

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure
No Alum—No Phosphate

Baby Love

By ETHEL HOLMES

That love which springs up between two young persons of opposite sex like the child that comes to them after marriage. It has its babyhood, its childhood and its youth. As a baby is a delicate little thing, liable to be snuffed out by the slightest adverse happening, so is the beginning of love. Young love has its measles, its whooping cough and its colic.

Charlie Edmonds was twenty-one and Rosa Leo eighteen when they became engaged. There was a cyclone of ecstasy for twenty-four hours, then a revulsion. Charlie wondered if he hadn't done something dreadful. He wanted to go right off and put himself back where he was before; but, being a man of honor and not seeing how he could honorably do so, he hesitated. Besides, he shrank from going back on the wild enthusiasm of the initial transports and confessing that he was so unstable. The truth is he was staggered by the responsibilities he had assumed.

Forty-eight hours' absence from his love was quite enough to cause him to forget the responsibilities and to long for another kiss. It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon when this new phase came over him, and he resolved to go to see her after dinner. That would be 8 o'clock. How would he get through these intervening three hours?

At half past 7 he could stand it no longer and started for her home. Fortunately it required fifteen minutes to get there. He saw a figure at the front window and on entering the drawing room saw the girl sitting in the gloaming. He advanced to embrace her. She waved him back.

"I suppose it is all a mistake," she said.

"All a mistake?" His heart sank within him.

"Yes. It is impossible that you can love me and remain away from me all these long days."

"All these long days? Why, we have been engaged only since the night before last."

"I sat here in this window waiting for you till 9 o'clock, then went to bed and cried all night."

"Poor, dear little girl," he said, winding his arms about her and smuggling her face—or, rather, her lips—against his.

The first spasm of baby love had passed and was succeeded by a shudder of repulse.

He started to go at 2 a. m. to get to the drawing room door at 2:30, and the last kiss was at 2:30 in the vestibule.

Baby love didn't have a spasm or anything else for another two days. Meanwhile Charlie was getting down to engaged life quite rapidly. A man moves from one position to another, a woman, in certain respects, is apt to remain where she finds herself. Baby love had all the children's ills, but with every one Charlie gained by experience and came to consider them a matter of course. Three months after his engagement he called on his fiancée one evening to find symptoms that shortly before would have been alarming.

"It's perfectly evident," said Rosa, withdrawing from him as he advanced to give the usual lovers' salute. "That this cannot go on any longer."

"What can't go on any longer?"

"Why, your indifference to me when we are in other company."

"What have I done now?"

"Do you think that your treatment of me at Mrs. Randall's garden party was such as I have a right to expect?"

"What did I do?"

"You know very well what you did. When I asked you to get me an ice, instead of doing so at once you continued your conversation with Mrs. Fitz Gerald, paying no attention to me what ever."

"Mrs. Fitz Gerald was telling me an incident that happened to her. I could not break away from her in the middle of her story, could I?"

"You didn't wish to break away from her. You were listening with rapt attention."

"Surely you're not?"

"Jealous? Oh, dear, no. I wouldn't think of being jealous of an old woman like that. She's twenty-eight if she's a day."

For the first time since his engagement woman's inquisitiveness began to rub the wrong way. His brow lowered.

"You say that things can't go on any longer in this way. Do you mean that our engagement must be broken?"

"Unless I can be assured that you are not to be caught by any married woman who chooses to throw a spell over you."

"I thought you said you were not jealous of Mrs. Fitz Gerald."

"I'm not. Mrs. Fitz Gerald is not the only designing woman there is in the world."

"What do you wish me to do?"

This was a poser. Rosa got hanging

any reply to make, was silent. She had had her say and was ready to make it up. She stood looking down at the floor, and as there was no antagonism in her expression Charlie went to bed and took her in his arms.

Charlie looked that the end of these proxy marriages was with marriage. They did not end with the wedding day nor with the honeymoon. Not till a real baby came was there a perceptible change. Then Charlie suddenly discovered that he had found another love which took the edge off the first. A genuine and disinterested love.

SONGS THAT LIVE.

Stephen Foster's Ballads Won the Heart of America.

Stephen C. Foster, the writer of America's most distinctive songs, may or may not have lived in the golden age of American music that each may decide for himself—but it was at least a glittering age. Foster fashioned his songs, sang them and died. They were American. And Foster has had no successor.

In that day many persons sang and played. Every little hamlet had its singing society. Music was in the hands of the people and for the people, and to the people and even of the people Foster composed. His songs have lived. "The Old Folks at Home," "Nellie Gray," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming"—these and others from his pen have survived many strange and weird twists and turns in the history of American music. They were born of the people and for the people.

