

Sheet Metal Works
Tin, Slate, Tile, Asphalt and Slag Roofing
Steel Ceilings, Furnace Work, Cleaning and Repairing Ventilators, Blower Pipes, Range Hoods
General Repairing and Shop Work
F. E. HAYES CO.
44 Aqueduct Street
Phones—Main 5703, Stone 7711

Established 1890
Sidney Hall's Sons
Manufacturers of
Boilers, Tanks, Stacks, Broochings
We also do Repairing, Forging, Flue Welding, Oxy-Acetylene Welding and Cutting
All Supplies Carried in Stock
169-175 Mill Street
Rochester, N.Y. BOTH PHONES

Rochester Hat Mfg. Co.
10 CHURCH STREET
We manufacture soft hats, clean, block, dye and repair Men's Hats of all kinds
We Make Old Hats Look Like New

Burke & McHugh
CARTING CO.
Light Auto Cars for General Delivery
163 North St.
Main 7111 Phone Stone 3295

Thomas B. Mooney
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
98 Edinburgh Street
Home Phone 3413 Bell 127

Wm. H. Rossenbach
Funeral Director
Lady Assistant
Phone, Bell 1481 Genesee, 412 Stone
645 Main St. West

Watts Dry Cleaning Co., Inc.
Expert Dry Cleaning Service
Phone, Genesee 614 Home 4104-2
322 Cottage Street

Ryan & McIntee
UNDERTAKERS
196 Main Street West
Home Phone 1444 Bell Phone 3129

Genesee Hotel and Turkish Bath
54 N. Fitzhugh St.
Turkish Baths \$1.00
Rooms 1.00
Room and Turkish Bath 2.00
Separate Department for Ladies

Automobile Repairing
Guaranteed Work; Immediate Service
Mechanic-Knight and Chalmers Service
J. F. O'Grady
103 Cortland Street. Stone 7808

House Cleaning
We make a specialty of New Windows, Shellac and Wax Floors.
House Cleaning of all kinds.
All House Work is for Cash. Special Attention given to Private Homes. All work done at Reasonable Prices.
Roe Window Cleaning Co.
123 West Main St. Both Phones

"Everything in Rubber"

United States Rubber Co.
24 Exchange St. Rochester, N. Y.

Diamond Van-Curran Co.
1794-1796 East Avenue
AUTOMOBILE RADIATORS
Repaired by Experienced Workmen.
Roch. Park 831 Bell, Chase 1174
Work Called For and Delivered

The Best Remedy
Jackson's Cough Syrup 25c
George Hahn
Prescription Druggist
561 State Street

Can You Afford to stick to a
opportunity for bettering your position
is open to you. Think it over and then
come and see us. National Automobile
School, 45 Stone street. Day and Night
classes.

WATER "CURES" OLD BELIEF

In Both Ancient and Modern Days Fountains Have Been Considered Pools of Healing.

When you drink mineral water do you do it because you believe in its curative properties or because you are superstitious? Or both?
Extraordinary virtue has been attributed to the waters of pools and streams by nearly all peoples of all times. Among the modern Greeks to-day we find the remnants of the old belief that the water from the Grotto of Macedonia would cure all those who drank it if they entered the cave with a lamp or torch in one hand and a pitcher in the other, filled the pitcher and left some scrap of clothing behind, going silently and not turning back from "being scared by the noises that ensued." And not only in Greece, but in England, there are many spots where the bushes around a certain pool will be hung thick with shreds of clothing left by those who came to be cured.

According to modern Greeks the mineral springs are under the protection of the Nereids, and the virtue of the water depends upon it being drunk in silence and with appropriate sacrifice. Old Church of England canons dating back to 1102 forbid the worship of wells without the bishop's permission, attributing the custom to heathenishness and a survival of the worship of the fountain as a symbol of the source of life. It was pointed out then that the naming of wells was as old as the days of the Patriarchs; that Abraham and Isaac are both spoken of in the Bible as having done so, but that worshipping them was a different matter.

DESIRED TO TAKE THE VEIL

Oldest Daughter of Thomas Jefferson Attracted by Quiet Life Within Convent Walls.

