

BETTY

By RUBY H. MARTYN.

(C. 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Betty Allen's red hair flamed loose in the sunlight as she ran up the trim gravel path with the letter clutched in one hand and the soft parcel tucked carelessly under her blue gingham sleeve.

"Very nice about wanting me to come and send a present to wear," she paraphrased at the end.

Her brother Bob mumbled something into the hand towel he was using on his sud-sudged face.

"I suppose city people expect a country girl to have dowdy duds," flared Betty, as she flipped the ham again.

"Find out what's come before you clear off the handle," suggested Bob.

Betty snipped the parcel string with the lampwick scissors, which happened to be handiest.

"Red!" gasped Betty, flushing hotly. Bob gazed with rapt admiration at the crepe de chine that glowed and gleamed in his sister's hands.

"It's a peach of a color," he said. "I'll make me look like a perfect fright! You never heard of a red dress on a red-haired girl, and I might just as well give up the whole trip as wear this color a single time."

"Then why in tunket didn't they send a black piece of goods?" temporized Bob.

"I hate black," flushed Betty. "I hate the everlasting colors red hats has to wear, and if you know how I want to get into the glarriest red that other girls can, you'd wonder I don't use hair dye."

"Send the goods back. Tell the Jane we can get up clothes enough for you," said Bob.

"I'd go in my old silk if this wasn't red. I don't know just what to think, Bob. Either cousin Jane is an awful cat, or she wants to see her present come flying back, and I declare if she is going to see that!"

There was a very smile on Betty's piquant face as she put the smooth folds of the silken stuff on a parlor chair. She was determined to run the gauntlet of cousin Jane and the Winslow family with her head in the air.

She reached the city some weeks later in the dusk of a featherly snow. Her new shoes slid awkwardly on the soft rugs that lay on cousin Jane's polished floors.

"The child has red hair!" she wailed. "I knew Don raved about red, but I never guessed the reason."

"I wonder if her temper matches," he ventured. "I wonder what she thought of that red stuff. The Allens always did have sense enough to know when they are insulted. But if Betty shows herself to Don Winslow in that shade of red he'll blink."

Cousin Jane snapped the clasp of her bracelet. She crossed the hall and knocked at Betty's door.

"Don's voice was what Cousin Jane heard as she went down the wide staircase, and a slender, radiant Betty in shimmering black sniled shyly from the deep chair Don had drawn to the open fire."

At midnight Betty knelt by Cousin Jane, too happy for many words. "Don's determined to keep loving me, and his people were dear. And when I'm so happy I don't want to be going a bit under false colors. Dear Cousin Jane, I dyed your beautiful red present until it was black as a hat. And I made it into this dress because I wanted Don to keep loving me."

"You are a dear, loyal diplomat," smiled Cousin Jane. Betty jumped to her feet. "Trust a red-haired girl!" she said, gaily.

Lamp for Every Inhabitant. The production of electric lamps in the United States now approximates 150,000,000 annually, or about one for every inhabitant of the country.

NEBULA SHOWS SOME SPEED

Body Flying Through the Heavens at Rate of Two Thousand Kilometers a Second.

The Lowell observatory in Flagstaff, Ariz., has held a stop watch on the fastest moving object ever discovered. The spiral nebula catalogued as No. 584, Dreyer's catalogue, constellation of Cetus, is flying through the heavens at the rate of 2,000 kilometers a second. An airplane going at this speed would circumnavigate the earth at the equator in less than half a minute. The spiral nebulae are the swiftest moving objects in the known universe, but no one has ever before been detected shooting through the heavens at much more than half the speed of 584 Dreyer-Cetus. Most stars move slowly and sedately along at about 100 kilometers a second. What is perhaps rather humiliating to us earth dwellers is the fact that 584 Dreyer-Cetus is moving in the direction away from our own earth and sun.

SPORT ADORED BY FILIPINOS

Cock Fighting the One Occupation That Appeals to the Heart of the Brown Brothers.

In every one of the larger cities of the Philippines and throughout every one of the thousands of little barrios—from northern Luzon to southern Mindanao—little barrios that fringe the ocean's edge or nestle among the hills, there is but one universal and adored sport, but one game that is pre-eminently popular from the mountain fastnesses of Moroland, and that is cock fighting.

Every Sunday morning—for Sunday is the great day for the sport—at the first crack of dawn along the roads and trails that lead into the little settlements and on the streets that twist through the smelly and ramshackle barrios, will be met numbers of Filipinos walking with a quick, jaunty step, anticipation written plainly upon their brown faces and an unusual light in their dark eyes.

