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## AUTOMAT ROMANCE

By MARY MORISON.

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It was June—the month of roses and brides and hurdy-gurdies. "Il Trovatore" mingled with the cries of the street vendors—"Strawberries, sweet strawberries!" June even found its way through the revolving doors of that ornately entranced lunch room, the "automat."

Masie Gallagher, romantically munching a sandwich, looked up suddenly and caught the eye of a young man seated across the table, separated from her by two feet of mission furniture, a vinegar cruet, sugar bowl, a bottle of tomato catsup and a salt cellar.

Something told Masie that this man was not a habitue of the automat. His well-cut clothes, his deliberately turned mustache and his nicely manicured hands proclaimed him "different."

All of a sudden she was glad her new straw hat was so becoming and that the floor walker at Tuppen's had given her an extra half hour for lunch. And because it was June she smiled faintly at the young man.

"I say," he removed the bottle of catsup from between them and leaned eagerly forward. "You don't look as if you belonged in this 5-cent place. I'll wager that the head waiter at the Plaza is reserving a table by the window for you at this minute. What's the answer? Out for experience—to see how the other half lives?"

Temptation nudged Masie Gallagher's elbow and came and encoiled itself in her bosom, aided and abetted by her vivid imagination and an assiduous reading of the novels of one Robert Chambers. She succumbed.

"I'm sorry I show it so plainly," she said to the young man with a deprecating air. "We are spending a few days at the Plaza before our usual summer at Newport." And, with her elbows on the table, rather confidentially, "I've always wanted to see the inside of this place, you know. The cakes and omelettes they have in the window look so perfectly entrancing as I go by in the motor. If I hadn't been afraid of shocking the chauffeur I'd have stopped long ago. But we've packed him off to the country, so I seized today's opportunity."

They smiled delightedly into each other's eyes, and then Masie said: "But what about you? What are you doing here?"

"The same thing," he replied, giving his mustache a deliberate caress with his beautiful hands. "I'm stopping at the club over on Fifty-First street, seeing the same fellows, eating the same rich food day after day, until I am sick to death of it. Beastly bore—

living at the club—but the matter is out of town, off on a motor trip, and the house is shut up tight as a drum—so there was nothing else to be done. I'm mighty glad I decided to give myself a contrast at the automat today—mighty glad!"

"Isn't it funny we've never met before," he continued, making a mental note of the bluish.

"Well—not really," replied Masie shamelessly. "You see, we don't go out socially at all. My father is the most terrific old autocrat in New York and he says that Paris and Rome are the only places he will allow me to go out in. So, of course, I have missed all the nice things here."

And then, because life always mixes the bitter with the sweet, the big white clock on the wall of the automat forced itself into Masie's line of vision. One thirty! Graciously, in 15 minutes she would be due behind the ribbon counter at Tuppen's. She rose.

"I had no idea it was so late," she said. "I have a fitting at Tuppen's which I must not miss."

"So glad to have met you," she purred.

"But you haven't told me your name," exclaimed the young man, holding on to the little hand, determination in his admiring eyes. "I must see you again, you know."

"I'm sorry," said Masie Gallagher, daughter of Tim Gallagher, of the New York police force, "but it's better not. Father would insist on knowing where I had met you and there would be an awful row. Goodbye"—and, with a heartfelt resentment at the station in life to which it had pleased God to call her, Masie made her way back to the ribbon counter. That delicate, aristocratic mustache burned her memory.

She sold five yards of blue ribbon to a plump old lady who wanted it "charged and taken."

"Just a minute, please," requested Masie listlessly, her mind far away, "the floor walker must sign for it."

And she cried shrill and loud: "Mr. Foster! Mr. Foster!"

"For Pete's sake, Masie," said Clara Oppenheim, who also sold ribbons at Tuppen's department store. "Don't you know Foster's gone. There's a new man—Mr. Pidgeon."

"Mr. Pidgeon! Mr. Pidgeon!" she shrilled.

"Right here," said a familiar, carefully modulated voice in her ear. Masie was looking into the aristocratic face of the man at the automat.

"Good Lord! The Plaza and Newport!" he muttered, as he signed for the ribbon.

"My Gawd! The club!" gasped Masie, as she handed it over to the plump purchaser.

But as they stood there in amazement, Masie saw the same deep admiration in the man's eyes and Mr. Pidgeon saw the same becoming blush on Masie's pretty face, and, well, it was June—the month of brides.

**MOTHER EARTH CHOSE WELL**

Old Lady's Decision on Green for a Coloring Much More Than Accidental.

Why did Mother Earth choose a dress in green? The earth was not always green. Scientists say that once it was as naked as the moon but there came a day when the weather grew cool enough to demand clothing, and at that time, no doubt, this terrestrial planet began to look about to choose a color scheme for her dress. Why she chose green is not on record, but that she chose it with her whole heart every pleasant place of creation testifies.

