

CALL SCAPA FLOW SAFEST OF HARBORS

Was Main Base of the British Fleet During War.

Washington.—Reports that the German warships scuttled by the commanders on June 21, 1919, at Scapa Flow are to be salvaged by the British, recall the fact that this body of water between the Orkney Islands and the mainland of Scotland, which was the main base of the British grand fleet throughout the World war, is one of the world's largest and safest harbors.

A Long Blockade Line. Though the name recalls to the British mind the basals of the home fleet during their naval training season, to the American traveler during the World war it often suggests unhappy moments when such against his will he visited Scapa Flow because a Dutch, Scandinavian, Danish, or other neutral vessel on which he was traveling had been brought by a British cruiser into the harbor, and its passengers landed at one of the Orkney islands ports, for Scapa lay along the western terminal of the line of blockade.

To many the Orkney Islands thus had an unpleasant introduction through no fault of their own, but if the anger of the passengers over the delay was not too great they probably enjoyed the quaint charm of the inhabitants of this northern archipelago who boast that they are descendants of the old Scandinavians, who resent being referred to as Scotch, and who speak a dialect of English interspersed with peculiar old Norse words.

This characteristic of the island people is especially noticeable even though it may hark back more than a thousand years, for at a very early date the sea-rovers from Scandinavia and Denmark made their way across the North sea to Scotland and probably found in the firths and landlocked inlets reminders of the sheltering floods which they had left at home.

An Historic Cathedral. But those individuals who were fortunate enough to make their way to Kirkwall lying less than two miles across the island of Orkney from Scapa Flow, and the base from which the American mine-sweeper operated in taking up the great North sea mine barrage laid during the World war, probably delighted in the old Cathedral of St. Magnus, founded in 1137 and now one of the three venerable Scottish cathedrals in nearly a complete state of preservation.

The visitor to the Orkneys crossing over from Scotland usually has a vivid recollection of a swimming head and a weakness in the pit of his stomach, for the Pentland Firth which lies to the south of the islands enclosing Scapa Flow has the reputation of being rougher than the Atlantic, with "sometimes a current running so fiercely that it can be seen as an oily, rolling river on the rougher surface of the sea."

Where Picts Left Relics. When the Vikings first began coming to the Orkneys they found a race of people about which almost nothing is known today. The Picts, however, left their brochs, or round towers, and queer burial mounds which form one of the chief sources of interest in the islands. The Standing Stones of Stenness used in dreary solitude and defy the years to solve the riddle of the men who put them there. The individual stones, twelve to fourteen feet high, are arranged in a semi-circle about a cromlech altar, which is said to have been dedicated to the moon.

"So peaceful are the islands today it seems impossible that they once were the storm center of bloody conflicts. The Vikings subdued these people, and Harold the Fair-haired, in 875, added the Orkneys to his Scandinavian kingdom, but they were finally returned to Scotland as the dowry of Margaret of Denmark, who married James III.

Only 29 of the 66 islands in the group are inhabited and some of these by less than thirty people. It has been surmised that it was probably in this portion of present-day Scotland that the story of the thistle, now the national flower, arose. It is told that one of the Danish invaders, while moving at night to surprise the Scotch, stepped with his bare feet upon a thistle, and yelled with pain that he had been warned the strategy by the Scotch, who hurriedly gathered up their arms and drove the enemy away.

Faded Harp 3,700 Years Old. Paris.—The Louvre has received from a Swiss collector a harp 3,700 years old. It was discovered on the banks of the Rhine in the archaeological ruins of a prehistoric settlement.

AIRSHIP FACTOR IN ENGINEERING FEATS

Some Organizations Use Maps Plotted From Sky.

New York.—Swamp Lands in Florida, forests in Canada and uninhabited areas considered possible for settlement have been mapped from the sky, and the United States army, banks, railroads and manufacturers are now utilizing the air map. The airship is rapidly becoming a factor in engineering, according to Louis D. Hinton, mining engineer, of New York City, who, in a survey of its uses and possibilities made for the official journal of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, says: "General application of the airplane to all branches of engineering, including mining and metallurgical engineering, is increasing and its possible uses are most promising.

"Canada, with its many lakes and rivers—favorable landing places—meets the prerequisite for successful use of the airplane in an unexplored and uninhabited or sparsely inhabited country," the report continues. "During the open season hydroplanes are used, and during the winter season ski runners are attached to the axle in lieu of wheels. With skis attached it has been found practicable to take off and land on any depth of snow quite readily. Winter flying in northern Canada is quite common."

