

**ANN AND ANDY**

By BERTHA S. CARNEY.

Ann Vrain had been a week now at Cousin Alie's in the city, and with each succeeding day Ann felt smaller and more awkward. Her hair had absolutely refused to "bob" at her ears, city fashion, and there were times that, despite her efforts, her tongue would slip back into the country vernacular that she had spoken for the eighteen years of her life. Substantial she looked, substantial she felt, and, besides all this, there was the terrible name of Ann for a hand-icap—and as for the nicest young man who lived upstairs—how could she ever get acquainted with him if one dared not speak?

These were the thoughts that were running through the back of little Ann's head, as she threw the rug over the piazza railing and attacked them vigorously with the carpet beater.

She made a pretty picture there in the morning sunshine, the sleeves of her pink smock rolled up to her elbows, and her cheeks flushed with the exercise, and as she worked an old bit of doggerel that she had learned as a child came into her head, and she sang, because the morning was so bright and the young man upstairs was so handsome—No! That wasn't what she had meant to think at all, but she kept singing and keeping time with the carpet beater.

"Good morning, Jenny Wren! Will you kindly stop your housewifely activities long enough to allow me to see my way down the stairs? Your great clouds of dust have blinded my eyes to everything except the comeliness of my industrious neighbor."

Ann stopped—mouth open, just as she had been about to cast forth the highest soprano note, and carpet beater raised. He was speaking to her, but he was only joking with her, for even at her most vigorous swings only a feeble trail of dust floated out on the air; but the last thing he had said—Ann's eyes sought the toes of her sensible round-toed shoes before she looked across at him shyly.

"The young man from upstairs was looking at her, and it seemed as though if he feebly wished to navigate the stairway in such a terrible storm of dust there was nothing to hinder his doing so. Instead, he leaned against the railing.

"This is a fine chance to get acquainted," he said. "Fate sends me out on an errand while you are on the porch and as we are going to be such near neighbors, it's all perfectly proper. I'm Andrew Leonard. Andy suits me better, and you're Ann Vrain. I saw your name on your trunk in the cellar, and you're not yet old enough to be called Miss Vrain."

Ann, who wasn't old enough to be called Miss Vrain, found herself shaking hands with Andy, whom she thought, was old enough to know better, and after that it was easy.

When she had beat back the redness into the roses, and the greenness into the grass, Ann tugged one of the rugs down from the rail and Andy dropped on his knees and began to fold it with deft turns of his wrists.

"Where did you learn to do that?" Ann inquired. Andy was a gentleman, at least, even though there had been no formal introduction, and the warning voices of her staid county ancestors for the first time in her life went unheeded.

"Handy Andy, that's me," he grinned. "I lived for five years on my uncle's farm, 30 miles out."

Underneath the pink smock Ann's heart gave a flutter of pure joy. Now she could own up to her 18 years of country existence. He wouldn't care.

He didn't—for on the following Sunday Andy was helping her over the stubble and exclaiming with her over the five little pigs that had just arrived at his uncle's farm.

It was the third month of their friendship and they were on one of their frequent Sunday excursions to the farm. When Ann broached the subject of changing her name to Annette, or Marian, or any other form of Ann, as long as there was trimming enough to take away the plainness.

"Cut it out, kiddie," Andy advised. "It surely was fine to be able to boss Ann. I like your name fine. My grandmother's name was Ann, and just look at mine—Andy! But you don't catch me calling myself any fool name like Androclus, do you?"

Ann laughed. How could she tell him that all the time she had been planning to change it only for him?

"I like Andy for a name; it's so substantial," and then she laughed again, for was that not the very quality that three months ago she had most hated?

"That's it," Andy nodded, "a good substantial name, just like Ann. Why, I knew you could do housework like all possessed the minute I lapped the name on your trunk."

He drew her down beside him on an old fallen tree trunk.

"Ann and Andy," he mused, holding her close, "a good combination. Don't you think we ought to make it a substantial one, Ann dear?"

In his pocket dictionary he found the word substantial and pointed out to Ann its meaning—"actually existing, not imaginary, true, strong."

"Don't you think we could be all that—together, Ann girl?"

Ann's heart was so happy that she seemed just one feeble little word, which, evidently, pleased Andy.

"Yes, honey," he whispered, "that's what I want."

**Annual Seminary Letter Read In Churches**

In all the Catholic churches of the diocese of Rochester last Sunday the rectors read the annual message from Bishop Thomas F. Hickey to the clergy and laity on ecclesiastical training. The letter follows in part:

St. Bernard's Seminary is entering upon her twenty-eighth year, and with a record which deserves gratitude and appreciation. The story of a seminary is so interesting and impressive: The enrollment of aspirants to the priesthood, the curriculum and plan of training, the promotion and gradual approach to the goal for which they have prayed and striven, and finally, the reception of the dignity, power and responsibility of the priesthood of God's church. Can we think of any station so exalted as that of God's priesthood, any power so great, any responsibility so mighty, any action so sacred, any ministry so tender and consoling to the human soul? Little wonder that bishops and priests are charged with solemn obligations in preparing candidates for the priesthood. And why should not the laity of God's church feel keenly their part in promoting a work of such vast importance?

