

PRETTIEST LADY

By MADGE C. WESTON.

Mrs. Gordon was disturbed by the perversity of men in general, and her own son in particular. Here was Marcia Grayce, the very woman to mother David's motherless children, and he was putting aside all her faithful care of them for the fancy of a frivolous, too-pretty girl. Ever since Dora died, Marcia had made the little twins her one charge. Tirelessly had she sewed and cooked for them, taught and amused them. Mrs. Gordon, when she came to make a helpful visit, found no help required of her, and the young nurse won completely the mother's regard. Even upon her homeward trip, she was thinking hopefully of the dark-eyed Marcia as a possible helpmeet for David. Mrs. Gordon was complacent in her future planning, and then, David man-like, upset her plans. He had brought his small family with their attendant capable nurse, to visit at his mother's old summer home on the lake shore.

Little Peggie and Polly enjoyed the auto rides through the surrounding country with grandma and "Auntie Marcia" beside them, and daddie at the wheel. Then, all at once the rides ceased. Daddie had found another companion who suited him better. And when the twins met the lady in the ruffled rose colored dress, and she clasped them close in her little round braided arms, traitorously their young hearts went out to the "Prettiest Lady," as they called her, in an adoration that only children know, and happily, whenever occasion allowed, Marcia was deserted. Mrs. Gordon frowned on the puffed muslins and the glaring brooches and the fluffy arrangement of the new young woman's scented hair but perversely David seemed to share in his young daughter's adoration. Marcia silently continued her task. And at last came the blow to Mrs. Gordon's hopes. David was going to ask the "Prettiest Lady" to marry him, he told his mother, with the happy shyness of a man in his first love.

"She is different from Dora of course," he said. "Dora and I were companions from childhood; Janet is like an idealized dream maiden to me." "And always will be but an idealized dream maiden," his mother answered bitterly, "a girl who, from all I can learn, has known neither care nor responsibility. David, David, have you forgotten all Marcia's faithful service?" "But I cannot marry Marcia," her son replied, "because she has been good to my little girls. There is such a thing as love, mother."

Mrs. Gordon turned aside impatiently. Without response Marcia received news of the approaching engagement. It was on the following evening that Marcia came abruptly into Mrs. Gordon's presence. "I am leaving at once," she announced. "My trunk has already gone. A case too profitable to be refused calls me. You had better go up to the children, they seem to be rather indisposed."

"But Marcia my dear," Mrs. Gordon began, Marcia was gone, the outer door closing behind her. Dismayed, the grandmother ascended to the twins' sleeping room. A whimpering upon their bed greeted her. Both were undeniably ill.

"Since when, dears?" she asked tremulously. "Sick all day," Peggie moaned, "and Marcia left us."

Revisited the grandmother turned to the telephone. "Doctor Brand?"

"Not in—oh! gone to the clambake across the lake."

Growing more troubled she replaced the receiver. She would try to find David at the "Prettiest Lady's" house. It was Janet herself who answered the telephone. "No, David is not here," she said in quick sympathy, "I do not expect him out from the city this evening. This storm would detain him, if he had intended to come. Yes, it is pouring and blowing a gale. I am very sorry that the children are ill, and you cannot get a doctor." The windows of the old stone house were rattling beneath the sudden storm as Mrs. Gordon returned to the nursery. It was a pounding on the barred front door, which brought her from a troubled reverie, and when she opened the door, a slight cloaked figure came rushing in as though blown by the breeze.

"It's me," the girl Janet said breathlessly. When she tossed aside her long cape, she smiled.

"I came to help with the children. It's probably scarlet fever, there is so much about it. I shall not know exactly what to do, of course, but I brought mother's old medical book along, and we will hold the fort till the doctor can come. Polly and Peggie love me. I know they will do as I say." The soft laughter that came presently from the nursery was reassuring. It was Janet's happy confidence. Soothed, the twins rested, and when she came at last to sit beside David's mother, that person who had spent the time in meditation, touched caressingly the girl's fluffy head.

