

Correspondence

OUR AGENT.

Mr. A. Herman will visit subscribers in Avon, Genesee, Mt. Morris, Dansville, Charlotte, Mt. Read, Lima, Honeyoe Falls and East Bloomfield.

AVON.

Mr. John Skelley won first prize in the oration contest Monday evening.

Misses Anna and Nellie Hendrick, of Lima, and Miss Belle Doolan, of Bloomfield, visited friends in town Tuesday.

Rev. Dr. Breen, of St. Bernard's Seminary, was the guest of Father Farron Tuesday evening and attended the Alumni Banquet of Avon High School at which he was toast master.

The Sister of St. Joseph, of Lima, attended the entertainment Friday evening.

Mr. Patrick O'Neil, of Buffalo, was the guest of his mother, Sunday.

St. Agnes' School closed Friday evening with the following entertainment by the Sisters, and which reflected great praise on both the Sisters and young people, each one acting her part to perfection.

I. Selection by orchestra. Salutation. II. Scarf Fantasies, seventh and eighth grade. III. Drama, Dolores, act I, scene I. IV. Selection by orchestra. Love's Dream; V. Drama, scene II, VI. Vocal solo, Just Next Door, Loretta Tighe, VII. Drama, scene III, VIII. Song, Under the Old Umbrella, Mamie Boden and John Michaels, IX. Drama, act II scene IV, X. A Sweet Dream, Mr. John Greene, XI. Drama, scene V, XII. Selection by orchestra. Dramatis personae: Mrs. Norton, Miss D. Carroll, Augusta, Miss F. Salley, Pauline Dolores, Miss M. Moran, Nellie, Miss A. Curran, Grace, Miss B. Clemending, Isabel, Miss M. Bergin, Constance, Miss C. Connorton, Mrs. Worthington, Miss J. Tighe, Fanchette, Miss M. Cullen, Tom Picher, Mr. John Greene, Aunt Betsey, Miss L. Driscoll, Sally Ann, Miss M. O'Brien, Edith Temple, Miss M. Cullen, Clara Meredith, Miss A. Skolley, Heloise Zachare, Miss A. Schantz. The net receipts of the entertainment were over \$100.

GENESEEO.

Michael J. Ryan of New York city, is home on a weeks vacation.

Miss Margaret Louche, who has been teaching at Lodi, N. Y., is spending her vacation here with relatives.

Michael Donovan Jr., who has been in California for some time, is home on a visit.

The Normal base ball team defeated the Livonia's on the 25th by a score of 9 to 5. On the 26th they also defeated the Avon's in a very exciting game by a score of 6 to 5.

Daniel Donohue won second place in the bicycle series of road races which have been held here.

Miss Cecelia Hughes and Miss Stupp, of Rochester, were the guests of the Misses Fleming the first of the week.

Miss Lonise Harrington visited at her home in Rochester over Sunday last.

Miss Eleanor O'Connor, who has been teaching at Glen Cove, near New York city, came home on the 21st inst to spend her vacation.

The annual sports of the Genesee Valley Hunt Club will take place at the Homestead in this village on Saturday, July 5th.

There will be no Sunday school at St. Mary's church during July and August.

Mrs. Jas. Monahan, of Ontario, Can., has been visiting her sister, Mrs. M. Ryan, on Locke farm in this village.

The Livingston Republican at last week gives Wm. Thompson the transient officer the well earned praise in regard to the district school No. 5, of this village.

Officer Thompson, too, is entitled to credit for the constant attention he has given to the enforcement of the truant law. He has visited the school regularly to see that it was being properly observed, and quickly brought to time any small boy or girl who thought it safe to be absent unnecessarily.

The reception and ball given by the young men of St. Mary's church, on the 20th inst, was a grand success both socially and financially and every one who attended had an enjoyable time. The net proceeds will be about \$80.00.

The following are the names of the Catholics who graduated on Tuesday last at the State Normal School of the class of 1902:

Classical course: Mary M. Ashe, Emma F. Carney, Mary M. Crehan, Mary B. Garvin, Anna B. McNamara, Katherine E. Ryan, Frances W. Sally, Aline M. Veeder, Mary F. Keeler, William H. Welch.

English course: Margaret A. Beaver, Anna A. Concanan, Mary Manion, Elizabeth McGrath, Mary A. McKeon, Katherine Totten, Evelyn E. Walsh.

Academic classical course: Sarah B. Mitchell.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gay, of Paris, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. W. Wadsworth here this week.

