

### An Unchristian Martyr

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

(C) 1930, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate

"I dare you," Peter called tentatively from the far end of the foot-log to Betty, poised on the stump, whence it had been cut. She was like a butterfly, newly alighted, standing now on tiptoe, now teetering on both heels, arms wide and high above her shoulders, with bunches of red-bud flowers in each hand.

"You think I'm foolish enough not to take a dare," she flung back disdainfully, her words muffled by the noise of the swollen creek. It was late March, but warm enough for May—almost sultry, indeed—hence the red-bud flowers. The pair had been strolling through a narrow, wooded bottom where all manner of sylvan things were walking cheerily. Across the stream there was a south-looking hill slope above a low limestone bluff, starred thick in every seam and cranny with hepaticas, white, pink and pale purple. Above them string-bark trees bore clusters of white stars with pointed golden hearts, as beautiful as orchids, and sweeter than spring itself. Betty wanted the white stars—wanted to pluck them herself. She was not superstitious, of course. Still it was countryside belief with the unlettered that wishes made as you plucked were sure to come true.

Hence her refusal of Peter's help, her resolve to cross the stream, whether or no. Peter vowed she could never walk the log, even with his help—



"You Think I'm Foolish Enough Not to Take a Dare."

the trunk was gnarly, rounding, and beset with high stubs of the few branches whoever cut it down had taken time to slash away. But he could carry her over, if she were a baby—his head never swam crossing water—and her weight was nothing to mention.

Betty had laughed in his face; then she had strode across, and stopped to tantalize her. Half a minute she meditated, then dropped her flowers to earth, along with her hat and basket, and sat herself upon the tree trunk and began to inch along it, slowly, but surely—and it seemed more than securely.

"That is one way!" Peter giggled. "Take care so you don't wot your feet—they almost touch water now—and it's lower in the middle—"

"Thank you for nothing. I haven't lost sight nor hearing," Betty retorted, somewhat breathlessly. The progress, so easy in theory, was proving hard and slow—besides the big stub midway loomed menacingly. She could not possibly lift herself past it—crawling over was her only hope. "Go away. I hate to be watched," she panted to Peter who looked at the water. The log appeared to turn upstream and go sailing to nowhere—desperately she essayed to follow it—with a result of finding herself in cold and very swift water three feet deep. It swept her like a dead leaf down to a pool very much deeper. As she came to its surface Peter clutched her, held her with one hand, and very shortly drew her safe to the bank, some hundred yards below where she had fallen in. And there watching, first with concern, then with slightly veiled amusement, stood Jack Bellew and his city cousin, Emma, a very pattern of trim elegance in tweeds, high boots and severely tailored hat. They had come from the Bellew house upon the hill top, to see the creek just past its flood stage, and the waking woods. Betty could cheerfully have slain them both—why had they chosen this special morning for their stroll? Jack Bellew had been fluttering about her since the Christmas party—the great distress of his mother—who had nipped him in and to her with Niece Emma. Betty had had with him prettily after her when she would never be able to see him again. She was so contentedly draped dripping garments upon her shoulders.

He flung

off coat and waistcoat to be sure, but the clinging wet shirt revealed muscles and a torso to delight any eye; moreover, his clutch of her showed giant strength. He didn't wait for her to refuse Bellew's eager invitation. "Home's nearer—going there is the best preventive of taking cold," he said almost brusquely. "It's mighty nice of you to offer us fire and shelter—thank you a lot—but wet dogs had better get to their own kennels."

Then he half led, half-dragged Betty away, bowing airily to the pair they left. On the way to the log Betty stopped him, pointing to a flowering tree overhead, and reaching silently to twitch off low-hanging clusters of starry flowers. She was quite willing to be carried over the stream. Peter set a tentative foot on the log, then plunged down to the streamside, saying, with a grin, "We can't be wretched here, go!" then, went striding steadily across. He put down his passenger unbidden, picked up her hat and flowers and started along the homeward path at nearly a dog-trot. But Betty kept up with him quite cleverly. In a whirl her color had come back, her eyes were shiny, not clouded, and her half beginning to frame her face in adorable small tendrils. Viewing all which from the corner of his eye, he smiled whimsically, saying, "Lucky those others," nodding backward. "Can't see you now, Betty? Jack would fall in love with you all over again, and Cousin Emma want to bite herself with jealous spite. Fine as she looked in her outdoor get-up, she'd have nothing on you. Now you have, as the darkeys say, 'done come undrowned.' Did you wish anything on her when you got the flowers?"

"Not a thing," Betty panted, running a yard ahead of him. He caught her arm, saying sternly, "No running down, miss. Things have got to be settled right here and now."

