

MAMMA'S BOY IS SMARTEST

And It's Odd, but Her Baby Is Always More Intelligent Than Any One Else's.

Why is it that every one's baby is so much more intelligent than any one else's? "Look!" burbles the young parent, holding aloft Dr. So and So's book on "How to Distinguish Children from Other Children."

"Well, last night when his father came in he looked directly at him and began to cry," explained the young parent with triumph.

All this apropos of a pair of parents in this great city, remarks a New York Sun writer. He came home the other night and noted his child's really superior intelligence.

Wife eyes she agreed and sat for a moment silent, looking into the future. There she saw junior in sailor clothes, a short trousers, at school, in long trousers at college. She saw the latch-key on his dresser, she regarded him at his executive desk, she watched as he walked up the aisle and sacrificed himself on some unworthy matrimonial altar she held, in due time, his children in his aged knee.

Junior's father sought to comfort her, but to no avail. All was over. Soanline junior, in the room next door, set up a loud wail for his dinner.

OFFENSE THAT COST HAND

Assault in Court Regarded as Serious Matter in England During the Earlier Reigns.

In earlier times, and certainly throughout the reigns of the Tudors and the Stuarts, and even later, the man who struck a blow or threw a missile in court invariably had his right hand cut off, in addition to other penalties, the Manchester Guardian says. When a prisoner who had just been sentenced to death by Chief Justice Richardson at Salisbury strikes a blow at that judge, an indictment was immediately prepared, and the culprit's right hand was then cut off and nailed to the tablet on which he was immediately afterward hung. Even so late as 1790 the Earl of Malmesbury was fined \$5,000 and given one year's imprisonment for striking a blow in court. In addition to this he was bound over in a sum of \$5,000 to be of good behavior for seven years.

In 1877 Cosgrave, an American, threw an egg at Vice Chancellor Mallin, and he was immediately committed to prison and did not receive his discharge until placed on board a ship sailing for New York.

Too Much Neatness.

I once knew a woman who had the reputation of being the best housekeeper for miles around. Her neighbors described her kitchen floor as so clean you could eat off it. But when I think of that woman, I remember one long hot summer afternoon when I was playing with her children and ran into the kitchen to get a drink of water. I had turned on the faucet over the black sheet-iron sink when her small daughter appeared in the doorway, an agonized expression on her face.

"Oh, mother will be mad at you," she whispered. "You've let the sink get all wet. She always oils it right after lunch, and then we can't turn on the water till dinner time."

"But I want a drink," I explained. "I know," said the other child "But mother says there's no need of our wanting drinks of water in the afternoon."—Clara Savage Littledale in the Designer.

Favorite House Plants.

American housewives have a great liking for rubber plants, which are grown much more commonly in the United States than in Great Britain. No doubt one reason for the favor in which they are held is their ease of cultivation and their immunity to dust and a dry atmosphere. The rubber plant requires considerable water, although too much can easily be applied. Wiping off the leaves with tepid water helps to keep them bright, while flat all soap may be used if insects appear, being applied with a soft sponge. Housewives sometimes rub oil on the leaves with the idea of making them glossy, but this is a very unwise proceeding. If a dark brown spot appears on a leaf, change the location of the plant. It is due very likely to a flaw in the glass which concentrates the rays of the sun in one spot.

Now He Keeps His Seat.

My mother always had done her best to teach me to be polite, and I followed her instructions with varying success. One day, when I was about twelve years old, I was riding along a crowded street car. A nice grand old-looking old woman happened to be standing beside my seat. I looked at her hat, and offered her my seat. She accepted, but howling she wanted me to sit on her lap. I refused. She then began to cry, and I jumped the line for her and valued the rest of the ride.

HER HERITAGE

By MOLLIE MATHER

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DOWN the garden came Patsy, viewing her domain. She was so small that the dignified name of Patricia seemed all too cumbersome, so those who loved her called her Patsy.

A letter had come to the humble little flat dweller in the city saying that her grandfather proposed to make her his heir, providing—

"I knew there would be a string somewhere," she remarked to Mrs. Sims, who boarded her. "Providing," went on the letter, "that my granddaughter, Patricia, will make herself useful to me during the present period of my life, by becoming my confidential secretary. Included in this duty, the typing of various lecture manuscripts, copying my coming books on the sciences, etc. In return, my granddaughter shall occupy the position of mistress of my home and estates now and forever."

The communication was signed formally, "Jasper Wellington." Patsy, wandering down the garden paths, came to a sheltered side of the stone house. Then a voice came to her and she found herself gazing through the ivy-framed window into the face of the speaker. He was a young man with face all too white, and dark eyes with shadows beneath them.