We expect to have about seventy students from the diocese of Rochester at St. Bernard's during the coming year, and we take occasion to represent to our priests and people the growing financial demands in the running of the seminary. The marked difference in the cost of operation, not only in comparison with the first years, but even with that of ten or five years ago, is so great as to be startling, and had not the funded debt of the seminary been reduced by a special effort our condition to-day would be almost embarrassing.

We impress upon our contributors that the subscription be increased over that of past years. Let the minimum, in every case possible, be two dollars, and let our diocesans of ample means show a strong example to others by making a generous contribution. Moreover, and this is an important item this year, let the work of soliciting and contributing be done promptly in the month of September, which is reserved for the seminary, so that the returns may be made early and not delayed into autumn or winter.

We believe confidently that with a proper presentation of this petition and a right understanding of the needs of the part of the people there will be no question about the results of this seminary collection.

**QUAINT OLD-WORLD CUSTOMS**

**Whitsuntide Superstition in Parts of England—Annual "Cheese Rolling" in Small Village.**

An old superstition still lingers in some parts of England, notably Derbyshire, and induces people to rise unusually early on Whitsuntide morning in order that they may see the sun rise, for they frankly believe that whatsoever request is proffered the Almighty at that particular moment is certain to be granted.

The county of Northampton celebrates an old custom, dating from the time of Queen Elizabeth, once in 20 years. The scene of it is the village of Carby.

Very early on White Monday, bands of men are stationed at the by-ways of the parish, who demand toll of all pedestrians. Should they refuse, they are seized, hoisted on a stout pole, and carried to the village amidst the cheers and jeers of the spectators.

The origin of the "cheese rolling" which takes place yearly in the quiet little village of Birdlip, in the Cheltenham district, is lost, like many more, in the mists of antiquity, but local sentiment forbids it dying out. A substantial round cheese is set rolling down a steep hill with all the young and active members of the population in hot pursuit. Before it can be captured many of the men are rolling after, but the cheese evades the majority of them, and usually falls to the lot of one of the company who has managed to keep his feet.

Some men have good qualities, but lack the one necessary to make use of them.

**New York Telephone Company**

When the New York Telephone Company filed new rates for its Up-State territory, many people wondered why New York City was not included in the increase. This could not be done at the time because of an order of the Public Service Commission, Second District, which prevented any change in New York City rates until October 1, 1920.

With the establishment of a new schedule in New York City, the rates for telephone service throughout the entire State will have been revised to produce sufficient revenue to enable the Telephone Company to meet the increased cost of furnishing adequate service to all communities in the State and to reestablish its financial standing and meet future requirements.

The campaign of publicity by means of which the Company laid all of the facts concerning its needs for increased revenue before the public in its Up-State territory is about completed. Some have thought that this entailed an unnecessary expense. We believe that this view is a mistaken one. All users of the telephone were entitled to know the facts about the telephone situation and to judge for themselves the justice of the Company's case.

There was no other method which would enable the public to become fully acquainted with these facts and we know that the value of gaining the confidence and support of our subscribers is many times greater than the cost of giving to them necessary information.

That our action is appreciated and approved by the public, whose good-will and cooperation we desire and need is indicated by the general expressions of favorable opinion which we have received.

**BEAR MOST POWERFUL BEAST**

Easily King of Them All, as Far as His Physical Strength Can Be Estimated.

A man rowing does one-third as much work as an ox plowing. An ox plowing does a little more than half the work of an average cart-horse hauling a ton of coal.

A camel carrying 500 pounds on its back is nearly equal to two average horses, while an elephant, which will bear a load of half a ton or lift a log of ten of the same weight, is worth in muscular power rather more than three good camels.

The lion, usually known as the king of beasts, is by no means the strongest. Its strength is estimated as that of six men only, while that of a full-grown Indian tiger is a third greater.

Neither of these animals is equal in muscular power to the bear tribe, of which the polar and the grizzly are the strongest. A grizzly weighing about 1,000 pounds has been seen to carry a steep mountain-side for over half a mile. Its strength is at least twice that of a lion.

A gorilla four feet six inches in height has the strength of four strong men. It can bend double a pair of 12-bore gun barrels in its paw.

The African buffalo and the Indian gaur—or wild ox—are the two largest and most powerful of the buffalo tribe. It is doubtful if 12 men could hold a gaur, which stands as much as six feet high, and is over eight feet in length.

