

TO PROTECT TOURISTS

Minnesota Citizens War on Overzealous Officers.

Order to Save Motorists From Unjust Fines by Small Town Authorities Who Prey on Highway Tourists.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Tourists, especially those from other states than Minnesota, will not be the prey of overzealous authorities in the small towns of Minnesota, who are rigidly enforcing local traffic codes with a set bent upon enhancing their own salaries or enriching the coffers of the village, if a movement started among several towns continues to spread.

Vigilance committees, composed of residents of the communities, have been formed, which the tourist who has been haled into court may depend on for fair, reasonable treatment. These committees will see that too rapid justice will not engulf the innocent, especially when the motorist happens to be a tourist from outside the state, and therefore expectedly ignorant of the traffic laws in that locality.

With the tourist industry developing by rapid strides in Minnesota, the action of the small town officers in strictly enforcing petty infractions was seen as a possible deterrent and menacing factor to its progress, according to Perry S. Williams, manager of the Minneapolis Journal travel and resort agency, who was instrumental in organizing the first vigilance committee.

The trouble apparently threatened as a result of the fact that at many points both the constables and deputies making the arrests and the court officers before whom the alleged offenders must appear profited with the maintenance of the fine. Mr. Williams said: "Part of the work of the vigilance groups will be to correct this arrangement where it exists. Efforts will be made to place such officers on a definite and increased salary basis. Also it is planned to have moneys provided from fines placed in road funds to help along the general work of bettering the state highway conditions."

Communities lying along the state highway leading to and around Miller Lake, on trunk highway No. 18, were first to organize the "vigilantes." They led the way with the organization of a highway vigilance committee and similar groups are being formed at Onamia, Ellena and Isle.

What's in a Name? by Mildred Marshall. Tells about your name; its history; meanings; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky food.

EVELINA. The feminine names beginning with "E" are legion, yet each, curiously, is a separate name and possesses a different meaning. Eva, for instance, signifies life, while Evelyn means hazel, and Evelina or Eveline is translated pleasant.

Eveline made its appearance among the Normans before the marriage of the earl of Pembroke. Eveline, said to be equivalent, was the name of the sister of Gunnar, the great-grandmother of William the Conqueror. The Lady of the Garde Douloreuse in the "Be-trothed" was called Eveline.

Eveline seems to have been more popular than its equivalent in early times. Many of the chronicles record more instances of the former name than the latter. The wife of the last earl of Lancaster was called Evelina de Longo Campo. Her daughter, Eveline, was betrothed to the great county of Lancashire.

Before Miss Burney's popular novel presenting Evelina—a name which she herself invented as an elaborated form of Eveline—was published, Eveline had almost disappeared in England, but there was an immediate revival of the name. The new fashion of adding a final "a" was followed, of course, and Evelina was established in popularity for many years. Unfortunately for Evelina, the tendency was to confuse the name with Evelyn, especially when the names for names containing a "y" made its appearance.

Evelina's talismanic gem is the agate. It promises her courage, guards her from danger and cures insomnia. As she said, Thursday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number. The wild rose is her flower.

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NOT EASY TO CRIPPLE CRAB

Nature Has Provided That Lost Leg or Claw May Be Replaced in a Short Time.

"For you yourself, sir, should be as old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward." True, Harriet, true, but a crab can also walk forward and sideways. At the bottom of warm salt water, where he likes to take his leisure, the crab walks slowly about on the tips of the second, third and fourth pair of legs, and then as you may see, he walks backward, forward and sideways, though he seems to prefer the sideways gait, generally he folds his heavy claws, or pincers, and works his pincers with a lazy scuffling motion to assist him on his walk.

One of the many remarkable things about the crab is his ability to throw off or drop his legs and claws and grow them again. The scientists call this "autotomy," or "the automatic throwing off of appendages of the body and then renewing them." If a crab is seized by a leg or claw in the water, it often throws it off and escapes, and at the place where he breaks off his own leg nature has furnished an arrangement which prevents excessive bleeding. This phenomenon is common among crustaceans, of which the crab is one.

As an example of "autotomy" the United States bureau of fisheries has the record of a crab which was kept under observation in a small cage beneath salt water. When put in the cage the crab had lost its left claw. Day by day a new claw grew and the rate of growth can be had from the fisheries bureau. At the end of 51 days the left claw had been restored and was the same size as the right.