Lost Lincoln a Mystery.

An oil painting of Abraham Lincoln 25 by 35 inches in size, rescued several years ago from a pile of supposed worthless furniture taken from the old Red Lion Inn in Philadelphia, today forms a mystery over which there is much discussion by artists. After its rescue the picture was hung in a Philadelphia residence where a painter, Baruch M. Feldman, happened upon it and purchased it. He began the work of reclaiming it, and after the dirt had been removed the portrait stood out, clear and well defined in all its features.

Shows Kindergarten's Value.

The importance of the kindergarten as an Americanizing influence was urged by Maj. Bradley Martin, president of the National Kindergarten association, at the recent regional citizens conference in New York.

May Discover Earth's Secret.

On the shores of Lough Neagh, in Ireland, mysterious explosions, generally occurring in warm and fine weather, have long been known as "water guns."

Hope for Us Yet.

"What do you regard as the bulwark of the nation?" "The common sense of the plain people."

High Cost of Film Realism.

Director—Now you must perform the execution most naturally. The ax must be razor keen and must descend to within a hair's breadth of the neck of the murderer.

THE NEW MAID

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

(C. 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Donald Sinclair picked up the magazine that had been left in the subway, idly. He had no special interest in it; it had merely been occupying the space where he wished to sit.

Back in his mind, but not in so exaggerated a proportion as to mar his outlook, was the wish that he was going home to a well-regulated household, to a dinner nicely served in their own small dining room instead of one that his sister Jean had had to prepare after her own hard day's work.

Their experience with housekeepers had been unsuccessful. It was with a very grave delight then that Donald found the magazine he had picked up so idly to contain something that pointed the road to happiness. A letter of recommendation, non-apparently lost by its owner, was sticking between the pages of the magazine. It read:

"To whom it may concern: This is to state that Gladys Turner has been in my employ as general housekeeper for three years. She is an excellent cook, is strictly honest, neat, clean and a splendid manager. She is leaving my employ only because my son has fallen in love with her, and made it trying for her with his attentions. She has my highest recommendation."

The letter was signed and the telephone and address of the writer added. Donald did not confide in Jean until his plans should be perfected. The outcome was that Gladys Turner called at the office of Sinclair & Co. and was ushered in for an interview with Donald.

She was neatly dressed and very nicely spoken. "My sister and I are out all day—my sister being the editor of a woman's magazine. I want very much to have you take entire charge of the home, planning meals and everything done that will leave my sister entirely free from worry. I will pay you \$100 a month, and there is a very dainty room in our apartment for you. We are not in any way different people," he added with a rare smile.

Gladys Turner bitoged in her chair and tried to speak easily, but her task was hard. Finally she found her voice.

"I have never worked in this way," she confessed. "That letter is part of a story I am writing, but I am not too well fixed financially, and really am honest and a splendid cook and could manage your household very easily." She looked up at Donald, awaiting his verdict.

"That she had quite taken away his breath was a self-evident fact. "All I ask," she added a trade wistfully, "is to be left alone to write when I am finished with your work."

"That seems little enough to ask," Donald said out of the maze of his thoughts. So it happened that an evening later Jean arrived home after a weary day to find a daintily set table, a beautifully cooked meal and a neat girl in spotless apron ready to serve her and her brother in their own dining room.

Donald had sprung many happy surprises on his sister, but this crowned them all. It was like a dream come true.

"Are you quite, quite sure I will not awaken to have to run out and get a few chops, a baker's cake and some tinned vegetables for our dinner?" she questioned Donald.

"Not this time, sis. The way I got that girl would almost make a movie plot. I'll tell you all about it later."

And Gladys reached a splendid contentment in the home of the Sinclairs. She had hours of uninterrupted concentration, and her material was finding ready markets.

Donald began to feel terribly aggrieved that he was excluded from the long confabs held between Jean and Gladys.

Donald was pacing the floor in lonesome wrath. He frowned darkly, then heamed as suddenly.

He strode into the hall and pounded on that closed door. "Well, what's the idea?" asked Jean.

"Nothing, except that I am just darned lonesome. I want to go to the movies and no one will go with me."

Jean laughed. "We didn't hear ourselves being invited or even expressing a dislike for movies."

"Well," blurted Donald, "I didn't want Gladys to leave her position for the same reason as she left the other." He looked boyishly but very pleadingly at the two women he loved most on earth.