"Why have they?" Betty lunged over her shoulder, twisting so her face was hidden. She was all in a glow—the twinkle in Peter's eyes had betrayed him. Besides, it was about time to settle things; but she would never in the world let them be settled all-wise than as she pleased. Peter had been so long so steadfastly her merry slave, captive as much to her elfin humor as to her beauty and womanly charm. It was delightful to have him even pretending to lead it over her. Then, too, she could take his breath when ever she chose—she smiled in thank of it, but wondered a little how he would bear the surprise of his life.

Finding him silent she ran on, "I did wish things, though. Why don't you ask about them? Is your curiosity drowned the same as your new shirt?"

"No—I'm merely waiting until you'll have to tell me or perish in the attempt not to," Peter said reflectively. Betty made a face at him.

"Wish one was never again to see a person named Bellew," she began.

Peter nodded. "Good work."

With a sidelong glance she went on severely, "Wish two, that you'd say I must marry you at Easter—"

Here Peter put up imploring hands, crying, "This is so sudden. You fall in love with me same time you fell in the creek, I suppose?"

"No sir-ee," Betty laughed. "It's only you showed how well you know what to do in emergencies. I think you'll be handy to have in the house."

"An unchristian martyr!" Peter ejaculated—with eyes that belied his speech.

H. C. L. HITS EVEN SEA GULLS

Birds Have Almost Deserted the Waters Around New York in Search of Food.

The almost total disappearance from local rivers of the sea gulls, which a few months ago in countless numbers circled around the ships and ferry boats, brings to light a new angle of the high cost of living in Manhattan.

On high authority comes the word that the H. C. L. has driven them away. New Yorkers are so economical at present that the sea gulls cannot find enough to live on hereabouts.

"Where have they gone?" replied an ornithologist to an inquiry. "There is no mystery about it. They have gone where they find it easier to live. Those beautiful birds which we used to see on the Hudson and around the bay are now doubtless living at considerable distance out at sea."

He explained that the sea gull lives principally on food stuff retrieved from the water.

"When the New Yorkers were forced to guard the market basket so rigorously and eliminate waste in every way, the sea gulls found their food supply curtailed to the vanishing point. They accordingly went where they could get it. You will find them today in the track of the coastwise steamships or further out at sea in the lanes of the Atlantic liners, where there is not so much economy in the ship's galley."—New York Sun.

Faith in Dream Justified.

Partial blindness, it is claimed, has been cured through the medium of a dream. A boy dreamed three nights in succession that if he stood on a certain bridge at Prague at midnight he would see some one who would work a miracle for him. The youth went to the bridge and, after waiting there for hours, was coming away disappointed when he met a man who inquired why he had been standing there so long, gazing at everyone who passed by.

The youth explained, whereupon the stranger announced himself as Professor Polonisky, a well-known surgeon in Vienna, and expressed a desire to experiment on the youth's eyes. The result was that a wonderful operation was performed with absolute success.

### Forty Hours Devotion

The devotion of the "Forty Hours" will be held in the churches of the diocese of Rochester as follows:—

