

### Good form

#### Accepting Obligations.

Many a life is spoiled by false pride. A "sponge" is not admirable, but far more women err on the other side and cannot accept a favor graciously.

A woman of wealth and influence was taken to task for her kindnesses to a daughter of a school friend, while apparently neglecting the daughter of her sister, a girl of the same age. She replied:

"My niece is too independent. She makes me feel patronizing sometimes, again acts as if the kindness I offered was insignificant and she does me a favor by accepting it. Nancy is big natured enough to accept obligations graciously and always shows her appreciation."

That is the secret of many a girl's good times—taking a favor graciously and being grateful for it.

There are some persons from whom we could take nothing. To do so means too great loss of self respect. Usually such donors are but near friends. The true friend, if she is in the least tactful, will not make her kindnesses a burden, and the right kind of a girl will accept them in the kindly spirit in which they are offered.

The girl whom it is a real joy to befriend does not expostulate or gush. She looks and acts her appreciation rather than speaks it. Her thanks are heartfelt, but simple. She does not protest. "Oh, I can never take that from you," meaning to all the time, nor does she ever hint that the kindness might put her under obligations that she would feel irksome. This attitude at once destroys the pleasure of the giver.

The girl you like to befriend never makes the fatal blunder of indifference. She is too clear, not to realize that no benefactor enjoys the feeling that her thoughtfulness doesn't "cut much ice."

But the truly clever girl, she who is apparently showered with attentions, always shows her gratitude, though she may talk comparatively little of it. She realizes that nothing she may do can repay the favors received, but she makes the effort. Unobtrusively, perhaps very simply, she becomes the bestower of kindnesses. It may be only by taking upon herself the duty of benefactor finds irksome, or she may make her unexpected little gifts, inexpensive trifles, things she has worked herself, but trifles that stand for appreciation and gratitude.

And be sure this appreciation will be appreciated. No one does a kindness hoping for returns, but no one likes such kindness to be taken too casually. The girl who grabs at all that comes her way, taking it as a right rather than a favor, soon has nothing to grab at. The most generous spirit presents being worked.

#### A Church Wedding.

If a bride elect has selected a church for the setting of the ceremony she should insist on punctuality. She and her attendants should arrive exactly on the hour mentioned in her invitations or a few minutes before.

The mother and any sisters and brothers of the bride arrive a little before the bride, and the mother, on the arm of the head usher, walks to her seat the first pew on the left at the head of the center aisle.

On the arrival of the bride her father and attendants the center aisle is cleared by the ushers and news is sent to the groom and the organist.

As the wedding march peals out the ushers advance toward the chancel.

Then the bridesmaids two and two, walk up the aisle. The maid or woman of honor immediately precedes the bride, who is leaning on the arm of her father or her nearest male relative.

The ushers divide into two groups and pass to the side of the chancel. The bridesmaids do the same.

The bride is met by the groom at the head of the aisle and removes her hand from her father's arm, taking that of the groom. She is led to a place in front of the clergyman, her maid of honor standing at her left and her father standing behind her until the moment of giving her away. After he has done this he steps to the pew on the left beside his wife.

The bride hands her bouquet to her maid of honor as the moment for giving away arrives.

After the ceremony the bride turns and places her left hand on the arm of her husband. The pair move down the aisle, followed by the maid of honor and the best man and then the bridesmaids with the ushers. They enter the carriages waiting for them and drive to the bride's home.

The parents of the bride follow immediately, and after the entire bridal party and special guests have passed out the other guests leave. Music is played until the church is empty.

When the bride has no attendants her father remains at her side during the entire ceremony. If a mother gives a bride away the bride walks up the aisle on the arm of a brother or quite alone. When the clergyman asks who gives her away the mother rises in her pew, bows or says, "I do," and reseats herself.

These are the important points in a church wedding. The personal taste and ideas of the bride, may change them somewhat, but the general idea remains the same.

### For the Children

Sailor, the Famous Dog Collector of Money For Orphans.



