

Hotel Rochester

Rochester, N. Y.

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COFFEE ROOM

For Ladies and Gentlemen
A Modern Restaurant maintaining
Hotel Rochester Standard of Service
BONELESS FISH

Steaks—Chops—Oysters—Lobsters
Cooked right before you on Electric Grill by our Expert

Raymond Fagan's Orchestra
Every Evening 8:15 to 8:15 P. M. in the
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We Serve a Splendid Mid-day 75c Meal

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Quick Service
Reasonable Prices

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Slice Part of it to Fry or Broil

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Deliciously Mild (1 to 3 lbs. each)

Our Blue Tag—attached is your Guarantee of Quality

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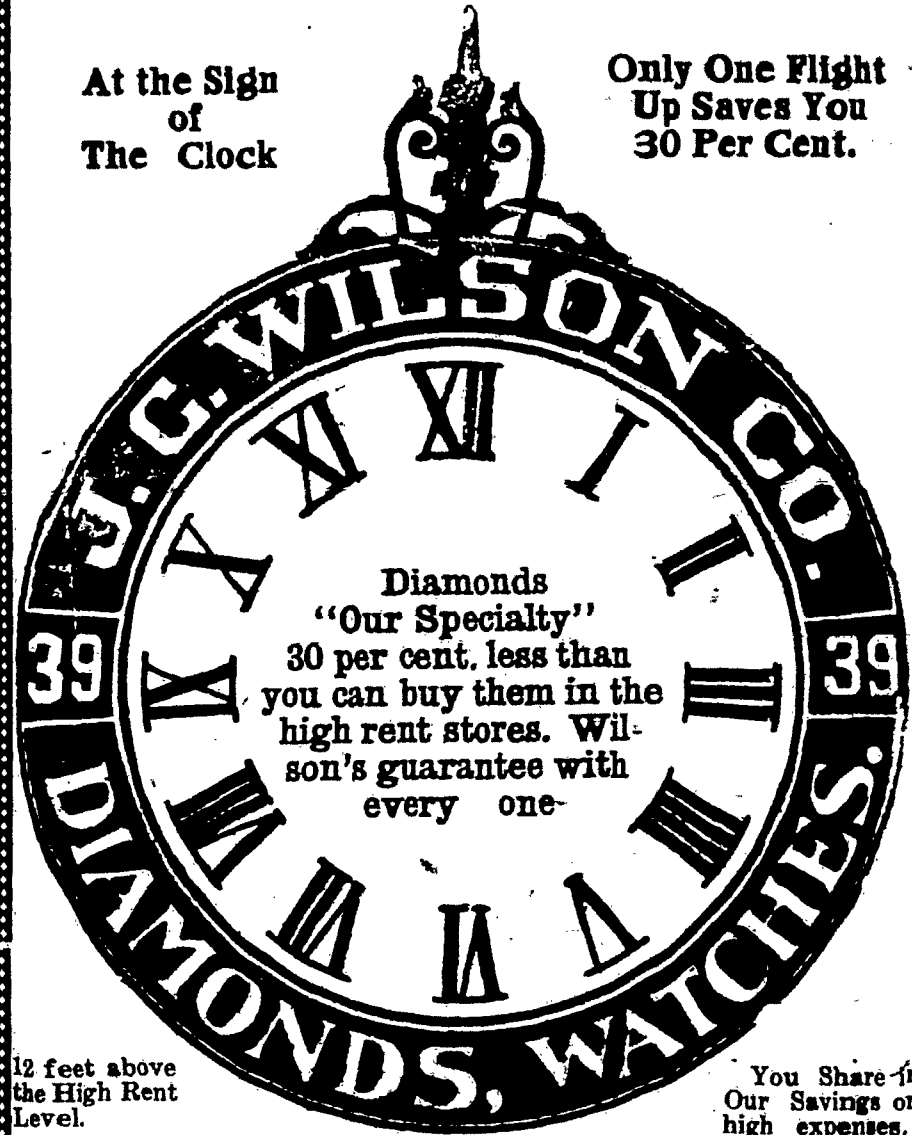
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Up Saves You
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Our reputation for selling these precious
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disputed. Big assortments to choose
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WRIST WATCHES FOR LADIES

Large assortments, from \$10.00 to \$250 and

Wilson's Prices Are Less

39 MAIN STREET EAST

Take Glad Yuletide By Darius Earl Maston

TALK about the joyous May-time with its blossoms on the trees,
With the strumming and the humming of the little honey bees
Ringing in all the sweetness of the orchard over there,
And the summer breezes talking little love words everywhere.
Yet there's something more heart-thrilling in the Yuletide's silver chime
Calling all hearts to be merry for the joyful Christmas time!