Martha Jefferson, oldest daughter of Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, came near to being a catholic sister. She was a student at the school of Abbaye de Ponthemont at the time the French Revolution was in progress. The daring and flippant indifference of the French frightened and disgusted her, and she clung to the calm and serene life of the convent with all her strength. Her mother had taught her in the ways of the Church of England, but the surroundings at the school overreached this, and she decided to become a nun.
She wrote to her father asking his permission to adopt the veil. No answer came for several days, and then Jefferson appeared in person. He greeted the girl with a tender smile, interviewed the abbess, and then came out and told the girl to pack her things. Her school life was ended at that moment, and the next day she was introduced to society and made the mistress of her father's household. She declared years afterward that neither she nor her father had ever alluded to the subject by a single word from that day on.

Historic Stratford-on-Avon.

The history of Stratford-on-Avon may be traced back for a period of 1,100 years, and as the birthplace of Shakespeare is has become a classic center visited annually by some 50,000 people. The Guard house, where Shakespeare was born; Shutterly, where he courted Anne Hathaway; Charlotte park, once the seat of Sir Thomas Lucy, whose displeasure Shakespeare incurred by stealing his deer; the Shakespeare Memorial theater on the banks of the Avon, and Shakespeare's monument, are all places worthy of visiting in the old market town of Stratford-on-Avon.
The Shakespeare hotel, situated in the center of the town and close to the Shakespeare Memorial theater, was erected in the Fourteenth century. A few doors from Shakespeare hotel is the Harvard House, which was the early home of the Harvard family, founders of Harvard university.

How to Know Poetry.

We literates have been taught to read poetry, and taught also that it is highly commendable to enjoy it. In order to know what kind of poetry ought to be especially enjoyed, we read other books, written by critics. In order to understand what the poetry that ought to be admired means, we read other books by professional grammarians. By the time we have finished this preparatory reading, we are somewhat confused. We are in doubt as to what poetry actually is, and how it differs from prose. In this predicament we fall back on the printer. If every line begins with a capital letter, we assume that it is poetry.—Samuel McChord Crothers in the Atlantic Monthly.

India's Fertility.

India, more than half the size of Europe, as every variety of surface, climate and production. The contrast between the level monotony of the Great plain and the beautiful contours of the Nilgiri and Pulney hills is no greater than that between the arid heat of Jacobabad and the polar frigidities of the Himalayas; or that between the palm groves of Cochin and the wheat fields of Lyallpur. The productivity of India extends over three zones: the tropical, sub-tropical, and temperate; though on account of varying elevations these do not always comply with mere considerations of altitude.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN AFRICA

Pretty Picture of a Charming Abode in the Hills Above the Old Town of Algiers.



A set of red fox is smart for the young girl's tailor and is one of the fashions of the present season.

EASIER TO MAKE WEARABLES

Numerous Articles of Apparel Only Partially Completed May Be Obtained and Finished at Home.

Many women try to make some of their clothes themselves. This is difficult for anybody not trained to sew a fine seam, and few of us do know how to sew well nowadays. But there are so many things half made, or so many parts of things ready made that one may buy in the shops that it is worth while making use of these things to help out on the difficult task of home sewing.

For one thing, there are ready-made linings for bodices, in white and black, in muslin and in net. These are a great help, for they give the foundation of the frock ready to start on.

There are hat linings, varying in price from a thin silk and cotton one at about 40 cents to a stiff taffeta one at a dollar.

There are lace petticoat ruffles, all ready to sew on a muslin foundation.

There are silk petticoat ruffles, equally ready to sew into place on a new or old petticoat foundation.

There are half-made skirts—semi-made, that is, far more than half-made. They need only seamings up and finishing off. They come in plaid wool, in plaited silk or in tailored finish in different fabrics.

There are net overdresses that need only the making of a satin or georgette slip to convert them into charming evening frocks.

There are girdles of ribbon, with long silk fringes that add a finish to any gown.

There are all sorts of lovely neckwear that make the finishing off of the neck of a gown an easy matter.