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There died recently at Southampton, England, a dog known to many transatlantic travelers. Those young folks who have crossed the ocean on liners landing at Southampton in recent years must surely have seen him and if so will recognize his portrait. This dog was a Newfoundland, and his name was very appropriately Sailor. With his collecting box strapped across his shoulders Sailor used to watch the coming and going of all steamers at Southampton. His mute appeal for funds to aid the Seaman's orphanage was very effective, and during his career he collected nearly \$2,500 for that institution. Sailor was eight years old when death ended his life of usefulness.

#### Game of Minerals.

You older boys and girls will enjoy playing the following game. It is called the game of minerals.

Prepare beforehand a sheet of paper for every player with ten questions written on it and a space left after each one for the answer.

The ten questions are:

1. Which mineral has always had the greatest value?

2. Which mineral is the most useful to mankind?

3. What mineral is a vegetable previous to its present form?

4. What mineral is necessary to our existence?

5. What, in our pencils, is erroneous,ly called "lead"?

6. The possession of what mineral is supposed to bring ill luck to the owner?

7. What mineral having a liquid form is often found in the vicinity of coal beds?

8. What mineral received the name of a mythological deity?

9. What minerals enter into the composition of the United States coins?

The answers are:

1. Gold.

2. Iron.

3. Salt.

4. Coal.

5. Graphite.

6. Opal.

7. Petroleum.

8. Mercury.

9. Gold, silver, nickel, copper.

#### Columbus and the Egg.

The true story of Columbus and the egg is like this: After Columbus returned from his perilous voyage many of the courtiers who were jealous of him, taunted him with the words, "Anybody could have done what you did just by sitting steadily westward."

"To be sure," said the navigator, "but I'll show you something you can't do." Calling for an egg, he asked them to make it stand steady on its smallest end. They all tried in vain. Then Columbus took a knife and with a stroke flattened the end so that the egg stood firmly on the table.

"Oh," cried the courtiers, "we did not know you meant to do it that way! That's easy!"

"Anything is easy if you know how," answered Columbus; "so it is with the discovery of the new world."—Philadelphia Ledger.

#### Conundrums.

Have you heard the story about the egg and the coffee? No? Well, that settles it.

When did the lobster blush? When he saw the salad dressing.—Philadelphia Ledger.

#### The Dream Ship.

Sister and I have the grandest time at night when we go to bed. We keep as quiet as can be. So never a word is said.

But we play that our bed is a beautiful boat.

And we sail to foreign shores. Our ship is the finest vessel afloat. With never a need of oars. We visit strange lands, and we see strange sights.

Where kings and queens all dwell, And they wear the loveliest clothes of gold.

And wonderful tales they tell. Then we eat from dishes diamond bright. That mix hands and out.

But back to our homes we swiftly sail. When we turn our boat about. And make for the spot where Dreamland lies.

With its many more wonders in store, And this is the place where we stop the ship. To land on that beautiful shore.—Philadelphia Record.

#### Fears and Beers.

The Percy family of England, the family of the dukes of Northumberland—preserves in its archives the Northumberland household book, a kind of steward's journal that is chiefly remarkable for its account of the incredible quantity of liquor our ancestors consumed.

Back in the middle ages, before the Prohibition movement began, the Earl and Countess of Percy, the Northumberland household book states, drank with their 7 o'clock breakfast a quart of beer and a quart of wine. For dinner, at 10 o'clock, they drank a gallon of beer and two quarts of wine, and at "livery," a meal which was served in the bedroom at 9 o'clock in the evening, they drank a gallon of beer and a quart of wine. That is to say, provided that the Earl and Countess of Percy drank fair, each consumed daily five quarts and a pint of beer—say, twenty-two glasses apiece—and six quarts of wine—say thirty glasses apiece, clear size.