Oh the sweetly scented summer with its breezes soft and mild,
And the laughing little brooklet dancing like a happy child,
And the shimmer of the sunshine over all the happy land,
Tossled grasses in the meadow, leafy wood so green and grand!
Make you think there's nothing grander—summer is just supreme!
But it doesn't stir your pulses like the happy Christmas time!

Oh the happy days preceding, when there's secrets everywhere,
Love-light beaming in all faces, drowning out all petty care;
There's a love and life and lightness that no poet has expressed,
There's a harmony and gladness that the summer never passed,
There's a something most appealing in the Yuletide's silver chime
That makes every heart beat happy for the joyful Christmas time!



Looking for Santa Claus

I'M looking for dear Santa Claus;
I hope he'll surely come;
With packs of gifts and goodies 'cause
I want a nice big drum;
A trumpet; and a train of cars;
A horse that makes a bow;
I wonder if the blinking stars
Can see where he is now.
I'm waiting for dear Santa Claus
To bring a lot of things;
Toys; knives; a dog with shaggy paws;
And flying boats with wings;
Then I can give some toys to Ned
Who left our school last year;
He works because his father's dead—
To help his mother dear.
I'm watching for dear Santa Claus;
I'd like to get a look;
When from his pack he shyly draws
New skates; a sled or book;
But mother says he'll dash away
If I should dare to peep;
And so I'll just keep down and pry,
And then go off to sleep.
—By Louis M. O'Leary, in Black Star Register.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

GLAD Christmas Day is here again,
With loving word and deed,
When all get much they do not want, and
Little that they need.
The baby's jacket counts, we can't
get on at all,
And mother's slippers are too large and
father's are too small.
And sister Zella got a hood she'll be afraid
to wear
Because its color clashes with the color
of her hair.
And brother Henry got some books from
pious Uncle Ned,
And after he had told him, too, he hoped
he'd send a sled.

CHRISTMAS GREETING

"I wish you were here than happen might ride."
So sang Mother Goose in her well-known rhyme
But if wishes meant blessings, this glad Christmas
Should bring to you joys past all telling of mine.
That giving is better than wishing I know,
And a "will for the deed" never paid a debt do
But when one is bankrupt in all ways "good will"
Is sure the "good will" may be loaned and true.
So I wish for my dear ones their wishes fulfilled;
That of every good thing their hearts may be full;
Kind hearts love them truly, all of hearts are still
In the driveway, untroubled, and habits rest.
Can't I wish you better? Could I wish you more?
I know nothing better, think nothing on be.
If you do, ask St. Nick when he stops at your door,
And say it was "specially ordered" by me.
—ANNA HUSTED SOUTHWORTH.

Task of Time.

"I thought I'd make my Christmas gifts,
and I prize them all, you see;
I love to sew!" said Little Juliet.
"But I guess I'll have to hurry, 'cause
tomorrow's Christmas day,
And I haven't got my needles threaded
yet!"
—St. Nicholas.

CHRISTMAS

LOW in the east, against a white,
cold dawn,
The black-lined silhouette of woods
was drawn,
And on the wintry waste
Of frosted streams and hillsides bare
and brown,
Through thin cloud-films a pallid
ghost looked down,
The waning moon half-faced!

In that pale sky and serene, snow-
waiting earth,
What sign was there of the immortal
birth,
What herald of this one?
Lo! swift as thought the heavenly
radiance came,
A rose-red splendor swept the sky
like flame,
Up rolled the round, bright sun!

And all was changed. From a trans-
figured world
The moon's ghost fled, the smoke of
home-hearth curled
Up the still air unblown.
In Orient warmth and brightness,
did that morn'
O'er Nain and Nazareth when
Christ was born,
Break fairer than our own!

The morning's promise noon and
eve fulfilled
In warm, soft sky and landscape
hazy-hilled
And sunset fair as they;
A sweet reminder of His hallowed
time,
A summer miracle in our winter
clime,
God gave a perfect day.

The near was blended with the old
and far,
And Bethlehem's hillsides and the
Magi's star
Seemed here as there and then—
Our homestead pine tree was the
Syrian palm,
Our heart's desire, the angel's mid-
night psalm,
Peace, and good will to men!
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Old Christmas Returned

ALL you that to feasting and mirth are
inclined,
Come, here is good news for to pleasure
your mind,
Old Christmas is come for to keep open house,
He seems to be guilty of starving a mouse,
Then come boys and welcome for diet the
cheer,
Pine pointing, goose, capon, mince pie and
roast beef.
—Old Carol.