"My dear," she murmured, "I have misjudged you. I see now that my faith will be to guard my son's wife from her too willing spirit." The "Prettiest Lady" smiled, "Why do all things," she said.

FELT NO PITY FOR INSANE

Unfortunates, a Few Centuries Ago, Were Treated With the Most Barbarous Cruelty.

In 1547 in the city of London there was a pile of gray stone known as the "spital," or "hospital," of St. Mary of Bethlehem. During that year it was turned over as an asylum for lunatics, and the name soon became corrupted by careless speech into "Bedlam," and as the fame or disgrace of the place extended, the term became applied to all lunatic asylums. The most horrible cruelties were practiced on the unfortunates cradled. They were chained to posts, beaten with whips and clubs, burned with hot irons, left naked in the coldest weather without fires, and men, women and children were allowed to mingle in a common room, often one of their number suddenly changing into a violent insanity that ended in slayings of the mad one's companions.

When the patient showed signs of being a little less violent he or she was turned loose to beg after an iron band was riveted about their arms, and with bits of colored rags attached to their clothes, a horn at their sides and a stick in their hands, they went wandering about the nation as "Toms of Bedlam." As they were licensed to beg, knives soon took to forging similar bands to one another's arms, and also took to heaving, imitating the crazed songs and cries of those really afflicted. As late as 1770 visitors were admitted to the asylum for a penny or two, and were allowed to laugh at, and even torment the poor creatures that crawled and leaped before them.

WORD "MAD" WRONGLY USED

Frequently Employed When Speaker Really Means to Convey Idea That He Is Angry.

Few words are more frequently misused than "mad" and "angry." It must be confessed, however, that there is some excuse for the misuse of the word, since many psychologists hold that it is difficult to tell when the emotions of a person are aroused, just where anger ends and madness begins. But in grammar there is a sharp distinction between "angry" and "mad." The former means to be vexed or out of patience, while the latter indicates madness, insanity. A person who is insane is mad, but a person whose mind is delayed is not mad, but merely angry. There is a figurative use of the word "mad"—that is, a use in which the words are not to be taken literally—such as "mad with pain," "mad with terror," etc.

"I am mad at that fellow," says a man, "he cheated me in a stock deal." He should say, "I am angry at that fellow," etc.—Chicago Journal.

Resin on the Violin.

One of the queerest superstitions about the violin is the idea that the resin should be allowed to accumulate and cake under the bridge, with the idea that this improves the tone. Clozings the surface of the belly of the violin with a foreign substance can only be detrimental to the tone. If the resin which accumulates under the bridge is dusted off with a cloth, after use, from the time the violin is new, the varnish will always retain its beauty and luster. If left on it ruins the varnish in time and forms an unsightly cake under the bridge. This is injurious to the violin and its value. Thousands of people imagine that the more unsightly an old violin is the greater its value. This is a great mistake. Old violins, like old coins, are much more valuable when well preserved. A good or bad state of preservation in a Stradivarius violin, for instance, might make a difference of several thousand dollars in its selling price.

Jerusalem.

The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olives, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron and the dark abyss of Jerusalem. Full falls its splendor, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills far more famous than those of Rome. Jerusalem by moonlight! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape magnificent in outline, however harsh in detail, and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivaled scene.—Benjamin Disraeli.

Always Behind Time.

Following is by John D. Barry: "Some people act as if they were always just a few minutes behind time. If they could catch up, their lives would be serene. But they never do catch up. Breathlessly they go through the day as if in pursuit of a phantom. Often they live under a great nervous tension. At the end of the day they are exhausted. One hears them speak as if they were subjected to great trials, including over-work. But, as a matter of fact, the trouble lies wholly within themselves. If they would only calm down and do quietly and serenely what they have to do life would take on a wholly different aspect for them, becoming, instead of a torment, a source of peace and happiness."—Los Angeles Times

LAVINIA BRAND

By ELIZABETH M. LEE.

