

### "Pigs in the Blankets"

By SAIDEE E. BALCOM

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"Will be with you noon train. Can stay over one night.—Bach."

This was the telegram that Nelson Wright received at his office and instantly the dull day was transformed. He sprang to his feet briskly and snatched up the telephone receiver, calling in turn three close male friends who were favorite chums.

If there was anybody in the world whom Nelson particularly liked it was this electrifying "Bach." Joyfully he hailed one and each of his chums. "I've told you about Bach. Well, he'll be here today, so hold yourself open for supper."

He had known Bach for two years when he was working in the city. When Nelson returned to his home town and put out his shingle as a budding attorney he had kept up a regular correspondence with this prince of good fellows. He had known that Bach was off on a jaunt for a month and was duly delighted to learn that on his way home he would stop over at Springdale.

Bach, as Verne Dayton was familiarly designated, was not over twenty-five but was an avowed woman hater and confirmed society hermit. Outside of that he was the most magnificent and jovial of hosts and entertainers.

Chief as well as host, Bach had become an expert in the preparation of dishes that would appeal to the most critical of bon vivants. The little kitchen of the suite was his kingdom half the evening, while he pottered around with every latest accessory of cookery to provide a perfect meal.

"Bless the better sex!" he was wont to observe chivalrously, "but none to my taste. Think of it, fellows: from ten to sixteen the special victim of a parsimonious step-mother whose cooking was sparse, as was it sloppily. I recall mackerel every day drowned in a greasy gravy that even the flies wouldn't touch. Evenings, inevitable and unvaried yellow corn meal and molasses. After my father's death I was relegated to an aged aunt. Poor soul! She did her best but she had no more appetite than a bird and forgot that I had one. I was literally starved to death. At nineteen I was alone in the world and thrown upon that desolate rock of refuge, a cheap boarding house. Do you wonder, when I made a lucky hit in business and had the means to do as I liked I eschewed cooks and became fastidious as to cookery? True, there are some meals to be had for a small fortune, but give me my own frying pan at my own fire-side and I am content."

Bronzed, clear eyed, bright faced, it was a little after noon when Verne entered Nelson's office to receive a hearty welcome.

"Had the time of my life," declared Verne in his boyish, wholesome way. "A tent, a campfire, nature, and cookery to my individual taste."

"We want some more of it," returned Nelson fondly, "right here, in this town, and tonight. I've invited three friends who have heard of your wonderful culinary genius. See here, my mother and sister are away in the next town for a couple of days. I'm going to give you the key to the house and I want you to get and prepare the ingredients for one of your famous Welsh rabbit treats."

"Well, I'll do just that!" answered Verne with animation. "It will seem good to get back to a real home kitchen."

At five o'clock that afternoon Lorena Wright returned home. She passed in surprise as she noticed that the kitchen window was open and adorned with one of her aprons and fluttering about table and stove, was the self-constituted cook. He observed her and looked startled and then sheepish, but the sweet smile on Lorena's face as he revealed who he was and his mission, not only restored her composure, but presented the unspoken opinion that his chum's sister was worth looking at twice. The invited guests arrived, the rabbit was really a work of art, and Verne was invited to supper the next evening.

"I have got a new delicacy I wish to try," explained Lorena, and Verne somehow was glad to protract his stay. When a puzzling new dish was set on the table the next evening he dispatched his share with all the appreciation of a delighted connoisseur.

"I never enjoyed such a refectory!" he insisted enthusiastically. "What is it, Miss Wright?"

"Pig in blankets they call it," explained Lorena. "Shall I give you the recipe? It is somewhat elaborate. You wash some oysters and roll them up in thin strips of bacon and skewer them with a small toothpick, sprinkle pepper, dip in melted butter, broil on hot toast, garnish with lemon and white celery, and there you are."

Two weeks later Verne Dayton reappeared at Springdale. Of course Nelson invited him up to the house.

"Miss Wright," said Verne, "no one else would do that recipe like you. I simply had to come back to try another feast of those 'pigs.'"

And later out of hearing of others as he supposed, Verne remarked to Nelson: "What I've really come for is to get better acquainted with a pretty girl and a perfect cook."

And Lorena overheard and covered her face with her hands, blushing.

### HIGH RANK EASILY ACQUIRED

Militaristic Knowledge Not at All Necessary for Haitian to Become "General" in Army.