Scientists explain that this is merely a natural phenomenon, the color being chlorophyll pigment, turned green by action of the sun. But why it did not turn blue or red or black, no scientist knows. About all they can say is that Mother Earth wanted a green dress, and she got it.

Green is a restful color. Oculists say that of all colors green is the most friendly to the optic nerve. In lands where eternal snows or eternal white sands flash up their glaring reflections, men have to shade their eyes or go blind. But green never bothers the eye. One can stare a forest in the face all day with impunity. Nature's greens never get on your nerves, and they never quarrel with any other of nature's colors and tints.

The professional mixer of paints knows that fierce color discord can easily be created by a misplacing of green. But nature never misplaces it. Even blue stands without tinge, cheek by cheek with nature's greens. Larque and lobelias go quietly arm in arm with their respective foliage. A rose of any tint or color is best set off by a green rose leaf. Every spring or fall color, pale or florid, will shade pleasantly into green on the very same leaf.

Imagine the grass of the field and the leaves of the forest created blue, or magenta, or scarlet, instead of green! Some speculative scientists think the foliage of the planet Mars is red, and that the people there are seeing red continually.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Big Job for One Hen.**

An American agriculturist visiting in England was telling tall tales of big broods of chickens. Twenty chickens from twelve eggs appeared to be an everyday occurrence in the States, if the stories he told were true.

"Happen you never see so many as a hundred hatched by one hen at a setting?" asked a Suffolk man across the table.

The American had never seen such a brood as that. "Well, then, I have, mister," returned the other. "Down Ipswich way we always fill a barrel with eggs and set the old hen on the bunghole."

## How to Live

Common Sense Comments on Health, Happiness and Longevity  
By GEORGE F. BUTLER, A. M., M. D.  
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HARDENING THE BODY.

Beginning with personal cleanliness the whole body should be bathed daily with cool or tepid water, and then rubbed thoroughly dry with a rough towel. The least one can do with any attention to cleanliness or health is to sponge the face, chest and back with water and dry rub the rest of the body at least once every day. For a thorough wash of the hands use warm water, and before soaping them steep them well in the water for a minute or two, rubbing them a while, then use soap and a nail brush. End by holding the hands under a tap of cold water and give them a shower bath—it is refreshing and strengthening to the fingers; or dip them into cold water and rub them briskly.

The first thing in the morning the following procedure is beneficial: Immerse the feet in a foot bath of cold water enough to cover the ankles. Begin, according as the reaction of the individual is weaker or stronger, with water at 77 degrees, or even at 81 degrees and 86 degrees Fahrenheit, and use colder water gradually in the course of weeks to 68 degrees and only exceptionally to lower temperature. In all cases the cold foot bath, lasting only a few seconds, must be followed by quickly warming the feet. This can be done in a few minutes by returning to the warm bed; it is not necessary to rub them; the more quickly the bed is regained the easier it will be to bear the cold foot bath. Only when the temperature is too low will it take more than ten minutes before they get well warmed.

To harden the skin of the whole body I recommend the following procedure: First wash or spray the body with cold water—or the temperature recommended for foot bath. The throat, chest and back of the neck especially should be treated. Such an ablution with foot bath will take only a few minutes. A few moments only should be given to douching the body. This should be followed by vigorous rubbing with a coarse towel.

Never sit down to breakfast without going out into the open air for a while. A brisk walk taken half an hour before breakfast in the early morning air, especially when accompanied by deep breathing, is a wonderful health promoter. The expansion of the lungs, quickening of the circulation and oxygenation of the blood give one a keen appetite for breakfast, and the man who can eat a good breakfast with relish has something to sustain him in his work and is more fit to cope with difficulties than the unfed man, the man who breaks his fast with nothing more substantial than a roll and coffee. Aerate and redistribute your blood by means of a walk before breakfast, then you will be able to eat and digest that meal without trouble. Such a preparation for the day's work is invaluable.

A good general massage, with restorative exercises twice a week will prove a great benefit in making one strong and vigorous.

Sports in moderation improve our physical condition, but they may prove disastrous if reason be not exercised and they are indulged in to excess. The advantages of the various kinds of sport in hardening the body are that with them can be combined the very important agencies of fresh air and sunshine. No better example of what training and a resolute purpose can do toward hardening the body can be found than in the history of Theodore Roosevelt. His advice to the American boy is as applicable to the American man. "He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived. In life as in a football game the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard."

While we are all deadly afraid of microbes, bacteria, etc., we live in such a way that our bodies become deficient in resisting power to the same germs, and when they are present we expect in some miraculous manner to have them expelled.

While we all want to enjoy life with all its comforts, pleasures and happiness, we are apt to forget that upon health these all depend, and that health is the vital principle of bliss and exercise of health.

If you make life a battle then enter the fray with weak and trembling limbs, you are half vanquished already. Go into training. Get into first-class condition, have courage and you'll win!

It is queer that while all persons have a horror of disease they are so long in finding out that the only sure way of avoiding disease is by keeping every organ in the body perfectly well.

