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CROSSED WIRES

By MARY C. BRIGGS.

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Up on the avenue, in Williamstown's finest residence, an angry man strode from the dimly-lighted library into the reception room, impatiently snatched his coat from the wall, upsetting the telephone as he did so, and then turned to an equally angry girl who had followed him out from the library.

Down town in the stifled telephone exchange a smile lighted the face of the tired operator as she noted that the light under 174 accompanied the buzzing, and her hand instinctively started the plug toward 256 as she called pleasantly into the receiver.

But instead of hearing Beth Williams' voice calling the anticipated number, she was amazed to hear Don Emerson shout wrathfully in a voice hardly recognizable as his, so choked was it with rage and anger:

"Remember, Beth, this is just what I have been trying to avoid, but since you have assumed such an absurd attitude I have no alternative left but to leave you. Just remember I'm not the kind of a man to take a thing like this calmly, and if you ever want me, you'll have to send for me. I'll not bother you. Believe me, I'll not come around begging."

"Certainly," interrupted Beth's voice idly. "Don't come until I send for you." Then, meaningly, almost sarcastically, "Until I do!" And the little operator pictured the way the dark eyes looked across at Don Emerson, level, cold, even as her voice.

A door slammed violently; there was a little hush; then a heart-broken sob. With a start the little operator realized that she was "listening in," and she broke the connection.

The days passed. At first the 174 line on the switchboard lighted often, but the request never came for 256. But the little operator wasn't deceived. She knew that the broken sob was far more significant of the true state of affairs than the hard, level voice, and so she waited for the 256 call.

As the days dragged into weeks, and the weeks into months, it worried the little operator to notice Beth's pale, drawn face. Couldn't Don see? How could a man be so obstinate when—

But then one day she met Don looking as miserable and wretched as Beth herself, and it was then that she decided to take matters into her own hands.

After reaching this decision, the little operator seemed to take an unusual interest in the lights of the 174 line, and to make sure that they were in good working order it often became necessary for her to, well—er, "listen in." She was rewarded one night when Beth was in conversation with Elaine Ellis. Immediately she called 256, and when Don reached the phone he heard only the impersonal, "Hold the line, please." The plugs down in the telephone exchange rapidly changed positions, and then Don heard Elaine's voice saying, "—and if he is going to be so unreasonable, I'd just forget him, and Phil's crazy about you—"

"Don't talk such nonsense," Beth's voice interrupted. "I'd rather stay at home than go with anybody else," and then something happened to the wires, for Don heard no more. He had heard enough, however, to keep him thinking all that day and the next, and the following night when Bill Chisholm called to persuade him to complete a foursome for the coming dance he was ready for him.

After thus, thoroughly testing the lights of the 174 line the little operator decided that the 256 line needed her attention, and so it happened that one night Beth also was asked to hold the line a minute. What she heard in 30 seconds was sufficient, however. Big Bill's voice booming over the wire. "And don't you know the best way to get her back is to make her think you don't care. Just you appear at that dance with another girl and Beth will be at your feet."

"Who wants his girl at his feet, I don't," snapped Don. "Not while I have arms! Ah, you mean all right, old man, but it's different with me. Why, I've never even seen a girl except Beth, and never will." But Beth held the line no longer.

The night of the dance came, and the little operator sitting before the quiet board, thought of the two lonely people brooding alone up on the avenue while their friends made merry at the club house. Now, she decided, was the time for something more drastic than mixing the wires, so calling 256, in a voice as nearly like Beth's as she could assume, she stammered tearfully, "Don, I—I—er," and followed this enlightening remark by a heartbroken sob, the duplicate of Beth's own on that first night. Then she broke the connection.

In about three minutes she was rewarded by the sigh of Don's car purring toward the avenue.

At 11:30 that night a call came from the 256 line, and without stopping to ask for the number, the little operator connected with 174, then settled back in her chair and smiled happily to herself as she thought of the good night message passing over the wires beneath her hands.

Betty Ross Clark



Betty Ross Clark, the charming screen star, has aided wonderfully in making Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle famous in the "movies." She is regarded as one of the prettiest and most talented of the younger motion picture actresses.

Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

KEEP THE NECK YOUNG

AGE shows itself in so many places, that the woman who seeks to keep young in spite of increasing years, must do more than massage her face, to preserve her youthful appearance. She must keep her neck young, as well as her face, for a flabby-lined throat will give away all the years the well-cared-for face might hide.