Reveals Errors in Old Maps. Recent air mapping done by the Ontario government has brought to light many errors in previous maps. There are certain large lakes and innumerable small ones which are not shown at all on the old ground survey maps, and many of the lakes shown are imperfectly outlined. In the large unexplored area of northern Canada air mapping offers great possibilities which are appreciated by the Ontario government.

In preliminary surveys for railroad locations an observer flying over the country in an airplane has a bird's-eye view with a range of possibly fifty miles in all directions. The most favorable routes can be determined and photographed. Investigation of the ground and determination of grades can then follow.

Some of the most interesting work has been done in connection with the forests of northern Ontario, both in lumber and pulp wood. The report shows that wood mills are using air photography for inventories of standing timber and of pulp wood stored in the streams. Contracts for the cutting of pulp wood are now settled on computations based on air maps.

"Not long ago a banking house, unable to collect a loan on over 400 square miles of timber land, called on an airplane service to estimate the amount of timber, location of camps for logging and location of railroads to be built to bring out the timber and take its supplies," the report says.

Saves Much Time. "The geodetic survey, in conjunction with the army engineers, has been mapping changes in our coast line. One citation shows that the time required by plane, including flying and plotting, did not consume more than three weeks, whereas a ground survey would have required from six to twelve months.

"In one of the southernmost lies of Florida the airplane was utilized very satisfactorily for making a photographic mosaic of a large area, previously altogether unmapable, of timber and swamp land dissected by innumerable water courses, here ordinary surveying methods were out of the question, since the owner did not require exact measurements of distances or areas.

"In districts away from railroads and steamship transportation the use of airplanes is in its infancy. Last summer plans were made by the Ontario government to land a party of engineers on the Behler Islands in Hudson bay, to report on their mineral resources.

"Many of the new mining districts in the Far North such as the Fin Flon and Manly mines, in Manitoba, 140 miles by land and water north of La Pas, but only about 70 miles by air, require several weeks to reach by canoe and portage, whereas they may be reached within a few hours by airplane. Food and supplies can be quickly transported to crews working in such inaccessible areas.

"Probably many other applications will occur to the mining and metallurgical engineer. The airplane for transportation and its application to engineering problems, especially air surveying, is in its infancy and has great possibilities."

Certainly Not. May.—Did he tickle your fish? Fay (indignantly)—Indeed, he never touched me!

Improving. Gus—How are you? Olga—A little better, thank you.—Carnegie Puppet.

Nobody Wins. "Marriage is a great game, isn't it?" "Yes; but it always results in a tie!"—The Yale Record.

Man Who Hates Flowers Conceded by a Woman

"Persons who love flowers," complained the man who doesn't, says a writer in the New York Sun and Globe, "are the most inconsiderate beings in the world."

"I hate flowers, you know. I loathe and despise 'em. Maybe I'm depraved, but that's my honest taste. I try to like 'em, but I can't. Looking at them isn't so bad, but I detest the smell of them; it makes me sick.

"But does anybody think of this who happens to have flowers? Let some women get flowers in their hands and immediately they begin sticking them into the noses of everybody in sight and demanding to know if they aren't the sweetest things ever. It doesn't do any good to try to wriggle away or hold your head back or turn your cheek into the flowers instead of your nose. Those women can aim at a pair of nostrils ten feet away and never miss.

"You hold your breath in self-defense. Your poor nose you permit to lie in the suffocating mess for what you consider a reasonable length of time. Then you withdraw it smiling, and murmuring that they certainly are the sweetest things ever. You just start to breathe again, and then the woman thrusts those obnoxious growths right smack at your nose again."—New York Sun and Globe.

Chestnut Vendors Join Ranks of Profiteers

The chestnut vendors with their saucers and charcoal fires are perhaps the latest recruits to the ranks of the profiteers. Doubtless they can present excellent economic arguments to justify the high price of chestnuts this season. To the average man on the street, however, the new scale of prices for roast chestnuts just announced comes as a shock. Within the last few days scores of these vendors have taken their places once upon the street corners and one rushes to them as to an old friend. A glance at the familiar stand reveals the same little tin measure as of old, but the good old days of five-cent purchases are gone. The smallest of the measures often are a quarter, and a slightly larger size is 40 cents. The roast chestnut has become a luxury. Meanwhile the proportion of worms has increased. After emptying a bag of chestnuts the other day, it was discovered that the worms had cost nearly a nickel apiece.—New York Times.

Legend of Pan's Death

It was currently believed among early Christians that at the time of the crucifixion of Christ a loud voice was heard throughout the isles of Greece, proclaiming that the great Pan was dead and that the rule of the Olympian gods was at an end.