Foster's name may not be entitled to place with great composers, and musicians may turn contemptuously away from his songs but his songs live. That may not make them greater music in the judgment of musicians, but it gives them claim to respect. He was a "popular" song writer. We have "popular" song writers today. Their number is legion. But there is no Foster among them. Indianapolis News.

A Musician's Memory.

I carry my thoughts about me for a long time, often a very long time before I write them down. Meanwhile my memory is so faithful that I am sure never to forget, not even in years, a theme that has once occurred to me. I chance many things and try again until I am satisfied. You will ask me where I get my ideas. That I cannot tell you with certainty. They come unannounced, directly, indirectly—I could seize them with my hands—out in the open air. In the woods, while walking in the silence of the nights, early in the morning, incited by moods which are translated by the poet into words by the intonation that sound and color and form about me until I have set them down in notes. Beethoven.

A Huge Flower.

The largest flower known to botanists is the titan. It is found only on the island of Atafu, the most southern of the Philippines group. Its scientific name is *Scaevola taitensis*. The two was first discovered in January, 1880, by an exploring expedition, headed by Dr. Alexander Schauder. A single flower weighs from eighteen to twenty pounds.

Sad.

"I went joy riding last night" and the trip have at unfortunate ending."

"Very. There was not any accident at all and I was with people that I will probably never have a chance to get my name in the paper with again."

—Puck.

Mixed Metaphor.

King Edward VII, when he was Prince of Wales, once made a funny mixture of metaphors. In reply to certain inquiries and admonitions he said: "I will do my best to walk in my father's footsteps which you have held up for my imitation."

Probably.

Wife—I don't know what makes Miss Cranklehead so positive about every thing I do.—Probably her sex, my dear.—Boston Transcript.

A Bad Man is worse when he pretends to be a saint. —Hoop.

CONSCIENCE.

Conscience is just the best monitor. It treats promises, rewards and punishments and keeps all under its control. The busy must attend to its remonstrances, the most powerful submit to its reproach and the angry endure its upbraidings. While conscience is our friend all is peace, but if once offended farewell to the tranquil mind.—Mary Wortley Montagu.

Holy Family.

Solemn vespers were held Easter Sunday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock.

The funeral of Henry Gabe was held on Monday morning.

The funeral of Elizabeth Teller took place at 9 o'clock.

Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock a mass was held and Mr. and Mrs. Fess of Gates who celebrated their golden wedding anniversary attended.

School opened on Wednesday. Next Sunday members of the C. M. B. A., and the Holy Name Society will receive Holy Communion at the 7:30 o'clock mass.

The funeral of Mary A. Lintz took place Thursday morning at 8:30 o'clock from the home at 345 Child Street, and at 9 o'clock from this church. Requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. John Balducci. The bearers were Herman Erb, Charles Hetzler, Andrew Ehrstein, August Muehleisen, Andrew Wiedman and Jacob Fox. Burial was made in Holy Sepulcher Cemetery. Rev. J. O'Brien pronouncing final absolution at the grave.

St. Andrew's Church

Friday evening, a most exciting indoor baseball game took place between St. Andrew's and St. Boniface men at our hall. Mr. Leo Doerr was captain of St. Andrew's team and Mr. George Frank, captain of St. Boniface's team.

Confessions will be heard next Thursday afternoon and evening, in preparation for the first Friday of the month.

Holy Communion will be distributed next Friday morning at 6, 7 and at the 8 o'clock mass.

Holy Redeemer.

Dominic Staub died Wednesday aged 93 years. He was born in Baden, Germany, in 1823 and came to Rochester in 1850. He leaves three sons, Rev. J. F. Staub, rector of Holy Redeemer church, Otto B. Staub and William J. Wilson; a daughter, Mrs. George C. Vogt, No. 137 Lincoln street; twenty-two grandchildren and one great grandchild. He was at the time of his death the oldest member of this church. The funeral will take place from the home of his son, No. 840 Hudson avenue, on Saturday at 9 A. M., and from this church at 9:30 A. M.

ST. MONICA.

At this church Tuesday morning, Miss Carrie R. Noonan, daughter of Mrs. Anna Noonan, of No. 76 Elmdorf Ave., became the bride of William J. Nolan, formerly of Auburn. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John P. Brophy, rector of the church, and was witnessed by many of the relatives and friends of the young couple. Fred Bauer, of Rochester, and Miss Elizabeth Nolan, sister of the groom, of Auburn, were the attendants. A wedding breakfast at the home of the bride was attended by the immediate families.

After a Western trip which will include Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. Nolan will be at home after May 15th at No. 76 Elmdorf Ave.

St. Francis Xavier.

The requiem masses for this week were for the repose of the souls of Matthew Meintel and Mary Reif.

The funeral of Charles Duing took place on Friday morning, April 28th, at 8:45 o'clock from the home, 266 Bay Street, and at 9 o'clock from the church. He leaves a wife, Mrs. Anna Welker Duing; a brother, August Duing; and two sisters, Mrs. K. P. Shevlin and Miss Rosella Duing, of Pittsburg, Pa.

