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BATH, N. Y.

EVENING GOWNS

THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR, when banquets, theater parties and social gatherings are in vogue, demands the highest efficiency of the dry cleaning establishment. No firms except those who are equipped with the latest improvements are able to fill such requirements as the fastidious public demands. There should be no hesitancy about sending the most expensively made gown or cloak to us for Dry Cleaning.

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Rochester's Leading Dry Cleaners

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Branch: MCGURDY CO.

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SUGGESTIONS

LEATHER GOODS make lasting and appropriate gifts, and we have a wonderful line of traveling cases, fitted week-end cases, purses and various other articles that will please you.

SILK BAGS and vanities are simply impossible to describe. You must see them.

And if mi-lady smokes, she will find a cigarette holder in rock-amber, tortoise shell, jet, jade or ivory.

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Visit our salesroom in the basement for Flowers and Plants, Bulbs for Window Garden, bulb dishes, hyacinth glasses, art pottery and floral glassware, all kinds of candles, tree trimmings and decorations, imported toys and novelties. See our crib and manger complete with all figures. Headquarters for Christmas trees, Holly, mistletoe, Pine and Laurel Roping, Wreaths of all kinds and sizes in our nursery building in rear of store. Pet shop, bird and animal store—all kinds of dogs, cats, birds, parrots, monkeys, rabbits, pigeons, etc.

THE MAURER-HAAP COMPANY

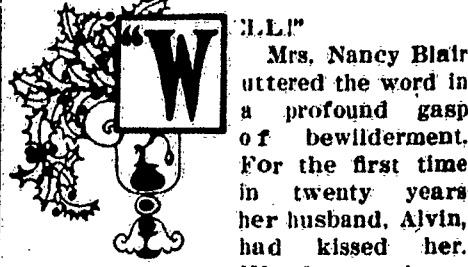
140 MAIN STREET EAST

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Kissing Time and Christmas Time

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

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"KISS!" Mrs. Nancy Blair uttered the word in a profound gasp of bewilderment. For the first time in twenty years her husband, Alvin, had kissed her. His face took on a sudden flush of color, showing that his strangely unusual act had moved her to the depths.

"It's the Christmas spirit," fluttered Nancy, but she was wrong, and stood staring after the man she had taken as a life partner because she had truly loved him.

"What in the world does that mean?" she murmured.

But Alvin was gone, as if half-shamed at his impulsiveness and hurried to his wagon outside.

"Kissing time!" he soliloquized, and aptly, it transpired. "I couldn't help it. Poor dear! She seemed to prize that first token of romance of the dull plodding years.

Alvin hummed an old love song that took him back to the early days of courtship. He slowed up the horses as he peered through the leafless trees of a grove near the road. Then he chuckled as he caught sight of a slim, girlish figure and a companion. She was Luella Morse, the daughter of a neighbor, and beside her was his own handsome, stalwart son, Noble Blair. They stood near together, fairly face to face, and their attitude betokened acknowledged lovers.

"This will give Nancy a genuine surprise," ruminated Alvin. "Well now, look at that—more surprising still!"

This time, near the dairy barn, ALVIN noticed his hired man, Alan Day,



Peered Through the Leafless Trees.

ton, conversing with Marty Remick, and then he kissed her. Alvin thought of how his wife had feared that the helpful, dependable Dayton would soon leave for his home in the next county.

"He will stay and they will marry," declared Alvin, "and I will be glad to let them have the little cottage, for it solves the farm management. Oh, this golden kissing time! He bent his ear attentively as the echo of music reached him from the direction of the house.

"The old organ, cracked, broken, pretty well out of commission," he said reminiscently. "And Nancy so enjoys music. If it takes the last cent I've got she shall have a Christmas present worth having," and the memory of the kiss and the holiday tinge to everything about the business portion of the town influenced an hour of brisk, practical shopping. Then Alvin started homeward; back in the wagon, cased up, was a fine victrola.

He found Nancy strangely excited when he went into the evening meal. More than once her hand went secretly to her dress pocket which held a precious letter she had received that day. They began speaking of their daughter Elsa, who had eloped two years ago with Ronald Bruce.

"Alvin, I have heard from Elsa. They are longing to pay us a visit." "They?" repeated Alvin, a deep frown crossing his face.

"Yes, Oh, Alvin, don't be pitiless! I have heard grand news. Ronald has staided down. Elsa is so happy. Can't they come?"

"I shall not exactly abuse them," he uttered, "but it will not be pleasant to think they ran away."

"To mend it again, for oh, Alvin! they love the old home, and you and me. They will be here tomorrow ready for Christmas and your blessing."

He came into the house just after dusk the next evening and from the parlor proceeded strains of music that told that Nancy was already enjoying the victrola. Then in the darkened hall Alvin stumbled over a baby carriage and then—

"Oh, Alvin, is that you?" cried out Nancy joyously.

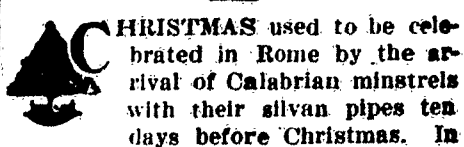
He entered the parlor. It was to stand transfixed as Nancy held towards him a smiling, happy-eyed little child who put her baby arms about his neck and then kissed him.