"Panarch is the first to tell the story that in the reign of Tiberius one Thamus a pilot, when steering near the islands of Paxos, was commanded by a loud voice to proclaim that the great Pan is dead! As soon as he reached Paxos he cried the news aloud from the poop of his ship, whereupon was heard a great noise of lamentation, as of nature itself expressing its grief. The coincidence of this story with the birth or crucifixion of Christ gave occasion to an explanation that it marked the end of the old world and the beginning of the new when the old oracles became dumb. Rabelais has the story, there is a well-known allusion to it in Milton's 'ode on the Nativity,' and it has been finely treated by Schiller and Mrs. Browning."—Chambers' Encyclopedia.

The Second Fiddle

The Frenchman had been presented to the mayor of Puddlebury, to which town he had come to reside.

"Ah, sir, permit me to honor of giving you my congratulations, and to your talented family like-wise. Ze music it is a beautiful gift, and I hope to have ze honor of harking some day to your performance."

"Pardon, mister," said the mystified mayor, "you are mistaken. I know nothing whatever of music."

"Ah, but zat ezvat you call your bang bang—your no no no. I have heard ez several couples of times zat your life plays ze first fiddle, and zat you plays ze second fiddle to 'em!"

The Maid's Text

It was the rule at the vicarage that every one should repeat a passage of Scripture before breakfast every Sunday morning.

It came to the turn of a very timid little housemaid to repeat the chosen text, which was, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

In her nervousness the poor girl blurted out, "I am a fearful and wonderful maid."

Cautious. The day before she was to be married the old negro servant went to her mistress and handed her a life-insurance policy.

Glastonbury Thorn Was Staff of St. Joseph

The beautiful story of the Glastonbury thorn begins in the dawn of Christianity with Joseph of Arimathea, one of the devoted band of disciples sent forth to carry the gospel to the ends of the earth.

St. Joseph, was accompanied by twelve others, and the little company of zealous pursued their weary way to the west of England to the ancient site of Avalon, says the Detroit News. When Joseph and his companions, footsore, hungry and weary, one day at twilight came to a hill southwest of Glastonbury and saw a fairytale valley beneath wrapped around by the silver ribbon of the Brent river, they knew their wanderings were over and that there they should raise a citadel of faith to their risen Lord.

Deep into the earth Joseph struck his staff that had given him such good service on the long march, as a token that his work should take root there and flourish. This thorn staff was cutting from the very Palestinian thorn tree, according to tradition, from which thirty years before had been stripped branches and pointed leaves to make the crown of mockery worn by the Man of Sorrows on the cross.

The staff so impulsively planted took root, according to the legend, and blossomed, strangely enough at Christmas, as well as in the summer time, at the same time bearing ripe fruit. It was said that Joseph also brought with him to Glastonbury the holy cup, known as the holy grail.

Experienced Actors Need Good Director

The young and inexperienced actor does not need direction half as much as the leading man no longer in the first, second or even third flush of glory, with who has been in the habit of directing the humble author and the obsequious stage manager, and who brings to his work in addition to an inability to learn his lines, all the bad tricks of barnstorming days and the determination to keep to the middle of the stage even if, like the boy who stood on the burning deck, he has killed the play stone dead.

The modern star, of course, stands in need of elementary teaching with every part that she essays. Otherwise the electric bulb, that blazes her name over the entrance of the theater, pop one after another, blackening the lives of manager, author, company, stage hands and all the other people who hang about the theater for their daily bread.—Cosmo Hamilton in the Saturday Evening Post.

Burns

It is not the men of letters who have handled Burns with the surest touch. Men to whom letters mean little or nothing are quicker to understand him. The facts that Burns is everywhere. This wonderful instinct for truth and frankness is the secret of his genius and of his style. Perhaps it is the secret of all great style. . . . No sermon worth so much as a fallow dip has ever been preached on the life of Burns, but the mere story of his life is an enthralling drama. . . . It is true that at Ellisland and Dumfriesshire he wrote not a few of his finest songs, and that "Tam o' Shanter," in many ways the strongest and maturest of all his works, belongs to his closing years. . . . In "Tam o' Shanter," especially, he surpasses himself; no masterpiece of narrative so concise, so various, so telling, is to be found even in Chaucer. Is it not a strange thing that the king of poetic storytellers told only one story?—Sir Walter Raleigh.

The Sisters

Twixt Minnie Murnum and Maxie Murnum much difference there be. When Minnie Murnum was forty-five, Maxie was sixty-three.