And here massage is excellent, provided it is gently given. The neck should be massaged with flesh-building cream, for as age comes on, the supply of natural oils diminishes in the glands beneath the surface of the skin. This means a drying of the skin, a weakening of the muscles, inasmuch as these oils have been continuously repairing the natural breaking down of all fleshy matter. The cream will help to take the place of these oils.

The neck is stroked crosswise in front, with the tips of the four fingers of each hand. The left hand

starts under the right ear, the right hand under the left ear, the strokes alternating. The fingers naturally leave the neck after they have passed the wind-pipe. Then the fingers are started at the top of the shoulders, and run upward to the hair—and to the ear. Front again, the tips of the fingers start at the chin and press downwards to the chest, cross and smooth the lines that run about the throat. Superfluous cream is wiped off, and a piece of ice is rubbed all over the throat, to close the pores upon the cream and to strengthen the muscles. This also helps prevent sore throat.

(Copyright)

Turtle Serum.

The famous "turtle serum" invented by Professor Friedmann, which created such a sensation several years ago when he announced it as a cure for tuberculosis, is now under investigation by a committee of the most eminent German doctors, including Professors Kraus of Berlin, Kruse of Leipzig and Braun.

—O—

Around Boston.

"This candidate says he belongs to the plain people."

"Ah! Did he ever split rails?"

"No, but when he was a boy he used to split an infinitive occasionally."

Birmingham Age-Herald.



Exercise and Massage Will Keep the Neck Youthful.

The end is not yet, Bob," she said. "However, I will tell you what I have planned to do. In case Julia marries you, I leave my fortune to her; in case she does not—entirely to you."

The young man's face paled, then he smiled confidently.

"Julie will not go against your wish," he said at last.

"But if she should?"

"I will then devote the money to the purpose you desire," he replied.

That evening Aunt Tirzah sent for Paul Webster to draw up her will. It was not until after the funeral services that the contents of the will were exactly known. Aunt Tirzah had required no promise of secrecy from Bob Burgess regarding their conversation concerning the will, and he had confided its import to Julie. The girl, faithful and loving to her aunt until the last, gave no sign of her own intention in the matter. Now, as they sat about the mahogany table in the library of Aunt Tirzah's father, the girl's sad-eyed indifference left the observant ones still in doubt. Paul Webster, seated beside his senior partner, bent upon her constantly the compassion of his gaze. When the document had been read all sat staring in astonishment at each other, for Aunt Tirzah left the bulk of her great estates unreservedly to her "beloved niece, Julie Dale Vance."

Still bewildered from the shock, Bob Burgess sprang to his feet. "There should be a clause," he said confusedly, "to the effect that under such circumstances Julie was to wed me."

"Slowly Paul Webster arose.

"Two weeks before Tirzah Vance died," he said, "she sent for me to draw up a will. In it, her niece, Miss Julie Vance, was to become sole beneficiary upon the condition that she accept the proposal of marriage which I had recently made her. I could be no party to the possibility of an arrangement which might leave her niece penniless.

"As Miss Tirzah could not be made to listen to reason, I was obliged to withdraw my services as solicitor. Later and happily, it seems, she reconsidered, and sent for my partner to act in my place."

The senior partner glanced about the assembled group. "Which accounts," he added smilingly, "for the quaint signature on an accompanying note written by my late client to myself."

"Tirzah," she signs herself—"after King Solomon."

AUNT TIRZAH

By JACK LAWTON.

(© 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

Aunt Tirzah looked sharply over her glasses, then leaned back with a sigh on her couch chair.

"I don't understand you, Julie," she said, "you never have been like this before. If I were one of those unreasonable old women who just will have their way, your objection would be different. But I am not; your good has always been my aim, and when I ask you to accept Bob Burgess as a future husband, it is because having known the lad all his life, I consider him the one most likely to make you happy. Now that Bob is pressing ahead so fast in his new profession and in love with you, I can't see—I really can't—why you should be so obstinately against him."

"I am not against him, Aunt Tirzah," the girl answered wearily. "I don't love Bob, that's all—a good reason why I should not wish to marry him."

The old lady's black eyes snapped.

"Bob was well enough," she retorted, "until that young lawyer came upon the scene. Your Mr. Paul Webster may be all right, but his prosperity at least is not evident."

"Mr. Webster has his way to make," Julie quietly replied. "I think, Aunt Tirzah, that you would like him if you knew him better. I—"

A little smile came about her lips. "I like him better all the time."

"So it seems," her Aunt dryly responded. "But your liking, like other girls' liking, my dear, is largely fancy, and admiration for the unknown."