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When Susan Mary Smith became Susan Mary Evans, or, as she preferred it, Mrs. Peter, pretty nearly everything was changed, as well as her name. She had always thought Illinoisville was a darling place to live, but now that they had come to West Greenfield, she was not quite so sure about anything, for in West Greenfield everything was different.

Of course, there was Peter, always there was dear Peter, but even Peter of late had begun to change. He was preoccupied and absent-minded, and as long as she could Susan Mary loyally excused it on the grounds that, of course, the office manager of the biggest bakery for miles around would have to be absent-minded. If he didn't have a worried, careworn expression, argued Susan Mary determinedly, he wouldn't be working, and if he weren't working, he wouldn't be thinking about what happiness he could bring her.

So it was all for her, she thought defiantly, until one awful day when she was tidying Peter's desk in the den, a bit of work she particularly adored. Sorting out the envelopes of different sizes, she had dropped a bit of paper with a scribble of Peter's writing on it. She read it once, twice, and even a third time, and each time her world got darker, for the writing on the paper said:

"Lavinia Brand."

"Now who could Lavinia Brand be?" Susan Mary sat down on the uncomfortable edge of a chair and thought and thought, and the more she thought, the more certain she became. For up in Illinoisville there was a family by the name of Brand, and one of the daughters had gone to school with her. What could be more natural than in these days of anti-evangelism that some German family had dropped the obnoxious "L" and become plain Brand? And that girl—her name began with L, she was sure, Lavinia, Lavinia—what was it?

"I'm positive it's Lavinia," called Susan Mary, and with a sudden, fierce little gesture she tore the offending slip of paper in a hundred pieces.

Then one morning a bit of paper fell out of Peter's coat pocket as he pulled out his handkerchief, and Susan Mary, picking it up, inquired innocently as to what it was, knowing perfectly well that it was "That Name."

With an expression almost guilty Peter snatched it and crammed it back in his pocket, hurriedly telling Susan Mary that it was nothing at all and it was very late and he must hurry or he would miss the car.

The climax came that afternoon, when Peter called up and told her that he was bringing Mr. Grayson to supper. Mr. Grayson was the manager, and Peter worshipped him.

Of course everything went beautifully. Susan Mary was too proud to let Mr. Grayson know that there had been any suspicion of coldness between Peter and herself, and she was honey sweet to both the men. Peter was a bit puzzled, for the atmosphere of late had been decidedly frigid, and, manlike, he put the crowning touch upon it all. As Mr. Grayson was leaving Peter went out to the hall with him, and stood talking in a low voice, but not quite so low but what Susan Mary could hear the manager's voice.

"And Lavinia Brand?" And then Peter's voice, worried, hasty: "For heaven's sake my wife doesn't know anything about that!"

Quite convinced that her heart was broken, Susan Mary still bided her time. She had become quite resigned to the bits of paper floating around everywhere, and she was really very calm and cool and collected when Peter called her up and told her that he was bringing Lavinia Brand home that evening.

"Yes, I remember her," said Susan Mary sweetly, and was rewarded by a burst of laughter from the other end and, "Oh, Lord! You remember her?" and then the receiver clicked aggravingly. But Peter came alone. Only he carried a bundle, which he waved at her as she stood on the piazza, and then wondering at the exultation in his face, she felt herself picked up bodily in his arms, and heard only a confused "Darling! Lavinia Brand—success—fortune's made—" before she had sense enough to disengage herself and demand hysterically what it all meant.

"Here's what it means," cried Peter joyously, waving the package again, and when at last they were safely indoors he opened it, talking all the while. "You see, Grayson wanted some other line besides just bread and rolls, and I sent up to mother for that recipe for crackers she used to make—you know, dear?—and when she sent it back, and they enlarged it we had to have some kind of a nam for them, and because it was she who did it, I took her name, and we called them Lavinia Brand—you know, her name is Lavinia. And we were scared stiff that the other chaps would get hold of it somehow, and we had to keep it such a secret. I couldn't even tell you about it, and I've been so darned worried."

