

Sheet Metal Works

Tin, Slate, Tile, Asphalt and Slag Roofing
Steel Ceilings, Furnace Work
Cleaning and Repairing Ventilators
Blower Pipes, Range Hoods
General Repairing and Shop Work
F. E. HAYES CO.
44 Aqueduct Street
Phones—Main 5703, Stone 7782

Everything in Rubber



United States Rubber Co.
24 Exchange St. Rochester, N. Y.

Robertson & Sons
Shoe Repairers, Inc.
BOTH PHONES
38 N. Water Street
EST. 1884
Six New York Shops
TRADE MARK
REPAIRED WHILE YOU WAIT
We Don't Cobble Shoes We REPAIR Them

ESTABLISHED 1872
L. W. Maier's Sons
UNDERTAKERS
870 Clinton Avenue N.
Phones 689

Burke & McHugh
CARTING CO.
Light Auto Cars for General Delivery
163 North St.
Main 7111 Phones Stone 3295

Rech. Stone 477 Bell Chase 843
A. J. HEINZLE
Plumbing, Steam and Water Heating
64 University Ave.

GALEY & NASH
Automobile Painting and Trimming
BODIES OF SPECIAL DESIGNS
Manufacturers of Fine Carriages,
Sleighs, Delivery Wagons, Etc.
Rech. Phone Park 126 J 152 EAST AVE.

United States and Firestone
Tire Service Station
Vulcanizing a Specialty
J. C. BAART
454 Main Street E.

House Cleaning
We make a specialty of New Windows, Shellac and Wax Floors.
House Cleaning of all kinds.
All House Work is for Cash. Special Attention given to Private Homes. All work done at Reasonable Prices.
Roe Window Cleaning Co.
123 West Main St. Both Phones

The Best Remedy
Jackson's Cough Syrup 25c
George Hahn
Prescription Druggist
561 State Street

Diamond Van-Curran Co.
1794-1796 East Avenue
AUTOMOBILE RADIATORS
Repaired by Experienced Workmen.
Rech. Park 831 Bell. Chase 1174
Work Called For and Delivered

Established 1890
Sidney Hall's Sons
Manufacturers of
Boilers, Tanks, Smoke Stacks
General Boiler Repairs
Flues Welded by Machinery
169-175 Mill Street
Rech. Phone, Stone 1227 Bell Main 2886
After 5 p. m. and Holidays
Bell, Gen. 436 or Gen. 2860

New York Auto Tire & Supply Co.
Agents for All Makes of Automobile Tires
PORTAGE CORD TIRES
Automobile Supplies
Cor. Spring & Fitzhugh Streets
Phillip G. Hoffman, Prop.
Main 4398—Phones—Stone 4614

The J. A. Doyle Detective Agency
Highest Police and Detective References; ex-
perienced operators; former member of Detec-
tive Bureau, Rochester Police Department,
the King Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
Both Phones
Expert Commercial, Criminal and Investiga-
tions

A VOCATION

By ELIZABETH R. GREENE.

Cyrella stood at the window listlessly watching the whirling snowflakes. In the room below her three aunts were gathered in solemn council and the girl frowned to herself at the knowledge.

"Why don't they let me alone?" she thought, wistfully. "If everyone has a special work, as Aunt Phyllis says why don't they let me find mine for myself?"

As there seemed no answer to these troublesome questions Cyrella turned. While she still stood irresolute Aunt Deborah's voice called to her, and with smoldering rebellion in her dark eyes Cyrella went obediently down.

As she entered the sumner library two pairs of spectacled eyes regarded her fresh young beauty accusingly. "Cyrella," said Aunt Deborah, who was the oldest of the aunts, and the indomitable leader, "have you decided yet what vocation you will pursue?"

"No, Aunt Deborah."

"Well, Cyrella, as you seem so unable to decide for yourself, and it's time you were accomplishing something, your aunts and I have concluded to make a choice for you." She paused expectantly, but the girl listening respectfully made no effort to speak.

"We think it best for you to take up dressmaking—you seem such a home body"—she added in a tone that settled the matter.

"What right have you folks got to plan out my life?" she demanded passionately. "Because I've always obeyed you, you think you can drive me now into a work I detest. You won't give me time to decide for myself, you won't trust me. It's—it's not playing fair!"