GOOD AND BAD WEDDING DAYS

Many and Varied Are the Superstitions That Have to Do With the Marriage Altar.

The superstitions that cluster round the altar are as many and as mysterious as the ways of a maid with a man.

May has always had a bad name as a wedding month since faraway Roman days, and Lent has been in equal bad odor. But why should June be considered the luckiest month of all the year for a trip to the altar, with October a good second? And why should special happiness await those who wed when the moon is at the full, or when the sun and moon are in conjunction?

Friday is the most unlucky day of all the week to set the wedding bells ringing, except, curiously enough, in Scotland, where it seems to be held in special favor.

WAVES OF GIGANTIC HEIGHT

Thousands of Tons of Water Not Infrequently Poured Upon Decks of Ocean Vessels.

Even in stormy weather the average height of waves in mid-ocean does not as a rule exceed 30 or 40 feet. Sometimes, however, one enormous wave makes its appearance amidst the rest. Why this should happen no one can say. All we know is that a mighty mass of water rushes suddenly toward a ship at the appalling speed of over 60 miles an hour.

If the ship can meet such a wave with her bows she will ride over it, though thousands of tons of water may sweep over her decks. But if she wave is following her and rushes a her from the stern, she may fall a rise. Many a good ship has gone to her doom on this way.

These vast mountains of water rise sometimes to a height of more than a hundred feet—as high as the spire of a church. They have been known to extinguish the mast-head light of sailing ships.

Sometimes on a perfectly calm day there will be a sudden troubling of the surface of the sea, and without the slightest warning a wave 150 feet high will appear.

Plant Societies.

It appears that the knowledge of botany has been greatly advanced by the development of what may be called the sociology of plants, that is, the study of their relations to one another, as well as their adjustments to surroundings. Botanists recognize that plants are not scattered haphazard over the globe, but are organized into definite communities. A pond has its plant society, all the members of which fall into their proper places. A swamp-forest consists of trees possessing a certain social relationship, and differing from those that form a forest on dry land. There is progression from one social organization of plants to another. A lily-pond may give place to a swamp-moor, this to a society of swamp shrubs, and this, again, to a swamp-forest of tamarack, pine and dry hemlock. So societies of plants on dry lands succeed one another as the conditions change.

Pressed cardboard covers to protect the tops of school desks are the invention of a California janitor.

III-Timed. Carried away by the beauty of the heroine on the screen, he murmured, unconsciously, "Isn't she lovely!" "Every time you see a pretty girl you forget you're married," snapped his better half.

Why Men Leave Home

By JAMES P. McGRATH (Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Charley McDougall, for many years unchallenged boss of the Democratic party in Oldville, chewed the stub of a defunct cigar viciously. "You're right, McComb," he said to his principal lieutenant. "We got to band it to them. The Republican ticket's going to make a clean sweep of Oldville at the elections. And there ain't no way to stop 'em. Those 'silk stockings' have us balled up into a regular knot. We got to head it to 'em."

"This is the gentleman I was speaking about to you," said McComb. "He has the reputation of being a very efficient organizer."

McDougall snorted, and turned his gaze upon the mid-eyed young man with the fair hair brushed smoothly back from his forehead, who returned his look in a calm, modest way that somehow ought to have carried conviction though it did not.

"What was your last job?" snorted Charley McDougall.

"I was for four years professor of applied psychology at Washburn institute," replied the other modestly.

Charley snorted again. "That'll go a lot here," he answered. "Say, what can you do?"

"If my knowledge of human nature is correct, as I claim it to be," answered the young man, "I can so organize the Republican ticket as to carry every one of your nominees to victory."

"Tall timber," said Charley McDougall. Nevertheless he surveyed the young man with a shade more interest than before.

"Mr. Sanderson was instrumental in securing the prohibition victory in Dudley three years ago," put in McComb. "You'll remember the leader of the vets withdrew from the contest on the day before the election."

"Yep, I remember. Suffering from boils, wasn't he?"

"Yes and no," said Mr. Sanderson. "This time the dryness of his tone decidedly attracted the boss' interest. 'Well—what 'a' you do?' he demanded.

"I make no further claims, I offer no promises," said Sanderson quietly. "My price, however, is twenty-five thousand dollars if Mr. Coffin withdraws from the majority contest, fifty thousand for a Democratic victory at the polls."

"How much down?"