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"GREAT IRISH MINSTRELS"

On next Monday and Wednesday evenings, May 1st and 3rd, the annual performance of the Great Irish Minstrels, under the auspices of the Cathedral Men's Association, will be held in Cathedral Hall and bids fair to be the most unique and successful production yet staged. As usual it will consist of two parts, part one, a prologue-olio and part two, the Minstrels proper.

The prologue will be dedicated to the children, who will open with a great chorus and sing "Achushla, I Love You", which will be followed by the famous "Irish Lilt" which is being trained especially for this occasion and will be danced by forty children. The "Bagpipes" will be heard in an individual number by Robert Gray and the Irish "Jig" will be exemplified by Messrs. McMahon, O'Hara and Murphy in individual and trio work. Master Harold Bieck, famous soprano boy soloist, will sing and Mr. Harold B. Turpin will sing some typical Irish folk songs.

The second part when the curtain goes up, will reveal a typical cross-road country scene, with "Kate Carmey's Cottage" at the entrance of the gap Dunloe at the left, a "wishing well" in the center and the typical Irish "hedge" on the right. The lakes of Killarney will be seen in the distance. As this beautiful scene is revealed from darkness to dawn, Mr. Ray Golding will sing a famous Irish lullaby from the door of the cottage. There will be fine old Irish solos, quartette and octette work, besides the great chorus of fifty voices, all of whom will be costumed in typical Irish style, to represent the "Irish Gentleman". At a certain point in the Minstrels, Miss Minnie F. Doud will be introduced as the "Irish Colleen" and will sing "The Pretty Maid Milking her Cow," to be followed by the "Last Rose of Summer". The Minstrels will close with a touch of patriotism and reference to preparedness by the singing of "America I Love You", and the formation of the entire troupe in military order, with American flags dropping down on either side, with a pantomime effect of a young woman representing "Erin" standing by an electrified harp. The musical direction is under the care of Miss Minnie F. O'Loughlin for the children and Prof. Wenzel J. Dousek for the Minstrels proper. Mr. Michael Mongovan has charge of the stage setting, and the costumes have been ordered from the A. W. Tams Co., of New York City.

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A Complete Job.

"Do you love me with all your soul?" breathed the temperamental maiden as she peered through the orchids with which the table was decked at the lucky fellow whose joys and sorrows she had agreed to share.

The I. I. paused for a moment while he inspected the supper check, which he handed him by an obsequious mental "Yes, and with all my soul," he said fervently. Richmond Times Dispatch.

Painfully Frank.

Wedderly—They say that a man and his wife grow to look alike after they have been married a few years. Now, my wife and I have been married ten years. Do you think we look alike?

Singleton—Yes, indeed. You both seem to have the same sad expression.

Big Ones.

Fatty—Fer two pins I'd pull yer ears fer you! Shorty Jist you try it on. You'll find you'll ave your 'ands full!—London Firefly.

Pessimistic.

"What is an antiquarian, pa?"

"A man who, not satisfied with his present troubles, is looking for some in the past."

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Skeletons.

Skeletons are used in cemeteries, laboratories and museums. After battles they are frequently bleached before being stored away for the winter.

Everybody has a skeleton, without which one would fall around like a jellyfish, and instead of going to bed at night we would have to be hung over a clotheshorse. Indeed, life without a skeleton would be one long, dreary flop. Skeletons come in a lot of assorted bones, which are more or less securely fastened together by the department store clerk who fastened them together before they went out of the shop. When the first skeleton was constructed one of its bones got away and has caused much trouble ever since.

Some wear clothes over their skeletons.—Life.

Post's Thanks.

One day a lady called on Post, the famous song writer, and announced her intention of singing two of his songs at a concert.

"I thought I would just run round and try them over with you," she said.

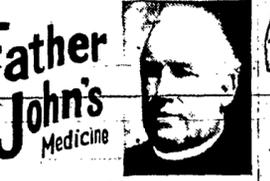
Post remarked that he was not in the habit of giving lessons in that manner, whereupon the lady retorted: "Very well, I will not sing your songs then."

Post's face beamed as he advanced toward her with outstretched hands. "Madam," he said, "I thank you very much for that favor."

WHY SPRING COLDS ARE DANGEROUS

Neglected They Lead to Serious, Perhaps Fatal Results.

If you get cold at this time of year and try to "let it wear off," it frequently develops into a stubborn throat trouble which may in turn become chronic asthma, bronchitis or worse. It is important to remember that Father John's Medicine relieves colds because it nourishes body-building elements which give strength to the system and enable each organ to resume its normal functions. Father John's Medicine is not a patent medicine, contains no injurious drugs, but is a pure food medicine for those who are weak and run down.



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