

## Old Lawyer

Tom Lee

By KILA SAUNDERS

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Tom Lee, left, Mrs. Ransom's

with a sense of duty. For the

time in their almost lifetime of

he had asked her to marry

and she had refused. Now, as

he stood on his knees with his hand

on her forehead, he knew that it was

his last chance. He would never have him.

He was fifty-five and Nell Ransom

was twenty. Too old for love? Old

enough to make love to a girl of

twenty? Of boys and girls. And Tom

had loved Nell since they were

children.

The fact that Tom and Dick Ransom had

been rivals for pretty Nell's hand in

the town of Handsum, never-do-well

had won her.

"Dear," she said to him that

morning, "I'm going to marry Dick, but

I'll be your friend, really your friend,

after. You can always trust to

me."

Friendship is a cold draft after love,

and for many years Tom Lee saw

Nell as Nell Ransom. They lived in

the same house, for Dick was prospering

and had become a representative of a metropolitan

company. Then came the evening

when Dick came to Tom.

"I'm ruined," he said.

The story filtered out. He had been

gambling; he had made away with

\$10,000 of his company's money. It

was to be replaced within two days.

Nell thought of Nell and of her

faith in Dick Ransom, and he drew

all he had out of the bank, borrowed

what he needed to make up the deficit,

and lent it to Dick. It crippled him

for years. But he felt that he was

redeeming Nell.

Dick never attempted to repay him,

and the subject was tacitly allowed to

drop.

Five years passed. Then slowly

Nell began to creep through the

door, touching on Dick Ransom's

relation with a Mrs. Cleaves, a widow

who had come to live there. Tom

was one of the first to hear of them.

Of course he said nothing—what was

there to say? But his heart was filled

with sorrow for Nell, who worshipped

her husband in all the candor of her

nature.

Then came a day when Tom found a

letter waiting for him at his office. It

was from Dick, telling him that he

and Mrs. Cleaves had left for New

York on their way south, together. It

asked him to look after his affairs and

to break the news to Nell.

Tom went to Nell. He learned that

her husband had gone to New York

on a business trip.

He went to New York, studied the

Wall Street Journal at all the hotels, and

found the couple. He walked straight

up to their suite.

The hour that followed was the most

terrible in Tom Lee's life. Stubbornly,

refusing to be beaten, he put the situa-

tion before Mrs. Cleaves and Dick.

And at the end of the hour it was

the woman who sent Dick Ransom

away.

Tom Lee exacted her promise that

she would never see him again. He

brought Dick back broken. He housed

her for a day, nursed him up, and

sent him home to Nell. She never

learned anything, and after a while the

couple did away.

Then Dick Ransom died of typhoid

## GOAT BELOVED BY CHILDREN

Writer Endeavors to Explain Reasons for Animal's Popularity, and May Have Hit It.

What is there about the goat that fascinates children? The animal is not particularly intelligent, performs no tricks, admits of no close companionship and yet neither dog nor cat nor monkey, nor donkey, nor feathered fowl nor fished fish can compete with it for popularity among the very young.

The goat gives milk, but this is scarcely a consideration to the juvenile mind; and, besides the billigoy is notoriously preferred to the nanny goat.

The answer appears to lurk in the whiskers. Whiskers are potent accessories. Many a sage would never have been known as such had he been clean shaven.

The goat is indisputably one of the funniest looking animals this earth supports. No one can look at a goat in the eyes and refrain from revivifying cacklings. Those eyes are so serious—so cynical—they blend profound wisdom with profound ignorance, and the mixture is utterly ridiculous. You never know whether a goat is laughing at you or gazing in bewildered awe.

Perhaps this mystery is part of the enchantment the goat exercises over children. But the whiskers appear to be the better explanation.

## EXPECT DEITY TO COME BACK

Why Pueblo Indians Place Great Importance on the Perpetuation of the Holy Fire.

Among many of the religious forms of the Pueblo Indians, perhaps the most interesting was the perpetuation of the holy fire, the side of which the Aztecs kept a continual watch for the return to earth of Quetzalcoatl—the god of Air—who, according to their tradition, visited the earth and instructed the inhabitants in agriculture and other useful arts. During his sojourn, he caused the earth to yield ten-fold productions, without the necessity of human labor. Everywhere corn, fruit and flowers delighted the eye; the cotton-plant produced its wool already dyed by nature with various hues; aromatic odors pervaded the air, and on all sides resounded the melodious notes of singing birds.