- Nov. 28, 1920—Cathedral, Rochester; St. Mary's, Auburn; SS. Peter and Paul, Elmira.
- Dec. 5—Nazareth Normal school, 10—SS. Peter and Paul, city.
- Jan. 9, 1921—St. Mary's Hospital, city.
- Feb. 13—First Sunday in Lent: St. Monica, city; Holy Family, Auburn. 20—Mount Morris. 27—Fairport; Retsof.
- March 6—Holy Rosary, city; St. Stephen's, Geneva; Lyons. 13—Holy Apostles, city; Phelps; Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, city.
- April 3—Palmyra; East Rush; Waterloo; Ithaca; St. Anthony, Elmira; Spencerport; Victor. 10—St. Bridget's, city; Clyde; Waverly; St. Lucy, city; Caledonia; East Bloomfield. 17—Corpus Christi, city; Hornell; Weedsport; St. Francis, Geneva; St. Anthony, city; Groveland.
- Apr. 24—St. Mary's, city; Avon; Seneca Falls; St. Mary's, Corning; St. Aloysius, Auburn; Assumption B. V. M., Mt. Morris; Mendon.
- May 1—Immaculate Conception, city; Holy Family, city; St. Patrick's, Elmira; Ovid; Honeyeats; Port Byron; Newark Valley; Leicester. 8—Sacred Heart, city; Nunda; Clifton Springs; West Bloomfield; Trumansburg; Mumford; Moravia; Hammondsport; Elmira Heights. 15—Stanley; Shortsville; Bath; Cayuga; St. Francis, Auburn; Livonia Station; Cato; Pittsford. 22—St. Hyacinth's, Auburn; Chili; Henrietta; Owasco; Romulus.
- Sept. 4—St. Stanislaus, city; Macedon; Rexville; Scipio; Brockport. 9—Holy Redeemer, city. 11—Addison; Livonia Center; Aurora; Perkinsville; Penn Yan. 16—Cohocton. 18—Groton; Watkins; St. Mary's, Dansville; Penfield; Churchville; Mt. Reed; Sea Breeze. 23—St. Michael's, city. 25—Scottsville; St. George, Lithuanian, city; King Ferry; St. Vincent's, Corning. 30—Our Lady of Perpetual Help, city.
- Oct. 2—Ontario; Horseheads; Rushville; Honeyeats Falls; St. John the Evangelist, city; Montezuma; St. Casimir's, Elmira; Genoa. 7—St. Andrew's, city. 9—St. Joseph's, Blessed Sacrament, city; Newark; Dundee; Genesee; St. Alphonsus, Auburn; St. Patrick's, Corning; Savannah. 14—St. Francis Xavier, city. 16—St. Augustine's, city; Webster; Lima; Owego; Interlaken; St. John's, Elmira; McLean; Red Creek; Coldwater; Union Springs. 21—St. Boniface, city; Wayland. 23—Holy Cross, city; St. Cecilia's, Elmira; Canandaigua; Conesus.
- Nov. 6—Our Lady of Victory, city; St. Mary's, Elmira; Naples. 13—St. Patrick's, Dansville; Sacred Heart Convent, city; St. John's, Greece. 20—East Rochester.

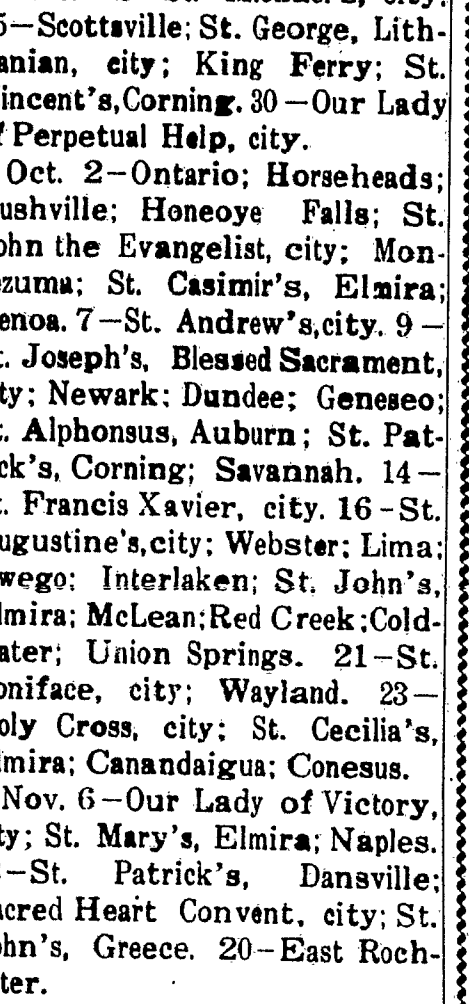
GERMS OF GRIPPE KILL THEM BEFORE THEY KILL YOU

Fortify your system against an invasion of influenza germs. Arbid Constipation, regulate your system carefully and beware of a bad stomach, sluggish liver or kidney congestion. Cold chills.

Father Mollinger's Famous Herb Tea will testify how they preserved good health with this Food of Preventative. Send \$1.00 for a large family size package. It should be in every home.

In Convenient Form

MOLLINGER'S HEALTH BERRY TABLETS fortify your system against an invasion of influenza germs. They correct every condition due to constipation. A natural laxative these Wonderful ALL BERRY TABLETS regulate the system, tone the stomach and keep you in the pink of condition. Send today for \$1.00 size package.



Fortify your system against an invasion of influenza germs. Arbid Constipation, regulate your system carefully and beware of a bad stomach, sluggish liver or kidney congestion. Cold chills.

At last the Manager of the Arcade Theater has secured for his patrons the much talked of Harmount's Big Scenic Production of that Old Southern Drama, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This company is considered the largest and best company of its kind on the road to-day, carrying their own concert band; pack of Siberian Blood Hounds, among which are the famous dogs, Prince and Keno. All their own special scenery until the close of the performance, presenting life-like scenes of Phineas Fletcher's tavern; the ice gorged Ohio river by moonlight; Eliza's escape, pursued by fierce man-eating Siberian blood-

# Scrantom, Wetmore & Co.

## SHOPPING NEWS

There are many gifts that will delight each one on your list, at "Scrantom's". Gifts both useful and artistic for the grown-ups to be remembered; multitudes of books and games and toys for the young folks.