Gladys blushed hotly and Jean shot a swift glance at her brother. She had known this was coming and hoped for its early settlement, but Donald's way was a bit unusual. She smiled up at him. Her eyes then lingered on the blushing girl who had risen to such splendid heights both as a woman and a writer.

There was a lovely glow in the girl's eyes as she looked up. "I have not as yet been annoyed by attentions," she said softly.

"But look out from now on," laughed Donald, and swept both women into a great bear hug.

CATHOLIC JOURNAL Advertisers Deserve Your Patronage. Promote the circulation of the Catholic Press by patronizing the concerns who use this medium of advertising.

O'Connell's Millinery. It will pay you to take advantage of our money saving sale of up-to-the-minute TRIMMED HATS. Large assortment to select from. No two alike. Open Evenings until nine 477 Monroe Ave. near Meigs St.

Our Motto—Square Dealing CHAS. LIPPINCOTT TRIBUNE, CLEVELAND, VALUE and ROCHESTER. National Bicycles Emblem 484 State Street. Stone 7955 Headquarters for Racing Models.

HOW TO SAVE \$36 Brand new Oliver Typewriters—Standard Visible—latest model—was \$100, now \$64. Free trial—no money down. Over a Year to pay. Cheaper than renting. Cheaper than a second-hand or rebuilt machine. Investigate this offer. Oliver Typewriter Agency 458 East Main St. Main 387

Sheet Metal Works. Art Craft Roofing Beautiful Designs also Tin, Asphalt and Slag Roofing Furnace Work, Ventilators, Blower Pipes, Range Hoods and All Kinds of Sheet Metal Work. F. E. HAYES CO. 44 Aqueduct Street 'Phones—Main 5703, Stone 7782

Can You Afford to stick to a rut, when an opportunity for bettering your position is open to you. Think it over and then come and see us. National Automobile School, 45 Stone street. Day and Night classes.

PICTURE FRAMING. And gold gilding, paintings restored, old frames re-gilded, mirrors resilvered. Scavogle's Art Rooms 65 State St. Home Phone Stone 2093-L. LAWRENCE DI BELLIS, PROP.

A Comfortable Home requires little thought, good taste and neatly upholstered easy chairs. OUR UPHOLSTERING is done artistically, yet we understand how to take out all the lumps and discomfort and make chairs soft and easy. Why not give us a trial? Rochester Upholstering Co. MAIN 5161, 33 South Water St. STONE 4910

Genesee Hotel and Turkish Bath 54 N. Fitzhugh St. Turkish Baths.....\$1.25 Rooms.....1.25 Room and Turkish Bath.....2.00 Separate Department for Ladies. Gifts That Last Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Diamonds, Cut Glass, Pyrex BELLOWS & HOWDEN JEWELERS 195 Genesee Street

Ryan & McIatec UNDERTAKERS 196 Main Street West Home Phone 1444 Bell Phone 3923. Burke & McHugh CARTING CO. Light Auto Cars for General Delivery 163 North St. Main 7111 Phone Stone 3295. Thomas B. Mooney FUNERAL DIRECTOR 93 Edinburgh Street Home Phone 2413 Bell 127

Furniture and Piano Movers Sam Gottry Carting Co. OFFICE, POWERS BLDG. State St. Entrance Both Phones Auto Vans for out of town Moving

La May Drug Co. PRESCRIPTION SERVICE 858 Dewey Ave. Cor. Driving Park Av. Rochester, N. Y.

Wm. H. Rossenbach Funeral Director Lady Assistant 645 Main St. West. THOMAS G. CHISSELL (Succeeded by Du-Mond-Van Curan Co.) Plumbing & Gas Fitting Hot Air Furnaces Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Work 443 MONROE AVE. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SEES TURKISH RULE AMUSING

English Author Finds Funny Side to Life in Jerusalem Under the Crescent.

The tradition of Turkish rule in Palestine as one finds it in Jerusalem is simply a joke, declares G. K. Chesterton in his book, "The New Jerusalem." All the stories about it are jokes and often very good jokes. My own favorite incident is that which is still commemorated in the English cathedral by an enormous hole in the floor.

The Turks dug up the pavement looking for concealed British artillery, because they had been told that the bishop had given his blessing to two cannons. The bishop had, indeed, recently appointed two canons to the service of the church, but he had not secreted them under the floor of the cathedral. There was another agreeable incident when the Turkish authorities by an impulsive movement of religious toleration, sent for a Greek priest to bury Greek soldiers, and told him to take his choice in a heap of corpses of all creeds and colors.

