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THE GREEN SMOCK

By MILDRED WHITE.

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.) John Gail stared from the vivid green silk spread out between them, back to his young wife's pretty face. "You don't mean," he exclaimed, "that you really intend to wear that thing, Nell, and to the Gainsworthys—of all places?" "Why not?" Eleanor retorted, the red vexation flushed her cheeks, her dark eyes snapped at him. "You are getting very critical of my taste it seems, John Gail. But her husband merely touched the silk with a tentative finger provokingly humming "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." Eleanor's indignation returned. "Every one is wearing smocks this season," she said, "and this green, embroidered in pearls, looks lovely with my white skirt. Who are your Gainsworthys that they should set a standard for me?" "Mr. Gainsworthy," her husband replied, "is my employer. The one man from whom I expect advancement. You know the undisputed position his wife holds in society, and you must also know of her conservative tastes. I cannot allow my wife to make a false impression upon her first appearance in my employer's home by rigging herself out like a chorus girl."

"John," cried Eleanor sharply and now thoroughly angered, "I shall either wear that green smock to the Gainsworthys' dinner or I shall stay at home." "Then if you take my advice," John responded heatedly, "you will stay at home." Nell dropped on the bed when he left the room and rocked to and fro hugging her knees. Men were funny creatures, she mused. Here was her big John disapproving now of the very characteristics he had formerly admired. "That saleswoman did hypnotize me into buying it," she admitted to herself, "or perhaps the lights were too becomingly shaded there. I must not give in to John though, and if I stay at home from the Gainsworthys' it might seem a personal slight. I will go out and make a call," decided Eleanor promptly; and suited the action to the impulse.

She dreaded the ordeal of meeting John when he returned from business. This was their first quarrel and there seemed no immediate hope of reconciliation as Nell was determined in not yielding her point. She would not go to the Gainsworthys'. John must be made to realize that he could not make sneering remarks concerning his wife's judgment. John should have, his punishment and when he had it, then Nell would yield thereafter to his wishes. It was very hard, however, when John stalked away without good-by. Nell thought at first that she would go to bed and cry her eyes out.

Then she considered that it might be more profitable to avail his return cheerfully with the newest magazine for company. And John entering the impressive home of his great employer was met by a shock. For one confused moment he thought that Eleanor's Irish green smock had haunted his vision, and it was with difficulty that he could clasp the fingers of his hostess and wish her a courteous "good evening." For the woman who advanced to greet him, the woman whose good opinion was courted, whose judgment in social customs was beyond reproach, was unmistakably wearing this night a smock identical with Eleanor's own. A brazen green smock, embroidered in white beads. Mrs. Gainsworthy's skirt, he noticed, was of soft clinging white, and with her crown of gleaming white hair she had never looked more charming.

"So sorry that your wife was unable to come," she murmured. "Mrs. Gail paid me a call of regret this afternoon. She is a dear little creature. I hope that we shall become better friends."

So Eleanor had not brought reflection upon him by her absence. John Gail sighed relievedly and mingled with his relief was also remorse. How unfair he had been to her. What possessed him anyway, he impatiently reflected, that he should take this new critical attitude toward the girl whom he had considered altogether admirable. Well, he would make it up to her in future confidence. He recalled a certain sneering reference to "chorus girl tastes," and here shaming him was conservative Mrs. Gainsworthy wearing a replica of the dress he had condemned.

Nell, at this moment was aroused from her comfortable interest in a magazine story, to answer the telephone. "My dear Mrs. Gail," came a sweet toned voice, "this is Mrs. Gainsworthy speaking. This is Mrs. Gainsworthy speaking. I just could not resist letting you know of the success of our pleasant conspiracy. Your husband's face was a study, as he beheld me, clad in your own green smock. And I assure you, the wearing has been no sacrifice on my part. Men are certainly inexplicable."

"My husband, who has for years preached sobriety in dress, has paid me more pretty compliments tonight than since the days of our courtship. I am going to beg that green smock from you, Mrs. Gail. Men are queer!" Nell laughed jocosely. "And still they are dear," she said. "I wait now, happily, for John."

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

AT THE END OF THE WEEK.

When I have paid for what I owe, The grocer and the coal man, too, The boy who shovels off the snow And given the milkman what is due, When I have paid the monthly rent, And squared the plumber for his pains, I find that all I have is spent, I can't go wrong on what remains.

