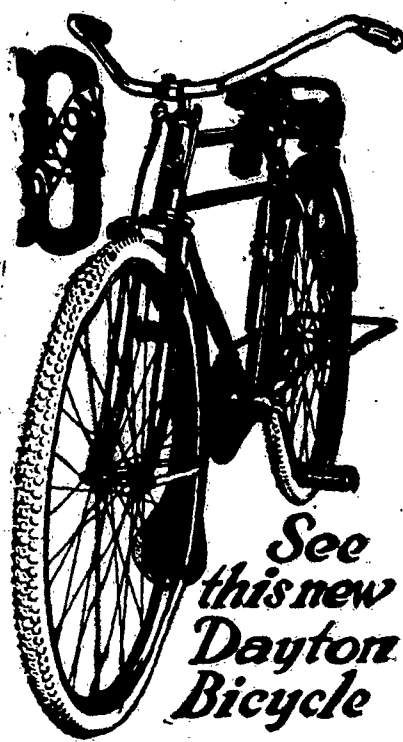


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APRON AND FROCK

Designs Effectively Carried Out in English Prints.

When White Organdie Fichu is Used the Ends Are Tucked Under the Band.

Any number of pretty flowered voile frocks have real aprons of organdie, the strings of which form a sash. Some of these have fichu as well as aprons. Such designs are most effective, observes a fashion writer, when carried out in the fresh, crisp-looking English prints of small design. The aprons are not at all like the panel skirts which have come to be known as apron skirts. They are real aprons, just like a maid's apron, with big strings tying in the back. When a white organdie fichu is used the ends are tucked under the apron band. Sometimes, when the apron is not used, the fichu crosses at the waistline and continues to form a big sash in the back.

A shade of blue chambray known as blue bonnet blue and which is somewhat darker than a French blue, makes very pretty morning dresses for the country. With some white linen and a rickrack braid to be used as trimming, very pretty designs may be easily worked out.

A pleasing way of making such a frock is to cut it with a long waist portion hanging loose like a smock and attach to it a straight little skirt. A loose panel gathered with a heading may be placed at either side, the panels, heading and all, edged with the rickrack braid and the frock sashed with white linen. These blue chambray dresses are very pretty made with frilled white organdie aprons.

PRESENCE OF ORGANDIE HATS

At Least One Piece of This Charming Headgear is Regarded Necessary by All Women.

Organdie hats are just now diverse and beautiful. A few seasons ago they popped into the horizon as a possibility and were given more or less passing and amused attention, but now everybody is doing at least one organdie hat. It is a hat to lead women astray and to lure from their pocketbooks much more money than they had planned to let slip away in that direction, for such hats are apt to be so becoming that, in spite of the fact that they are perishable in the extreme, they are irresistible.

In pastel shades and colorings these organdie hats have reached their highest development. The violets and pinks and yellows are fascinating. Often they are trimmed with nothing at all, but are so constructed and shaped that their rolling brims and their softly folded crowns take care of the whole duty of a hat. Then there are some which are trimmed with big splashing bows of the same material. Others are done with fluted bows to chime in with the frocks which the hats are designed to accompany. One of these organdie hats was made of white and was trimmed with a large and sweeping bow of wide black velvet ribbon across the front. One could picture it worn with the whitest of white dresses made also of the crisp white organdie material. Another organdie hat had a band of purple faille ribbon wound closely about the base of the draped crown of mauve. Another had a basket of fresh and modern posies embroidered on the front of a draped pink organdie crown. They are done in all manners—these transparent hats of summer—and each one is most charming.

DAISIES USED AS TRIMMING



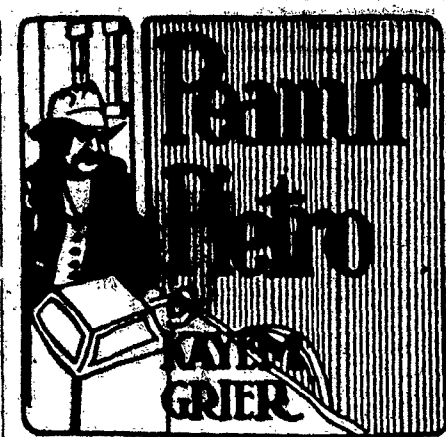
The daisy trimmed straw chapeau—a hat finished at the edges with tuffeta daisies is one of the latest Parisian fashions.

To Launder Worn Curtains.

Damn all holes by placing tissue paper underneath, then sew closely on sewing machine. Make a suds hot as can be borne on the hands. Fold the curtain flat, small enough to go through the wringer. Work carefully with the hands, press through wringer. If much soiled use another suds, rinse and starch without unfolding, using wringer for each. Spread sheets on a carpet and pin. Carefully unfold curtains, spread out perfectly true and even, then pull out each scallop; the wet curtain will adhere to the sheet without pinning and when dry will hang as true as if stretched on a frame.

Practical House Dress.

A practical house dress that is easily laundered is cut in one piece with elbow-length kimono sleeves and is laced down the front.



