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How It Started "COWBOYS"

THE term "Cowboy" is not, as many think, of origin in the "Wild and woolly West." It was first applied during the American Revolution to a band of Tories who operated around Westchester county.



MODEST Miss Willing: Norah, if Mr. Simple calls while I'm out, hold him until I return. Norah: Oh, miss, sure I wouldn't like to do that.



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"What's in a Name?" By MILDRED MARSHALL Facts about your name, its history; meaning whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

VIRGINIA THE real origin of Virginia is curious and somewhat unexpected. It means "flourishing" and comes from an old Latin gens who called themselves Verginius.

The more popular and prevalent belief regarding the origin of Virginia has always been that she came from the Latin virgo, meaning "a virgin." Indeed, the first instance of her use in England was in the time of Queen Elizabeth when Sir Walter Raleigh named his American colony Virginia in honor of the Virgin Queen.

It was under a similar belief that Bernadin de St. Pierre called the heroine of his tropical Arcadian romance Virginia. The widespread popularity of this story in England, France and Germany brought Virginia into enormous vogue throughout Europe.

The first American colony established the name in this country. Likewise the first white child born on American soil, and named Virginia Dare did much to spread its vogue.

The emerald is Virginia's talismanic stone. It promises her wisdom, prophetic vision, long youth, and charm. The Hawthorne bud, England's spring flower, is Virginia's flower. Wednesday is her lucky day and 8 her lucky number.

Empress of Fashion. A biography of the late Empress Eugenie says: "Twice a year the empress of the French renewed her frocks, and this was the origin of today's changeability of fashion, now followed slavishly by women."

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HOW DO YOU SAY IT? By C. N. LURIE Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them "AWFUL, AWFULLY."

FEW words that go to make up the long list of abused terms in common usage of English are employed so frequently, and so erroneously, as the two cited. Everything is "awful," as in the following example: "Do you like that cake?" one asks of the school boy. "Yes," he replies, "It's awful good." And not alone school boys and school girls, but grown men and women, fall into this error.

The adjective "awful" and the adverb "awfully" are derived from the word "awe," which means "fear or dread, mingled with reverence and veneration." The words "awful" and "awfully" have their proper place in the language, but it is not that of a substitute for "very."

Very is what is known as an intensive; a word used to give emphasis. (Copyright.)



PHRENOLOGY CALLED A FAKE Neither "Bump" Nor Features, It Is Now Asserted, Can Indicate Character of Man.

There has recently been a marked revival of the "phrenology" humbug, and charlatans are coming money by examining people's "bumps" and drawing therefrom analytical conclusions in regard to their talents and traits of character, remarks a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger.

The cleverest fakers in this line specialize in the alleged study of psychognomy as indicative of psychic traits, etc. This sort of thing "goes" wonderfully well, inasmuch as the average person is much interested in his own face and in what it may be supposed to express.

Physical anthropologists, however, are firm in asserting that there is nothing whatever in the idea. There is no essential relation between the features of a human individual and his character—beyond, of course, the fact that disposition and temperament may and commonly do so modify the muscular structure, especially about the mouth, as to render the expression indicative. Thus, for example, a sour temper or a crafty habit of mind will show itself in a person's face more and more as he grows older.

A prominent chin does not necessarily signify firmness of character; nor when exaggerated, does it mean brutality. Story writers nowadays teach us that eyes set "too close together" indicate slyness and meanness. There is no more truth in that idea than in the notion that a big nose suggests generosity.

Where beauty of feature is concerned one might say that it depends fundamentally upon the shape of the skull mask. A woman's skull is more lightly constructed than that of a man, and even the texture of its bones is more delicate.

REBUKED LACK OF COURTESY Young Lady Naturally Felt She Had Rights as the Invited Guest of the Driver.

A young farmer who lives in a southern Indiana county brought a driving horse recently, and after pondering over a name for it decided to call it Closer.

A few days later the young man made an engagement with a young woman in the neighborhood for a Sunday afternoon drive. At the appointed hour on the day designated the young man, driving the horse hitched to a freshly-painted buggy, called for the young woman. They started on the drive and the horse trotted along at a satisfactory speed for the first half-mile. When the speed began to slacken the young man said: "Get up, Closer."