**Isinglass.**

Isinglass is the dried swimming bladders of several varieties of fish. The amount of gelatin in isinglass is from 86 to 93 per cent and even more. It is prepared by tearing the air bladder or sound from the back of the fish, from which it has been loosened by striking several blows with a wooden club, then washing in cold water. The black outer skin is removed with a knife, again washed and spread on a board to dry in the open air, with the white shiny skin turned outward. To prevent shriveling or shrinking the bladders must be fastened to a drying board. The best quality of isinglass comes from sounds that are dried in the sun. After drying the sound is again moistened with warm water and the interior shiny skin is removed by hammering or rubbing. Finally it is rolled between two polished iron rollers.

Diamonds are usually possessed by others—when they happen to be trumps.

A man's worth to others sometimes depends on how much they can work him for.

The great trouble with the world's idols is that they are all more or less cracked.

**A NEW THEATER**

An event that will be notable in Rochester theatrical history will be the opening on Sunday of Loew's Star Theater (formerly the Gordon) which will mark the first playhouse to offer super-features in Rochester, presented with an elaborateness and dignity of programme that will befit their importance. The first of these productions will be "Humoresque", the photodrama that has caused more discussion and evoked more praise than any ever made.

The Loew's Star Theater has been entirely renovated, remodeled and redecored for the opening. Included in the improvements is a \$20,000 stage setting, said to be the finest between New York and Chicago, which is a riot of Japanese flowers and represents a temple garden in old Japan. This feature has been installed this week by A. S. Howard, chief scenic artist for the Loew circuit of theaters.

The Star Theater will pursue a policy of presenting continuous performances from noon until 11 p. m. each day and all pictures will be shown for indefinite runs. The prices that have been charged in Broadway theaters for these super-features have been from one to three dollars. Loew's Star will offer the same attractions to Rochester theatergoers for prices that will range from 31 cents to fifty.

"Humoresque" the opening attraction for the theater, is made from Fanny Hurst's celebrated story. It has been called the "photodrama with a soul", and is just a bit of human life pictured and thrown on the screen, but done with such rare artistry and such insight into the joys and pains of human life that it becomes a human document.

Loew's Star Theater will be under the management of Robert D. Whitson, who comes to Rochester direct from being associated with the management of the Victoria Theater in New York. Mr. Whitson is a Californian by birth and gained his first managerial experience in San Diego. During the war he served as an ensign in the United States navy. Mr. John J. O'Neill, who was manager of the Gordon Theater, will now become associated with the management of the Regent Theater. A great feature of the Star Theater programmes will be the music.

**Knights of St. John Plan Festival**

The Knights of St. John Commandery 17, and the Ladies Auxiliary, Knights of St. John, are planning a harvest festival to be held in Holy Redeemer Hall at Hudson and Clifford Avenues on September 29 and 30th and October 1 and 2. Children will be admitted free Saturday afternoon.

Alderman Edward R. Denting, a member of Commandery 17, will open the festival and Frank Biehl, supreme trustee of the Knights of St. John, will speak. Orders will be issued by Colonel Joseph Weis for the ten companies of the fraternal regiment under his command to participate in the celebration.

**WEEKLY CHURCH CALENDER**

**Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost**

Gospel: The Man with the Dropsy. St. Luke xiv. 1-11.

S. 12 Holy Name of Mary.

M. 13 St. Eulogius, B.

T. 14 Exaltation of the Holy Cross

W. 15 7 Dolours of Bl. V. M.

Th. 16 SS. Corn. & Cyprian, BB., MM.

F. 17 Stigmata of St. Fran. E. D.

S. 18 St. Joseph of Cuper., C.-E. D.

Business men who cling to the ancient methods are apt to be left at the post.

It's difficult to convince a man that his money isn't a sure thing until after the race.

Intellect is not, as some men fancy, a tool; it is a hand that can handle any tool.

**Hotel Seneca**

With the opening of the fall season dancing is now in vogue. Music by Damon's celebrated orchestra during dinner and for dancing.

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**MRS. MAY HILL'S GIFTS TO CATHOLIC SCHOOLS**

(By N. C. W. C. News Service.)

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 3—Four gifts, aggregating more than \$500,000, have been given to different Catholic institutions, by Mrs. Mary Hill, widow of James J. Hill, the "Empire Builder of the Northwest." The gifts included \$200,000 to St. Thomas College, a like amount to St. Paul's Seminary, and \$100,000 to the Christian Brothers. The Sisters of the Good Shepherd was the fourth institution benefited by Mrs. Hill's generosity, the amount of the gift not being disclosed. It is also reported that Mrs. Hill has purchased the home of the late Captain Costle of Silver Lake for the Christian Brothers.

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