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Americanism
 By LEONARD WOOL

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm your attachment. —George Washington: Farewell Address.

GEORGE WASHINGTON took it for granted that the love of liberty was so strong in the hearts of his countrymen that it could not be uprooted. He took it so much for granted that he said that no recommendation of his was necessary to confirm their attachment.

Washington was speaking to all his fellow countrymen. He took no thought with individuals, here, there or elsewhere. There was no one in whose heart the love of liberty was not firmly implanted. It must have been grateful to the first president to be able to believe that his audience of Americans was as one person in patriotic impulse and in affection for the land of his birth or his adoption. Today it still should be taken for granted that all Americans love liberty and are willing to sacrifice their all for its continuance.

As a group of people Americans are sound to the core in their Americanism. They love liberty today as well as they did in the days of Washington, and they are just as ready to make the sacrifices necessary to maintain it. While Washington did not allow himself even by inference to make it appear that he thought anywhere there might be a break in the line of liberty-lovers, he probably knew that even in his day there were Americans who thought that liberty meant license, and that restraint of personal conduct had no place in a republic.

There were such persons in the republic in Washington's day, and they have had a place in the country's life during the terms of every president since Washington. They are with us today, some of them born here and some of them born elsewhere, but all with a feeling based on selfishness, for there is no belief in it, that unbridled freedom should be the lot of every man and woman living under democratic institutions.

It is from the ranks of such men as these that are recruited the preachers of unrest, the inciters to violence and the actual partakers of violent deeds. Law and order, the Constitution, regard for property rights, and other things sacred to true Americans, have no place in the creed of such as these.

THAT SMALL BROTHER AGAIN
 This Time It Really Seems That He Has Cooked Sister Evelina's Goose for Good.

Some things do fall out awkwardly, don't they?

One evening the fair Evelina was expecting her latest admirer to call and her mother hadn't come back from shopping. So, while Evelina slipped upstairs to don her best blouse and some powder on her nose, the young brother was left on guard.

The expected visitor arrived, and was ushered into the parlor by William Edward, who promptly began to ask questions, as small boys always do.

"Mr. Slowcombe," he said "what's a popinjay?"

"A popinjay my boy," repeated the young man, thinking hard. "Why—er—It's a rare bird."

"Are you a bird, Mr. Slowcombe?" persisted the inquisitor.

"Of course not! Ha, Ha!" squirmed his victim.

"Well, that's funny!" mused William Edward. "Last night, after you'd gone, ma' said you were a jay, and father said there was no doubt about that, but there didn't seem much poppin' the question about you. And now you say you're not a bird at all!"

ADMITTED HE WAS LOSER
 Convivial Gentleman Preferred to Buy His Wine Rather Than Comply With Wife's Request.

Three men about town had a very good day at the races. Each vowed that he would go home and cheerfully obey the first request that his wife made him. A bottle of wine depended upon the result.

The following night they compared notes.

"My wife told me, as I slipped on the cat's saucer, to break all the china in the house, so I did," said No. 1.

"I happened accidentally to sit on the piano," said No. 2, and my wife suggested that I should utterly ruin it, so that instrument will be heard no more."

Then No. 3 spoke. "I went for the top step that was not there and fell full length," he explained, "and my wife remarked that she would be pleased to see me break my neck."

"And—?" queried his companions, breathlessly.

"Oh, I am paying."

Strange Lack of Harmony.
 "A red face and a scarlet nose used to be signs of intoxication."
 "That was odd, considering that temperance is a cardinal virtue."

The Tragedy.
 Romeo explained.
 "I couldn't tell her from the real thing," he mourned.

LE MOUSQUETAIRE
 By ARISTA E. FISHER.

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It was very evident that the three people who had just entered the corridor of the Stafford hotel were not of the ordinary wealthy class usually seen there. The only thing which distinguished them from the frequenters of that most fashionable of Chicago's fashionable hotels was that they appeared to be just a little more fashionable and just a little more richly dressed. "An unusually pretty girl, with her father and mother," would have been the thought of a casual observer.

Casual observers were scarce in that hotel corridor, however. There was a tall figure in a gray uniform standing near the door, presumably an attendant. The girl's father handed the light wraps of the ladies to the man in uniform and the three passed into the reception room.

He who was "presumably an attendant" murmured a surprised "Thank you" to the man just disappearing through the door, and then regarded the armful of wraps with a delighted smile. Curious actions on the part of an attendant! But if the gentleman who had so instinctively donned two expensive wraps to a presumable attendant had been a trifle less nervous, or his companions a trifle more observant, a medal of the Legion of Honor which the attendant wore might have established the identity of his calling a little differently. Further investigation would have proved him to be a colonel in the French army and of a very pleasing appearance. This colonel, after entertaining himself with many broad grins, observed to the large marble clock over the door:

"Jean, my son, you have an adventure! My boy, you will guard these pretty things very carefully, and when the generous Americans return, perhaps, if you are very polite, you will receive a tip." And a smile being insufficient, the young Frenchman gave vent to a hearty laugh. He stopped suddenly and muttered to himself:

"That girl was very much like I wonder!"

He was turning the gentleman's hat in his hand, and his eyes, chancing to light upon the name of the owner printed on the band, he uttered an exclamation.

The real attendant appeared a moment later. He was made acquainted with the situation, which delighted him as much as it had his companion. "I was called to the office for a few minutes," explained that grinning official. "We've had no guests for the last hour and I thought I could risk a moment or two."

"Merci, mon ami," responded the young Frenchman. "You have done me a great service!"

For the next half-hour he lounged about the corridor.

When Eleanor Howard and her parents entered the corridor preparatory to leaving, they were assisted in putting on their wraps by the same person who had taken them from Mr. Howard. Then they left the hotel, entered their car, and returned home.

The next day, when Eleanor was searching for a slip of paper she had mislaid, she discovered a card in one of the pockets of her wrap, on one side of which was printed:

"M. le Colonel Jean Reillard, Rue Nationale, Paris, at present the Stafford hotel."

On the other, written in pencil:

"I thank you for trusting me with your valuable property, and in very fine writing:

"Do you remember a certain colonel who used to sing 'Le Mousquetaire'?" Eleanor, at first dumfounded, then struck with the humor of the situation, laughed hysterically. Then she grew thoughtful, and drawing some paper toward her she wrote:

"I assure you there is no one more worthy of our trust. The singer of 'Le Mousquetaire' is not forgotten." She addressed it to Col. Jean Reillard, the Stafford hotel, and mailed it thoughtfully.

That afternoon Colonel Reillard entertained Miss Eleanor Howard with stories of bravery, of death, of courageous men's deeds in the great war. But the one that interested them both the most was something like this:

"Mademoiselle, don't you remember the French officer that was nursed back to health by one whose image has lived in his memory ever since, whose memory has never left his heart? Do you not recall how that officer used to refuse to be attended by anyone but yourself, and that when you did come, with your soft voice, to dull his sufferings, do you remember that he used to tell you how beautiful were your eyes? This officer has carried a great love for you in his heart from that time. He came to America a week ago, to seek you out and ask you to become his wife. Will you not tell him that he does not hope in vain?"

The story ended there, one reason being that the story teller had an extremely sympathetic listener who had just answered a very small word and the other being that when a beautiful girl has said that very small word to a handsome young man there are things much more interesting than stories.

Of Two Evils.
 Nextlore—I don't see how you can stand your daughter's continual banging on the piano.
 Naybor—It prevents me from hearing a lot of her mother's nagging.—Boston Transcript.

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