

ENGINE OF PUBLIC SERVICE

Newspaper Today Not, as of Old, the Mouthpiece of Any Individual or Party.

Not so many years ago a newspaper was a printing press surrounded by a group of individuals chiefly concerned in getting their own private theories or doctrines before their readers.

Today the newspaper is an engine of public service. Its success financially and morally is measured by the degree in which it supports not a party but the people.

Those today who have a Twentieth century ideal of achievement separate the newspaper from the individual and make it first and foremost an organ of public service built by the people for the people. The journal which most nearly fulfills its highest purpose is that which is indistinguishable in policy from the natural trend of progress and march of liberty and free thought.

Political prizes were the aims of the old-time editor. His policies were based on his own party interests and he discussed every public question with a ferocity and partisanship proportionate to the reward he expected to get out of it.

The establishment of an institution, a living thing, which represents the public interest and nothing else—that should be the ideal of the editor.

It is this ideal which has made newspapermen a priesthood and has separated them—some of them—from politics. For this age is not a materialistic age—in spite of opinion to the contrary.—Vancouver Sun.

If you are in doubt as to whether a thing is right, don't do it.—Uncle Henry's Sayings

A man never knows how little he knows until a woman begins to hand him information.



What This Baby's Mother Says About Father John's Medicine:

"I have a family of eight children and two sets of twins. They all had colds and could not sleep, they coughed all night. I started giving them Father John's Medicine and after taking it they stopped coughing and they went on taking it until they were well. I think it is the best medicine for colds. (Signed) Mrs. D. Guillet, Broadway Road, Dracut, Mass.

As a family medicine for colds and throat troubles and as a body builder, Father John's Medicine is depended upon in thousands of homes because it is pure and wholesome. Guaranteed free from alcohol or dangerous drugs.

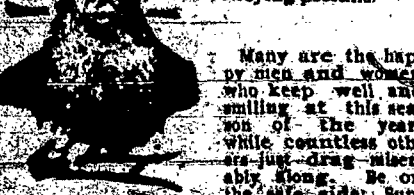


Watch Your Health at This Season

With changeable, damp, cold weather, come many serious ailments, each eager to waylay the careless. Should but one of the important bodily organs momentarily fail to perform its appointed task, the doorway to lurking disease is opened wide.

Father Mollinger's Famous Herb Tablets

have for more than half a century provided the very cooperation which nature needs to fortify the system against winter's health destroying pitfalls.



Many are the happy men and women who keep well and smiling at this season of the year, while countless others just drag miserably along. Be on the safe side. Supply yourself at once with a box of this time-tested winter cure. Each ready-to-go 50c and 95c. Order direct from

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The Test of True Love

By FREDERICK CLARKE

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"I'll walk home with you, Dick," said Frank Fayles to his friend Richard Finot, and started away with him from Miss Landis' door. At the corner of the block he stopped and wrung his friend's hand violently.

"I congratulate you, old man," he said warmly. "I think your fiancée is one of the finest girls I've ever met—and just suited to you, too, and I bet your married life will be one long dream of paradise."

Talbot did not reply, and his friend, mortified by his coldness, accompanied him in silence. Talbot was thinking bitterly of his folly—his absolute folly. It was too late to withdraw with honor now. The wedding was only one month away. And during the past two weeks he had come to realize that he had made the mistake of his life.

He had thought Elsie Landis all that could be desired in any woman until—until he had met Edith Spinner. Honor forbade him to speak; but the pressure of their hands when they met must have betrayed them to each other. They had met three times only—and he was head over heels in love with Edith.

He thought over his future that night. He could not withdraw.

He rose up after a sleepless night, resolved to give Elsie the chance to reconsider. It was not until eight o'clock that evening that he found himself in Elsie's presence.

Their greeting was commonplace enough: The handshake, the kiss, and even that seemed perfunctory. Talbot sat down.

"Richard," said his fiancée, looking at him curiously, "do you know you have been acting in a very odd manner lately?"

"I? How is that?" he stammered.

"You haven't seemed to love me as much as you used to," she stammered. "I have been thinking—O, Richard, don't you care for me?"

A moment later and she was on her knees at his side, her arms around him, weeping.

"Lisio!" exclaimed Richard, miserably. "I love you—"

"You won't love me when I have told you something," she sobbed.

"Tell me and see," said he. He could think of nothing better to say.

"I have been untrue to you," she sobbed. "I don't mean that I've kissed anybody else. No, but—"

Richard, you are so simple and noble, you would never understand. Well, I—

I had been wondering whether our marriage was going to be happy. It had begun to seem so ordinary, our love. And then I met a man—just two weeks ago. He fascinated me and—

and I loved him more than you, dear est."