Quetzalcoatl embarked in his boat of rattle-shells on the Gulf of Mexico, and as he was seen to steer to the eastward, his arrival was consequently looked for from that quarter. When the Spaniards arrived from the east, as they resembled the god in the color of their skin, they were at first generally supposed to be the messengers from, or descendants of, the god of the air.

## Short Story of the Almond.

Almonds come from Morocco and the Mediterranean countries generally, although Spain makes a considerable contribution. They are gathered at various minor points through the African country and brought by camel to Mogador, which is the export center. Here they are weighed and a record made of the quantity and quality for reference when the settlement is made. They are tested for the percentage of bitter almonds by an inspector who bites the end off and ejects the piece, for the bitter almond contains a certain amount of poison. The next operation is sifting, which is done by a native squatting beside a pile of the nuts and performing the operation by hand, at which he becomes very deft, great speed being acquired by practice. The sacks designed for export are "blessed" by the natives with a sort of a chant.

## Believe Spot Center of Earth.

Near the town of Zuni, in New Mexico, there is a stone shrine, erected on the plain, which in the Zuni conception, marks the center of the world, for the unconstructed Zuni believes, naturally enough, that the earth is flat. Either in the days of long ago a guardian divinity of the Zuni brought them as to the safest place in the world—the farthest from the edge—preceding them in the form of a water strider. The double-barred cross, which one sees sometimes on Zuni pottery, or fashioned in silver, is the symbol of that divine guide.

## Odd Experience.

One evening while entertaining company, our automobile was parked in front of the house, during which time our blanket was taken from the car. We were much grieved at the loss and, as you may imagine our surprise when, a few days later, the blanket was found on our front porch, neatly folded, with a note attached: "Dear folks," it read, "I took your blanket from the car one evening because it was very cold and I was forced to sleep out in the open. I am an honest man and do not steal, and trust you will pardon me under the circumstances."—Chicago Journal.

## A Native.

In Homer's time and long thereafter cities had a habit of claiming that illustrious persons were born in them. Possibly it is a more modern tendency for persons to claim that they were born in illustrious localities. Two youths were reading the society news in the daily paper, wherein Southampton, N. Y., figured prominently. One of them observed casually that he had been born in Southampton. The other looked up quickly. "I bet it was out of season," said he. —New York Evening Post.

## OUT-O'-LUCK

By DOROTHY PIPER

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Jimmie Dutton was one of those fellows who run out of luck on the very day of their birth. If any kid got caught and chastised for going in swimming in April it was Jimmie.

Jimmie was crazy about Nellie Reed, and when he was twenty-three he asked her to marry him. Jimmie's humble salary would not permit him to support two homes, and when he told his bride-to-be that she would have to share his mother's abode that little lady created such a scene that Jimmie was forced to postpone their marriage indefinitely, or, at least, until he could establish himself in a more profitable business.

Nellie refused to wait, and when she returned Jimmie's unpretentious little diamond—the diamond that was not yet paid for—it was the last straw. After that Jimmie did his work in listless silence, and every evening after he had made his mother comfortable for the night he would whiz to Pal, his dog, and the two would go down to the sea beyond his home. There they would romp and swim in peaceful solitude.

"The boy suffered acutely when Nellie broke their engagement, but his suffering there was nothing compared to the sorrow caused by his mother's death shortly after. He missed lifting her in and out of bed, he missed combing her hair with his clumsy, willing fingers, and how he yearned for the soft, "That you, Jimmie!" when he opened the door.

Jimmie resigned his position at the drug store because there was always a trace of a tear in his eye, and a conspicuous sob in his throat that made him ashamed to meet his patrons. He still sought the sea at the end of the day, but instead of lulling his troubled spirit, it seemed to be mocking him in his misery and to be beckoning him to eternal solace in its cold, slimy depths.

"Why not?" thought Jimmie. Fate had been exceedingly cruel to him, had offered him happiness only to snatch it away. Why pretend to get any joy out of living, why continue this pointless farce called life? There was no one left to care, so Jimmie planned.

