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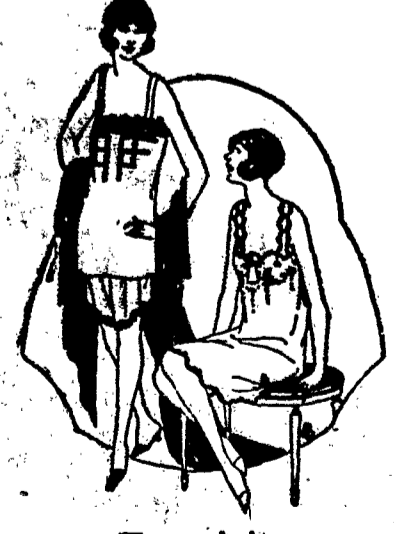
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LU NETTE SHOP 35 East Avenue

Upon Christmas Day

By WILLIAM LUFF, in The Christian

A STAR peeped forth upon Christmas Eve, And told of that other Star: Whose beams shined bright, through the world's dark night, And scatter the shadows far. A snowdrop bloomed upon Christmas Day, And told of that spotless flower: Whose perfume pure, should all frosts endure, And brighten Earth's wintry hour. The bells rang out upon Christmas Day, And their message came a call To worship the Son of the Highest One, Who came with good will to all. The holly berries on Christmas Day, Blushed red in their fadeless green: For their coral red, showed the blood-drops shed. As they shone the barbed leaves between. A feast was spread upon Christmas Day, And mirrored the feast He spread, Who was born that He might our Banquet be, The True and the Living Bread. A son came home upon Christmas Day, A son from a far off land: And he told once more, of God's open door, The kiss and the welcoming Hand. A babe was born upon Christmas Day, And the speechless infant told, Of the meager Child, that in beauty smiled, On that first glad day of old.

Christmas Giving and Being Happy

How Yuletide Problem Was Solved in Most Satisfactory Manner.

By KATHERINE EDELMAN

JOHN WARNER and his wife sat talking in the living room of their little bungalow until the clock on the mantel struck the midnight hour. "Good gracious, John!" Ellen said, "I had no idea that it was so late."

"That's because you were so interested, dear," John answered; "when it comes to making plans for Betty you forget time and everything else." Ellen reddened ever so slightly. She knew that what John said was true, for ever since Betty had come to them, now nearly six years ago, her whole life had been wrapped up in the child. Hers was such a passion of mother-love that sometimes she grew almost frightened at its intensity, and often when John had laughingly teased her about forgetting him for Betty her conscience smote her.

And now she had talked John into letting her buy the big doll, that had been in Harwell's window since the holiday season opened. John had tried to tell her that the small gifts they had already purchased would be enough for Betty, but finally he had given in to her pleading. She agreed with him that twenty dollars was a big sum to spend for a doll, but Betty was Betty and deserved it.

For the Warners were poor—not poor in the utter, abject poverty that flaunts its face to the world unshamed—but poor in the poverty that means worn and threadbare carpets, clothing grown thin and shabby from long usage, and a careful pausing before the spending of an unnecessary penny. Somehow, since Betty came they had never been able to get ahead; there was always something needed for Betty and she had always gotten it.

Next morning Ellen left the house early, with the wonderful twenty dollars in her purse. Betty had been left next door, all unconscious of the errand her mother was on. Half way to town two women entered the car and sat back of Ellen. They were of the loud, overbearing type of women, overdressed and contemptuous of those who possessed little of material things. Scraps of their conversation came to Ellen at times through the maze of her busy thoughts.

"I think it's perfectly awful, I do," one of them was saying, "the way some women do. It's really sinful in these days to be dowdy. A woman's got to wear good clothes to be anybody, and believe me, it's the dowdy women who walk alone."

"You've just said it," her companion answered. "As I tell George when he kicks about the bills, a woman has got to dress nowadays or get nothing out of life."

Her glance traveled to her shabby, mottled gloves; face began to burn as she the little hat she was wearing tried to shake off the feeling of upon her and to get her mind. her mission, but somehow eye seemed different now in the the strange unrest that was her heart. "Was she a little these women had said. Was it to herself? Had she, in the mean things that were her portion and which until no seemed to her, veritable things light, cheated herself out of meant so much to other women she really been fair to herself being so much for her child?" The car pulled up with a jer toward Harwell's. Sudden stopped short. A sign overhead beg eye: "Be fair to yourself your millinery at Madam Cour. Then her gaze traveled to the with its array of tempting ml And as she gazed her breath to come quickly, her hands ti and close with nervous, tw movements. For a little hat in shade of blue caught her eye was gazing at it fascinated, for sun, outshines the stars, so to did this particular hat eclipse others in the window. Some seemed to her at that moment she had been wanting a hat ill all her life. The little pink ro that nestled around the crown; to call and beckon to her, and before she realized what she ing she was inside the store an ing to see the hat. The sal with all the art that was hers, it with a skillful touch on head. And as Ellen looked i great mirror she saw a face th flushed to a rose-pink with excit and above it the much-wanted which seemed to be a very part self, so thoroughly becoming i She wanted the hat so bad! Th lovely colors brought out all the of her fair loveliness and she ti how much John would like to see her as she looked now. The thought of her husband brought another thought to her, too. Perhaps all these years, while they had been sacrificing and skimping, he, too, had wished for and wanted many things. Surely he must have! Not, perhaps, things like women cared for, but other little luxuries that many of her friends had. She remembered now how longingly h often looked toward the golf what a big thing it would Christmas would bring him the t necessary to play the game. Th maintained a free course not far their home. And if she want badly to spend twenty dollars; hat, surely John, who was seeing hearing things every day, must have wanted something pretty t zoo. She thought now how wond he had always been—never a wo complaint, but always cheery happy. She realized now, with ter feeling at her heart, that she not been fair to him—she had their child more than her share o little they had. But from no things were going to be differ John must have the best. Betty many years ahead to enjoy things besides she realized now it did take expensive gifts to please child. With hands that trembled i reached up and took the hat fr head and, not daring to look again, hurriedly left the store.



That Christmas was a very h one for the Warners. For, alth Betty did not get the big doll, seemed just as pleased and happ a child could well be. And Ellen a new glow at her heart when presented John with his Chris gift, for he was as jubilant as a about it. Her sacrifice had bee deed worth while—what did a be ing hat matter when put beside happiness she felt just now?

But the good Christmas fairy i have been watching all, for an later John's boss called up to tell him a merry Christmas and to tell that Old Man Jinson was going resign and that John would have place. A wonderful Christmas prize it was, for it meant an e five hundred a year to the Warn Which made it probable that Ellen her much-wanted hat, after all.

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THE MISTLETOE

"NO MISTLETOE is needed if the heart is in the right place," people say. But neither is there any real need for Christmas tree, a special Christmas dinner, a worn-out feeling from doing too much around the Christmas season. There is n actual need of all this. Yet i it were not for all these ther would be less happiness an more and more happiness is al ways needed.

So do not discard the mistle toe. There may be love withou it, but it lends a romance, charm of its own that no hear can dispense with.—Mary Graham Bonner.

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