

## FATHER QUAIL'S STORY OF BOBWHITE....

Out in the orchard in a tall sweet cherry tree lived Chucklecheek (chipmunk). The bees stood near, all in a row, and the clover tops nodded and swayed as the little brown bees went to and fro among them gathering the honey.

The robins were singing in the apple tree, the bluebirds and bobolinks trilled their merriest melodies, and mingling with the sweet bird songs came the faint tinkling of the cowbells from the pond where the yellow lilies grew.

Chucklecheek (chipmunk) poked his nose out of his snug little hole and, seeing no one near, ran out to the end of a broken limb and began his funny "chuck, chuck."

"Bobwhite! Bobwhite!" Clear and sweet it floated across the meadow. "Bobwhite! Bobwhite!"

Chuckle stopped to listen. Did bobwhite come? No; there it was again, "Bobwhite!" just as plain.

"What a naughty boy he must be not to come when he's called," he thought.



HE STARTED OFF ON A MERRY RACE WITH HIS SHADOW.

Then he ran down the trunk of the tree and along the ground till he came to the tall fence. Never before in all his short life had Chuckle been away so far, and as he sat on the top rail and looked back at the little hole in the cherry tree he thought of what his mother had often told him—that he must never go beyond the beehives. But, oh, how tempting looked that long zigzag fence, and the sun was so bright and the air so fresh!

"How can a little chipmunk stay at home all the time?" thought Chuckle. So, with a whisk of his little tail, he silenced his conscience and started off on a merry race with his shadow. But somehow he could never get ahead, so at last he stopped to rest.

"Bobwhite! Bobwhite!" "Who is Bobwhite?" said Chuckle to himself. "And where can he be, I wonder? If I only knew where he lives, I would ask old Father Quail about it, for he is very wise and knows everything."

He ran along the fence a little way and then stopped to listen. Once more came the call, this time so loud and distinct that Chuckle ran back in alarm and dropped down to the lowest rail. With his sharp, bright eyes he peered about in every direction. The stately heads of wheat bowed gravely to him, and a big black beetle tumbled clumsily away, but there was no one who could have called Bobwhite.

The soft south wind swept lazily, fragrantly by, and the big elm awoke from its dream. The oxeyes danced on their slender stems, and a bumblebee bounced and grumbled among the flowers, but Chuckle was as motionless as the rail beneath which he was hiding. "Bobwhite!" And then at last he knew, for there, half hidden in the tall grasses, sat old Father Quail himself, and he it was who called Bobwhite.

Filled with wonder at this strange thing, Chuckle crept nearer. "How do you do, Father Quail?" he called out, for he was a very polite little fellow.

"I am very well, I thank you," answered Father Quail, "except for a slight hoarseness. And how came you here, Chuckle, so far from home?" Chuckle hung his head.

"Well, you see, I wanted so much to find out where Bobwhite is and why he never comes, and so—and so—I ran away."

Father Quail looked very sad. "I am grieved to know this," he said—very much grieved. Now, I am going to tell you about Bobwhite, because he was a very good little boy, never disobedient, and I want you to be like him, and then every one will love you just as Bobwhite was loved."

Father Quail was silent a little while, as if he were thinking. Then he began: "Long, long ago, in a tiny house where the morning glory vines grew every year, lived little Bobwhite and his mother all alone, for she was a widow. Every morning Bobwhite drove the cows through the woods to the pasture beyond and at night fetched them home again. All the little creatures of the wood—the birds and the squirrels—knew and loved him, for he was always gentle and kind. But, most of all, the quails loved him, for often when Bobwhite took the cows to pasture in the morning he filled his pockets with wheat and threw it out to them as he went along. Sometimes

he went out to play with them, and many a game of hide and seek they had in the long grass.

"Early in the morning, before Bobwhite had opened his sleepy eyes, they would call: 'Bobwhite! Bobwhite!' and by and by he would come with the cows.

"Bobwhite, come and play!" "When I come back," he would answer, for his mother had told him not to loiter lest the cows should stray away, and he was always obedient.

"But one day—it was just such a beautiful day as this, they say—little Bobwhite took the cows to pasture, and he never came back. That night the quails called and called 'Bobwhite!' but he didn't come. Some think that a fairy led him away and that he is still in fairyland, seeing the beautiful things there, and the cows, transformed, feed in fairy pastures.

