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LINDA RETURNS

By JACK LAWTON.

(© 1920, Western Newspaper Union) Linda and Jack had quarreled and after sleepless nights, and days of sulky silence, Linda determined to end the strain by going away for a pretended vacation; whether she came back or not would depend entirely upon Jack's behavior, but this he need not know until she had made her departure. Linda reached this conclusion after a hot stormy interview. It was the first quarrel in an ideal married year, and therefore most bitter. Linda had heard so much of designing, vampish women of late, and had trembled before their power, as portrayed by the screen, that she had, as it were, been on the watch for this dreaded intrusion into her own happiness, and it had come. Jack the faithful, was actually seen by Linda's dearest friend driving with his new pretty stenographer on a far-away country road. Moreover, the friend stopping later at Willow Inn for tea, had been horrified to find Jack partaking of the same tea, with the girl of his employ. Gladys hurried home to tell Linda before Jack should return, and when he did return, still early in the evening, he was met with a surprisingly frigid reception by his erstwhile loving wife. Jack could not understand the sudden change, but after a slightly confused upbraiding by that formerly gentle creature, he was made aware of his sin and as indignantly denied the accusation. The fact remained that he had driven with Miss Huldah Brown, however, and had unmistakably teed with her at Willow Inn; and though Jack pointed out that the trip was a purely business one, that he had been sent for by a valued client, and it was absolutely necessary to have his stenographer with him, Linda's outraged feelings were not appeased. "If," she inconsistently explained, "the Huldah Brown person were old and ugly, it might appear differently."

MODELS SABER-TOOTH TIGER

Los Angeles Man Has Fashioned A Reproduction of Most Terrible Prehistoric Beast.

Gone from the earth before the contract was let for the pyramids, the ferocious and shrewdly sabertoothed tiger that ruled the animal kingdom 200,000 years ago has no survivors from the scientists of today, but a Los Angeles man even has gone so far as to sculpture in concrete what he considers to be a perfect reproduction of the terrible monster with the sabered mouth. The scientist, William Spalding, has the sculptured piece in the workshop at his residence. He was president of the Southern California Academy of Science for four terms, and in that capacity he had occasion to learn as much about the saber-toothed tiger as men of today are permitted to know. He was instrumental in opening the famous fossil beds at Brea, where the remains of the tigers were found in good enough preservation to reconstruct the skeletons. From the relics of the skeletons, uncovered in the Brea pits, he has concluded that the tigers of 200,000 years ago were similar in size to the Bengals of today, differing essentially from them in their outstanding feature—the long upper teeth from which no enemy could be safe. With the skeleton remains of the tigers sufficiently reproduced to outline the forms and physical characteristics of the tigers, Mr. Spalding found little difficulty in making a likeness of the animal. In his art work he has reproduced the skeleton proportions and added the external characteristics of the cat family, whereby he believes a perfect copy has been accomplished of the fire-eyed feline demon that roamed supreme in the days before man was.—Los Angeles Express.

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Boy, Five, Saved in Toy Wagon as Boat Sinks Garrison, N. Y.—Leonard Staff's 28-foot motorboat was captured by the swell of a river steamer off this village. Mr. Staff put his five-year-old son in a toy express wagon, which floated away from the sinking launch, and managed to keep his wife above water also, until help came. They were moving their furniture from Fort Edward to South Nyack, where their home is to be. The motorboat sank with all the furniture.

ANCHORS OF MANY PATTERNS Anything Sufficiently Weighty Used Before the Invention of Modern Article With Flukes. The Britannica describes the anchor as "an instrument of iron or other heavy material used for holding ships or boats in any locality required, and preventing them from drifting by winds, tides, currents or other causes. This is done by the anchor (after it is let go from the ship) by means of the cables fixing itself on the ground and thus holding the vessel fast. The most ancient anchors consisted of pieces of wood with flukes of iron or wood hooked with lead. Of this kind were the anchors of the ancient Greeks, which, according to Apollonius Rhodius and Stephen of Byzantium, were made of stone, and Apollonius states that they were sometimes made of wood. Such anchors held the vessel steady by their weight, and by the friction along the bottom. Iron was introduced for the construction of anchors, and in improvement made by forming them with teeth which are fastened themselves into the bottom. The invention of the modern anchor is attributed to Philip de Bourgoing, but Pausanias gives the honor to the King of Phrygia."

TURNED INTO A SPEED DEMON MADE HIM SOMEWHAT TIRED

Things Happened When Dad O'Shea's And Others Besides This Precocious Neighbor Tried to Pass Him on the Road. Youth Have Had Much the Same Feeling.

Dad O'Shea owns an extensive apple orchard, and he and his five stalwart sons run it "to suit ourselves," though not always with the best results. Across the bay, Raymond Barlow, an eastern college man and "book farmer," owns an equally extensive orchard and some how, much to Dad's chagrin, succeeds in making money out of it. Dad seems to take it as a personal affront that Barlow actually makes a financial success of orcharding. But in spite of limited returns from Dad bought a showy, six-cylinder touring car. "Now, I'm warrin' ye," he said to his sons, "she ain't for you young fellers to bat around the country. Recollect she cost high as much as a house. Thimble an' hour's enough over these roads, and I'm ridin' old ye to see that it's kept."

SIGHT SUDDENLY RETURNS

Girl Sees Again After a Blindness of Days. As sudden as her sight went it returned the other night for Margaret Wisler, nineteen years of age, of Northtown, Pa. When her niece entered the room Miss Wisler said, "She has on a brown and plaid dress," which was true. "Because she had not seen for ten days her people thought she was delirious and summoned a physician, but he found that sight had been restored. Miss Wisler went stone blind while she was driving an automobile. She was frightened when an approaching machine nearly struck her car. She called to the side of the road and told her companion, John Smith, she couldn't see. He drove her home and she has since been under the care of specialists and doctors. When seen later she said: "I'm happy that I can see again. The past ten days that I could not see was the longest time I ever spent. I never appreciated the blessing of sight until it left my eyes. And the best of it is, the doctor tells me the recovery is permanent."

Apoptroph--Waters

All hail the drink of drips—to water the daily need of every living thing. It ascends from the earth in obedience to the summons of the sun, and descends in showers of blessings. It gives forth its sparkling beauty to the fragrant flower, its alchemy transmutes base clay into golden grain; it is the radiant canvas upon which the fingers of the infinite trace the rainbow of promise. It is the beverage that refreshes and brings us sorrow with Jehovah looked upon it at creation's dawn and said, "It is good."—W. J. Bayan.

Kitchener Cornered

Lord Kitchener was once motoring with Colonel Sir T— when the chauffeur was incapacitated by getting an insect in his eye. "Can you drive a motor?" Kitchener demanded of Colonel Sir T—. "No," Kitchener's host replied, and was told, "Every officer should know how to drive a car." When the chauffeur recovered they continued their drive, while Sir T— ruminated on the field marshal's rebuke. Finally he turned to his chief and asked him if he could drive. "No," Kitchener replied austere.

Like the Old Folks

A bachelor who is forever putting his foot in it, recently visited the proud parents of a new boy. The mother held up the bundle for the inspection of the bachelor and asked gaily: "Tell us, now, frankly which of us do you think he is like?" After a careful examination of the little the bachelor answered: "Well, Marie, of course, intelligence has not yet dawned in his face, but he's wonderfully like both of you."