Cyrella's voice broke in a defiant sob. The council of three was properly shocked, but it was gentle Aunt Phyllis who spoke.

"The child is right," she said softly. "We ought to trust her and let her find her own path—"

Deborah Meade shot her youngest sister a withering glance. In the refuge of her room Cyrella sobbed despairingly.

"But I won't be a dressmaker, I won't—I won't!" sobbed Cyrella rebelliously.

Slipping softly downstairs for her wraps Cyrella, passing the library door, caught the sound of a forbidden name—her mother's name—on Aunt Phyllis' lips. She paused eagerly; she knew so little of the mother of whom she had been bereft when a child.

"It doesn't pay to be too hard, Deborah," Aunt Phyllis was saying. "You know how it worked with—Cecily," she added bravely.

So once, long ago, her mother had rebelled at Aunt Deborah's rigid reign! That was why, then, they never spoke of her.

Absorbed in her thoughts, she had reached the crowded thoroughfares of the city before she realized how far she had gone.

She would get an office job. Anything was better than being Aunt Deborah's dressmaking pupil.

Then it happened. When she opened her eyes Cyrella found herself in a little white hospital bed, with a nurse smiling down at her.

FRIEND STEVEDORE.

"In a sweatin' army stevedore, I gets a soldier's pay. I joined up for a soldier once—I'll not forget the day— I gets a gat all proper an' comes pikin' overseas. Prepared to meet this Jerry gent an' bring him to his knees. Two long, sad years I've been here jugglin' army freight From Somewhere West of Old New York an' East of Golden Gate—I've got a World War ribbon—gold stripes a full quartet— The army's come an' gone again—I'm steve-a-dorin' yet."

I've worked alongside Jerry, an' old Frenchy's helped me through. An' heathen Chinks what never blinks an' bucks from Timbuctoo; An' Greeks from Asia Minor, an' some Spaniards, Poles an' Wops, An' Tommies fresh from London town an' ex-Calgary cops. For it's "An' a vant that box car," an' a "Haitte, la! Gut, Aliny!" "Zwei cases nach," now "Tout de suite—toots sweeter, sil vous plait." "Manning fini arbeit," "Manana?" "Nichts compret." "Demain, then, Asel—morgen!" "Si compre... yes... /a... oal!"

I'm a sweatin' army stevedore, I gets a soldier's pay. But I barleys all the lingoos what they hablus here today. It's all-same-meme-chose what they shouts, I gets 'em on the spot. The Heintie choppin' hard and cold, th' Wop what's soft an' hot; The Chinese pidgin sing-song, an' the Alabama drawl. The bloomin' Cockney chatter an' the putouts of the Gaul. I'm a Jingo on the line, I'm the goods "comme interprete"— The army's come an' gone again—I'm steve-a-dorin' yet. —From the Home Sector.

ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN

Theatrical Critic May Have Meant Well by His Advice, but Some Will Doubt It.

The stage manager was often at his wits' end to know what to do with an amateur dramatic critic who regularly attended the theater and kept up a running conversation in a loud voice about the merits or demerits of the plays he saw.

The piece was a thrilling melodrama of the old school when the critic happened to be there one night. The hero—an understudy—was slender and short; the lovely heroine tall and stout.

"Marry that man!" shouted the villain to the princess, and pointing to the hero, "I'll ruin you both!" The heroine then screams and falls into the arms of the hero, who is expected to carry her out. But on this occasion the slender hero, doubting his fitness for the task before him, hesitated.

"All right, mister," yelled the critic, "just take what you can, and come back for the rest!"

Intoxicated Cows.
Some cows actually disgraced their home and reputation by going home the other night just like a pack of old boozers. The truth of this statement is affirmed by a farmer in England, and is related in one of the leading London dailies. One day the farmer's cows broke into an orchard where huge heaps of fermenting cider apples lay upon the ground awaiting removal. Evidently the cows were fascinated and ate considerable quantities. The result was that when the farmer sent his boy to bring the cows home for milking they were all prostrate on the ground. After an effort they struggled to their feet, tottered across the orchard, only to fall in the ditch like intoxicated human beings. For a couple of days they remained quite helpless, and no milk was forthcoming. Later, however, they completely recovered.