The girl immediately made proper manifestation of her indignation. "That's my horse's name," replied the youth, apologetically. "Well, that's just what I was wondering about," said the girl. "Who is your guest on this drive, the horse or me?"

"Why, you are, of course," said the driver in amazement. "Well, please do me the honor and courtesy to direct your conversation toward your guest," she said with a smile.—Indianapolis News.

Wealthiest and Biggest. There are now nearly six million people in the city of New York, and it is the largest center of population on the globe.

New York's cash balance demands a sum of more than thirty million dollars, and it is the wealthiest city in the world. In fact, its total assessed value is greater than all of the United States west of the Mississippi, and its income exceeds that of 20 states combined.

Every nineteenth American lives in New York city, and one tenth of all manufactured products is made there. There are twice as many theaters in New York, and three times as many hotels as are in London.—Popular Science Monthly.

Just Naturally Friendly. A woman who is known in the southern Indiana town in which she lives for her friendliness and absentmindedness, recently went to Indianapolis on a shopping tour.

She planned to return on a late afternoon interurban car, and hurried from store to store. She bought several articles at a department store and was walking rapidly toward the exit thinking where she would go next. In her haste she dropped one of her packages. A floor walker recovered it and handing it to her said: "Here is your parcel, madam. Call again, please."

"Thank you, I will," she replied. "You bring your folks and come over to see us real soon."

Paper Gown for Physicians. The first design of a paper gown which can be worn by physicians handling transmissible diseases, and then discarded, has been made by Mrs. Annie C. Miley of Mount Airy, Philadelphia. The present garments are difficult of disinfection and have been found to be frequently dangerous sources of contagion. They are also expensive. Mrs. Miley's gown is made of soft white crepe paper and resembles the enveloping garment worn by Red Cross nurses during the war.

Something to Think About By F. A. WALKER

RUBBING THE LAMP OF ALL the stories that out of a far-distant past have come down to entertain and teach us none is more compelling in its interest than that of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp.

There are several versions of the fact, but one feature remains the same in all the variations—in order to get the benefits which the lamp had power to confer the possessor had to rub it.

In other words, it took WORK to get the desired results and to enjoy the benefits. The greatest disgrace in this life is to be idle. To produce nothing, to feed upon the mental or physical labors of others, reduces man to a rank lower than the animals, for they strive at least for their food.

Count your efforts by results. The punch that does not land never overcomes your opponent. The bullet that spends its energy in the air never helped to win a battle. Production, RESULTS, is what truly measures endeavor and fixes its value.

Idleness is emptiness. Emptiness as to the present, emptiness as to the future. One of the most indefatigable workers in America, a man whose accomplishments are known the world over and whose name is a synonym for accomplishment in his profession said in a lecture to a group of young men recently: "The man who works only with the purpose of self-preservation; whose only object in life is to satisfy his hunger, cover his nakedness and provide himself a shelter, may be good but he won't be good for much."

A man WITH A BRAIN ought to have something that his machine cannot have. He ought to have aspiration and ambition and a vision of a better future. If he has not how is he better than the combination of belts and gears beside which he works? I could never quite see why Adam was very severely punished when, as a result of his infraction of the rules of Eden he was told, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." I cannot believe that the Creator looked upon work as a curse, a punishment.

Work has brought more joy into the world, cured more sorrows, mended more broken hearts and built more happiness than any other function of mankind. Carlyle paid a splendid tribute to work when he wrote, "There is a nobleness and even a sacredness in work. There is always hope in a man who actually and earnestly works. The latest gospel in the world is, know thy work and do it." Work will make us love life. It is the one means of satisfying ambition.

It is the ONLY way by which a man can prove his right to existence and establish the wisdom of the Creator in having made him. The best part of the story of Aladdin and his lamp was that he had to rub the lamp to get results. He had to work to accomplish what he sought. And that was much more satisfying than ever marrying the Sultan's daughter and living happily ever after. (Copyright.)