Charles B. O'Connell, who has been practicing law in this village for some time, leaves to-day (Saturday) for Batavia, where he will have office room with Arthur E. Clark, a prominent attorney of that place and assist him in his law work. Mr. O'Connell is a bright lawyer and faithful to his clients and his many friends here wish him success in his new place.

WILLARD.

The Misses Mary E. and Mary A. Rielly attended the dedication of the new Catholic church at Penn Yan on the 15th inst.

Miss Katherine Slight is suffering from an attack of grippe.

Mr. Patrick Hoey has gone for a long visit to his home in Ireland. Mr. Hoey will attend the exposition at Cork before he returns.

The marriage of Miss Katherine Meekins and Mr. John White, attendants at the hospital, took place at Ovid on Thursday, June 19. Rev. Father Harrington performed the ceremony. Miss Margaret Meekins, sister of the bride was maid of honor and Mr. Dennis Mahoney best man.

Miss Mary McArdle has left the service and gone to Cleveland, Ohio.

JEFFERSON.

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SENECA FALLS.

The lecture given by the Rev. Father McCorry Monday evening proved to be a grand success. A large crowd filled the hall. The receipts will be given to the building fund of the school. A large number of repairs will be made this summer, one much needed repair will be a new furnace.

The Rev. Father Hendrick, of Penn Yan, and Father Harrington, of Waterloo, attended the lecture Monday evening.

We were all pleased to see that our dearly beloved pastor, Father O'Connor, was able to attend the lecture.

The final examinations were held this week at St. Patrick's school. The school closed on Friday after a very successful year.

Miss Bridget J. McEraw won the first prize at the speaking contest Tuesday evening at Myrders Academy. She is a graduate of St. Patrick's school of the class of 1900.

DANSVILLE.

A neat little fence designed by Herman Geiger, has been placed in front of the Geiger homestead on Main street.

Mrs. Daniel Blum and son Raymond are visiting in Rochester.

On Thursday evening the Misses Klink gave a tea party.

Wednesday was Rev. W. T. Dunn's feast day. Beautiful flowers and many lighted candles adorned the altar at St. Patrick's church and Father Dunn sang a high mass at 8 o'clock. Sister M. Carlotta of St. Mary's parish acceptably presided at the organ.

Yesterday Mrs. William Fedder closed her school in District No. 4, with a picnic.

Miss Marion O'Connor of the King's County Hospital, Brooklyn has been visiting her parents.

Miss Nellie Bacon was one of the Genesee Normal graduates this year.

Miss Cecelia Rohner and Mr. Edward E. Brogan were the Catholic graduates at the High school last Monday. Mr. Brogan was valedictorian and gracefully did he perform the difficult part assigned him.

Mr. Martin Driscoll of Dansville and Mrs. Margaret Murray of Hornellsville were married in the Catholic church at Hornellsville Wednesday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll will reside in Dansville.

Miss Mary Rowan who has been teaching in Tonawanda is home for summer vacation.

Rev. Father Kriehel officiated at the Uhl-Buell wedding in Hornellsville last Wednesday.

St. Mary's school closed on Friday afternoon, June 20th with appropriate exercises. The program included an entertainment which was greatly enjoyed. The pastor Rev. M. Kriehel, presented the certificates and diplomas, awarded the prizes and delivered an address. We regret that space will not permit of our publishing the average percent of the pupils in the June examination. Every pupil had a high standing showing excellent work on the part of the good nuns and application of the scholars. The Sisters who taught during the past year were Sister M. Rosina, Sister M. Frederica, Sister M. Dionysius, Sister M. Carlotta. The graduates Fred Vogt, Henry Johantgen, Otto Hubertus, Anna Kruchten, Helena Gerber. Next week we will furnish a report of the closing exercises in St. Patrick's school.

MT. READ.

A very successful mission was held here this week by the Paulists Fathers, Daily and Meuton.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last ten years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Wadding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There is nothing that made the people of the place wonder was Mrs. Westover's mail. They knew that her husband had married her while he was traveling in Europe—in fact, while he was studying in Berlin, and she chanced to be spending a few months there.

A few months after the trouble there arrived one day a thin letter, addressed in a fine masculine hand, which had never come before, and when, three weeks later, Mrs. Westover dropped into the box an equally thin letter, addressed to a strange name—"Capt. Arthur Worthington Hall"—some elaborate address in London, surprise ran high.

The letter was answered promptly, and this time had more in it, and before two months the communications never failed to appear regularly each week, with a weight that betrayed many words within.

One bright September morning eleven months after the divorce, the editor received a long letter from his old friend, Charles J. Westover, erstwhile druggist in the sleepy little town, now pharmacist in a thriving new city of the West, and therein was announced that the cordial Mr. Westover had taken unto him a new life and asked for congratulations from his old friends.