It is worth the trouble to set on the family table, not courses of elaborate dishes, but a wholesome, agreeable, and yet economical diversity of food.

The glory of a young man is his strength. Weakness of any kind makes him a hittle, cripples him.

## AS SEEN IN PARIS

No Style Changes of Drastic Order Are in Evidence.

Long, Straight Line, Long-Waisted Corset, Plaited Skirt and Cape Hold Sway.

Now that we have all settled down for next winter we are able to realize, and with considerable satisfaction, that very few important changes have taken place in the world of dress. Changes have been made, of course; but none of a drastic order. We still have with us, observes a Paris fashion authority, the long straight line, the long-waisted corset, the plaited skirt—also the plaited cape—and picturesque sleeves.

Even the robe-chemise is in evidence. True, it is now decked out at the sides with loops, puffs or plaited panels, but the outline remains very much the same.

The one-piece robe and long tulle have proved so universally becoming that women refuse to give them up. For this reason our big dressmakers have set themselves the task of making unimportant changes—here and there while the dress itself, practically, remains unchanged.

It will be an exceedingly picturesque winter. All the best dressmakers in the Rue de la Paix and Place Vendôme are showing what may be called "picture style"; indeed, this feature is carried almost to the point of exaggeration.

For example, one charming model was in reality a smart little indoor gown, meant for holiday use, but it would be the correct thing for a dancer, in conjunction with a big velvet picture hat. And the same may be

## CHARMING SUIT OF MODE



A suit of homespun in an odd and attractive shade of blue. It is quite the thing for the frosty fall days. It gives plenty of warmth and makes it unnecessary to wear a heavy coat.

## NOW THE CORSET IS TO GO

Tendency Among Women is to Discard as Many Garments as Possible, Modiste Asserts.

American women are returning to the days of Greek goddesses when one-piece gowns and dresses which hung straight from the shoulders were the style, according to dressmakers attending a semi-annual convention of dressmakers.

Women in this country says Madame Marguerite, New York modiste, are getting thinner and do not have to wear corsets. Madame Marguerite said the tendency among women nowadays is to discard as many garments as possible.

"She discarded the petticoat and isn't coming back," she said. "Now she is getting rid of the corset."

"Women are dieting more than ever," she said. "They want to lose weight. It gives them their natural figure and allows the graceful use of their body minus the lightning corset."

Non-corseted gowns, dressmakers said, are having a great sale, indicating women are having considerable success in their dieting.

## NECK LINE IN ULTRA FROCKS

Elevation Is Most of Interest to Women for Street Dress With Necklines.

A detail of interest is the elevation of the neck line in what may be termed ultra frocks.

It is the climbing of the back up front quite up to the neck and the use of the enswathing stock in lieu of the open neck was collar; exceedingly smart for the street frock worn with the fur neckpiece, but not so attractive when worn beneath the top coat or fur jacket with its own great collar.

Each of these is a reflection, indirectly, of the revived interest in the modes of the Directoire, along with the revers and waistcoats seen in connection with the redigotte dress.

Of interest to the woman who adores the soft neck line is the assurance that she may wear a bit of white about the throat and be quite in the latest fashion. This is especially true of the velvet dresses (particularly those in black), which are made much more beautiful by a touch of real ambrosia dery or lace.

## SILK DUVETYN COAT FOR FALL

Garment Should Be Equally Attractive When Collar is Buttoned Snugly or Opened.

For cool autumn days a cloth coat of some sort is really a necessity. Something warm and at the same time light in weight to be used while it is not yet cold enough for the luxurious wrap of fur.

An attractive coat of blue silk duvetyn will be very smart worn over a pretty afternoon dress. Cut with semi-kimono sleeves, which are light enough to suggest those of a frock, and which are so popular this fall, it may be trimmed with a collar and cuffs of gray squirrel, which also are very popular at present. The collar should be cut so that it is equally attractive when buttoned snugly at the throat or opened on the shoulders.

A striking hat for wear with this coat is of black velvet made in a draped toque effect and trimmed at the sides with a drooping cluster of coque feathers.

A snug slipper.

A warm little slipper for baby can be made out of a wool sock scarf by placing the middle of scarf on the front of baby's dress, then drawing it around to the back, crossing and pulling up over the shoulders, then drawing down to the front, again crossing and fastening at each side with two buttons or safety pins; it is both snug and comfortable.

## LINGERIE OF FRENCH DESIGN

Piece Bag Usually Contains Supply From Which Dainty Articles May Be Made.

When nearly every feminine wardrobe numbers one frock of organdy it is not difficult to find in the pocket bag enough of this crisp, dainty fabric to bind the top and bottom of the straight, Paris-inspired chemise and to edge the short drawers to suit.

Plain white rolls or bands of linen usually form the foundation of these charming garments. The white striped or checked bands may be used with success.

If no patterns of any kind are available designs desired are to be used a baggie-like chemise, opening the lower edge by means of a button.

Very smart.

Very smart.