"It has come at last," he told his companion, a young man who lolled in a chair near. "I've been afraid that Mr. Wellington would one day dispense with my services as secretary, though I have been faithful and tireless. If I were situated as other men it would not matter, and I could seek employment elsewhere. But it's the old problem of mother and Jean. The doctor says Jean is more dependent than ever on country air, and mother is just a part, you know, of her little home here, and the town she has known since girlhood. Jean is here, at best, no there is no other way for me; both are too frail to leave, while I might try and fall in work elsewhere. They need me."

"They have always needed you," the friend returned sadly, "and old Wellington, too, has exacted your service since you came from college and were forced to take the only suitable employment this hamlet afforded. Now he throws you cold, because he happens to find that he has a granddaughter who will be able to answer his requirements. Old miser! Well, if you can find a way to come to me in the city, my offer is open."

The young man with the white face and burning eyes was alive. His head with its dark hair was cradled hopelessly in his outstretched arms. Presently, as though answering some imperative call, he glanced upwards and saw as though it were a vision the face of a girl framed in flowers—a tender, haunting face, blue eyes, soft in unspoken sympathy. Then the face disappeared and Keith Kenzie rubbed his eyes wonderingly.

The library was so big and impressive that Patsy, there in her small, never appeared more insignificant than ever.

"About that typing, grandfather," she nervously informed the grim man before her, "you will have to be indulgent. I have no doubt that I could make you an acceptable secretary in time, with instruction. Do you think your present secretary could teach me? I would love to stay here with you, and I'd love to, I'll admit, to keep this home of our people."

The old man's face wrinkled into the semblance of a smile. "It is strange," he remarked musingly. "But I should like to have you stay with me. Our few days' acquaintance has taught me that extraordinary fact. Regarding the extraneous obligation, Patricia, I understood that your work in the city was such as to—"

"It was such," Patsy answered with a discerning smile, "as to be quite different from your requirements."

"Kenzie, I have no doubt," the old man replied, "would be glad in his present unfortunate circumstances, to be retained for a time. I never allow sympathy to interfere with business. Will you try to learn rapidly, that you may fulfill your obligation?" "I will try," Patsy promised.

She came again to the impressive library and into her grandfather's presence. It was a month or so later, and his presence was less formidable. The wrinkled smile was now a smile of welcome.

"So, granddaughter," Jasper Wellington said, "you come to tell me that your lesson is learned?" "The lesson is learned, grandfather, but it was the lesson of love, you set before me. And if I must choose between my heritage of estates—or marry Keith Kenzie—then, oh, my dear!—it must be Keith that I would choose. Don't you think that you might make room for us both in your great house, grandfather—said in your heart—Keith, the capable secretary and his wife, your granddaughter, who would try to make you both happier—and would try to cheer, too, Keith's mother, who cares for her sick daughter in a little cottage nearby?"

"I think," said the softened old man, "that very likely I could make room for you both in my home and my heart." And that is all of the story.

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21 Exchange Street, Rochester, N. Y. GROWING RESOURCES

June 30, 1922, \$7,850,394.10 June 30, 1923, \$12,208,600.28

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Resources

Table with 3 columns: Resource Category, June 30, 1922, June 30, 1923. Includes CASH, LOANS, SECURITIES, PROPERTY, ACCRUALS NET.

Liabilities

Table with 3 columns: Liability Category, June 30, 1922, June 30, 1923. Includes TO DEPOSITORS, RESERVES, BILLS PAYABLE, TO STOCKHOLDERS, SURPLUS.

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LOWER ANIMALS DESIRE LOVE

Marking Not the Only Creature That Is Able to Appreciate Feeling of Affection.

A certain hymn tells us that "the world is crying for a little bit of love" but have you ever thought that even as people desire love, so do animals? All animals—especially dogs—are longing for love every day of their lives.

You can walk down the street and meet a lonesome, ragged, disowned dog, which, if you will snap your finger at him and speak kindly to him, will prick up his ears and wag his tail and follow you. Some dogs endure so many kicks and cuffs and so much starvation that they eagerly grasp at any insignificant kindness.

Animals love to be loved almost as well as a person does.

Remember this and see that all animals with whom you come in contact get some sort of affection.

A college president once stated that one of the tests of an educated person was to be able to say that a stray dog would follow him home.—Exchange.

Mother Must Be Versatile

Persons who read a slip fastened to the bulletin board of the Manhattan headquarters of the girl scout organizations were rather startled until they realized that the average woman, mother of three or four children, really fills all the positions specified below.