"Your present, Alvin," spoke Nancy in a quiver of delight. "Their baby, only a year old—ours—" and Alvin pressed the little treasure to his heart and forgot all the past.

It was a royal Christmas eve and Noble and his fiancee, and even Dayton and Marty were present at a celebration that made kissing time and Christmas time the happiest occasion of their lives.

MAKE MERRY ON CHRISTMAS

Calabrian Minstrels of Rome, With Silvan Pipes, Started Celebration Ten Days in Advance.



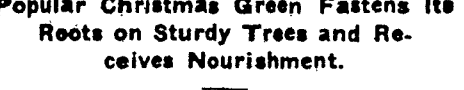
CHRISTMAS used to be celebrated in Rome by the arrival of Calabrian minstrels with their silvan pipes ten days before Christmas. In every street of the historic city they would play their wild, plaintive music before the shrines of the Madonna. These minstrels or "pifferari," as they were called, became rare after the latter part of the Nineteenth century.

In Sicily men came down from the mountains nine days before Christmas to sing a "novena" to a plaintive melody accompanied by violin and cello. The music of chiming bells features Christmas the world over. In the Philippines the dawn of Christmas is ushered in by ringing of bells in scores of church towers, calling the people to service. In the dark they flock to the churches to the familiar notes of the "Adeste Fideles."

The music-loving world agrees with the stranger in Bracebridge hall. "I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony."

QUEER WAYS OF MISTLETOE

Popular Christmas Green Fastens Its Roots on Sturdy Trees and Receives Nourishment.



THE mistletoe is really a degenerate for it is a parasite. Instead of being a healthy tree itself, it fastens its roots upon the sturdy oak and gum trees, and even depends on others to have its seed carried to places where they will grow. The numerous pearly white berries covering the mistletoe all winter attract the birds. When a bird eats a cherry he swallows the meat and drops the pit, but the seed of the mistletoe is sticky and clings to the bird's bill. The only way for the bird to rid himself of the annoying seed is to wipe it off. This he does, on some branch of the tree on which he happens to be at the time. Later this seed sprouts, and not finding earth, which its habits have made it cease to want, it sinks its roots into the bark of the tree and there receives the richest nourishment. It keeps its leaves all winter, and when the oaks are bare its waxy, pale-green leaves stand out prominently against the dull brown bark.—Edwin Tarrise

Has the real Christmas spirit been laid upon its bier by a lot of old fogies who have lived too long to sense the thrill of the holly and mistletoe; whose spectacles and whiskers have debarred them from entering the kingdom of pure delight where the children wander; and whose dyspeptic spirits have been warped with acid bitterness until they can no longer flow with the sweet joy of Christmas cheer? No! The real happiness and the cheer that go with red-ribbed wreaths and twinkling candles peeping and winking from between the green of fairy Christmas trees; the thrill of myriad toys stacked in chaotic heaps; the mystery of tissue paper bundles; the secrets that fly back and forth under the grave cover of serenity; the smell of spicy fruitcake and the mellow aroma of holiday baking are here. They are here as they are always here when the holidays are just before us.—Evansville Courier.

The Real Spirit.

WORRIED

"Jim didn't call last night." "He didn't. What's the matter?" "Sis doesn't know whether he's ill or just dodging a Christmas present."

Star of Bethlehem in Holland. In Holland the harbinger of Christmas is a huge illuminated star which is carried through the silent, dark, Dutch streets, shining upon the crowd of people and significant of the star which once guided the three wise men of the East. The young men who carry the star through the streets gather money for the poor from the crowds who come out to watch for it. After this they betake themselves to the burgomaster of the town, who, according to custom, is bound to set the youths down to a splendid meal. This is a very great institution in many Dutch towns.

Sauce for Plum Pudding. Serve foamy sauce with plum pudding. To make it, cream together one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of powdered sugar; add gradually one well-beaten egg and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Heat the mixture in a double boiler, beating it thoroughly all the while.

Well Informed Youth. "Does your boy believe in Santa Claus?" "I'm not sure whether he does or not. Sometimes I suspect he thinks I believe in Santa and he hates to undeceive me."

THE THOUGHTFUL GIFT IS

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PYREX—in sets or single pieces, is a gift so beautiful, so useful, so permanent in its delight that it will charm every home loving woman.

Food baked in PYREX is better cooked, and goes to the table in the same beautiful, golden-hued dish in which it was baked. Like fine silver, PYREX in sets or single pieces—plain or decorated—is a gift to be proud of.

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Last a Lifetime

PYREX gift sets consist of eleven pieces—pie plate, bread pan, covered casserole, a round and an oval baking dish with handles and six individual bakers which can be used for scalloped foods, left-overs or desserts. Each piece is selected for utility and beauty, carefully packed in an attractive gift box. PYREX is guaranteed not to break with oven heat, never wears out and will be cherished forever.

PYREX is the original transparent ovenware. Always look for the PYREX label and the name PYREX stamped on each piece.

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