Haiti, as a country, impresses a recent traveler with the multiplicity of its generals and the variety and gorgeousness of their uniforms. In the "Black Republic" the title of "general," it appears, is conferred for any sort of service to the state or, as is probably even more effective in providing revenue for the makers of uniforms, to the political party that happens to be in power. Military experience is not necessary to become a general, although apparently any and all generals are more or less recognized as such by the private soldiers recruited by a compulsory system, and so poorly and irregularly paid that a visitor to the president's palace must sometimes distribute coppers to the entire military body guard expectantly lined up to receive him. As soon as the citizen who has earned the gratitude of state or party receives his appointment, says the Chronicle, he "immediately buys himself a uniform of whatever color and style his fancy may dictate, to which he adds a collection of all sorts and kinds of medals." His next need is a charger; he acquires one of the diminutive ponies of the island, vaults or climbs into the saddle, and is complete.

### BIG MEN ON CLUB'S ROSTER

Poets and Scientists Belonged to Organization Which Found Recreation in the Adirondacks.

Longfellow's dislike for killing animals prevented him from accompanying Emerson, Agassiz, Lowell and other learned men comprising a party of ten that went into the Adirondacks each summer, according to State Service, a New York monthly. These trips formed the foundation for Emerson's work entitled, "The Adirondacks, a Journal dedicated to my fellow-travelers in August, 1853." An anecdote of the trip often repeated was that of Longfellow, who asked if Emerson would carry a gun. When informed he would, Longfellow replied: "Then I shall not go. Somebody will be shot." Emerson had great difficulty shooting a deer, as when he went night hunting he couldn't see the animals. He shot after his guide gave the order. When he missed, on one occasion, he said that he would shoot at the next square thing he saw, because he must kill a deer, even if the guide had to hold it by the tail while he shot.

Out of these trips the Philosopher's club was formed, which built a club at Ampersand pond. The club expired when the Civil war broke out. Later fires swept the woods and spoiled the region around Fallsmead, where the club was wont to shoot and fish.

### The Child.

A child is an experiment. A fresh attempt to produce the just man perfect; that is, to make humanity divine. And you will vitiate the experiment if you make the slightest attempt to abort it into some fancy figure of your own; for example, your notion of a good man or a womanly woman. If you treat it as a little wild beast to be tamed, or as a pet to be played with, or even as a means to save you trouble and to make money for you, it may fight its way through in spite of you and save its soul alive; but if you begin with its own holiest inspirations and suborn them for your own purpose, then there is hardly any mischief you can do.—Bernard Shaw.

### Men Who Respect Their Word.

Men of the right type have respect for their word. They treat a verbal promise as binding. Contracts to them are sacred things not to be broken so long as it is possible to keep them. They do not treat their notes with greater respect than they do their purposes in life. To them every step is taken with a view to realizing an ideal. Consequently they do not enter agreements rashly nor make promises promiscuously. Life is a real something that brings joy only as it contributes to the general good. This may seem a little too straight-laced when you first read it but you will see the truth in it as you ponder its meaning.—Grit.

### Only Boys Throw Stones.

A stone thrown through the window of a moving railway train and wounding the passenger with broken glass, leads the Lancet (London) to say "It was presumably thrown by a boy; the fusion of the sexes has not yet got to the point of producing a girl who can throw a stone. Throwing seems to be a natural impulse in boys, or rather, we should say, the desire to hit a moving body with a missile is universal among them, but the impulse should be guided in the direction of wickets rather than trains."

### Forests Small in Italy.

The total area of Italy, including the islands of Sicily and Sardinia, consists of about 71,500,000 acres, which is equivalent to the combined area of the states of New York and Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey, says the Forestry Magazine of Washington. Within this comparatively small area, a population of 36,000,000, more than equivalent to one-third of this country is congested. Of the total area of Italy, only 17.84 per cent is now covered with forests.

### BRAVE MEN AND OTHERS.

"I'm fond of brave people," said old Cap'n Bill.

"I like to hear 'ol' adventures that thrill. I take off my hat to the men of the past. Who felt the ship sinkin' an' stuck till the last. But when I see folks that jump in where it's deep, And laugh as the treacherous waves 'round them creep, There's one class of humans I say could be spared; The people who haven't the sense to be scared."

"A man who has fought in the trenches will run When he sees a fool friend start to play with a gun. The stanchest and steadiest seaman afloat Is afraid of a summer boy rocking a boat. The man who is fittest to plan and to serve Is the one who knows danger and braces his nerve. The worst of the hardships in life are prepared By people who haven't the sense to be scared."

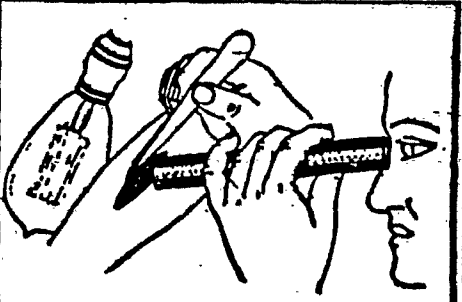
### MAKES SURGICAL WORK EASY

Recent Invention Quickly Locates the Presence of a Foreign Body in Human Tissues.