Moreover, the new wife was no other than Miss Parker, the dentist's assistant, who, it was remembered now, had frequently come to the druggist on the pretense of getting supplies for her employer, and who had left the town about a year before, presumably to take a more lucrative position in the West.

The editor was staggered for a minute, went home and poured out the tale into the sympathetic ears of his better half, slept over it and sent out the next day's paper with a coolly composed recital of his old-time friend's new happiness, dilating upon good wishes for the future and diplomatically avoiding any reference to the former wife or present suspicions.

The community caught its breath, took its cue from the wily editor, and was not a word of condemnation was

A ROMANCE OF PRONOUNS.

It was evening, it was moonlight, it was late and it was fair. "I was cordial, I was happy, I was brave, for she was true. She was pretty, she was blushing, she was willing to be wed— He arrived and he objected. He was papa, so I had. I returned. He was repentant. She was coaxing her mamma. He relented, and I thanked him and forgave him—dear papa! Then he besought me, I was happy, while she blushed a rosy red. He was willing. She was willing. I was willing. We were wed. Alex. H. Laddlaw.

SOMEWHAT TANGLED.

Stillwell had its share of marriages, a goodly proportion of births, and death slipped in every now and then to fill the community with tearful awe. But not since old Dr. Carter had fled the town the year after the war, bearing with him the daughter of a neighboring farmer, thus necessitating his relief, as it were, to begin legal proceedings against him, had the turbulence of a divorce disturbed the placid matrimonial courses of any of Stillwell's citizens.

Consequently, when the inhabitants of the pretty little town awoke one morning to the fact that Charles J. Westover, druggist, had not only sued for divorce, but had every hope of the success of the undertaking, there was no end of clamoring.

One Monday morning the little weekly paper came out with the diplomatically simple notice at the head of its local column that the divorce had been granted, the plaintiff claiming—and evidently proving—"incompatibility of temper."

Then the women all at once remembered that several times they heard the sound of loud talking from the large house on the hill, and little Jeannie Willitt reluctantly admitted that one winter night a year ago Mrs. Westover had come over after 10 o'clock, asking if she might stay all night, as Julia, the maid, had gone to her mother's, and "Charles had been detained at the store and might not be home at all."

In vain did charitable little Jeannie plead that the druggist had been kept really at the store all night, for it was the time that the Western passenger ran into the freight at the lower end of town and the drug store had been converted into a temporary hospital for the wounded.

At last it had blown over. Mr. Westover, with an abused droop to his head, pleaded it grieved him too much to remain so near the place of his sad humiliation—for it was a humiliation he insisted—and soon after the drug store passed into other hands and the sorrow laden man departed for the West.

The one time wife lived quietly in the big house on the hill, shunned by every one except the patient, tender Jeannie in the tiny brown house under the maples across the street.

Of course, Mrs. Westover made and received no more calls and at the little "tea parties" where she used to sit an honored guest her name was never mentioned except with a kind of scornful condescension.

On regularly appointed days she went down town, "another of her English ways," they said, and bought at the town market the best, to be carried home by Julia, the maid, who was stupidly non-communicative in the face of light work and good pay.

Mrs. Westover's gowns, too, were always beautiful, though never varying a trifle from the deep black she had worn ever since the time of her divorce.

The simple-minded people, with their few necessary wants, and with no desire for luxuries, marvelled at the beauty of her dainty rooms and questioned the pleasure to be derived from an open wood fire, even though it were a rainy evening in October.

It rather galled them moreover, that she seemed to thrive without their society, to find sufficient company in weak Jeannie and her books, flowers and music.

In fact, it once struck a more logical member of the church that Mrs. Westover even acted as though she had been actually tolerating them all this time for the sake of her husband.

Another thing that made the people of the place wonder was Mrs. Westover's mail. They knew that her husband had married her while he was traveling in Europe—in fact, while he was studying in Berlin, and she chanced to be spending a few months there.

A few months after the trouble there arrived one day a thin letter, addressed in a fine masculine hand, which had never come before, and when, three weeks later, Mrs. Westover dropped into the box an equally thin letter, addressed to a strange name—"Capt. Arthur Worthington Hall"—some elaborate address in London, surprise ran high.

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breathed from one end of the town to the other.

Jeannie said nothing to Mrs. Westover when she came in that afternoon, and Julia was afraid to put the paper on her mistress' table.

Therefore it was dark when the abandoned wife happened to see the little sheet on a shelf in the corner, and she glanced over the columns wherein the trifling incidents of the week were noted, when all at once a headline caught her eye.