"Thirty-eight cents," said Mr. Sanderson. "It's my principal expenses in advance. I need thirty-eight cents for postage."

Charley McDougall dug into his pockets and fished up a quarter, a dime, and three pennies. "It's yours, boy, on the terms indicated," he said.

But he followed the erect departing form of the young man with a scowl. "That guy's sure some found-dusher," he said. "They'll put it all over us, McComb."

Five days before the elections an astounding thing happened. A letter appeared from Mr. Coffin announcing that owing to the grave condition of his health he had been ordered a complete rest, and must therefore withdraw from politics altogether; in point of fact, he was going on a long sea voyage.

Hardly had this bombshell exploded in the Republican camp when it was announced that Fisher, the deadly Republican candidate for district attorney, had been found dead in his bathroom, with a bullet through his brain. The wound had been self-inflicted.

Before the buzz of this scandal had died away other Republican candidates disappeared. They simply vanished from their homes and clubs and did not turn up again.

The Republican organization was dissolving like snow in midsummer. This, combined with vague insinuations that they had not dared to face certain impending charges of corruption, sufficed to bring the Democratic organization home at the elections with a trumping majority.

In the middle of the jubilation at Roskoffsky's, where forty-five exultant Democrats sat down to dinner, appeared an erect young man with fair hair brushed back from his forehead. In the joy of victory Professor Sanderson had somehow been overlooked.

Charley McDougall was not the man to forget his obligations. The fat young man was pressed into a seat, filled with private stock champagne, and, as a hostess' smile to the evening, chaired round the dining room.

"How'd you do it, boy?" asked Charley, as he viced the professor his check.

The professor, slightly stimulated by the wine, gave his secret away.

"Sent 'em each this wire," he answered, writing something on a piece of paper.

"Fly at once. Everything discovered. Withdraw from political contest.—Daisy."

"What in thunder?" Charley demanded.

"Every man has had some Daisy in his life once," said the professor calmly.

"Well, I'll be—come to think of it, now, I guess you're right, professor."

Disappointment. "Disappointed." "What's the trouble?" "The weather man predicted rain and it didn't come."

"But why disappointed?" "The wife's relatives had planned a family picnic for that day and I had to go after all."

REVEAL THEIR ARMY TRAINING

Ex-Service Men Instinctively Line Up When a Crowd Is Waiting to Be Served.

Army training still manifests itself in civilian life, and former soldiers automatically fall into line when they must wait to be served. In the army the men spent a great deal of their time waiting in line for mess, drawing stuff from the supply sergeant and a dozen other purposes.

The old army training revealed itself strongly during the recent hot spell at the Brooklyn Central Y. M. C. A., when apparently most of the 20,000 members sought to take advantage of the swimming pool. Crowds of young men stormed the locker rooms each evening. The ex-service men set the example by lining up and taking their turns to reach the gate.

As each elevator disembarked its load the former soldiers automatically went to the rear. Younger men who had not had this training and sought to side in far up the line were promptly pulled out and sent to their station. No ex-service man who has stood in line to draw a pair of socks or get a "mess kit full of 'stump'" will permit anyone to get ahead of him.

If a man is smart he can always catch on, and if he is wise, he will always know when to let go.

MILITANT MARY. I know a wrist watch's smart, but I won't carry one BECAUSE I'm Time's slave. Oh, wait—IT SHANT BE HANDCUFFED TO MY PAWS!

KIDDIES SIX by Will M. Maupin. AGRICULTURAL. IN JANUARY how I love To dream of hoe and spade, And in my dreams to contemplate The garden I have made. In February how I plan Straight row and level bed, And dream of lettuce, peas and beans And radishes so red.

In March I walk around the lot And mark with care each place Where every vegetable will grow In meet and proper grace. In April I take up the tools And work till hands are sore— Then buy my summer green goods at The corner grocery store. (Copyright by Will M. Maupin.)

The man who doesn't know a woman until he marries her is apt to regret the acquaintance. Guess how many eggs are in the basket and you shall have the whole seven.—German Proverb. The difference between Solomon and the modern poet is that he was able to support a large family.

Every man has his worthless days, but if he does not fight them every day will become his worthless day.

When a widower begins to take dancing lessons, it is a sign that he means to grasp another opportunity.

HAD HIGH AMBITION FOR SON

Father Wouldn't Be Satisfied Until He Saw Him in a Really Proud Position.