**Don't Miss a Trip to The Year-Around Toy Store**

Here you will find every new and standard plaything a search of the big toy stores of the metropolis would reveal. Not Christmas Toys, but substantial well-made toys for Christmas Gifts; and the year-round Toy Store makes a specialty of playthings which help to educate as well as amuse the young people.

**Playthings the Girls will enjoy**

A collection of Dolls such as you will not find this side of New York City, and splendid assortments of Dolls Clothing Doll Houses and the Furniture and equipment for them, Doll Carriages, Wardrobes and the like.

Then there are Electric Ranges, Rug Weaving Looms, Sewing Machines, Electric Flatirons, Doll Dressing Outfits, play Pianos, Painting and Crayon Sets, and many other fascinating toys.

**Outfits that will delight the Boys**

Construction Sets with which to build Aeroplanes, Tractors, Trucks etc.

Sets with which to learn Wireless, Telegraphy, Chemistry, elementary Electricity, Printing, Carpentry, etc.

Big assortments of Electrical Toys, Steam Engines, Electric Railway Systems.

Many Sets of Magician Tricks.

**and for the Little Tots**

there are more wonderful sets of Blocks than you ever saw before; and the Iron Toys, Rubber Boys, Mechanical Toys, Wooden Toys, Stuffed Animals, and all the rest.

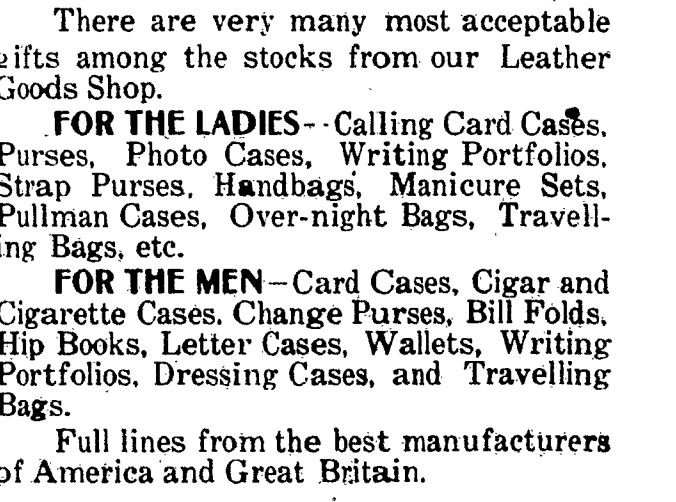
**Really Good Leather Goods at Moderate Prices**

There are very many most acceptable gifts among the stocks from our Leather Goods Shop.

**FOR THE LADIES**—Calling Card Cases, Purses, Photo Cases, Writing Portfolios, Strap Purses, Handbags, Manicure Sets, Pullman Cases, Over-night Bags, Travelling Bags, etc.

**FOR THE MEN**—Card Cases, Cigar and Cigarette Cases, Change Purses, Bill Folds, Hip Books, Letter Cases, Wallets, Writing Portfolios, Dressing Cases, and Travelling Bags.

Full lines from the best manufacturers of America and Great Britain.



**Many Useful Gifts in The Art Novelty Shop**

Here are Desk Sets and the separate pieces; Smokers' Fittings, Book Holders, Candlesticks, Vases, Fruit Dishes, Baskets, and a multitude of other useful things in artistic designs.

**Other Popular Gifts.**

Calendars	Diaries
Dictionaries	Pocket Knives
Kodaks	Calling Card Plates
Fountain Pens	Cases of Fine Stationery
Eversharp Pencils	Sporting Goods
Skates	Toboggans
Skis	Snowshoes
Jerseys	Sweaters

**Loew's Star Theater**

"Earthbound," the Basil King photodrama based on his theory of spiritism, will conclude its engagement at Loew's Star Theater to-morrow night, and on Sunday the Star will offer as the feature of its photoplay programme "The Great Redeemer," Metro's super-special production of an original story by H. H. Van Loan, produced under the personal supervision of Maurice Tournier. "The Great Redeemer" has already had its Broadway premiere, and was received with great praise by all the New York critics. It is a Western story dressed with an entirely new twist and is said to hold a climax that is unique and startling.

**Important Notice.**

Write us and we will give you the definite information how to save your winter's coal and conserve the heat, at no cost. General Fuel Saving Corp., 287-289-291-293 North Union street.—Adv.