The difficulty often encountered in attempting to remove foreign bodies from the tissues is well known, writes Dr. A. G. Bettman of Portland, Ore., in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Even when Roentgenograms are at hand or when fluoroscopy has been done, there is frequently great difficulty in removing the foreign body.

By the use of transillumination any foreign body that will cast a shadow may be located in a surprisingly short time.

Having cut down to the supposed location of the foreign body and hav-



The Operator at Work.

ing arranged the light, the operator looks through a tube at the tissues, which may be held up or otherwise suitably manipulated. A dark room is unnecessary. When once the foreign body is located, it is a simple matter to remove it.

The tube may be of any suitable material, brass or other metal or a darkened test tube; a roll of paper may be used in an emergency.

The angle at which the tube is used may be varied to meet conditions.

### A Sheeplike Vegetable.

A curious plant growing in Peru is known to the native as "yareta" or "vegetable sheep." It grows abundantly among rocks at high altitudes along the Andes of Bolivia and Peru, where it constitutes a conspicuous feature in the landscape because of its peculiar manner of developing the so-called "polster," or cushion formation. The "yareta" forms hillocks or small mounds often three feet high and sometimes several feet in diameter. Moreover, the entire mound is made up of a single plant, not of a colony of individuals, and it attains this enormous size and extreme compactness by a process of repeated branching, so that the ultimate branches are closely crowded and the outer surface is continuous. The flowers of the "yareta" are very thin, only about one-eighth of an inch long, and are borne in small clusters near the tips of the branches. The fruit resembles a miniature caraway seed. The natives use the plant as fuel.

### Glad to Go Back?

A large draft of negroes came into one of the replacement camps in this country. The exasperated personnel staff was having its troubles, and one of the men whose duty it was to find out the men's home addresses, asked: "Where did you come from?" "Oh," was the reply, "Ah just got off'n the train out here." "Damn it all, I know you just came in, but where from?" "Does y'all mean where Ah was before Ah come here?" "Yes, that's what I mean." "Oh, Ah was in jail, in Pine Bluff, doing time."

### Another Waste is Checked.

The manufacture of waxed papers and carbons has heretofore been attended by a great waste of material consisting of a mixture of wax and paper pulp. The government officials have recently discovered a method of separating these and making use of the material.

### Simple Tastes.

"Do you care for pastels, Mrs. Cawber?" "I can't say that I do. The children like to go to one of them French pastry shops and buy dabs of this and that, but old-fashioned cookies and apple fritters are good enough for me."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### Raw and Reeking.

"You gotta quit feeding me on oatmeal," declared the hack writer. "Beef is too high," retorted his wife. "No matter. My publisher says he's got to have some red-blooded stuff."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Vatican Choirs To Return Here.

The world famed Vatican Choirs which gave such a remarkable concert here a month ago has been induced to return for another concert in this city previous to its sailing for Rome the first week in December. The great choral organization will be passing through here on its way home and arrangements have been made to give another concert in which the sublime Miserere will be the principal number in an entirely new programme of Polyphonic music. The only date available for the Choirs to sing here again was Sunday night, November 23rd. It will again be given in Convention Hall.

The marvelous performance given by this body of Choiristers last month is still fresh in the minds of those who heard that concert and the second opportunity to hear them will certainly be welcomed. An entirely new programme will be sung under the direction of Monsignor Casimiri including the immortal Miserere. This greatest of all musical numbers will be rendered in the same manner as when sung in the Roman Basilicas during Holy Week services, never to be forgotten when once heard in the Eternal City. It is the first time in the history of these world renowned artists that a single member of the great Roman Schola Cantorum has ever sung this sublime chant outside of Rome, and never before outside of holy week services in Rome.

Other numbers will include notable works of the Polyphonic school in the singing of which these vocalists are without worldly rivals. As one musician remarked after hearing them last month they sing like a great and grand symphonic orchestra only better. They reach the human heart with a soulful throb and tear.

This will be the last and probably only opportunity in years to hear this wonderful body of choral singers. It is an event that will be counted a memorable night in Rochester.

### St. Boniface Club

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 19th, the 10th anniversary of this club will be celebrated with a banquet. The ex-service men of the club will be guests at this affair and everything possible will be done to make them feel very much at home. Oscar Wanmaker who has so capably conducted the war chest campaign is chairman of this event and it is safe to say he will also be most successful in this capacity. Father Boppel will act as toastmaster. John Melnerney and several others will speak on this occasion.