With all these things to help one out, the matter of making clothes is not so difficult, even if you don't know much about sewing.

FEW ALL WHITE LACE FROCKS

Dyed Decorations Favored, Cream Tints, Tan, Ecru and Tobacco Brown Predominating.

It is a late season, no doubt of that, but rarely does one see a perfectly white lace frock. Laces are dyed now in the most entrancing shades and most favored are cream tints, tan, ecru and tobacco brown. Black lace is used extensively and there are exquisitely lovely laces in peach tint. These last are mounted over pastel silk or satin for dance frocks. (Charitilly lace and net laces are dyed navy blue, plum or brown for afternoon costumes and some of these laces are sewed with self-color spangles that give a very rich and brilliant effect. A charming frock is of accordion plaited brown satin, the plaited skirt edged with brown dotted net. A sash of the dotted net, with huge airy loops, is tied around the waist. The bodice and sleeves are of the brown satin without net trimming.

VELVET FOR MIDDY BLOUSES

Fabric Among Other Favorites for Construction of the Popular and Seasonable Garment.

In the lineup of separate midddy garments a great many fabrics are approved. Serge and flannel, of course, are staple and always good style, and this season wool jersey cloth and velvet middies to be worn with either plain or plaid wool separate skirts are in high favor. Crepe de chine is also frequently used.

One very smart little black velvet smock recently featured with a plaid wool skirt was drawn in a trifle at the waistline on either side and caught with a silk cord and tassel.

Touches of wool embroidery in contrasting color trim the wool jersey blouses, or else they are finished all about the edges with bands of heavy wool crochet, the same material frequently being used to form a belt.

Stylish Silhouettes.

There are two distinct silhouettes in vogue at the moment, the straight and narrow, and the wide bouffant full skirt which may have also a distended hip.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN AFRICA

Pretty Picture of a Charming Abode in the Hills Above the Old Town of Algiers.

Christmas day in Africa! And what a dream of beauty and color, blue sea, blue sky, groves of eucalyptus and olive trees, climbing roses, white-robed Arab women closely veiled, their eyes only showing, bare brown legs and feet, sometimes a silver bracelet on one leg, donkey boys with a nondescript, flowing garment, a red fez on their heads; color everywhere. Our villa is charming, stands in a little wood of eucalyptus trees, with a big garden, balconies, terraces and marble steps, large, high rooms and lovely views on all sides. Mme. Waddington writes from Algiers to Scribner's. It is quite in the country, five or six kilometers from Algiers, very high up in the hills. Very few people live in the town and the whole hillside is studded with villas. Moorish almost all, dazzling white, flat roofs and narrow windows. Quite at the top, where we are, there are some very comfortable Eastern modern houses. I am writing at my window, which gives on a terrace, from which there is a divine view of the sea and the snow mountains of the Djurjura, miles away in Kabylie, and from one corner, through the faded drooping leaves of the eucalyptus I have a glimpse of the town of Algiers, lying a long, white streak far below.

The drawing-room is a delightful room—runs all the width of the house, with windows on three sides, so that we always have the sun. The furniture is sketchy, not much of it, and what there is is very ugly, but when the Paris cases arrive, with a few tables and chairs and silver, the room will look very different. There are some carpets in the house, which are absolutely necessary, as all the floors are tiled. However, Charlotte has done wonders with the meager material she has.

NATION'S DEBT TO PILGRIMS

Their Famous Compact of Government Rightly Treasured as a Great State Document.

In the harbor at the tip of Cape Cod occurred the first birth and the first death among the Pilgrims in America. On board the Mayflower, as she lay at anchor, was born Peregrine, son of William and Susanna White. Here was another child for the ship's nursery, already occupied by little Oceanus Hopkins, who first saw the light of day far out at sea.

The death was that of Dorothy May, wife of William Bradford, future governor of Plymouth colony. She was drowned.

First of importance, however, of all that occurred here, and also in the sequence of events, was the drawing up and signing of the famous compact of government, originally designated by Bradford in his history as "a combination." And so it was, in the most literal sense, a combination.