"Doctor Bob has become an old story to you, and you are ready for a new. However," sternness touched the old lady's sharp features, "the dreams of a lifetime cannot be so fancifully turned aside. Bob Burgess and you were made for each other, the plan of your union was discussed when you were both in the cradle. My dear, my very will has been made just that way—leaving all to you with the understanding that Bob's place in surgery may be found, and that you and he may continue on in this old Vance place together."

Julie arose abruptly; tears were in her soft eyes.

"That cannot be, Aunt," she said hurriedly. "I am sorry."

"Paul Webster has dared talk love to you?" the old lady angrily asked.

"Both Bob and Paul," the girl replied, "have asked to marry me."

"And you—?" the question was breathless.

"I asked Paul to give me time to think," Julie said, "and I told Bob no; but he would not take no for my answer."

The invalid sank back with a sigh of relief. "Wise Bob," she said; "now listen, my girl, Bob, as my physician, realizes that my heart is near the end of its labor. He has been attentive—kind. In the event that you do not reconsider his request, all that I have will go to him. I repeat, it is your future alone that interests me."

Aunt Tirzah rang for her maid. "Send for Doctor Burgess," she directed.

The young physician was soon at her side.

"The end is not yet, Bob," she said. "However, I will tell you what I have planned to do. In case Julia marries you, I leave my fortune to her; in case she does not—entirely to you."

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HATS OF RIBBON

Very Wide Decorations Are Better for Fall Headgear.

Material Gives an All-Over Shaggy Appearance to Smart Toques and Turbans.

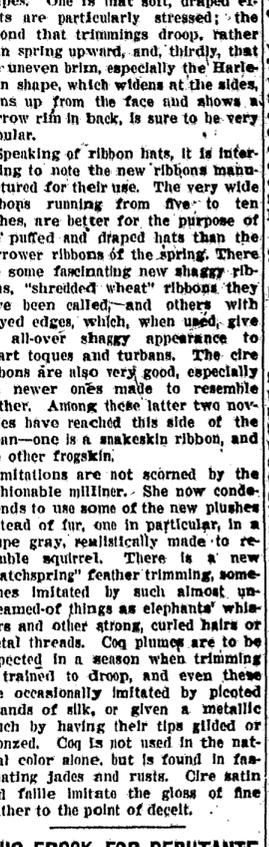
The latest millinery offerings might be said to have but one thing in common, and that is generally soft, unstudied effect, which is preserved, no matter what the material or the trimming. After that, writes a fashion correspondent, it is safe to say that over fifty per cent of the newest hats are of velvet, of either Lyons or panne, some of both; that ribbon-hats are almost as common and often more interesting than velvet, and that felt, leather and lace are generously represented. The duvety displayed late in the summer is scarcely noticeable now, except in combination or as trimming.

The hats displayed in the Paris openings are now beginning to leave their mark upon the American styles, and the combination of American workmanship which understands the American woman's needs with that dashing originality of the French results in some very beautiful specimens of the designer's art. Three things characterize the latest millinery shapes. One is that soft, draped effects are particularly stressed; the second that trimmings droop, rather than spring upward, and, thirdly, that the uneven brim, especially the Harlequin shape, which widens at the sides, turns up from the face and shows a narrow rim in back, is sure to be very popular.

Speaking of ribbon hats, it is interesting to note the new ribbons manufactured for their use. The very wide ribbons running from five to ten inches, are better for the purpose of the puffed and draped hats than the narrower ribbons of the spring. There are some fascinating new shaggy ribbons, "stirred wheat" ribbons that have been called—and others with frayed edges, which, when used, give an all-over shaggy appearance to smart toques and turbans. The crepe ribbons are also very good, especially the newer ones made to resemble leather. Among these latter two novelties have reached this side of the ocean—one is a snakeskin ribbon, and the other frogskin.

Imitations are not scorned by the fashionable milliner. She now condescends to use some of the new plushes instead of fur, one in particular, in a taupe gray, realistically made to resemble squirrel. There is a new "watchespring" feather trimming, sometimes imitated by such almost undreamed-of things as elephants' whiskers and other strong, curled hairs or metal threads. Coq plumes are to be expected in a season when trimming is trained to droop, and even these are occasionally imitated by plectoled strands of silk, or given a metallic touch by having their tips gilded or bronzed. Coq is not used in the natural color alone, but is found in fascinating jades and rusts. Crepe satin and fallie imitate the gloss of fine leather to the point of deceit.