Origin of Navel Orange.
The navel orange originated in Brazil and was introduced into the United States in 1870 by William Saunders of the United States department of agriculture at Washington. It was distributed by him to the orange growing section of this country and was often spoken of as the "Washington navel orange." Its peculiar formation, which gives the fruit its name, is due to the development of a secondary axis, with more or less cells, in the center of the fruit; the fact that it is practically seedless, combined with its sprightly flavor, has made this variety of orange popular, and it is largely grown in southern California and increasingly in Florida. The trees are propagated by cutting and by budding or grafting other stocks.

Psychology on the Farm.
"Hannah," said Farmer Cortmossel to his wife, "we may as well be prepared. The hired man says he's goin' to strike."

"But he admits he has plenty to eat and wear. Nobody finds fault with him and he has a little money in the bank. What's the trouble?"

"I think it must be jest plain human nature. Things has been movin' along so peaceable that he's got kind o' lonesome and wants to be noticed."

Concerning Clams.
"Don't be a clam!" exclaimed the well-meaning friend. "Open up and get acquainted with the world!"

"Clams are what I have been thinking about," answered Mr. Growcher, slowly. "I have seen a great many clams who would have been happier if they had stayed the way they were instead of opening up and getting acquainted."

Management of Coming Events.
"Why is a prophet regarded as without honor in his own country?"

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "I suppose politics has been politics ever since the world began; it naturally makes a politician restless to feel that most any day he may find his hand has been tipped off by a prophet."

Moment of Embarrassment.
"Some men are so strong that they always have their own way."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "but a man who always has his own way is liable to be a little disappointed when he stops once in awhile and looks around and listens for the applause."

7%

What's in a Name?

The Rochester Gas and Electric Corporation is known in this City and throughout the State as one of the most progressive utility Companies in the Country. This reputation was not gained in a day, but was won by years of concentrated and consistent effort to co-ordinate its business so as to serve the Community well and reasonably. The effort has succeeded. This being true, it follows that you will help yourself and your city by investing in

Rochester Gas and Electric Corporation

7% CUMULATIVE PREFERRED STOCK
(Dividends Payable Every Three Months)

Boom this big, safe home town enterprise. Have the satisfaction and profit that comes of being a part of it. Your investment helps to make it possible for Rochester to continue to have the most progressive public utility of any city in the country.

A safe investment at a high rate of interest with assurance of continued satisfactory gas and electric service is the reward that will come to you.

The price of Rochester Gas & Electric Corporation 7% Cumulative Preferred Stock is \$100 per share and accrued dividend with cash or easy payment plan.

Interest at the rate of 7% per annum will be paid on monthly installments.

For your convenience reservation may be made for such number of shares as you may desire for any date to suit yourself.

Rochester Gas and Electric Corporation

Rochester, N. Y.

Bell Phone, Main 3960

Home Phone, Stone 3960

7%

7%

INCORPORATED 1850

Monroe County Savings Bank

35 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

RESOURCES \$28,400,000

Deposits \$1 to \$3,000

Interest allowed from the first three business days of any month

Dividend declared December 1st, 1919, for six months at the rate of 4 per cent per annum

RUFUS K. DRYER, Pres. WILLIAM CARSON, Sec'y & Trans.

BANKING HOURS:

Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Saturdays from 9 A. M. to 12 M.

Saturday evenings from 7 P. M. to 9 P. M. for deposits only

John H. McAnarney

General Insurance Fidelity Bonds

101-102 Ellwanger & Barry Bldg.

Rech. Phone 2172

Bell Phone 3682 Main

LIVES OF THE SAINTS

With Reflections for Every Day in the Year

Compiled by

REV. ALBAN BUTLER

This volume offers in compendious form the lives of many eminent servants of God.

The life of each Saint and the history of each great festival are given in succinct, but clear style, and each day closes with a practical reflection.

There is no better book for fostering a spirit of piety than the "Lives of the Saints" and this edition with its low price, clear and legible type, ought to be in every Catholic family.

406 pages, net, 75 cents

Will be sent postage paid on receipt of 85 cents

Rochester American Lumber Co.

GET OUR PRICES

142 Portland Avenue

888 Clinton Avenue S.

Both Phones, Home 1365, Bell 1246

Subscribe for The Journal