Her lips twitched a little tighter over the closely shut mouth, and as she read the color died out of her cheeks, leaving them as ashy white as her hair. How contemptible, how unfair they were! And how—how he shamed her! This is what it had come to—that she could be cast out deliberately for a little slip of a girl, whose English was mangled, whose ways were shallow, whose character was void!

An hour later she crossed the room to her desk. As she wrote her breath came eagerly from her half parted lips, and the pink turned red in either cheek; and this she thus penned:

"My Dear Arthur—I can call you that now, for you never shall be Mr. Hall to me again. This enclosed miserable little newspaper clipping will explain all, so that you may, in your noble, fond heart, see what I have suffered from your hands."

"I thought that I loved him; you know that I have written you that so many times. You know, too, that I did not love him as I did you, but I thought that I could trust and respect him, and he seemed to love me so."

"Then, too, you had gone to India without even a goodbye, and how should I know that you cared for me, even ever so little?"

"Of course, when you wrote to me after my—after Mr. Westover left—that he told you that Mr. Austin's tea that he was engaged to me, I saw it all, but I could never marry you. I thought, for I had promised God and man to be his wife till death, and I meant to remain true to him."

"Now it is all changed. If she is his wife, what am I? If I am his wife, what have I done to her? I am done with it all. I am ready to drop it all behind me as a horrible thing to be loathed, and—and—will you come for me?"

"I have taken off my wedding ring—I am wedded no longer. If this new woman be his wife, I shall drop it here in this little iron box, where my marriage certificate is, and I lock it thus and toss the key into the fire."

Stillwell peeped and whispered and guessed, but Mrs. Westover puzzled them more than ever now. When they did see her, which was not often, for she seemed strangely busy of late, there was an air of new gladness about her that transformed her into an even greater enigma.

The postmaster's wife announced in a whisper one morning that the Englishman must be coming to Stillwell, as his letter had been postmarked New York. There followed one from Philadelphia, and curiosity knew no bounds.

At last, late one dull October afternoon the dull hackman was amazed to see descend from the Eastern train a tall, handsome man, with an elegance which stupefied the poor boy's simple brain.

The stranger stepped into the homely vehicle without a word, closely followed by an attendant heretofore unknown to the countryman's experience—a real English "man," with bags, deference, dropped his hat and strove vainly to keep his hand from shaking as he took back the register and said the name now on the lips of the town—"Arthur Worthington Hall"—Chicago News.

Queer Contrasts. People ordinarily suppose that secrets cannot be told unless some one deliberately tells them. But the most sacredly guarded secrets in the world are those kept under the seal of the confessional in the Church of Rome, and there is a well-known story of the way in which that seal was once broken, no one—in particular—breaking it.

An illustrious French prelate was at a great banquet, in company with many members of the French nobility and many other ecclesiastics.

The conversation turned upon the life-long experience of priests, their insight into the depths of human nature, and the strange secrets of which, in virtue of their office, they must become the depositaries. To point his remarks, his Eminence said:

"For instance, gentlemen, the first confession I ever received was that of a murderer."

At that moment, and while expressions of wonder, interest and horror were still upon the lips of his auditors, the door opened and a nobleman of the highest rank, a man well known among them, entered the room. He saluted the company, and then paid his respects to the prince of the church, adding gracefully, as he turned to the company:

"You are perhaps not aware, gentlemen, that I had the honor to be his Eminence's first penitent."

The consternation of the company and his Eminence's state of mind may be imagined. Yet what had his Eminence told?

And it is probable that most secrets are told in this manner. No one purposefully tells them, but between priest and penitent they are told, and—the murder is out.

Few people intend to betray confidences; but "Remember," says the Oriental proverb, "your friend has a friend, and your friend's friend has a friend."

It behooves us, then, to set a stricter watch upon our lips, and be careful how we drop deeply innocent halves of confidences, since we never know who may be coming round the corner with the other half to match it!

Know Delight When He Saw It. A teacher in a primary school in East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street a few days ago asked the pupils of a class over which she presides to compose a sentence in which the word "delight" occurred.

A seven-year-old colored boy—the only one of Darktown persuasion in the class—held up his hand.

"Well?" asked the teacher.

"Please, teacher," said he, "when I do go to bed at night I always put out delight."—New York Herald.



Miss Ester Lyons, New Leading Lady at Cook Opera House.

Women Fainted at Sight of Silk Hat.