Let Folly beckon as she will, I tread the horizontal line, When I have paid my tailor's bill, I am not apt to purchase wine. When I have paid for hats and shoes, The tempter has to hike along; I am no customer for booze, On what is left I can't go wrong.

I never get my fingers burned By mixing stocks that quickly fall, The job with which I'm most concerned Is buying clothes for children small. I hear men talk of surplus dough But none of it I've ever had, When I have paid up what I owe If I break even I am glad. (Copyright by Edgar A. Guest.)

What Saving Means. Conservation and thrift extended to the little things makes amazing totals in big undertakings. In 1919 the Baltimore & Ohio railroad used one scoopful of coal less for one and a half billion times, and the result was that the great road's coal bill was \$1,178,204 less than for the same work in 1918.

Ingenuous Women in New York. New York women have patented more inventions than the women of any other state.



EVERYBODY dees a country ees leeva too high now. Before da prohibish ees go to work steady job could sometin' deenck leetle bit for feela good. But now when ees alla dry up only ting can do ees eat too mooch.

I tink een fea year all da ceetreen een Uniteda State ees getta pain een da belle and dunno wot's matter. Everything go lika devil too fast and fiva, seaxa, time every day people eata somating. One guy een da restaurant other day aska for stack of wheat. But mehbe he tink he was thrashing machine, I dunno. I feegure anybody wot eat stack of wheat no leeva ve long.

And een da park ees one place where sella hot dogs for ten cents. Now wot you tink for anyone eata hot dog, huh? Ees no wonder moosta time we no feela good. We gotta hard time reada program een da restaurant. Ees moosta place ees made weath leetle French, leetle Italia, leetle Uniteda State language Jusn for maka you tink gonna getta square meal.

I was een one restaurant where was so moocha music no could heara any one eat. And lot of place serva deenck weath da meal, too. Plenta people eat leetle bit, deenck leetle bit and den come back and eata some more. Dat same people say woud no eata hash. But after one trot foxy or sheemle dance da whole works ees hash Jusn same. I tink tree, four yard of gooda spaghetti every day woud maka feel better.

Wot you tink?

CROSBY'S KIDS



NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES THE DAY BUT ONE

Effective Printing means good type, good presses, good workmen and good paper. We have the equipment and the workmen for you, and use Hammermill grades of bond, safety and cover paper. Let us show you

ONCE 'DEAD' HE LIVES HERMIT

Indian Forsaken by Tribe Lives With Dogs.

TURNS AGAINST WHITE MAN

Because One of His Dogs Was Killed by Town Marshal Wealthy Osage Refuses to Enter Town Again or Have Anything to Do With White Man—Expert at Knife Throwing—Kills Birds on Wing.

This is the second chapter of the story of John Stink, Osage Indian. The first chapter has been told far beyond the borders of the "Osage Nation"—how old John, many years ago was carried out of his house to die, according to the custom of the Osages when one of their number nears his end; and how he was pronounced dead; and how he was buried under a pile of stones; and how he came to get out and was dubbed a ghost by his tribesmen; and how he thereafter an outcast, an Indian out of a tribe, dead to his own people, though still in the world, writes Mabel Abbott in the Chicago Post.

Lonely After Death. The second chapter: John Stink was lonely after he had "died." So he spent much of his time in Pawhuska, Okla., which, though it is the capital of the Osage nation, is a white man's town.

John made friends with some dogs that were as tough as he, and these dogs told other dogs, until in a short time John had a tribe of seventeen dogs of every possible combination of breeds. They went with him wherever he went; they slept curled up with him in the doorways of stores; they foraged and begged for food, as he did. In short, John and his dogs soon became a public nuisance.

So the town marshal notified him to keep his dogs off the streets. But he made the mistake of telling John in person instead of telling his guardian, who would have interpreted the message to him and made sure he understood its authority. John didn't understand the order, so didn't want to, and didn't care a whoop what the town marshal thought of his dogs, anyway; and he and they went calmly on their accustomed and noisy rounds.