Yet stranger things than this we knew,—but that year we kept full score: When Minnie Murnum was twenty-nine, Maxie was ninety-four!

When these two maidens went to work all scanty was worn. While Minnie Murnum put in five hours, our Maxie toiled thirteen.

But when they came to draw their pay perhaps they made it straight. Our Minnie Murnum pinched fourteen bucks—Maxie banked forty-eight.

So from the cradle to the grave the girls showed variant skins. They seemed so dreadful far apart—and yet, they were twins.—Los Angeles Times.

Hair Woven Into Cloth

To demonstrate the value of its beautiful white coat as raw material for weaving cloth, a Samoyed dog, a species best known in the Arctic circle, was exhibited at a lecture of the Royal Society of Arts in London. The hair used is from the combings—the undercoat that comes naturally twice a year. It was said that the commercial possibilities of garments made from this product have been proved.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

CLO RINDA FINDS HER OWN KIND

By DORA DEEN

WHEN the home was sold, and Clorinda left alone in the world with little money after debts were paid, she wondered what she might do to earn her living. This thought in mind, she wrote a commendable application for the place of English teacher in Trainer hall.

Clorinda tried to find contentment in performance of her duty among the young women who learned from her, often when the maidens of Trainer hall were safe in their dormitories for the night Clorinda would walk the garden alone or sit at the grand piano, playing soft music which might not disturb. And the secret fact that she frequently was possessed of a wild desire to give vent to her pent-up emotions in a dance across the lawn in the moonlight, or to allow her fingers to race over the piano keys in a merry-mad melody, caused poor Clorinda vague fear for the state of her mind.

Then, Peggy Price came to school. There was no doubt of Miss Peggie's eligibility; her father's name was well known in the world of finance. Still the unknown Miss Trainer saw to it that the happy young girl from the great city was allowed no deviation from rigid rule. To Clorinda, in her heart loneliness, the merry little creature came as a warning gleam of sunlight in a darkened place. The two became at once close friends and growingly happy intimacies that a Trainer teacher may not companion with her pupils.

The Misses Trainer for a while held their peace while Peggy brought laughter provoking epistles from friends at home to read to the sympathetic Clorinda. She would bring her mending to do where Clorinda sat at the piano, in a spare hour. And the two frequently might be seen walking arm in arm through the gardens. The shocking sound of the English teacher's soft laughter mingled with the joyous screams of Peggy's at last brought the sisters to action.

The remiss instructor was made aware of her sins of commission and duly rebuked with the understanding that such unequal friendship must be discontinued. "If you must have an intimate," remarked Miss Sophia Trainer, "why do you not choose a woman of suitable age? Miss Cauley, I am certain, would be helpful to you, as such an associate."

Miss Cauley unconsciously, Clorinda winced. Miss Cauley's chief topic of conversation was bound to be the discouraging failures of those under her charge—uncharitable criticism of those above her in school rank. While the sunny Peggy—Clorinda's blue eyes filled with tears, Peggy had been happy with her; she had even thought that her own friendship might be helpful to the motherless girl. Unavailable? It was Peggy's indigna at exclamation which recalled Clorinda.

"I heard what Miss Trainer said," asserted Peggy, "and if anyone could be more unavailable for your friendly consideration than the porous Cauley, or the snugg Trainers, I'd like to know it."

"Peggy," sighed Clorinda, "the manner in which you refer to your superiors proves that I have neglected my duty."

"Hills!" snapped Peggy cheerfully. "You know Clote, that yourself and your influences have alone made this place bearable, or improving to me. Without you—I go."

"Clote!" Miss Sophia repeated the name in horror. "Is it so that you have been at loose to address an instructor in my school?"

Peggy nodded, her tone was grave. She had not heard the familiar name since she left home. "I hoped it might make it less desolate to hear it here."

That evening seated in her small room in the school, Clorinda received notice of her dismissal. She was charged with not practicing proper discipline. Sadly she gathered together her belongings. Where would she go now she wondered. Where seek or learn new employment?

Peggy Price dashed into the room. Her eyes were shining bright as usual, her smile had its accustomed good cheer. "You quit," she said briefly. "Asked for a vacation, and then took it without waiting for an answer. And if they don't like it, I'm not coming back. But here is my surprise. I am taking you home with me for a visit also, without awaiting your consent. And, Clote darling, I'm going to shake a golden coach for you, out of your pumpkin shell. Do you think I mean to be separated so easily?"

So Clorinda went to the beautiful big city home in its beautiful city park and her soft laughter mingled unrepented with Peggy's spontaneous mirth.

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