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 Turkish Baths ..... \$1.25  
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 Separate Department for Ladies

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**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 discom-  
 fort and make chairs soft and easy.  
 Why not give us a trial?  
**Rochester Upholstering Co.**  
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**Furniture and Piano Movers**  
**Sam Gottry Carting Co.**  
 OFFICE, POWERS BLDG.  
 State St. Entrance Both Phones  
 Auto Vans for out of town Moving.

**WORSE THAN ANCIENT FORMS**  
 Oldtime Ordeal by Fire and Water  
 Declared Eclipsed by That of  
 Modern Travel.

Those who opine that the widely advertised ordeals and trials of the olden days were the only sin-pure specimens have another opinion coming to them. Their opinion, I may say, are badly out of kilter, writes Kenneth L. Roberts in the Saturday Evening Post. There was a time when I could shudder as with the pulsary at some of the trials upon which mankind deliberately embarked before the old world had become as showpans as it now is; but now that I have looked more deeply into the matter I can't get a shudder out of any of them. They weren't genuine, blown-in-the-glass articles at all. Anybody could beat the game. There was always a little shop up an alley where for a certain consideration one could buy fireproofing material guaranteed to carry him safely through trial by fire, or an imitation stomach which could be lowered cunningly down the throat so that trial by poison could be safely negotiated, or asbestos paint of such potency that after three coats had been applied to the soles of the feet the owner of the feet could not only skip lightly across nine red-hot plowshares, but could even do a marathon on them if the occasion demanded it. No; the gentlemen back in the dark ages who went through fire and water in order to demonstrate their worthiness to tall willowy blonds who lived in unheated stone castles and were therefore subject to inflammatory rheumatism were not so hardy and reckless as some people suppose. And there is a present-day trial which makes those cleverly pressed, aged trials of the molly past look rickety and undernourished and nauseated. I refer to that celebrated European ordeal known as trial by travel.

**A One-Funnel Canard.**  
 The new Canard, Syria, according to an English newspaper, is to have only one funnel, for all her 20,000 tons. Three was when a liner's standing was in direct ratio with the number of her funnels. Four funnels indicated A1 rank. One famous steamship was, it is said, equipped with an unnecessary fourth funnel simply for appearance's sake. But now, it seems, the funnels are to go, for only one is really necessary. From the Outlook.

**Seals Migrate Early.**  
 The protective measure adopted by the government for the benefit of the seals in American waters has been entirely successful, as indicated by the great number of animals seen to be migrating to the Arctic seas. The migration was three weeks earlier than usual, and an unusually large number of animals were noted on their way to the North.

**CONCERNING WOMEN**

Queen Mary of England is an expert milliner.

Great Britain has only 35 peewees in their own right.

Shoes worn by some Chinese women are only five inches long.

Crimson was the first Mohammedan country to give votes to women.

The late Queen Victoria was a clever designer of Christmas cards.

More than 85 per cent of the women in France have chestnut hair.

It is estimated that 100,000,000 women can vote in the world today.

Boston has policemen whose duty it is to patrol the Boston commons.

President-elect Harding's favorite name for his wife is "the duchess."

Women won every municipal office in Yoncalla, Ore., in the recent election.

The latest fad among the women in France is the wearing of jeweled garters.

Women constitute approximately one-fourth of the idle people in Germany.

If a woman refuses to vote in Czechoslovakia she is sentenced to prison.

In Sweden a husband and wife may dissolve their marriage on agreement or legal application.

The cantonal government of Basle has recognized the right of women to occupy the pulpits in that country.

Under the provisions of the new Swedish marriage law the wife is compelled to help support the family.

Girl students at Kailfeng, China, are being arrested for walking about the streets with their hair cut short.

More English surnames begin with "W" than with any other letter.

When a democracy fails, it is because the majority lacks judgment.

A genuine friend will indorse at least nine out of ten of your boasts.

Nothing succeeds like success, because confidence is the steam engine.

Advice is always given "to admit a mistake" by those who haven't made it.

**KIND-HEARTED LITTLE BOBBY**

He Meant Well, but He Won't Go to the Movies With Mamma Again for a While.

Bobby, a four-year-old Columbus boy, is an observing youngster; also, he is kind-hearted and willing to oblige, characteristics that were brought out in a recent incident which was embarrassing to his mother. Bobby's mother is young and pretty, and to enhance her good looks has frequent recourse to a powderpuff, with the usual remark that she fears her face is shiny.

One night this week Bobby sat with his mother in a movie, and directly in front of them sat a bald-headed man. His head was shiny, and this attracted Bobby's attention.