Whereupon the marshal took a shot at the multitude and hit one of the dogs—a little white one. A girl who knew John well and saw the occurrence tells the story. "John never said a word," she says. "He stooped and picked up the little dog and carried it out of town and about a mile up the creek. Then he put it down on a big flat stone and tried to do something for it; but nothing could be done. He sat there watching it until it died.

Through With Whites. "Then he got up and said: 'John Stink is through with white man.' And he has never come to town since." John lives under "two blankets stretched between trees beside the flat stone where he watched one of his last seventeen friends die. He is through with the white man, his own people long ago were through with him, and most of his dogs are dead now.

His guardian sends him a basket of food two or three times a week. The government agency sends him his share of the Osage oil money, and he is a rich man. But he stands all day on the flat stone and practices throwing knives. He can kill a bird on the wing with a knife.

INSECTS TORTURE FLYER

Swarms Attacked Aviator Who Became Lost in Clouds.

Missing the landmark at Fort Myers, Fla., for which place he was flying from Arcadia, Fla., Lieut. O. C. Niergrath of Battle Creek, Mich., landed in an island of mud and was lost for six days in the everglades. When he realized he was lost Lieut. Niergrath flew south until his gasoline gave out and landed in the mud, where he was half buried and tortured by insects. He waded through mud up to his waist for three days and was finally rescued when in a delirious condition.

MADE WIFE DO FARM WORK

Lazy Farmer Attracted Girl From City by Entrancing Stories.

By painting entrancing woe pictures of life in the country, Patrick H. Balmes induced Kathryn Schumacher, who had spent all her life in the city, to marry him and leave Chicago for his farm. In a suit for divorce, Mrs. Balmes says that her husband was lazy and piled most of the farm work upon her shoulders. At the time she instituted divorce action she was milking ten cows, morning and evening, cleaning the cow stables, doing all the cooking, churning and other duties.

Pallbearers Form Labor Union. "The Independent Pallbearers' Society" is the name of a new labor organization that has applied for a charter to the clerk of the court of Fayette county, Tenn. The application is being held up pending investigation of the purposes of the organization.

Be There

By GEORGE MATTHEW

CARLOS MARTIN is a man of Wendell Phillips and is not enough to be ready to duty calls; a man should stand where he can hear the call. Be There.

A few years ago, at a great political convention, a mysterious moment arrived, a great outbreak broke in on one man. But the man was there; at that moment he was talking before in one of the hotels. Before he could be called upon and through the sign of the moment, he was into one of the greatest stories of life—and it swept him into the States senate, where he has promised himself one of the great leaders of the country.

Be There. When an appointment is made, agree to be there. If you have an opportunity, take it. The Leaders in the world, and in every other activity, are constantly alert. Men and women who can measure their chances that they hold in the flow of their hands. You, whoever you are, and wherever you work, if you are conforming constantly to the ideas of the best, you need have fear but that at the proper moment you will be the one who is—Be There.

Rann-dom Reck

By HOWARD L. RANN

LEONIDAS

LEONIDAS was a Spartan hero who earned a large bronze medal by holding the pass of Thermopylae with 300 men and a shooting party. Sparta was a small, brilliant, try about the idea of a Florida site, but it was never stopped by any success. The inhabitants on cayenne pepper and red beads and practiced shooting at a mark hours a day. One time Xerxes of Persia, decided to annex Greece and after rounding up a vast army of 2,000,000 men he headed for the Grecian archipelago, which about in the same place it is now. Xerxes did not get the ball into the pass of Thermopylae which was a short cut between mountains wide enough to allow



Defying the Persian Army in the Rugged Greek Adversity Used.

thin men to pass without being scooped. Here Xerxes found Leonidas drawn up in battle array, and the whole Persian army in some of the rugged Greek adjectives ever used. Xerxes took the affair as a challenge. Leonidas had spitted a sword, when he decided to stay. Leonidas. When the Spartans discovered this, he delivered a quiet address to his men and the entire Persian army, which he was full of arrows that he was pin-feathered before being sent to the family residence.

Leonidas' name at once a household word, and a series of kodak pictures of the hero eagerly sought after. He aroused so much indignation Spartans rose up and threw across the Hellepont with written all over his profile. He did not die in vain, as he wished the impassioned eloquence and weld of a corked from an opera house. (Copyright)

MILITARY

This is the motto when Nature sends her whippersnappers the BREEZE And draws us from the...