The paper, taken from a national camp bulletin, states "at least a part knowledge of the following vocations is necessary to make a homemaker, executive, purchasing agent, superintendent, treasurer, accountant, bookkeeper, cashier, file clerk, correspondent, inspector, employment manager, banker, dietitian, confectioner, cook, water, janitor, bus boy, bell boy, dishwasher, canner, florist, nurse, gardener, poultry raiser, educator, entertainer, clothing designer, clothing cutter, tailor, dressmaker, milliner, seamstress, embroiderer, dyer, decorator, renovator, librarian, physician, teacher, laundry worker, hair dresser, manicurist, industrial arts worker, carpenter, electrician, mechanic, inventor, of felicity engineer, painter, plumber, upholsterer and interior decorator."

True martyrdom lets somebody else advertise it.

The man who is not a friend will never have one.

We forget the sunlight when we notice the shadow.

Look a difficulty squarely in the face and it will run.—Better Farming.

INQUIRE INTO SEA'S SECRETS

Scientists Have Discovered Many Things Concerning the Depths of Ocean's Depths.

Humans may have their matrimonial troubles, but they are nothing to the matrimonial problems of the native oyster. In "Animals of the Sea," F. Martin Duncan, F. Z. S., tells us that each individual changes its sex at different periods, but the authorities do not agree as to the sex with which the oyster starts its life. Young oysters enjoy but forty-eight hours' freedom as moving creatures, then they settle down for life. Among the oyster's enemies is the starfish. An invasion of "five-fingers" will sometimes destroy a whole bed of oysters in a single night. Some most interesting points gleaned from this book include: The female lobster has been known to produce 160,000 eggs at a time. Limpets go on traveling expeditions at night, but by a wonderful homing instinct, return to exactly the same spot on their "home" rock. Whelks have from 220 to 250 teeth each, the wrinkle possesses a set of 8,500, but the dental outfit of the "umbrella shell" is 750,000 teeth. The sea urchin has four different kinds of spines, each with a specialized function—weapons, poison bearers, "chewers" and cleaners. A giant clam will weigh 500 pounds. A fifty-four pound fling was found to possess 28,361,000 eggs.—Boston Transcript.

A man can be a hero to almost any one but himself.

Some men misunderstand women others take them for granted.

We will now give the plumber the money we save from the leman.

If there's one thing all men would rather do it's something else.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

POPULAR SCIENCE

The X-rays are now used by many manufacturing jewelers to detect flaws in diamonds and other precious stones.

A gasometer with a capacity of 7,000,000 cubic feet—and said to be the largest in the world—is being built in Belfast.

One of the largest telescopes in the world, a 60-inch reflector, has just been completed for the Argentine National observatory.

A tiny flashlight mounted on the safety razor helps the man to shave cleanly and quickly, while light is still otherwise available. It was made for campers.

Metville on His Piazza.

In summer, too, Canute-like, sitting there, one is often reminded of the sea. For not only do long groundwells roll the swaying grain, and little wavelets of the grass ripple over upon the low piazza, as their beach, and the blown-down of dandelions is wafted like the spray, and the purple of the billows, and a still August noon broods over the deep meadows as a calm upon them; but the vastness and the loneliness are so oceanic, and the silence and the sameness, too, that the first peep of a strange house, rising beyond the trees is for all the world like spying on the Barbary coast, an unknown sail.—Herman Melville.

Maps Long Used in Peru.

Mapmaking goes back to the earliest known time. It was a branch of the early picture writing practiced by savages. In Tahiti, for instance, the natives were able to make fairly good maps for the guidance of explorers. Maps with raised lines were in use in Peru before the Conquest.

The oldest known map is that of the Ethiopian gold mines, dating from the time of Sesostris I, the father of Rameses II, long before the time of Aristagoras and his bronze tablet, on which were inscribed the circuit of the earth and all the seas and rivers then known.

Great Speed Under Difficulties.

An extract from the New York Evening Post, of October 2, 1907, may afford some amusement to travelers by water in these days:

Mr. Fulton's newly-invented steamboat, which is fitted up in a neat style for passengers, and is intended to run from New York to Albany as a packet, left here this noon with ninety passengers against a strong headwind. Notwithstanding this, it was judged that she moved through the water at the rate of six miles an hour!

FRANKLY PUT

It takes a brilliant mind to write advertisements for imitation diamonds.

The man who frankly admits that he doesn't know prevents many useless arguments.

If vocal culture doesn't improve a woman's voice any it at least adds to the volume.

Some people never fool themselves more than when they think they are fooling others.

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