"So we still call, and perhaps some time—who knows?—he may hear Bobwhite even in fairyland and return, driving the cows, and sound once more his merry whistle in the meadows."

It was growing late, and the long shadows lay about in the grass when Father Quail's tale was finished; so, thanking him, Chuckle went thoughtfully home. And when he curled himself up in his cozy nest the great red sun was slowly sinking out of sight. He could hear them calling "Co boss!" as the cows came up the lane, and Elizabeth was singing as she gathered the eggs:

"Bobwhite, Bobwhite, Hear him calling in the meadow, Bobwhite, Bobwhite, Calling to his mate."

And then, as his drowsy eyes closed, faint and far over the blossoming fields came the last call, "Bobwhite!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

### The Dancing Pea.

Push a pin half way through a green pea, making the two ends as nearly as possible the same weight—i. e., let the point come a little more than half way through. Then break off the stem of a common clay pipe, and the toy will be completed. To make the pea dance put it on top of the pipestem, the point of the pin sticking down the bore. Throw your head back, with the pipe in your mouth, so that the stem may be held vertically, and blow gently. This will make the pea rise. Keep blowing harder until the pea rises entirely from the pipe and is supported in the air. It will now begin to spin round and round and turn over and over, all the while bobbing up and down as long as the current of air is kept up. The dance may be changed by pushing the pin up to its head. The pea will now rise to the top of the pipe and dance slowly and with great dignity around the edge, or, if the blast is a little stronger, it will spin rapidly unless the blower stops to laugh, when it is apt to fall into the open bowl below.

### When Bears Were Watchdogs.

Three or four hundred years ago it was a common thing among the inhabitants of Scandinavia and Denmark to catch and train young bears. Sometimes they were kept for pets, but were very often used as beasts of burden. It was not strange to see a bear walking like a man, with a large bundle strapped to his shoulders. He was also trained to work water wheels and to draw water from the wells. But a more curious use yet to which he was put was that of a watchdog. Nearly all the houses and castles of wealthy families were guarded by trained bears, and many a wild animal and robber were driven away by the faithful bear, who was a safer guard than many dogs.

The sun bear of Asia is very easily tamed. A story is told of one owned by an English nobleman which was the pet of his children. It had been trained to sit at the table, and liked champagne better than any other form of meat and drink.

### Foolish Curiosity.

Many a wild animal has lost its life by its own foolishness. Nearly every creature is curious to learn something about what is new to it. Of this habit hunters take full advantage.

In the chase of the guanaco—a llama that is found in South America from Peru to Patagonia—the hunter invites it to come within range of his gun merely by lying on his back and kicking up his heels in the air. The guanaco draws near to this funny looking object just as guilelessly as the fly walks into the spider's parlor, and ere it knows who's who or what's what it is killed or wounded by the sportsman.

So silly a creature is it that it will not bolt even when the bullet has missed it, for it thinks the flash and the report are part and parcel of the fun.

### Minerva.

Mrs. Goodson (answering ring)—What is it, little girl?

Mary—Please, ma'am, we've lost our kitty. She left yesterday, and we're hunting her. We want to know if you have seen a cat of the name of Minerva go by your house.—Puck.

### The Song They Sang.

"Darling, did you sing any pretty songs at Sunday school?"

"Yes, mamma. We sung a lovely one about Greenland's ice cream mountains."

### Spoon Faces.

When they're bright and shiny, Like the summer moons, Two queer faces look at you From the silver spoons. One is very long and one Broad as it can be, And both of them are gruesome things As ever you did see.

Then careful be, young people, And do not whine or frown, Lest some day you discover Your child's growing down. Nor must you giggle all the time, As though you were but toons; We want no children's faces Like those in silver spoons. —Public Ledger

## SLURRED SENTENCES.

### Sins Committed Against the Most Musical of Languages.

During the last few days, says the London Standard, we have published a number of letters complaining of prevalent errors in the pronunciation of English. Our correspondents point out that consonants and vowels are constantly so clipped and slurred over, —not always by uneducated persons, —that their speech is either unintelligible or very disagreeable to listen to. These sins against the richest and, as the whole, the most descriptive, of the most musical, of modern languages are exceedingly offensive to the sensitive ear, and are in an entirely different category from mere provincialisms, which are often historically and philologically interesting even when they are harsh and unouth local pronunciations are, indeed, always with us. There was a Cockney dialect, as readers of "Punch" will remember, three-quarters of a century ago, though it differed considerably from that now in vogue. "Put it down a we, my lord," has ceased to be appropriate. The elusive letter which is "whispered in heaven and muttered in hell" is perhaps less generally overlooked than once it was but if the modern Cockney manages to avoid Sam Weller's troubles with certain sounds he falls quite as constantly into others which are distinctly more offensive. It is impossible to save one's ears from such words as "lydy" and "bank."