#### When It Rained Stones Eleven Days.

There are hundreds of well authenticated accounts of stones falling from the skies, from the mysterious regions of the great sea of space, but such "falls" have usually been singly or at the most, in small showers. According to a legend told by the Arabs of the Sahara, there was a time in that portion of the dark continent when pebbles and the sand literally rained from above for several days, covering the earth to a depth of many feet. In fact, they claim that the great desert did not exist prior to the time when this great shower of aerolites came. In Jenckyn's "Trip to Ye Burning Sandes of Africk" the following is told under the head "Another of God's Wonders": "Moreover, the natives of these parts say that it once rained small stones and sands for a period of eleven days and nights. Much fertile land—and many towns and thousands of animals and human beings were thus buried up."

#### A Garrick Trick.

One of the best of the stories that have been preserved relating to David Garrick's remarkable faculty for impersonation is that one about a holiday that he and the French comedian Preville had when the English Roscius was visiting in Paris.

One morning Garrick and his French colleague were waiting in a diligence to start for Versailles. The driver refused to budge until at least four passengers would undertake the trip. Garrick jumped out and, changing his gait and voice, called the coachman on the box and got in again. He repeated the trick three times, each time with a different voice and appearance. The driver, thinking he was now "full inside," joyfully cracked his whip and galloped away with the two actors for his only passengers.

#### Deceptive.

A lanky country youth entered the crossroads general store to order some groceries. He was seventeen years old and was passing through that stage of adolescence during which a boy seizes all hands and feet and his vocal organs, rapidly develop, are wont to cause his voice to undergo sudden and involuntary changes from high treble to low bass.

In an authoritative rumbling bass voice he demanded of the busy clerk, "Give me a can of corn" (then, his voice suddenly changing to a shrill falsetto, he continued, "and a sack of flour."

"Well, don't be in a hurry. I can't wait on both of you at once," snapped the clerk. "Everybody's."

#### Quite Appropriate.

The bachelor community of a certain suburb were greatly scared by the advent among them of a fearsome type of the desperate, husband bugging splinter. After throwing each of the local bachelors into spasms of terror, last he should be the recipient of her attentions the lady finally managed to captivate the curate. Local bachelordom was so intensely relieved at its escape that it united in presenting the curate with a splendid wedding present in the shape of a costly table service.

The curate was overwhelmed. "Such a magnificent service!" he gasped.

"Well, you see, my boy," explained the chief of the local bachelors, "it is really a thanksgiving service."—London Answers.

#### Wanted All That Was in It.

Father (whose wife has presented him) with twins—Tommy, you may stay home from school today and tomorrow tell the teacher you have two new brothers. Tommy—Wouldn't it be better to say that I have only one new brother? Their I can stay home a day next week for the other one.—Philadelphia Blatter.

#### The Last Word.

"How did you come to bid so extravagantly on so poor a hand?" asked the patient partner.

"Humph!" returned Mrs. Filmgilt. "You didn't suppose I was going to let that woman on my right have the last word, did you?"—Washington Star.

#### So Did He.

"Do you know," said the successful merchant pompously, "that I began life as a 'barefoot boy'?"

"Well," said his clerk, "I wasn't born with shoes on either."

#### Catching Her.

She (pouting)—Before we were married you often used to catch me in your arms.

He—Yes, and now I catch you in my pockets.

#### Trouble and a Camera in Cairo.

I perceived that it would be impossible to photograph any of the bazaars of Cairo without very efficient help. By great good fortune I ran across an excellent dragoman a couple of hours later. He could speak English well, and his terms were reasonable. I explained to him what I wanted to do, and he said he could manage it, so I promptly engaged him, and the following afternoon found me again at the bazaars. Here, in spite of almost insuperable difficulties, I secured several good photographs. No sooner had I taken my camera out of its case than I was literally hemmed in by a crowd of curious people, and before the photograph could be taken these had to be kept back and the traffic stopped on either side of the subject below photographed. The difficulties involved may possibly be imagined, certainly not described. Once a native policeman came to my aid, thrashing right and left with a rope end. The ubiquitous small boy, who wears nothing but an abbreviated cotton gown, went off howling. When the photograph had been taken, every body wanted bakshish, and my dragoman had to fight off all those not entitled to a fee. I was glad to pay the men who frequently volunteered to keep the crowds back.—Christian Herald.

