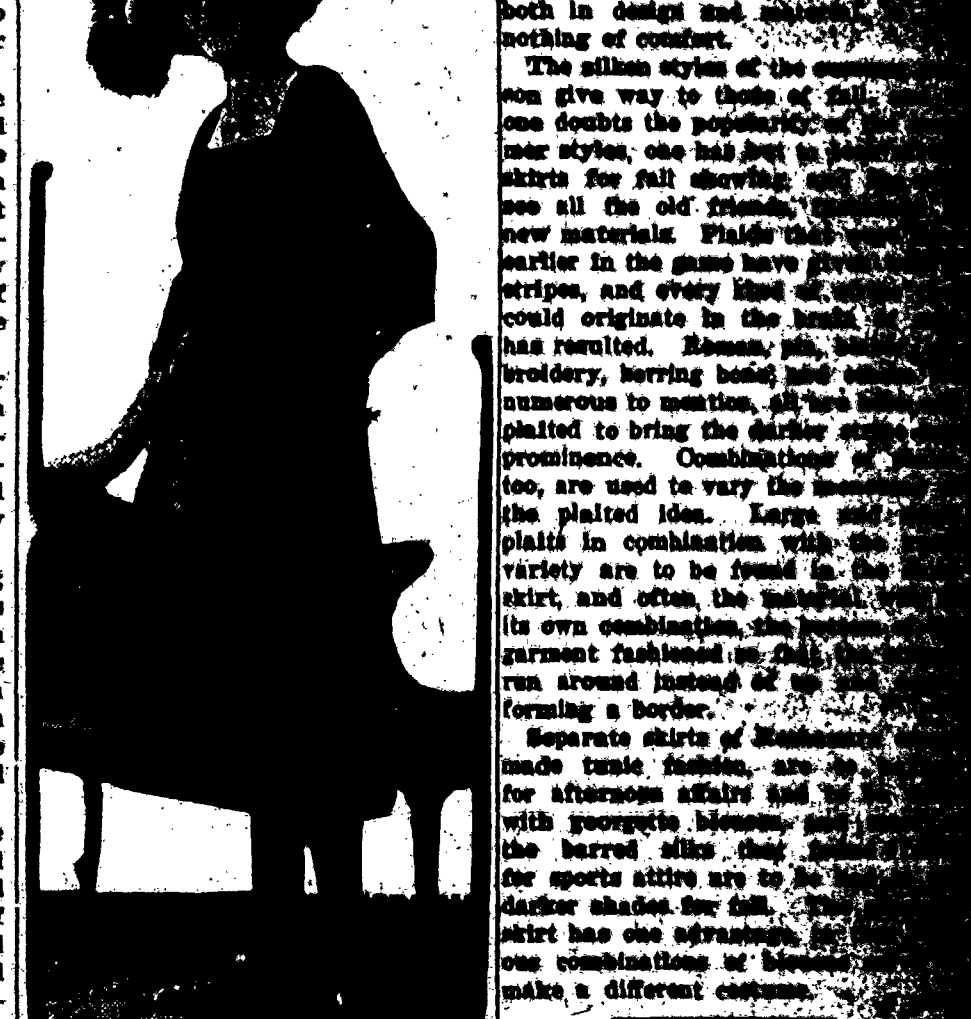
Stitcheries are utilized to advantage on several of the coats and suits, the design in many instances following the outline of a sleeve or of an interestingly cut side, back or front section. In the instance of the flare mode, the lines of stitchery are applied in such a manner as to accentuate this effect.

Many of the models are derivations of imports. One coat is conspicuous for the original handling which has been given the sleeves. Cape sides falling from the shoulders to the waistline almost entirely conceal the sleeves. Sable stitch is the fur chosen to fashion the collar for this coat.

One of the most striking numbers is a Jenny coat for evening wear developed in American Beauty chiffon velvet, the fronts treated with alternate bands of mole and gold brocade, the color scheme being most effective. A wide fold of the material set on a low line at the back is attached to the sleeves, an individual silhouette resulting.

The same material in the same color fashions a delectable suit, the skirt section of the jacket adopting a circular contour, accentuated by the application of self cords. Sumptuous gray fox in generous manner makes the collar and cuffs.

THOUGHT FOR EARLY AUTUMN



This costume for early fall suggests a skirt slightly longer than the current mode. Soutache braiding and dull gold fringe combine smartly for the simply cut navy serge.

Belts and Bashes.

A new slogan might be, "It is the belt that makes the gown," for in many instances all else is plain; and the winding around the waist becomes the center of the design of the whole frock. All sorts of fancy ribbons and brocades are brought into play for this form of decoration. Then there are cords galore, and strings of beads and metals to be used for girdles. Any one of them is a thing of beauty all by itself, and its association with the gown brings both into relief with a fascination one cannot fail to appreciate.

For the Top Coat.

No substitute has been found for the camel's hair polo coat, and those outer coverings will continue to be a feature of the fall wardrobe. Several new shades are being developed, however, and heaver, opossum and caracul and other furs will be used for collars and cuffs. A new Scotch camel's hair coat comes in gray, tan and some high shades.

A Distinctive Blouse.

White crepe de chine and white georgette in combination fashion a blouse in the waist line. The blouse proper is developed in georgette, the heavier fabric forming a panel at the front as well as the Peter Pan collar. Contrast is afforded in the trim garnish of clove ribbon which holds the fallings at the sides.



SEPARATE SKIRT IS VOGUE

Various combinations of fabric and color are being used for the separate skirt. The skirt is no longer a mere accompaniment to the blouse, but is a separate and important garment. The skirt is no longer a mere accompaniment to the blouse, but is a separate and important garment.

TO HAVE LINGERIE

Lingerie "ribbon" crocheted in pale pink, blue or white, and crocheted cotton are being used. Make a chain of five loops and then a single crochet in the third loop from the hook.

Petticoats.

Obviously, petticoats are being worn under the separate skirt. The skirt is no longer a mere accompaniment to the blouse, but is a separate and important garment.