The trouble, however, goes deeper than this. Not only are vowels pronounced wrong, but consonants are dropped and whole words slurred over. Some correspondents blame the teachers in the schools, but, after all their pronunciation, though on the whole much better than that of the children, can barely be perfect, and in any case, they have to struggle in a few hours of class time against the permanent influence of home. As the parents speak, so do the children, except that they contract additional faults from the lower educational platform of the street. Children are born mimics, and, unfortunately, are more prone to imitate the wrong than the right. Even in the most refined households it is difficult to prevent them copying the faulty pronunciation of the servants. So subtle is the influence of the ear that even adults do not find it easy to keep quite free from local intonation. Even peers, bishops and highly educated dignitaries sometimes retain traces of the accent of their native country; while that of Scotland and Ireland is yet more persistent. The modern method of pronouncing English, even by the best standards, no doubt lays careless speakers peculiarly liable to solecisms. Our pronunciation has unquestionably undergone serious changes during the last two or three centuries; and, whatever may once have been the case, English is now spoken upon a system entirely different from that of the Continental tongues.

Most of the European languages give the proper value to every syllable, almost to every letter. Where so much of a word is correctly silent, ignorance and carelessness are certain to extend the liberty. English is by no means unusual when it is treated according to its deserts. It lacks, it is true, the melodious sweetness of Russian, or what Charles V is reputed to have considered the love-making quillities of Italian, but, on the other hand, it certainly is not a language in which to "swear at horses." As one of our correspondents justly remarks, our consonants do more for their due than vowels. People have long acquiesced in mistreating the latter; but of the two consonants are the more important, for distinctness in speaking, as everyone who has any familiarity with modern languages derived from Latin will admit. To elide as much of a word as possible is not merely to speak indistinctly and ungracefully, but to help that clipping process which, it is likely enough, was at one time almost unknown in English pronunciation. Some correspondents blame the clergy for defective speech, and not without justice to a great extent. But it is often more difficult to understand the words used in "choirs and places where they sing" than those which come from the pulpit or the lecture. The truth is that all classes of society sin in this respect, chiefly, no doubt, from sheer carelessness and inability to appreciate the difference between graceful speech and slurred sentences.

### Salt to Consume in a Year.

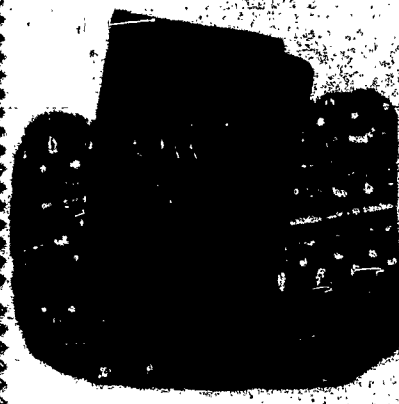
Although salt figures in most treatises on dietetics as a condiment, it is universally recognized as an indispensable element of the food of man and animals. British medical authorities have agreed that whenever the annual consumption of salt falls below twenty pounds per head of the population the public health is likely to suffer.

In regions of the earth where salt is a scarce article it is regarded as a substance of great value, and salt starvation is, in its way, as distressing as thirst or hunger, although it is manifested in less obvious fashion.

This fact long since suggested to impious governments an easy means of raising money by imposing a flood. Even in Italy, at the present day, it is a penal offence to evaporate a bucket of sea water for the purpose of obtaining salt, but nowhere is this iniquitous tax applied on so large a scale as in India.

The deprivation of salt does not produce a definite disease, but reduces the vitality of the organism as a whole, so that the victims of administrative measures, which restrict the consumption of salt, more easily succumb to prevailing epidemics as well as epidemic maladies. How far this factor is at the root of the proclivity of the Hindoos to plague and kindred diseases is a question which is engaging the attention of physiologists and pathologists at present.

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