THE WOODS By DOUGLAS MALLOCH THE PASSENGER PIGEONS. WHERE roam ye now, ye nomads of the air? The old-time heralds of our old-time Springs? Once, when we heard the thunder of your wings, We looked upon the world—and Spring was there.

One time your armies swept across the sky, Your feathered millions in a mighty march Filling with life and music all the arch Where now a lonely swallow flutters by.

Where roam ye now, ye nomads of the air? In what far land? What undiscovered place? Ye may have found the refuge of the race That mortals visit but in dream and prayer.

Perhaps in some blest land ye wing your flight, Now undisturbed by murder and by greed, And there await the coming of the freed Who shall emerge, like ye, from earth and night. (Copyright.)

JEAN'S By F. A. WALKER

Tom brought his car to the suburban town where he had lived ever since they came down of the first stage from New York was a snobbish little town, the first everyone saw. Tom would be a failure. For he had committed the unpardonable sin of looking the marriage into the eyes. And that wasn't all. Tom had been doing a good deal of drinking in the town, where everyone had known everyone else, a man whom they know nothing about. He was more or less an unknown quantity to be an actress into the picture placed Jean entirely outside the pale. That the song and dance had been a very good one, as well as innocent and clean, made no difference.

The young people opened up the house and in due time people called. However, they were obliged to admit that the house was clean, and that Tom seemed to be very well cared for. Indeed, instead of helping Jean's case this only served to antagonize them the more, for everyone hated to be proved in the wrong. No one ever called twice, for there seemed to be an unspoken agreement among the town ladies to slight Jean as much as possible.

Tom was a member of the country club, so he took his bride to dinner of the Saturday night dinner. Jean was rather popular with the boys. Naturally she was a splendid dancer. She was pretty, too, and she brought her best of company. She had never been just as friendly and smiling with the women, but they never gave her a chance. At first she thought she could get along very nicely without the approval of the women, but she soon found that the married men no longer asked her to dance, and even some of the younger ones began to show the influence of mothers and sisters. Of course it made Jean very unhappy, for this was his "public work," and he intended to spend a good many years there. He spoke of it as Jean's just once, for when he saw the look in her eyes he realized that after all it was hardest on her.

In the end Jean found that the really difficult part was whether they approved her or not, for deep in her heart she knew them for what they were. This is how it came about: It was a fearful night in August, almost too hot to sleep, when she and Tom arrived at the club rather late. Jean walked into the dressing room, to find it crowded with women. There was nothing strange in that, for it was usually a favorite resort between dances. But there was something strange in the way they were standing around whispering. Something in the atmosphere suggested panic. As Jean entered she heard a whisper.

"She's been sick for a week and no one has been near her but the doctor, and he can't even get a nurse to take care of her. My dear, she's got—"

The speaker saw Jean had turned her back quickly, so she went on to say: "My God, if I get it my face will be marked."

Her voice rose in a trembling crescendo and broke. Jean stared at her, a look of horror slowly dawning in her eyes. She turned and walked quietly from the room and stood for a moment on the veranda, contemplating a search for Tom. She decided against it because she knew he would try to prevent what she intended to do. She hurried home and changed quickly into more serviceable clothes. She packed a bag and, leaving a note on the table for Tom, she stole out a side door and across the field to the doctor's. She found him preparing to go out and his face was white and tired.

"I am going out on an important case," he said, "so if you're not terribly ill I can't stop now." Jean explained her errand and pleaded the doctor's resistance. He expected the crisis that night and he was greatly in need of help, even as Jean experienced as Jean's would be.

So the one-time cabaret performer did what none of the "virtuous wives" had the courage to do. There is no need to tell of the terrible battle Jean and the doctor waged against each other. They conquered and Jean stayed in the woman until she was able to care for herself again. Of course, Tom had tried to get Jean home again, but she was in quarantine so his efforts were useless, even if she herself would have consented to do so.

When she finally did go home there was a look about her that had ended Tom. Her old roomy bedroom lit up her face and she was serene in her bearing that could not disturb. After seeing another woman had suffered the same troubles seemed petty. It was the worst of the world, the woman ship Jean had known around her when she was quite but all the same.

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