But at once the most curious and the most common touch of comedy is the perpetual social introduction to solid and smiling citizens who have been nearly hanged by the Turks. The fortunate gentleman seems still to be regarding his escape with a broad grin. If you were introduced to a polite Frenchman who had come straight from the guillotine, or to an affable American who had only just vacated the electrical chair, you would feel a faint curiosity about the whole story. If a friend introduced somebody saying, "My friend, Robinson; his sentence has just been commuted to penal servitude," or "My Uncle William, just come from Dartmoor prison," your mind and perhaps lips would faintly form the syllables "What for?" But evidently, under Turkish rule, being hanged was like being knocked down by a cab; it might happen to anybody.

Knew His Own Dog.

The county superintendent of schools stopped at a farm home one evening and expected to spend the night there. He became friendly with a little boy at the home. When the boy's dog came near him he asked the boy if it were savage. "No, sir," said the boy. "It's shepherd."

High Cost of Film Realism.

Director—Now you must perform the execution most naturally. The ax must be razor keen and must descend to within a hair's breadth of the neck of the murderer. Murderer—I demand a raise in salary.—Lustige Blatter (Berlin).

HARBOR FOR SHIPS OF AIR

Artist Has Given Us Picture of Probability of the Not Far Distant Future.

Something very unique in the way of a terminal station for future traveling is suggested in Flight. It is a picture by Roderic Hill showing an aerial terminus, or the "White Moonline," raised aloft over a seaport. It is not a flat air-drome situated on the surface, but a huge circular structure which towers far above the tallest buildings of the city. On its top-most circumference, platforms swinging on a circular railed bed are carried by two rotating arms on which aero liners light and from which they take off. On the left of this great tower is a passenger elevator with two cars carrying passengers to and from the embarking level. Inside this structure is a huge elevator for lowering the aero liners for refitting and repair, and in its mysterious depths we can picture workshops lit by flickering arc lamps, where hundreds of mechanics work busily day and night. With such terminal as this, the future industrial magnates will be looking up at their captains as each in his respective craft draws near to exchange or deposit the cargo in his care, and then it will be that the dreamer of today will behold the fulfillment of his vision.

Foe of Dandelions.

East and west, north and south in this fair land of ours, one of the greatest pests to a beautiful lawn is the dandelion. The more we try to get them eliminated the more they thrive. Now the surest remover is a few geese. They prefer dandelion to anything else. If one cannot afford to buy the geese, for they are expensive, get a few of their eggs, give them to an old hen. She will hatch and raise them. They are sturdy little fellows.

Omaha Big Butter Maker.

More than \$25,000,000 worth of butter was manufactured in Omaha during 1920, according to an estimate by the Omaha chamber of commerce, members of which report that the city in Nebraska still retains its position as the chief city of this industry in the United States.

Hard to Convince.

A man may look like a statesman and still be a dhub," remarked the disgruntled citizen. "I'm not denying that," said Senator Shortsworthy. "What makes me doubt the wisdom of the plain people is the fact that it sometimes takes the constituents of that kind of officeholder twenty years to get his number."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Women to Study Architecture.

Women have been admitted for the first time as Associates of the Royal Victorian Institute of Architects and the Sydney Institute of Architects, and the new department of architecture in Sydney university has attracted a number of enthusiastic women students.

Just Learning.

She—Am I the only girl you ever loved? He—Yes, but I am young yet.

Between Friends.

Nell—"Is it really true that you're going to divorce Bob?" Bella—"Yes, I'm tired of being alone."

Close Up.

"Love thy neighbor." "Yes, and maybe he will get close enough for you to hit him."

Correct.

Teacher—What can you tell me about the kings of ancient Egypt? Pupil—They are all dead, sir.

Or—Dead!

A recent sign seen in a feed store reads like this: "If eggs don't make your hens lay—they're roosters."

Persistent as Duns.

"Aren't you afraid your sins will find you out?" "What if they do—they're sure to call again."

With the Best Intentions.

"Willie, what are you doing with that old can?" "I'm ollin' baby's tongue so he kin talk."—From Life.

No Exceptions.

"Yes, this is my daughter, the greatest child actress in the world." "They all are."

An Efficiency Expert.

Boss—"What would you do if we were to exchange places?" Office Boy—"Fire the office boy, sir."

Intropection.

"If a man would consult his mirror as much as a woman does he might learn a great deal about himself," remarked the near philosopher. "I doubt it," said the observant citizen. "The average matinee idol is not half as good at self-analysis as some homely, bald-headed fellow who never sees himself in a mirror except when he shaves."—Birmingham Age-Herald.