He awoke early next morning and was pleased to find that he had not weakened in his purpose. He bathed and dressed immediately, then went to his mother's well-stocked medicine closet and pocketed a bottle marked "poison." Pal followed him about, seeming to wonder, and Jimmie kissed him between the eyes as he led a note to his collar. The note read: "Won't someone please adopt Pal? I know what loneliness is, and wouldn't wish it for a dog."

Jimmie was all unmindful of the beauties surrounding him. He went swiftly and directly to the cliff, and without hesitation uncorked the bottle. He was about to place it in his lips when a girl in a dilapidated motor boat arrested his attention. She had evidently lost control of it, and the heavy surf was driving her toward the rocks. Her faint cries for help were barely audible. Forgetting his own trouble, Jimmie cleft the water with a perfect dive and went to the girl with powerful, overarm strokes.

The girl had swooned when Jimmie reached her, but with considerable difficulty he managed to drag her from the boat and to tow her to the shore, where he was confronted by a strange, garbed group of people. One man, wearing puttees waved a megaphone with one hand and tore his hair with the other. "Great guns!" he bellowed at Jimmie, "you've gammed up the whole scene!"

"Gammed up nothing," interrupted another man, "this gentleman has saved your star's life! Why, look at her! She's out—head split open. Tell one of the boys to call a doctor. Some craft that captain let us take—busted rudder!"

The man held out a friendly hand and congratulated Jimmie. "Great work, my boy," he exclaimed. "Prettiest swimming I've seen for some time. Say, what's your name and what's your form of employment? I need a man like you for some South Sea island stuff I expect to shoot next week. If you photograph as well as you swim, I'd like to take you on."

Jimmie Dutton did photograph well, and proved to be one of the celebrities that "grow" over night. The salary he received astounded him, and the first thing he did was to erect a magnificent mausoleum over his mother's grave. Old Pal escaped adoption, and rides on the front seat of an expensive car with his master—that is, he rides on the front seat when Polly Graham, whose life Jimmie saved, does not; then Pal is relegated to the tonneau.

One night, after a strenuous day on location, the two sat together in the twilight.

"Jimmie!" Polly whispered, "why were you seeking the great unknown that day on the cliff? Didn't you know that there is never one door closed without another first being opened?" "I do now, dear," he smiled. "The gates of Paradise have been opened for me."

And while Jimmie makes love to Polly in real life and in reel life, Nell sits in a darkened theatre and sadly remarks to her friends: "Why, I know Jimmie Dutton when he didn't have a silk shirt to his back!"

## SPHINX CARVED BY NATURE

Impressive Figure in the Oklahoma Panhandle Evidently the Work of Wind and Sand.

America has a sphinx of its own. No master sculptor planned the massive head; no human hand formed the features. Yet there it stands, in the valley of the Cimarron river, in the Oklahoma Panhandle, a sphinx nevertheless rugged, aggressive and typically American, carved and fashioned by the sharp tools of nature—wind and sand. And all who go to learn the answer to its riddle will ask in vain; for the mouth is shut tight and the profile is unfriendly, as if the lonely figure had a heart of stone.

The "sphinx" stands in the midst of a hitherto little-known wonderland that the construction of a state highway has opened up. Until comparatively recently the beautiful Cimarron valley was a hard place to reach; today automobiles whiz up and down the well-built highway that traverses the south shore of the river. On either side the walls of the valley tower for more than a thousand feet, and the grotesque wind- and sand-sculptured rocks on every hand hold you spell-bound.

The "sphinx," which is the chief wonder of the place, is the representation of a woman's head. The eyes, the nose and the mouth are perfectly proportioned, and the brow is a sandstone of which the figure is composed brings out every feature in sharp contrast, especially against a background of cloudless blue sky on a summer day. Standing alone on top of a small hill, she commands a view of the new highway for miles to the east and to the west. Perhaps her riddle has to do with the problem of our increasing motor traffic. If so, no wonder she is silent—Youth's Companion.

## THOUGHT EARTH HOLLOW

Peculiar Theory, in Which Many Had Faith, That Was Put Forward by John C. Symmes.