I GOTTA PENCH

For buy da new suit. I see da advertise en da paper so I go one store for greva look. Man putta streeng weeth numbers on rounda my waist and say "bout 42, huh?" I dunno eef he guessa my birthday pes 42 or eef da suit is 42 bucks. Both pes too mooch, so I tink mebbe I buy da leetle suit and wait for grow up so weel fita me.

Dat man wot sella da 'suit aska me, "You wanta Engleesh cut suit?" I say I no care eef ees Engleesh, Irish, United States or wot kinda national-ity, but I wanta whole suit and not one woot's cut up alla ready. I no care wot ceetens ees da suit so longa ees no German.

But he say I gotta wrong idee. He wanta Engleesh ees lighta fit and Conservative no toucha so close alla round. I dunno wot Conservative ees—mebbe some relash to Bullshevek. I dunno—so I feegure Engleesh ees besta one.

"You wanta pench back?" he aska me.

Now wot a devil I wanta suit wot pencha da back for. I never gotta pench once before only drive da fievver too moocha hurry, so I no like to getta pench when buy da new suit. But he tella me everybody gotta pench back clothes. Well, I lika be leetle swell guy, too, so I decida mebbe splitta deefence—getta one dat jussa scratcha da back and no pench. But when I aska has he gotta scratch back suit he wanta know eef I gotta cootie. He aska eef I wanta two or tree piece suit. Mebbe he tinka I am da peace commish, I dunno. I no understanda wot suit gotta do, weeth da peace, but I say I am favor da league for nations and eef gotta have more as one peace I wanta fourteen point peace lika President Weelison.

Wot you tink?

Off Again, On Again

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN (Copyright.)

The Little White Restaurant.

We have visited places of wondrous repute for feeding you viands delicious and rare.

We've been bowled to by bunicks, have had them remove our topcoat and hat as we entered their lair; we've been furnished with fingerbowls, stylish delay, with silver superlative solid and good.

But mostly we sneak to a different place—the little white room where you pay for mere food!

For merrily at meal time when we would inhale some yearned-after sustenance, wholesomely cooked, the feeding itself is the thing we require—we often forget how the eating-places looked.

And how to secure what the stomach requires without being robbed (to be afterwards rued) is always our problem; and so we seek out the little white place where they charge for mere food.

As clean as the soul of a newly-born babe we always have found the accommodations there; the "overhead charges"—there wasn't a sign of that bugaboo that one meets everywhere!

You pay half the price of the stylah "caffays" for food just as fine, and no bunicks intrude.

There's peace for the soul in the plain little room—the little white place where they charge for mere food.

Exceptions to All Rules.

"Father, are people always known by the company they keep?"

"Not always, son. If some people were to become known by the company that's been with them, the company would make a quick get-away."

FINNIGIN FILOSOFY.

The smart slack is th' finest cause of arrested development that anybody kin imagine.

CROSBY'S KIDS

LOOK HERE, BOY! HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO STAND THERE ASKING ME QUESTIONS?

WELL, YOU AINT ANSWERING 'EM, ARE YER?

Humming Bird's Nest.

Burroughs, in his charming little book, "Wake Robin," says it is an event in one's life to find a humming bird's nest. The event happened to me without any effort on my part. Looking up from a seat in the grove, I saw the ruby-throat drop down on its nest, like a shining emerald from the clouds; it did not pause upon the edge of the nest, but dropped immediately upon it. The nest was situated upon an oak twig, and was about the size of a black-walnut, and from where I sat it looked more like an excrescence than a nest. It was situated in the fork of two twigs, and firmly glued at the base to the lower, but was not fastened to the upper twig—Mary Treat in "Home Studies in Nature."

One Thing at a Time, Boys.

When a fellow is trying to mobilize enough courage to kiss a girl he isn't able to think of germs.—Toledo Blade.

MAKES THE SAPPHIRE BLUSH

Radium Treatment Turns the Cheaper Stones to Rubies Which Command the Highest Prices.

Modern science has not brought us very much nearer the magic stone of the old philosophers, but it has enabled later experts to play some surprising tricks with the existing materials of the jeweler and lapidary. The old alchemists set out to discover the philosopher's stone, and achieved gunpowder and other adjuncts to civilization as the accidental by-product of their original inquiry. Their less credulous descendants reverse the process; the invention is made first and its application to magic is discovered afterward.

The existence of the electric furnace makes it possible to create diamonds that are the veritable stone, and to fuse chippings and fragments of ruby into one complete jewel. Now arrives a report that with the aid of radium successful transformations have been made in the appearance, if not in the nature, of certain precious stones. A sapphire, it is said, has been turned into a glorious ruby by long exposure to the effect of radium. Chemically considered, this is not very surprising, for the two stones are both examples of corundum, and the mysterious accident of color is the principal difference between them. If a sapphire can be made to blush hard enough for its mistake in not being a ruby, presumably it could blush itself into a more accomplished example of the more valuable stone.