"Say, mother," he said excitedly, "that man's head is awful shiny, isn't it?" His mother's look of distress evidently was interpreted by Bobby to mean sympathy for the man with shiny head, for he said, loud enough to be heard for several rows of seats, "Mother, couldn't you lend him your powderpuff?"—Indianapolis News.

**DIDN'T LAST LONG ENOUGH**  
 Possibly the "Woman in the Sky" Didn't Use a Really Good Kind of Feather.

Two little tots were still trying out Christmas sleds although it was a week or more after the holiday and the short hill down which they were coasting was entirely devoid of snow in spots. They would slide along for a few feet until they came to a bare spot, drag their sleds over the barren place to the next patch of snow and repeat.

"Where does the snow come from?" the smaller of the two children, a boy of about four, suddenly asked.

"My mother says it is some woman way up in the sky shaking her pillows until the feathers fall out," was the naive reply of his companion.

"Well," explained the boy, after a thoughtful pause, "I wish her feathers wouldn't melt."

**Why Peas Were Taboo.**  
 The boy had been "over there" and was now returned to his small home town and amid an admiring group was airing his knowledge of all he had learned. At last, in speaking of farm life in France during the war, he turned to an aged inhabitant of the village and said:

"And would you believe it, St. the French did not dare to plant peas during the war?"

"Why not?" innocently inquired the old farmer.

"Because," explained the boy, "the enemy might have come along and shelled them."

**TRUE GOLD LADY**

By MOLLIE MATHER.  
 (© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

No one would have accused John Towers of harboring romantic dreams, yet, half-unconsciously, at the back of his well-ordered bachelor life was kept a dimly colored picture of a glorified being who should one day become his wife—one day, for the attainment seemed ever farther off. John's measure of success in business had not fulfilled boyish promise, though the village bank had grown to reality through his tireless and systematic effort.

The bank had been but part of a store when John began as its ambitious cashier. Now he was president and owner and the small white-pillared building, the finest on Main street, John Towers' home was also capably managed, with meals always just on time, and regular cleaning and baking days never varied.

His elderly sister followed John's ways of prudence and matter-of-factness. And if she had visioned for her brother a wife it was some sensible and efficient creature who would continue sufficiently the daily routine. Could she have seen her brother's dream picture she would have been astonished and alarmed. As resident young women and visitors coming from far and near failed as time passed to arouse John's serious interest, his sister settled down assured of her continued comfortable reign. And then John saw the White and Gold lady. That is the name his heart instantly gave her as he walked idly one Sunday morning to the farthest end of the lane, "Lovers Lane," the young folk called it, but until John came thinking back again later by the White and Gold lady's side he had never appreciated the meaning of the name. She was sitting on a bench built round the old park tree when he first found her. Her dress was white and her hair was gold and she held some marigolds in her white fingers.

"If you please," asked the White and Gold lady, with a smile that was golden too, "could you tell me the way to Willow Lawn house? I'm a visitor there and started for the woods and I can't get back; the turns are so very confusing."

John Towers drew a happy breath of anticipation.

"I will be delighted to show you the way," he offered, and that was the beginning of the end. A small-town banker seemed not a desirable husband to the father of the White and Gold lady. And he told her so with an emphasis which hurried her into marriage. For Lily had to make her choice between father and lover and she made it inevitably, trustfully—while the old capitalist window in injured pride to his great home.

So for a time did routine and order. But Lily, the dainty, tried to cook and menu, with the same intensity that had carried her through music and study; and if household tasks were not always accomplished, John Towers, coming broodingly from his bank, found awaiting him deliciously cooked meals that tempted his flagging appetite.

Things were not going well with the bank on the village street and John wondered and wondered—about the White and Gold lady.

Then the bank failed. The circumstances were unforeseen and unavoidable, yet he blamed himself. And when he could no longer bear the pathos of Lily's patient face, he bade her go away some place for a visit.

Obviously his wife went. If he had expected her to demur he did not show his disappointment. It was an old school friend that Lily selected to visit in her old college city.

The friend had been inviting her for a long time. And when John found that he could no longer bear the haunting loneliness of his own desolate home he took of the small savings which could Lily be spared for even that purpose and traveled the miles to see Lily. She was more the White and Gold lady than ever in a filmy white frock at a tea her hostess was giving.

The yellow-shaded candles shone on her yellow-gold hair. He sighed hopelessly at the difference between their present lives. "I will go back," he told her huskily, "to my failures. The pity of it is that I should ever have brought you to share them." Lily drew him aside.