An instructor in the military academy at West Point was once assigned to conduct about the place the visiting parents of a certain cadet.

After a tour of the post, the proud and happy parents joined the crowd assembled to witness evening parade, a most imposing spectacle. The march past aroused the father of the cadet to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

"There!" he exclaimed to his spouse, "Isn't that fine? But," he added, reflectively, "I shall not be happy till my boy attains the proud position that leads 'em all.'" And he pointed in rapt admiration to the drum-major.

ONCE IS ENOUGH. I WAS A FOOL TO TAKE THAT SMALL SIZE.

ASSORTED CHIPS

Ingratitude is always ready to offer some kind of excuse.

Occasionally man gets rid of a bad habit by swapping it for a worse one. Real self-sacrifice is to be a benefactor without praise or gratitude. They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Sir Philip Sidney.

To the receptive soul the River of Life pauseth not, nor is diminished.—George Eliot.

A man who rides a hobby is in danger of riding rough shod over his acquaintances.

Experience is something one can seldom sell or even give away—in the form of advice.

Yes, Alfred, before marriage a woman is expensive, but after marriage she is expensive.

Why wouldn't the pink of propriety be an appropriate flower for our national emblem?

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and so does every man, woman and child on earth.

Most amiable man in the world can't be altogether so under a cross-examination in court.

Don't be hasty in jumping at a conclusion. You may not be able to collect your insurance.

If there are millions of people in a movement, the adherence of the foolish can't hurt it.

Fewer men would protest against drinking soda water if it weren't for the name of the stuff.

Although truth is stranger than fiction to many people, they don't seem to care for an introduction.

Youth decides everything by its prejudices, and learns painfully what a poor reasoner Judge Prejudice is.

CAST ASIDE THE TEMPTER

Reason Why Student Could Not Be Forged From the Pathway of Starn Hennessy.

Perspiration rolled down his brow as he desperately chewed his pencil and stared vacantly down at the blank sheet of paper before him. It was the final examination of his senior year at college. To fail in it meant that he could not graduate; that he would be disgraced; that his whole life would be ruined. Shudders involuntarily passed through him as he realized that he was a rank failure.

The paper of the man on his left lay invitingly before his eyes. But he did not glance at it. One could plainly see that he was struggling valiantly against temptation and, though the effort was heartrending, he would sacrifice everything for the sake of honor.

No, he would not copy from the man on his left. The man on his right knew more.—London Tit-Bits.

First Choice.

Down in Terre Haute there are two places of interest, to which every Terre Hautean takes his visiting friends—the Davis gardens and Highland Lawn cemetery. The other day a young society matron started to take her two visiting friends out for a drive. Now, her roadster was new and the way she drove it was exceedingly reckless. Near Main street she turned to the women and asked: "Now which place shall I take you first?"

The most frightened one turned to the other visitor: "Oh, tell her Davis gardens," she whispered, "I'm sure we'll get to the cemetery if she keeps up this sort of driving much farther."—Indianapolis News.

Paging Herself.

While a member of a college society, I was called upon one evening to act as recording secretary in the absence of the one elected to that office. After a short prayer, with which all programs were opened, I began to call the roll. When I came to my own name, which I called several times, I waited so long for the "here" or "present" response that a smile and utter ran around the hall. I then became conscious of what I was doing, and proceeded to finish the roll call in a hurry.—Chicago Tribune.

A Captious Critic.

B. L. T. criticizes a Transcript advertiser for saying that the furnished apartment to let is "ideal for man and wife or bride and groom." Why so funny, old top? Everyone knows that a wedded pair are bride and groom until the honeymoon is over, and that often lasts quite a spell—until, in fact, she starts cooking or asks him for money.—Boston Transcript.

Sixty-Year Old Apple Tree.

In 1858 a Missouri farmer decided that he wanted to take Greeley's advice and go west to do a little growing up with the country. He took with him a tiny apple tree growing on his farm, to see what luck it might bring him. From all appearances he made a wise move, for the tree is still growing and showering apples all over the orchard each year.

Whaling in the Pacific.

South Georgia and the South Shetland islands in the South Pacific are the centers of a great whaling industry which can be increased to much larger dimensions. The elephant seal also abounds, though the fur seal is almost extinct.

Spoiled It All.

Ethel—Stella's marriage was a fall ure. Clara—Yes; I understand her husband's wealthy father married again.

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