GEMS MADE IN LABORATORIES

Imitations of Precious Stones Are So
Perfect That They Can Almost
Deceive Experts.

Rubies, sapphires, emeralds, many
other stones can now be imitated so
beautifully that it is no longer easy
to detect the difference, upon a casual
examination. Pearls are made in a
number of varieties, and imitation
pearls are plentiful and often worn.
While only an expert can determine
whether some gems are genuine, there
are certain simple methods by which
in most cases "the genuine article"
may be detected at home.

Color is usually considered the first
great criterion of all precious stones.
It is now generally conceded, however,
that color alone is not a criterion by
which stones may be judged; other
physical properties must be taken into
consideration by the jewel expert.

The structure of the stone is a
more certain test. The optical prop-
erties of the stone, however, are the
most certain test—what are known as
its "refractive property." This can be
ascertained by means of a small in-
strument known as a "refractometer."

Refraction means simply the bend-
ing of the light-rays out of their nor-
mal course, when passing through cer-
tain solid objects. The degree to
which these light waves are bent is
called the "refractive index." In
most transparent bodies, including
gems, this refractive index is constant
and known.—Hereward Carrington,
Ph. D., in Leslie.

WHERE APPEAL IS USELESS

Angels Seem to Have Had the Right
Idea in Their Attitude Toward
Inevitable Death.

What happens to us when we die?
What does it feel like to pass out of
this earthly life and enter the un-
known beyond?

An interesting answer comes from a
group of physiologists. Their observa-
tions are that, in the dying hour, the
sense of smell is the first to fall.
Then, in order, the dying person loses
taste, sight, touch, hearing.
Thus the five senses pass. Outward-
ly, death seems to have taken place.
But how about the sixth sense—con-
sciousness? Many medical men be-
lieve the brain is conscious, sometimes,
as long as 30 minutes after the five
senses are gone.

Everyone has heard of people who
had visions of angels, music and a
flood of bright light, in the moment
of passing from the material world.
Why fear death? Life is only a
journey, death only a change. The
ancients contemplated death without
fear, and met it with indifference.

They accepted it as inevitable, hence
never raised altars to it as they did to
things that might change—misfortune,
fever, volcanic eruptions or the god
of rain.
They recognized that there was no
use in appealing to death, the Great
Adventure.—Cincinnati Post.

As It Sounded to Him.

Shirley Brooks, one of the most bril-
liant Englishmen of his time, associ-
ated with Thackeray and the famous
Mark Lemon in the editorial manage-
ment of Punch, had a mind filled with
poetry and he often wrote admirable
verses himself. But he had no knowl-
edge of or love for music. Nevertheless,
in his role as reporter for some Lon-
don newspaper Brooks one time had
been called upon to write of a concert
critically. He wondered how he was
"going to get away with it," and this
is how he did it:
"Over the deep abyss of bass throats
floated, like a poised lark, a silvery
cloud of treble, amid which the shrill
trumpets of the higher strings seemed
gluttedly to glitter like the arrows of
a sunshaft through the mist of early
morning."

Average Man Weds at Thirty.

More than 1,800,000 men and women
more than forty-five years old are
eking out a miserable existence in sin-
gle blessedness, the census reports.
More than 100,000 men about seventy-
six years of age are listed as bachelors
and nearly an equal number of women,
sixty-four years or more, also are
unmarried, besides a still larger num-
ber of men and women fifty years old
who are without mates as a result of
divorce or death. The average man
now marries at thirty and the average
woman at twenty-five. While 98 per
cent of the revenues of the govern-
ment are spent on war, a majority of
the funds raised by city, state and
country levies is expended on schools.

Meeting Expectations.

The old negroess who washed for
Mrs. Worth, says Everybody's, came
one day with a tale of woe calculated
to awaken pity in the hardest heart.
"Cheer up, auntie," said Mrs. Worth
consolingly. "There's no use worry-
ing."
But auntie held other views. "How
come dere's no use worryin'?" she de-
manded. "When de good Lord send
me tribulations He gone 'spect me to
tribulate, ain't He?"

Where Words Failed.

The new guard was not familiar
with a certain railway run-in Wales.
Came a station which rejected in the
name Llanfairfechanwyllogoch. For
a few minutes he stood looking at the
signboard in mute helplessness. Then
pointing to the board, and waving his
other arm toward the carriage, he
called. "If there's anybody there, he
here, this is it!"—Western Christian
Advocate, Cincinnati.

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MARY CARR
as
"Ma Benton"



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