John C. Symmes (1770-1820) believed that the globe was hollow, and inhabited. He claimed the earth was open at the poles to admit air, and contained within it other concentric hollow globes, all inhabited in a like manner. In 1820 congress was petitioned to send an expedition to test out his theory, with himself in charge, but the matter was dropped. Humboldt states that Symmes often invited himself and Humphry Davy to descend to the earth's interior, and to investigate "atmosphere" and "plant life." Symmes said the inside of the earth was lighted by two subterranean suns which he named "Pluto" and "Proserpine." Arctic exploration and the discovery of the north and south poles proved part of his theory a myth.

An official of the Koresan Unity says that "the earth's concavity is proved by an actual United States geodetic survey—"A straight line extended at right angles from a perpendicular post over land or water surface will meet the water or surface of the earth, at a distance proportionate to the height of the perpendicular."

## Moral Beauty.

I hold it certain that he who has learned to distinguish the delicate from the common, the ugly from the beautiful, has gone half the way to knowing the evil from the good. It is true that mere good taste is not, as the dilettante might wish, the only criterion of human actions; yet one should not, with the narrow ascetic, consider it a lure to error, a deceitful guide. We would not indicate it as a certain path to the right; but as a parallel and near-by road which keeps near to itself the step and vision of the wayfarer. In the measure that humanity progresses it sees that the moral law is but beauty of conduct; it shows evil and error like a discord; and will seek for the good as a restored harmony.—Jose Enrique Rodó, in "Ariel," translated by F. J. Stimson.

## The Date Palm.

Date palms, originally brought from Egypt, have been growing in Arizona for 20 years. The early plantings of the University of Arizona, which have now come into full bearing, seem to prove that certain parts of the Southwest are particularly suited to date culture. An old Arabian proverb says, "The date must have its head in the fire, and its feet in the water." The usual yield of a tree is eight bunches, weighing each about 17 pounds, though they sometimes weigh as much as 44 pounds. Some of the Arizona trees have produced as many as 18 heavy clusters.—Youth's Companion.

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## DEATHS

Cook—Andrew D. Cook, died at his home on the Nichols road, in Ogden, Wednesday, Feb. 28, 68 years. Funeral March 3d, from St. John's Church, Spencerport.

Keenan—Mary Keenan, aged 90, died in this city, Feb. 28. Funeral Saturday March 3, Holy Rosary Church.

Miller—Mrs. Mary A. Miller, died at 133 Wilder St., Feb. 27. Funeral March 2d, from Lady Chapel, Cathedral.

Marino—Mrs. Angelina Marino, aged 52 years, died Feb. 28, at 129 Hartford St. Funeral March 2d, from Our Lady of Mount Carmel Church.

Flannery—Richard Flannery, aged 60 years, died Sunday, Feb. 25. Funeral Wednesday, Feb. 28, at Immaculate Conception Church.

Wahl—Elizabeth Lill Wahl, died Saturday, Feb. 24, at 54 Lill street. Funeral Feb. 28, from St. Michael's Church.

Crowell—Margaret Crowell, passed away Monday, Feb. 26, at her home, 53 East ave., Fairport. Funeral Feb. 28, from Church of the Assumption, Fairport.

Ermatinger—John J. Ermatinger, 75 years, died Sunday, Feb. 25, at No. 151 Lux St. The funeral took place Feb. 28, from St. Andrew's Church.

Blesser—George W. Blesser, died at 105 Oakland street, Feb. 28. Funeral March 1, at St. Boniface Church.

Inglis—In this city, Feb. 26, Helen L. Inglis, 19 years. Funeral Wednesday, Feb. 28, from Our Lady of Victory Church.

Nicolay—In this city, February 25, Margaret Nicolay, aged 55 years, 10 months. The funeral took place from Blessed-Sacrament church Feb. 28th.

Hoff—At the family home, 315 Hudson avenue, Feb. 26, Mrs. Wilhelmina Hoff. Funeral March 1st, from St. Joseph's Church.

Brennan—John Brennan died Feb. 26, at his home in Garbutt. Funeral Feb. 28, from St. Mary's Church, Scottsville.

Sullivan—Edward M. Sullivan, 319 Arnett boulevard, died Feb. 26. Funeral from SS. Peter and Paul's Church, March 1st.

Lange—Elizabeth Lange, aged 17 years, died Feb. 20, at St. Mary's Hospital. Funeral from St. Andrew's Church, March 2.

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