SHOWED HIM HIS VOCATION

But for Fortunate Happening Burglar Might Never Have Suspected Possession of Talents.

Little things, apparently insignificant in themselves when they happen, often determine one's career. Take my own case, for instance, if I may overstep the bounds of modesty to cite a shining example.

It was the simplest of things that showed me my true vocation. Had it not been for this incident I might have never known the powers—aye, the talent—which lay dormant in me. I was coming home one night—one of those misty, wet nights—rather late. The houses on my street are as similar as one pea is to another. I entered what I thought was my own house and felt my way upstairs in the dark. I went into my room and turned on the light.

A charming-looking girl was in bed, and she sat up with a look of terror on her beautiful face, forgetting that she presented a very pretty picture.

"Miss, I beg of you to keep quiet," I entreated. "Oh!" she wailed. "Here, take my rings and my watch and be kind and leave me, please." "Don't yell so. There is a mistake. I thought this was my house." "Oh, please go!" she cried, her voice growing hysterical. "Here is all the money I have. Now, will you go?" "But he quiet or—"

"I shall scream in a minute," she cried, and I realized in a second she would be beyond reasoning with.

And that is how I came to enter the profession where I now shine with the best of them.

I am a bang-up burglar.—New York Evening Post.

WAS FIRST HUNGER STRIKER

Dubious "Honor" Said to Belong to Scotsman Who Lived During the Sixteenth Century.

The first man to adopt the method of the hunger strike as a protest against his imprisonment was a Scotsman named John Scot, who lived during the sixteenth century. Having been defeated in a lawsuit, and fined himself unable to pay, he took sanctuary in the abbey of Holyrood house. There out of dissentment of the findings of the court, he resolutely abstained from food for 30 or 40 days. His fame spread rapidly, and the king, hardly crediting the account of his fast, confined him in a private room in Edinburgh castle. No man was allowed access to the room, and at the end of 32 days the king was satisfied and he was released. A short time afterward he went to Rome, where he gave a similar exhibition of his powers of fasting before the pope. From Rome he traveled to Venice, carrying with him the pope's seal as a testimony of his powers, and gave another exhibition for the benefit of the Venetians. After a considerable time abroad he returned to England, where he delivered numerous sermons against the divorce of Henry VIII. For this offense he was arrested and thrust into prison, where he continued to hunger strike for a period of 50 days.

Quaint Epitaphs in Burial Grounds.

And here are two epitaphs from the United States. The first is in a Nevada burial ground, runs: "Sacred to the memory of Hank Monk, the whitest, biggest-hearted, and best stage-driver of the West, who was kind to all, though ill of none. He had lived in a strange era, and was a hero; and the wheels of his coach are now ringing on golden streets."

The second also belongs to the Far West: "To Lem S. Frame, who, during his life, shot 80 Indians, whom the Lord delivered into his hands, and who was looking forward to making up his hundred before the end of the year, when he fell asleep in Jesus at his house at Hawk's Ferry, March 27, 1943."—London Post.

Little Change in Toys.

The North American Indians of today are playing—barring the few American toys which find their way into the reservations—with the same sort of toys that the Egyptian children cried, laughed and fought over.

An Indian rattle made of the skin of snake filled with small pebbles and decorated with a feather, bits of colored cloth and thongs of deer skin is exactly the same in principle and little different in makeup from the rattles of the ancients. The copy of a warrior's shield of skin stretched taut over a reed frame, which is the joy of many an Indian boy is made in exact reproduction of that of his father even to the designs and colors used in its decoration.

Used Word "Indian" Carelessly.

Our ancestors took apparently many liberties in the use of the word "Indian" as an adjective, and liberties which at this time cannot be explained, says the Washington Post. As an example of the strange use to which our ancestors put "Indian," there is "Indian tobacco," and everybody knows, and everybody knew, Indians cultivated tobacco and smoked it. Yet the term Indian tobacco was given to a plant that is not tobacco but a member of the lobelia family and a common plant in dry fields and thickets. There is no reason and was no reason to think that Indians had anything to do with this plant.