### Club Rooms have been Refreshed and Decorated;

the bowling alleys replanned and several other improvements have been made. The bowling league has started and the various captains are spurring their teams onward using all the strategy and cunning which their experience of past season's has taught them.

The captains are John Hart, Wendel Mader, Joseph Frank, Joseph Ruby, John Dick and Joseph Volmer. These captains are no second rate bowlers, all having high averages and collectively would make any down-town team work hard for rivalry. Captain Hart who is a good three-fourths of his team is training his team of apprentices and if the season is prolonged far into next summer he will yet prove to be a winner. Eugene Gaffney, one of Erin's fair sons is one of the most striking figures on the alleys even though he gets few strikes. He spares often and has only one Miss.

On account of the banquet the monthly meeting will be held one week from next Wednesday.

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### NEW SEMINARY

Archbishop Hanna Will Establish Institution on Fine Ranch.

San Francisco, Cal.—The beautiful 700-acre ranch, including the Bon Air property near San Rafael which belongs to the San Francisco Archdiocese, is to be utilized in the near future for a Catholic Preparatory Seminary.

Archbishop Hanna has had the matter under consideration for some months, as the seminary at Menlo Park is too small to accommodate the demands of the Church in California.

Some months ago the Archbishop added to the holdings, by acquiring the Bon Air and 26 acres of land from the Bank of Tomales, for \$22,000, and it is his intention to erect a modern brick seminary to cost over \$250,000.

Recently the Archbishop has been expending considerable money in developing a water plant to supply the proposed new buildings.

The location is an ideal one. The property was a gift to the Church, and today is valued at \$150,000. It has a frontage on Corte Madera and Kentfield creeks of over two miles.

### WEEKLY CHURCH CALENDAR

23rd Sunday after Pentecost  
Gospel, St. Matt. ix. 18-26;  
The Ruler's Daughter.  
S. 16, St. Edmund of Canterbury, B. C.  
M. 17, St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, B. C.  
T. 18, Dedication of Basilicas SS. Peter and Paul.  
W. 19, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Q. W.  
Th. 20, St. Felix of Valois, C.  
F. 21, Presentation of Our Lady.  
S. 22, St. Cecilia, V. M.

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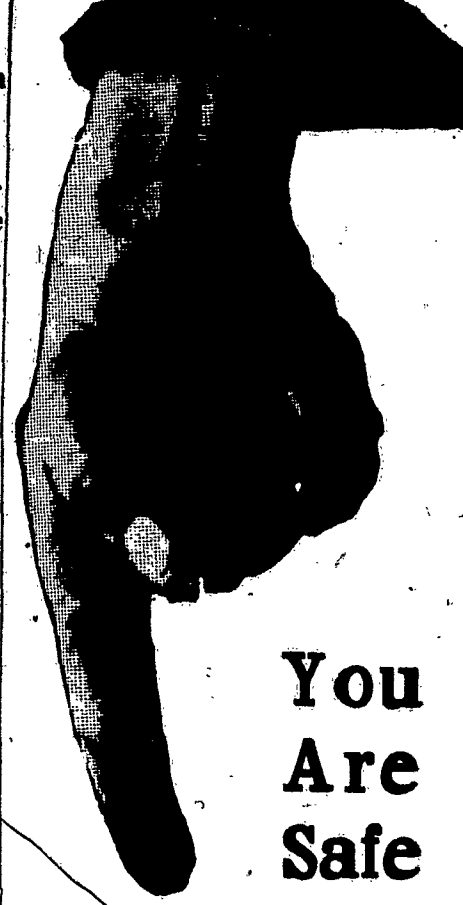
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Henry Adams on Facts. Adams was a man of industry, always doing more work than he confessed to. With him all facts had to be interrelated into meaning and significance. "Facts as such I have a profound contempt," he said one day in his classroom; just as in his education he remarks that, "nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulates in the form of inert facts."—Henry O. Taylor in Atlantic.

Queer Find at Pompeii. A soap-boller's shop was among the things discovered in the excavation at Pompeii several years ago. The city was buried beneath volcanic ashes A. D. 79. It is said that the soap found in the shop had not lost all efficacy, although it had lain under the ashes more than 1,800 years. Soap making was quite a business in a number of the Roman cities at the time that Pompeii was destroyed.

Santa Not Enemy Alien. Of what nationality is Santa Claus? a friend asks. Of almost every nationality, we would say. If you mean to ask the derivation of the name, it is a corrupted form of the Holland Dutch name for St. Nicholas and has no "enemy alien" taint. The saint himself was a native of Patara in the province of Lycia, Asia Minor, and was bishop of Myra in the same province.



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