This agreement, made in writing by a little group of Englishmen who had been dismissed by their mother country as "good riddance to bad rubbish," is now treasured by the nation in America, to which they contributed as much as one of three great documents. The other two are the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

Begone Dull Facts.

Two friendly little neighbors, aged respectively 4½ and 5 years, recently seated themselves on the curbstone near my windows for a religious discussion. It seemed they had overheard some grown-ups repeating a recent prophecy of a certain sect as to the imminent end of the world and were greatly exercised at the report. The elder child, a fair-haired skeptic from a northern state, scornfully declared that he didn't believe the story; but the swarthy, dark-eyed little Texan solemnly asserted: "Yes, it's true; I know it's true; for this mornin' I read it in mah Bible." The midget doesn't know one letter of the alphabet from another, but he refuses to be pinned down to vulgar facts when his spirit wishes to soar. Are children of the period brighter than their predecessors? At his age I am sure I could not have fibbed with so solemn and convincing an air.—Los Angeles Times.

Malignant Ghost.

Last Christmas, a house in Leeds was visited by an amazing ghost. A woman, returning home, went into the kitchen to warm herself at the fire. Suddenly she was started to see two long white arms emerge from the flames. Nearer and nearer they came, until they gripped her arms above the elbow.

The touch was like red hot iron, and she fell fainting to the ground. When she recovered she was surprised to find that there had been no fire in the grate. She visited a doctor, who examined her arms and found distinct signs of burns. This was afterward corroborated by another doctor.—London Mail.

"The Right Kind of Child."

Give a little love to a child, and you get a great deal back. It loves everything near it, when it is the right kind of child—would hurt nothing, would give the best it has away, always, if you need it—does not lay plans for getting everything in the house for itself, and delights in helping people; you cannot please it so much as by giving it a chance of being useful, if ever so little a way.—John Ruskin.

BLOUSE IS USEFUL

Costume Garment Most Usefully Abused, Writer Declares.

Prominent Part of Outfit Seldom Worn Properly—So That It Looks Entirely Right.

One of the most useful garments under the sun is the costume blouse and one of the most woefully abused says a fashion correspondent. Do you often see it worn properly? Few are the times when it looks entirely right—of the same family as the rest of the costume of which it has become a part.

It will be a dreadful blow to some women to be told that the costume blouse is not really smart when it is worn with a suit skirt. It is all right when the coat is buttoned in place, but when that outer covering is removed, how different! This costume blouse has its place, to be sure, but it is not with the tailored or even the semi-tailored suit. There only the tailored blouse or the soft, hand-made French blouse has a rightful place and a sufficient reason to call itself a part of the whole.

There is the blouse made of an all-over brocade or of an all-over piece of embroidery. It is one of the handsomest that has been produced in this most prolific season, and it is apt to be made over quite plain and simple lines, with no added trimming. It comes in the most beautiful and rich colors, and it should most properly be worn with a skirt that is low in tone, soft in texture and full enough in width to make it a graceful foundation for the brilliance of the waist.

There is no question that the blouse type of frock is one of the most economical of the varieties of costume



All-Over Pattern in Costume Blouse.

that can be gained by the aid of one simple skirt. But that is no reason, surely, why the thing should be done badly and why the wrong blouse should be combined with the wrong skirt. The blouse, in other words, should be used to the full value of its design and should never be allowed to be that thing which is just thrown on to make something that "will do."

CARE OF HAIR IS IMPORTANT

Avoid Drying Quickly With Artificial Heat; Good Soap, Brush and Comb Necessary.

To prevent the hair from splitting, there are a few things to remember, says the Woman's Home Companion. Avoid drying the hair quickly with artificial heat. Don't use hot curling irons too often. Consider carefully what soap you use. Never use one with drying qualities. See that your hair brush is in good condition. Worn bristles and combs with broken teeth are one cause of split hairs. The best brush to use, whether your hair is dry, oily or normal, is one not always so easy to get. It has the bristles arranged in bunches, with the middle bristles the longest. Don't brush your hair while it is damp, and don't use too-soft a brush. For general use, have a brush with moderately stiff bristles. To give luster to the hair a soft brush is all right, but for daily cleansing use avoid it.