Unhappy man has been trying for many years to rid himself of the incubus of the tall hat, but struggle as he will, the "stovepipe" still remains his master. It appears that the band of the silk hat first was placed on mankind by one John Hetherington, a London hatter, in the year 1797. It is pleasing to know that Hetherington was promptly arrested. A contemporary newspaper account of the affair is as follows: "John Hetherington, Haberdasher of the Strand, was arraigned before the Lord Mayor yesterday on a charge of breach of the peace and inciting to riot and was required to give bonds in the sum of £500. It was in evidence that Mr. Hetherington, who is well connected, appeared in the public highway wearing upon his head what he called a silk hat (produced), a tall structure having a shiny lustre and calculated to frighten timid people. As a matter of fact, the officers of the crown stated that several women fainted at the usual sight, while children ran screaming and a young man, who was returning from a chandler's shop, was knocked down by the crowd and had his arm broken. For these reasons the defendant was seized by the guard and taken to the Lord Mayor. In extenuation the defendant claimed that he had a right to appear in a head dress of his own designing." What was done ultimately with Hetherington is not stated. Not that it mattered much; he had done the fear some deed; he had invented and introduced the silk hat, and after that nothing mattered much.

Recipe for Happiness.

A famous statesman, who had just celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday and seemed good for many years more, when asked for his prescription for longevity replied, "Don't worry." How true it is that worry is the handmaid of premature death! So if you wish to live a long and happy life don't worry.

We recognize that sorrow and joy are the common lot of humanity. When fortune smiles we laugh; and when she frowns we grieve. It is right to enjoy but wrong to brood.

You have your troubles, admittedly but who has none?

If your distress is financial think that it might be worse and believe it a brighter prospect. If death is the cause of grief let resignation play an angel's part. Ill health is, perhaps the sorest trial of all, but hope is the good physician, and giving up but makes the malady harder to endure.

When troubles come, as they must to all, confront them with a smile and count the friends you win.

To the brave misfortune is an incentive to nobler deeds, and for the weakling that bends beneath adversity we have but pity. No matter how trying the circumstances or true the distress let us maintain our equilibrium, repress our emotions of outward sorrow and refrain from burdening others with our anxieties and cares.

We all know how unpopular those persons become who are forever airing their troubles and to what an extent they impair their chances for success.

German Sharpness.

As examples of the exceeding sharpness with which the German customs officials are now scrutinizing imports of manufactured merchandise, the following ruling and reclassification of recent date will serve to illustrate what may happen whenever any manufacture article is made of two or more component materials, says the London Express.

There is a certain "overt snap," in German as "Carabiner Haken," which is made of malleable steel or iron coated with tin.

These have been imported for years under a duty rate of ten shillings per 220 pounds. The snap hook has a latch in the form of a sliding bolt which is thrown by a small spiral spring of brass or bronze wire, wholly concealed within the shank of the hook.

Recently some zealous inspector had dissected one of these snaps, removed the bolt, and discovered the hidden brass spring, which forms perhaps one fortieth of the whole weight of the article, whereupon the covert snap has been reclassified as brass goods, dutiable at 24 per cent, and is practically prohibitory in fact of domestic competition.

COOK OPERA HOUSE

Week June 30th. Next Week the Cook Opera House Stock Co. Will present "The Two Orphans" Under the direction of I. H. Garson. Miss Esther Lyon has been engaged as leading lady, and Mr. Harry Ghasier the well-known romantic actor, leading man. PRICES. Matinees—All Seats 10c. Nights—10c, 15c, 25c. Matinees, Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

THOS. B. MOONEY Funeral - Director

196 West Main Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MISS ELIZABETH MCCARTHY VOICE CULTURE AND PIANO STUDIO 673 Powers Bldg

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—Pursuant to an order of Hon. Geo. A. Benton, Surrogate of the County of Monroe, notice is hereby given, according to law to all persons having claims or demands against Ellen Whalen late of the city of Rochester, County of Monroe, State of New York, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers therefor, to the undersigned Joseph A. Erdle, at his place for the transaction of business as such executor, at 226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of July, 1902. Dated, January 8th, 1902. Joseph A. Erdle, Executor.

MURPHY, KRANAN & KRANAN Attorneys for Executors 226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y. 6m July 5

LAWN MOWERS SHARPENED BY AN EXPERT.



The only place in the city where the cylinder and the bed knife are ground separately, this insures a perfect cut. Work called for and delivered. All work guaranteed. L. F. Wilder, 291 Mill Street. Bell Phone, 1272R.

NOTICE. We call the attention of our readers to the new fish market at 528 State St. A full line of fresh and salt water fish, oysters, clams, &c., always on hand. Telephone orders will be given prompt attention. Both phones 1287. Marsh W. Walzer, 528 State St.

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