Richard sat up very straight. This was a turning of the tables with a vengeance.

"We never told each other," she went on, weeping bitterly. "I felt that we ought not to be married until you knew—and I didn't dare to tell you until today."

"Why today?" inquired Richard kindly.

"Because he is married now," sobbed Elsie. "He got married yesterday. And he had been engaged to her for a whole year—just think of that! He had just been flirting with me and I—cooling me. And then a sudden revelation came over me and I knew that it was you I had loved all the time. Richard, can you ever forgive me or shall I give you back your ring?"

"Who was the man?" inquired Richard, conscious of an odd sense of helplessness jealousy.

"Nobody you know, Richard," she answered. "So it wouldn't do you any good to tell you his name. But I'll tell you whom he married. I believe you met her once. It was a Miss Spinner."

"Edith Spinner?" he shouted.

"Yes, Richard. She is said to be a dreadful flirt. Why, what is the matter?"

"Come here, Elsie," said Richard. "Do you know I have been fancying myself in love with Edith?"

"You, Richard? Since we were engaged? Why, how dared you?"

"How dared you?" he retorted.

"I didn't!" she cried. "It was purely imagination. I just feared that we mightn't be quite suited to each other and—"

"That's what I did."

"You never kissed her, Dick?"

"Never!" he said, looking her in the eyes, and then suddenly he drew her upon his knee and kissed her.

"Elsie, darling, shall we start over again?"

"Yes, Richard," she answered, raising her lips to his. "But—you're quite sure that you never kissed her, Dick?"

Maintaining One's Dignity.

"Should a golf-player have a sense of humor?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Dubwaite. "He should at least be able to laugh pleasantly when his caddy sneezes, thus creating the impression that while he may not be much of a golf player he has other accomplishments that would elicit applause if he cared to show them."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Some Phrases Wouldn't Sound Well.

One of the most interesting of recent American inventions is the phonograph safe lock, which will open only when the owner of the safe repeats through the keyhole a phrase that has been recorded previously from his own voice.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Fifty-Second Annual Statement

-OF-

THE EAST SIDE SAVINGS BANK

OF ROCHESTER

January 1, 1922

Resources

Mortgages.....		\$14,224,057.00
United States Bonds.....	(Market Value)	4,095,997.50
United States Certificates of Indebtedness.....	(Market Value)	100,000.00
United States War Savings Stamps.....	(Market Value)	836.00
District of Columbia Bonds.....	(Market Value)	97,000.00
(Guaranteed by United States Government)		
Massachusetts State Bonds.....	(Market Value)	127,500.00
Wyoming State Bonds.....	(Market Value)	5,450.00
Alabama State Bonds.....	(Market Value)	94,500.00
Maryland State Bonds.....	(Market Value)	147,000.00
City of Boston, Mass., Bonds.....	(Market Value)	90,990.00
City of New York Bonds.....	(Market Value)	606,000.00
City of Rochester, N. Y., Bonds.....	(Market Value)	783,750.00
City of Albany, N. Y., Bonds.....	(Market Value)	83,800.00
City of Buffalo, N. Y., Bonds.....	(Market Value)	427,470.00
City of Syracuse, N. Y., Bonds.....	(Market Value)	66,925.00
City of Troy, N. Y., Bonds.....	(Market Value)	94,522.10
Railroad First Mortgage Bonds.....	(Market Value)	302,000.00
Banking House and Annex (Appraised Value \$350,000) cost in 1884.....		120,000.00
Cash on Hand and in Banks.....		607,347.35
Collectible Interest Due and Accrued.....		200,093.68
Other Assets.....		769.86
		\$22,275,998.49

Liabilities

Due Depositors.....	\$20,943,981.12
Liberty Bond Deposits.....	2,563.96
Interest Accrued to Depositors.....	67,028.50
Reserved for Taxes and Other Expenses.....	14,355.68
Surplus (Bonds at Market Value, Banking House and Annex at Cost in 1884).....	1,248,069.23
	\$22,275,998.49

Surplus (Bonds at Market Value, Real Estate at Appraised Value (\$50,000).....	\$ 1,478,069.23
Surplus (Bonds at Par Value).....	1,555,544.68
Surplus (Bonds at Amortized Value).....	1,458,487.83

Interest to December 1, 1921, Credited 52,057 Depositors at the Rate of Four Per Cent (4%) Per Annum

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Corner Main Street East and Clinton Avenue South

Incorporated November 1, 1869.