Pressing Tucks.

To press tucks so they may look decorative and not have the usual flattened appearance, stand the iron up on end and run the tucks over the iron, holding the material firmly between the hands with the tucks running downward. In this way the material between and beneath the tucks will be pressed as well as the tucks.

An Attractive Fur Collar.

The high collar of double furs is a novel idea for wrap coats. For instance, the collar itself may be made of squirrel, and the lining imitation ermine. Wide cuffs to match should be turned back on the sleeves. These collars are large and picturesque. They can be muffled up round the face or laid flat on the shoulders like a cape.

JERRY

By ERACE W. O'NEILL

If Jerry's feelings had been an hour previous, he certainly would not have been so angry. He was now, apparently, in all the world.

Back of him streamed a long, good long and substantial rope, fastened securely to his very real coat. Mr. Holcomb had tied it himself, then had dragged, literally dragged, the reluctant Jerry to his doghouse by the stable and bound him there.

Jerry had worked very hard with his sharp white teeth before he was free at last he was.

"A good-for-nothing fool pup," Mr. Holcomb had called him. Just why Jerry couldn't reason. He had gnawed a neat little hole in Mr. Holcomb's brown slipper, and sampled a gray sock, surely nothing to fly into a rage about, as his master had done.

"Don't scold him, Abner," Jerry heard his mistress plead. "He's only a pup, and remember, he's Billy's dog."

Billy had gone away one morning, and he had never come back. He had heard them say Billy was sleeping in Flanders, and Jerry didn't know the way to Flanders or he would have gone and awakened him.

Just before him stretched a great hill; the sun shone warm and red before him. Suddenly Jerry sat down. What was over that Billy? That was what he wanted to know. Perhaps Flanders, where Billy lay asleep—perhaps.

Mrs. Tuttle, her hands on her sunken hips, stood in the doorway. "Father," she called, "you and the men better be washing up; 'taint a half hour away to dinner. Where's Walter?"

The old man addressed shaded his eyes with his hand. "There he is," he answered. "Walter!" he shouted. "Dinner!"

The young man turned and came toward the house, the dry leaves crackling beneath his feet. "I had no idea it was that late," he said; "time goes so rapidly when you think."

He ran his hand confusedly through his hair—crisp, dark hair, tinged prematurely with gray. Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle exchanged glances.

"Don't try to think today, dear," she said soothingly, "just rest your head, my boy, and everything will come right in time—everything, dear."

Nearly six weeks the boy had been with them. He had wandered into the yard one morning in the early fall asking for work. Who he was or where he came from he could not remember. He was physically well, but his memory was a blank. He had served in the war, that much he remembered.

"Walter," Mrs. Tuttle had called him, after her own son, who had died in infancy. The old family doctor had done all his skill could do.

Very delicious, indeed, was the brown turkey that adorned the Tuttle table; very tempting the golden squab pie, the cranberry and mound of snowy potatoes. And in the midst of the merry group gathered around the board a young man sat, grave and weary.

Vaguely he remembered another table where he had sat glad and laughing, too. Dimly a mother's face appeared before him; indistinctly a father's voice spoke, and shadowed another form, a hairy, scuffed little form took shape before him.

"Mrs. Tuttle," Norah's voice from wrathfully from the kitchen door, "there's a dirty yelling dog scratching at the paint of the back door to get in. Send one of the men to shoot him off."

"Perhaps he's hungry, Norah," Mr. Tuttle went towards the door as he spoke. "And being it's a holiday we'll share the feast with him. Here boy," he called.

But with a quick rush the dog had brushed him aside. Straight to the side of the weary young man he came, his short stubby tail wagging joyfully. "Don't you know me?" his bark persistent and happy, seemed to say. "Something seemed to break in the man's brain, and once more he saw little bedroom hung with pink and white curtains. Clearly he heard a new voice call:

"Billy, time to get up, pancakes this morning!" As if it were yesterday, he felt the cold nose of a little friendly dog. "Get up Billy," he seemed to say also.