CHIC FROCK FOR DEBUTANTE



This is a winsome dance frock for the debutante; it is of silver and blue brocade; a garland of rosebuds draped from the right shoulder with long cascade rose adds to its richness.

A Good Silver Polish.

The basis of most prepared silver polish is French whiting, a fine white powder. It is much cheaper to buy the whiting and make your own silver polish. Wash the silver in hot soapsuds and wipe it. Lay a paper on the table, put some of the whiting in a saucer and add enough ammonia or diluted alcohol to make a paste. Rub this over the silver with a soft cloth and lay the silver on a paper to dry. When you have finished this rub the whiting off with a clean soft cloth. Then polish the silver with a chamois skin.

Among the famous heavy doors are the carved wooden doors of the church of Santa Sabina, Rome, which in relief, scenes from the Old and New Testaments. These are the most remarkable examples of Christian sculpture extant.

In the earliest times, as in the doors swung on sockets instead of hinges.

In Roman days, wooden doors were decorated with brass and inlaid throughout the Middle Ages, the carved doors of wood adorned churches.

In the Gothic period, wooden doors were decorated with wrought-iron hinges which were often elaborated into intricate ornamentation covering a large part of the door.

The doors of the cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris of the Thirteenth century are the finest examples of this class.

During the Renaissance in Germany and France, elaborately carved doors were among the most beautiful products of wood sculpture.

Some of the old English doors were formed of narrow planks placed side by side and in dwelling houses generally, in the Middle Ages the doors were small and fairly simple, meant for strictly practical purposes and often provided with some means of defense.

The doors of the Norman period were round headed, while with the Thirteenth century, came the doorway with the pointed arch and later the flattened arch. In the case of interior doors, splendid old polished mahogany doors were important features in some old English homes and there were old oak doors of wonderful beauty, especially when found in oak-panelled rooms.—From the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association.

SAMPLE OF DUTCH THRIFT?

Hollanders Said to Be Greatest People in the World to Abbreviate Written Words.

The Dutch are the greatest people in the world for abbreviations, says the Detroit News. It seems to be a national trait of the Hollanders, and not only are the missives between Henry and her daughter and Stephen and his son liberally sprinkled with the shortening of Dutch as the folks, but the advertisements in the Dutch newspapers are also thriftyly abbreviated so as to permit of the maximum amount of expression with the minimum of type.

Private correspondence as well as business correspondence in Holland is a network of abbreviations, so much so that a Hollander who has not been in his native land for a good many years, but still retains a knowledge of his mother tongue, is likely to fall by the wayside in reading a letter from an old friend from whom he has not heard in a long time.

The Dutch lover is quite accustomed to be told in a letter by his sweetheart how much she loves him in abbreviations that suggest more a Russell stock ticker news item than the love-laden words of a romantic maid.

Which Way Do You Sleep?

Do you sleep with your body lying from east to west or are you pointing southeast while your head lies northwest? If you are lying in this position, you are under the pressure of the magnetic meridian. In other words, you are sleeping under a tension and there is a bad effect on the blood pressure and the pulse rate.

"Change your bed with the head north or south and you'll sleep better."

These are some of the theories propounded by Dr. W. W. Bailey of Denver, Ia., secretary of the Council Society of Physical Therapists, which held its convention at Chicago a short time ago. The convention was made up of licensed doctors of the Middle West who rely more on physical methods of curing diseases than on medical methods.

Pigs Equal for Squalls.

Animals will often tell us all we want to know about the weather.

Watch your dog. If he refuses to lie in the morning, and is found frequently chewing grass on the lawn, a downpour may be anticipated. The dog will scatter far and wide over the side during fair and settled weather, but prefer to huddle together and shelter when a storm approaches.

Some people say that the highest sheep on the hillside, the best the weather.

If cattle go reluctantly to pasture in the morning, or the cows stay in the day, bad weather is imminent. It is when the morning milk is scanty, or the beasts shiver low and look at the sky.

Pigs, of course, are lazier creatures; they squeal and grunt incessantly when storms approach.

Egypt Grew Cotton in 1820.

Cotton has been grown in Egypt since 200 B. C., but it was not until a few hundred years ago that the French engineer, who was the first to introduce the spinning machine in 1822, the machine which is now used in the cotton mills of the world, was introduced. The first cotton was produced in the island of Malindi, East Africa, in 1822, and the first cotton was produced in the island of Malindi, East Africa, in 1822, and the first cotton was produced in the island of Malindi, East Africa, in 1822.