#### Just For a Change.

The great celebrity was seriously ill, and the attending physicians had diagnosed his case as appendicitis. They so informed him.

"Very well," he replied calmly. "I have only one request to make. I presume an operation is inevitable."

"It is," they told him.

"That being so," the great man went on, in the same calm manner, "please arrange to operate on me from below. It is my desire, when the time comes to operate, that I be rigged up securely in some hammock-like arrangement and that the surgeons work upon me as I swing suspended over their heads."

"His mind is wandering," whispered the attendants.

"Not so," corrected the patient. "not at all. I wish merely to give the newspapers a chance to say something else than that I am under the knife."—Brooklyn Times.

#### New Soap Cleanses.

A Belgian chemist who has studied the action of soap on various stinging substances of different colors has arrived at the conclusion that the cleansing of an object consists in a process of substitution. There is brought about a colloidal combination of the soap and the stinging substance, which, by reason of its constitution, no longer has the power of fixing itself by absorption on the solid body, with the result that it is easily carried away by the water. Thus in washing with soap one puts it in contact with our stinging substances, these latter having a greater affinity for the former than for one's skin. Soap has even a greater affinity for one's skin than for the substances, which it proceeds to replace and to set free to be taken up by the water and removed.

#### She Paid the Duty.

An English traveler, leaving Alexandria, received a parting present of a large cake, and received it with what enthusiasm she could, but landed at Venice with the cake intact. The eyes of the dogman spied it. "Duty is due for the design on white sugar that decorates the top of that cake." The traveler answered that as the duty seemed quite heavy she would prefer to sink the cake into the waters of the Adriatic. "But," said the official, "you cannot do that inasmuch as the design in sugar aforesaid on the top of the cake is the property of the king of Italy." The traveler then courageously offered to consume the sugar and drown the cake; but not so nimble she escaped, nor did she.

#### The Worst Yet.

Johnny handed the following note from his mother to the teacher one morning.

"Dear Teacher—You keep telling my boy to breathe with his diaphragm. May be rich children has got diaphragm, but how about when there father only makes \$1.50 a day and has got five children to keep? First it's one thing, then it's another, and now it's diaphragm. That's the worst yet."—Ladies Home Journal.

#### Has a Right to Be Resentful.

"I don't mind having my trousers, my coat, my necktie, or even my collar spoiled with mud by an automobile," says a South Broad street man. "But when the motorcar spatters my spectacles so that I can't see to dodge the next one I think I have a right to feel resentful."—Newark News.

#### Force of Habit.

Merchant to clerk—This won't do. Every time you see a "G" you call it a "2." What is the matter with you—drowsy?

"Clerk. No, sir, it's a matter of habit used to work in a ladies' shoe shop—London Tit-Bits.

#### Only Way to Speak.

The only way to speak the truth is to speak lovingly. Only the lover's words are heard. The intellect should never speak. It does not utter a natural sound.—Thoreau.

#### Needed Cranking Up.

Rose—You had to give Clarence a hint before he'd propose, eh?

Lily—Yes; he didn't seem to be equipped with a self starter.—Chicago Tribune.

Those days are lost in which we do not good, those worse than lost, in which we do evil.

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**Getting Square.**

The Doctor—Hark! Whose those cries of agony? The Lawyer—They come from the office of the dentist. Last week the chiropodist operated on the dentist, agreeing to take his bill out in trade, and now the dentist is taking it out.—Satire.

**A Good Tonic.**

Have you noticed what a look of good laugh is? The next time you're angry instead of frowning make your self smile, then laugh. You'll feel better.

**On the Street.**

Mrs. Spruce—That man you just nodded to looks familiar. Do you see him often? Mrs. Walnut—Not very; his wife's name is Philadelphia Record.

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