"Dearest," she said, "you are not going home to failure; and when I have finished here what I am doing, then I will come back to you—forever. An idea of how to help you occurred to me as I journeyed and I have been putting that idea into practice. You see the charming arrangements of this tea Helen is giving? Well, I am responsible for it all, and I have managed dozens for friends who used to be with me at college. The orders and the money just grew! And it was not charity, John, for my charges were the same as those paid to former caterers. But now my work is almost done. When father heard of my plan, and its success, he wrote hastily, sympathetically. And when you return home I think that you will find him there ready to help in the rebuilding of your business. This time it will be on a sure basis, John; this time you will grow to success."

And as John Towers bent reverently to the radiant face of his wife he said softly:

"Oh! My pure white—my true gold lady!"

**"WENT IN" WITHOUT ARMOR**

Doughboy Resented Imputation Which Museum Exhibit Seemed to Convey to the World.

A veteran of the A. E. F., wandering among the armor exhibits at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, found himself suddenly face to face with a "tin hat"—approved A. E. F. model—ceremoniously installed in a glass case of its own near the haystack-shaped helmets of the early Tartar tribes and the halberds and billhooks of the European Middle ages. It made him feel historic and important—for a short moment—until his eye took in the rest of the exhibit below the tin hat.

There was a complete suit of armor made out of the same metal as the tin hat, and it comprised a neckpiece, a breastplate, a stomach shield and a pair of thigh guards, all overlapping, and a string of overlapping steel plates down each arm—all strapped to a dummy doughboy dressed in O. D. and wearing the tin hat. It was labeled "American Armor."

"It's all wrong," said the veteran to an attendant. "There wasn't anything like that over there."

"But," said the attendant, "the sign here says at the bottom 'Experimental Armor,'" pointing to a small card inside the case. "I suppose that means to say it wasn't used in practice."

"Well, it doesn't say it clearly enough for me," said the veteran. He went off vowing indignantly that he would lodge a protest with the museum authorities or with the American Legion "or with somebody."—New York Sun.

**HELPS SOUTH SEA NATIVES**

School Founded by English Woman Has Been of Benefit in Inculcating Self Reliance.

North of Fiji, in one of the islands of the Ellice group of the South seas, education of a practical nature has been going on, and a deserted coral island has been the scene of a school for girls where not only the ordinary curriculum of European schools has been in force but house-building, boat-building and other necessary arts of a Robinson Crusoe life. When the school was started there was not another living person on the island of Papualise, which is an enchanting island, three-quarters of a mile long and about a hundred yards in width, its shores surrounded by coral reefs and the bluest of blue seas.

The school was started by an Englishwoman, Miss Joffe, in 1912, and she has been the head in this island of learning in the South seas till the present time, when she felt it was time to take a holiday. Devoted to her girls as they are to her, she tells of their self-reliance and capability. They built their own houses and dormitories with the help of a few native men, whose services were shortly dispensed with, and only one old man retained to help in the coco plantations. There are about 2,000 coconut trees on the island and the girls look after them.

**Declared Nature Exempt.**

There is another story told by Professor Roerich which results in the hearer asking for assurance of its truth, which is given. It seems that certain enthusiastic revolutionists in authority in Moscow decided that a highly decorative and significant effect could be produced by painting the grass and the trees about the government buildings in Moscow a bright red. Orders were given and the government painters set themselves industriously to work giving an appearance to the official vegetation which we commonly attribute to growth on the planet Mars. Whereupon the startled workmen and soldiers of the city marched through the streets and made solemn protest against painting the trees and grass of the city red. Their wishes in the matter were respected and nature was relieved of the necessity of subscribing to the soviet code.—Christian Science Monitor.

**Insistent Hostess.**

Eight-year-old Ruth was having her first party. Before the guests came mother gave her a long talk on the duties of a hostess, and told her to be sure that every one was served with all the refreshments. And Ruth promised.

But among the guests was one little miss who was very shy. She didn't play any of the games, she didn't converse, and when the ice cream was brought forward refused to take any. Then Ruth came over to her. "You must eat some," she insisted, offering her another dish of cream.

The little visitor shook her head. "I don't want any," she persisted.

"But you must eat it," Ruth insisted. "You must eat it even if you have to throw it up afterward."