TAKE IT EASY IN THEATER

Japanese Customs That Seem Odd to Those Accustomed to the Formalities of the West.

Japan must be a happy land for theatergoers, because in that land seats are not paid for—in fact there are no seats. The Japanese much prefer to squat, feeling, no doubt, much more at home in this comfortable attitude. Seats, however, are usually brought for the use of any foreigners who may be present. There are no hard and fast laws of convention. The Japanese playgoer may do as he pleases; he may eat, drink, smoke and criticize to his heart's content. Conversations are carried on, and if they merit it, the actors are met by a storm of criticism and chaff. When a man enters the auditorium he removes his boots, and if the weather is hot, any clothing that appears to him to be superfluous. The naive frankness of the actors' prompter is rather delightful, for if an actor forgets his lines the prompter comes on the stage and, quite openly, points out to the actor where he is wrong. A boy is kept for the express purpose of walking on the stage and wiping the perspiration off the actors' faces; this duty he carries out without disturbing the even tenor of the play.

Beetle Cultivator.

Ants are not the only insects that practice the cultivation of mushrooms, although for a long time it was thought that they were the only creatures of a lower order than man that possessed the intelligence to follow such an agricultural pursuit. Bouvierie, the entomologist, had found that a certain wood-boring beetle, known as the hortrychide, is as familiar with mushroom cultivation as is the species of ant of which so much has been written. Professor Bouvierie discovered that the beetles in question bore holes in wood and half fill them with a prepared fungus which makes an ideal mushroom bed. The garden is carefully spawaned and in course of time the mushrooms appear. In this way the beetle provides itself with a food sufficiently tender for its feeble jaws.

Shall We Discard Hyphens?

In the struggle for the conservation of energy and material we are urged to cut out the hyphens from our books and writings, says the Chicago Journal. Their use causes us to waste an enormous amount of time, ink and physical force. Some nations build up compound words without any hyphen to break them, but the English find one necessary for a simple word of five letters, like "to-day." It may be roughly estimated that each of the 2,000,000,000 people who write English write "today," "tomorrow" or "tonight" three times a day. Half an ounce of force is required to make a hyphen with a pen or a pencil, so this superfluous symbol entails a total waste of 18,500,000 pounds daily, or enough to draw a passenger train round the world.



BLACK FOX OBEYS

BLACK FOX ran all the way to the farm on the other side of the forest, there to hide until it was light and then change himself into a turkey, for once in this form he could run along with all the turkeys and fowl until he could entice them far enough from the farm, and then he would change into his own form and catch some of them for his breakfast. Black Fox could not wait for the day to break to try his enchanted spell, so he wished three times to be a turkey, thinking it would be just as well to be ready when the turkey wroke.



An old witch had kept her promise just as Black Fox had kept his. She gave him the power to change his form, but not into that of a turkey. Instead, when he had wished three times he found himself a big green frog. Black Fox began to hop about, trying to find a place to hide while he thought what he should do. Under a low bush he hopped, but he found he was looking for water as he never had before. Not a drop was here to be seen. The only thing to do was to hop along until he found something to eat. It was not so easy to get over the ground as it was when he was a fox, and while he was stopping to rest Black Fox remembered he had asked for power to change into his own shape again, so he wished three times to become a fox. The old witch had not kept this part

of the promise, for she had not kept as often as he liked to see a frog. It was a long time before he got to water, and when he hopped, and being so tired he began to think about the turkey. "She must have made a mistake," he thought. "I suppose the only thing to do is to get to her cave and ask her to change me back again." All day and all night he hopped over stones and through grass when he finally did reach the old witch, he was so tired he fell over on his back in front of her cave door. The Black Cat found him and to poke him with her sharp claws meow so loudly that out came the witch. When she saw the frog she ground she began to laugh like a cackling fowl and dance about her mistress, and every time she would poke him with her claws. "By land by the wild witch and the witch gave him a magic stick, which made him up and listen to what she said. "You thought you could witch, did you, Black Fox?" "You got your wish, you know the home you wanted you to bring to me, and the bottom of the pond and I gave you the magic stick as you wished, and I promise to bring you what you wish," said the frog. "There is only one way you can regain your own shape, the witch, leaning on her stick, looking at poor froggy, said to hop to the forest pool and bring me a stone from the bottom. When I have all I want I have your own shape again before. Will you go or will you make a frog?" "I'll go to the pool and bring a stone," mournfully replied as he hopped away. (Copyright.)

SCHOOL DAYS

On the! Looky there, Tom! There's a couple o' bachelors as they're all right up, that! Giddy! Giddy! Don't you think we'd like to go to school!

Somebody's let 'em, I betcha! I wonder if we had a better talkin' done to the school on by 'em and the others— Don'tcha think that, what do you say, Tom?

Well, that's a good question, now, but if we had a better talkin' done to the school on by 'em and the others— I think we'd like to go to school! I betcha we'd like to go to school! I betcha we'd like to go to school! I betcha we'd like to go to school!

Tom's the first!

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