A Christmas Habit Worth While

The presentation of a useful gift to the home by the members of the family at Christmas time is a mighty good habit and one well worth emulating.

To those who have already contracted the habit and to those who will try the plan for the first time, the coming Christmas, we suggest that your gift will afford greater and more lasting pleasure if it is of a kind that will lighten the burden of the one upon whom the work of the household devolves.

At this time we present for your consideration the gas range, preferably the cabinet type, because it eliminates stooping. There is no more dependable labor saving, nor more economical cooking medium, all things considered, than the gas range.

The installation of a gas water heater preserves the good temper of the entire family by furnishing an un-failing source of hot water supply.

These things kill drudgery and make home life more pleasurable, therefore, an order for either one or both of them would constitute an ideal Christmas gift for the home.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Evidence in the Case. "What a funny dog!" "I daresay what makes you think that is his waggy-tail?"

The Usual Popularity. The Artist—Fond of pictures? The Patron—My oath! Hardly ever miss a night.—Sydney Bulletin.

Paradoxical Endorsement. "People like an optimistic doctor." "Yet a doctor is by his very profession a man of ill omen."

Going Right Through. Katherine—"Is he making money as a surgeon?" Kidder—"Yes, he's rapidly carving his way to fortune."

Always Loses. "You're a good loser." "I ought to be. I get so much practice at it."

A Good Memory. "Has he a good memory?" "I'll say so. He can even remember his wife's birthday."

Practice and Theory. "Jubbs was a crank about the simple life." "Naturally; he is now in a home for the feeble-minded."

Not the Same. "Mrs. Gaddy has no conversation." "Why, she talks incessantly." "Who said she didn't?"

On the Job. "Doc, I'm sick of coming to you with this bill." "Sick? I'll gladly prescribe."

Filver-Jitney Nuptials. "The wedding was a filver." "You mean that it was a tin one."—Buffalo Express.

It Should Be Free. "I believe in free speech!" "That's nice, I'd hate to have to pay to hear you!"

Not Impressed. "How does that woman judge impress you?" "I think her gown is a fright."

Familiar Appeal. "Do you believe you can get women to understand a blanket ballot?" "Certainly, if it is marked down."

Paradoxical. "John has such a queer antipathy." "How so?" "He has rooted dislike to potted plants."

Its Date. "What has become of the futurist craze?" "Strangely enough, it has gone into past history."

His Name Fits Him. "Doesn't Closeman pass the plate in church?" "No; he lets the plate pass him."

And They Always Get Him. "An obstinate man," said Jud Tun-kins, "is not punished for his mistakes, but by them."

Not at All. "As you say, Roger, one may register a vow, but that doesn't give it a vote."—Boston Transcript.

Fragmentary Conversation. Pamela—"She let fall a few remarks."—Shebba—"That's why she spoke in such broken tones."

Reason is a man's guard and moral principle his safeguard. An office-seeker always harps on the need of political reform.

IMPORTANT FOR

MOTHERS TO KNOW

Thousands of mothers all over the country depend on Father John's Medicine to keep their little ones well and strong during the early fall months.

They know that it is pure and wholesome, free from alcohol and dangerous drugs and very effective in the treatment of coughs, colds and as a tonic and strength builder.

Received Into Sodality

Ten young women were received into the Sodality of the Children of Mary at services held in Corpus Christi Church Wednesday night. The ceremonies were preceded by a procession. The Rt. Rev. D. J. Curran, V. G., officiated. Those received were Dolores Casey, Irene Marum, Helen Cole, Elizabeth Byrne, Mary Fraher, Frances McCarthy, Mary Meahan, Peggy Meahan, Margaret Mapes and Nellie O'Connell.

Important Notice.

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