**Use Care in Handling Powder.**

Opening a wooden keg of black blasting powder with a wooden tool might appear to be the safest of methods, yet the United States bureau of mines calls attention to a number of serious accidents resulting from the practice. The habit in many places has been to drive a hardwood spike through the head of the keg, and in several instances the motion of the powder has directly followed. The cause remains unexplained, though any one of a number of actions may be responsible. Because of the demonstrated danger, it is recommended that powder be extracted from its kegs only by way of the bung-hole, even if more time is required.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

**LEAST OF THESE**

By EMMA L. BATSON.  
 (© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

"I've fully made up my mind, Emily, to go to work. With Jack's consent! No! Certainly not! But what does that matter? He can give no good, sensible reason, to my way of thinking, why I shouldn't stay at home. Says Paul needs a mother's care. Just imagine!—a boy over ten years old tied to his mother's apron strings!"

"Oh, yes. I knew you're terribly shocked, and all that sort of thing; so is Jack, for that matter; but I'm going to work Monday morning, in spite of every obstacle, and the old house and—and everything else can take care of themselves. Let the neighbors talk if they want to; besides, when they're talking about me they're giving someone else a rest."

Emily burst into a gale of laughter at the picture before her, but her mood changed suddenly as she returned thoughtfully:

"My dear, I know just how you feel. I was once in exactly the same position as you are. I wanted good times and fine clothes above everything else in the world—or at least I thought I did, until experience taught me better. Would you care to have me tell you about it?"

"Hear! Hear!" exclaimed Beatrice enthusiastically to an imaginary audience. "Fellow citizens, the little gray mouse has finally consented to disclose the horrors of the business world. Lead on, fair one; convert me, if you can."

Emily smiled understandingly at her romantic little friend and replied:

"You're bound I shall tell you a thrilling story of adventure and hardship, aren't you, Beatrice? You will be disappointed, I know, for this is just a drab little tale."

She patted the flaxen curls of her younger daughter, Laura, while she watched with keen interest her boisterous, affectionate little tomboy, Louise, as she raced through the yard laughing joyously.

"A mother's place, my friend, is with her children, first, last and always. No one else can take her place. No one else can possibly know just what their little hearts require. Why, then, should she sometimes prize so little the treasures that God has given into her care?"

"It was a great day for me, Beatrice, when I brought home my very first pay envelope. I had visions of all the beautiful clothes I would buy and of the happiness I could bring to others. I was elated to think that I was no longer dependent upon my husband for ready cash. They have a way, you know, of feeling their own importance, bless 'em, and are apt to strut around as though they were lords of all they surveyed. But why should we worry ourselves about such trifles? Let them go on thinking so if it makes them happy and keeps them peaceful. We know in our hearts that they are just big, grown-up boys."

"Yes, just boys, but such kind, devoted, big-hearted boys," added Beatrice quietly.

"You're right, my dear," returned her friend, "and we women can often influence them for good or evil, according to our own standards of living and outlook upon life. But I am drifting away from my story. Where was I? Oh, yes. I could spend hours telling you of my thrilling and tragic experiences as a special saleswoman in an exclusive department store in the heart of the city, but I will not weary you. Suffice to say that when I returned home at night I was too exhausted to enjoy my blessed youngsters and too nervous and irritable to treat my husband decently."

"We missed the companionship which we once enjoyed, but we did not realize the reason for its absence. Then suddenly I became ill. You know, my dear. God is sometimes obliged to put us on our backs in order to make us look upward. I looked—and I beheld the handwriting on the wall: 'Whosoever shall offend the least of these, My little ones—' Just that and—it was enough."

"The answer to my unspoken question flashed across my mind as though sent from heaven. There was no longer any doubt in my mind as to the meaning of those words. I had presumed to choose my own path, regarded a nobler work that the Great Mind had planned for me. I was too engrossed in my own affairs to guide aright the uncertain footsteps of my little ones, and too wrapped up in trivial matters to realize that their impulsive, lonely little hearts had constant need of a mother's love. It was all too true that I had offended the least of these, His little ones, by thoughtless neglect, and I felt condemned. Do you wonder now, my dear, why I turned over a new leaf?"

"When the simple story came to an end there were tears in Beatrice's beautiful eyes, but she hastily wiped them away and spoke quietly, brokenly: "Emily, you're a wonder, but I think no one realizes it better than I. It's home, sweet home, for me now, and you may rest assured that I shall forget my silly notions. Fine clothes and good times can wait. I am fully convinced that Jack and Paul are all that I can handle—successfully." Then, with profound disgust, she added: "I have certainly been one empty-headed, worthless butterfly."

"Oh, no, not either of those, my dear," replied Emily, kindly, "but just as we are all bound to be sooner or later—a little thoughtless."