

PRACTICAL FOR SPRING WEAR



Plain and embroidered chiffon makes a decidedly attractive spring frock. It is, to say the least, practical.

VEILS ARE LONG AND SHORT

Face Coverings in as Many Varieties as There Are Hats on Which to Wear Them.

The hat seems to be a mere excuse for the wearing of the veil this spring—so much importance do the French milliners place on the filmy bit of net that suspends its lacey beauty from crown, brim, back or sides of the newest chapeaux.

There are, insists a writer in the New York Mail, as many veil varieties as there are hats. Apparently each shape and each occasion must have its special veil accompaniment. There are circular veils, those of square outline like an enlarged handkerchief, those like the veil of the women of the East, apronlike, but that are intended to cover the eyes partly rather than to reveal them; the veil by the yard, long or short, as the wearer wishes, and veils of color, embroidered, ribbon trimmings, applique motifs—conservative, fantastic or merely commonplace.

According to the veil, its quality, character and adjustment, we may change our outlook on life! When it is draped down the back we become Spanish for the nonce; or when merely an edge is permitted to hang delicately over the crown we ally ourselves with the ladies of the second empire, although, thank goodness, there is no "curtain" drawn in at the back of the hats of today. We become French to our nose tips when we wear the coquettish little affair of embroidered net that must not by any chance descend below that scheduled point; and we identify ourselves with the ladies of the harm when we half conceal and half reveal our more or less charming features in veils that hang long and straight before and behind.

If we are conservative, the veil we will wear will be very similar to the one we wore last season. It might be termed English or American, rather decorative, but without any bizarre suggestion; probably a fine mesh with hand-applied chenille dots of extremely small size; or black or brown with fine scroll work. Blue veils are modish because they go with the straw and the silk hats of that color. Brown is always flattering and many women find that same endearing quality in taupe. From Paris have come veils spangled here and there over their cobwebby surface, and there are ribbon-embroidered veils, too, as well as those with fringed borders.

SOME CHARMING NEW WRAPS

Latest Outer Garment for Spring Wear is of the Coat and Cape Type.

Charming and very smart are the new coats which, though very few and far between, are beginning to make their appearance. One hesitates whether to dub them coat or cape, and compromises on wrap, which quite satisfactorily covers them.

One, of French blue, was drawn in rather closely about the waist, and came to just below the knees—that is, the main part of it did. This was straight, and cut on the lines of a rather close cape. A smaller cape, which came to the waistline, was embroidered in a single thread of silver, and a close collar of gray squirrel completed the wrap.

Equally interesting was another wrap of tomato red, which was cut on the lines of the old-fashioned circular cape. At intervals in the fabric was woven a wide double stripe of cream color, which ran through the material just above the knees, just above the waist, and again above the elbows, so that it came out above the wide part of the cape that served as sleeves. This wrap had a narrow collar of its own material.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

FAITH

A YOUNG woman, at least her hair-writhing evidences youth, writes as follows: "I have lost faith in everything. Write something to help me to regain it."

You are mistaken my dear young woman. You have not lost faith. You only think you have.

You could not live for a day without faith.

Faith is the twin sister of hope, and both are absolutely necessary to human existence.

Stop for a moment and see how much you depend upon faith. You open your eyes in the morning and the first thought is of the day and its duties, and you have faith that you will be able to perform them.

You have faith that you will live through the day; that you will have food to sustain you, shelter to protect you.

You start for your place of work and you have faith in the man who operates the conveyance that takes you there that he will see that you arrive safely.

As you go up in the elevator you have faith in the machinery that hauls you from the ground up into the air else you could not risk your life on the strength of those slender cables.

You go to work and for six days you labor with faith that at the end of the week your employer will pay you the money you have earned.

All through the day's work you have faith; faith that your fellow laborers will treat you honestly and kindly; faith that you will be able to fairly accomplish your task and go home to well-earned rest.

You have faith in nature, in tomorrow's sunrise and tonight's fair stars; in the coming of the spring, time, and the springing grass and flowers. You have faith that the planted seed will bring forth fruit and that all logical results will follow right causes.

How could you go to sleep without faith that you will awaken or eat without faith that the food will nourish and strengthen you?

Older and wiser people than you have thought that they have lost faith and then found that it was not faith but judgment that had fled from them.

Voltaire, a wise man in many things, said and wrote much that was foolish. He said that "Faith consists in believing things because they are impossible."

Of course there is not an atom of truth in that statement. His daily life and your daily life proves its falsehood.

The apostle Paul, writing to the Hebrews, set down this truth, "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for." Some translators of the original have put the word "assurance" in the place of the word "substance."

"Substance" seems to me the better word because from its derivation it means literally "to stand under," and that means foundation. In other words, Faith is the foundation of things hoped for.

Since the present moment is all we have and all that we are assured of the future must be altogether a matter of hope, and hope depends entirely on faith.

Faith is not credulity. The man who hopes for the impossible cannot have faith in his hopes. Genuine faith is based on truth which is unchangeable and everlasting.

So long as there is life there is faith as well as hope. Perhaps sometimes our faith may lessen because experience shows it to have been wrongly placed. But loss of faith we cannot, and our effort always should be to strengthen and sustain it.

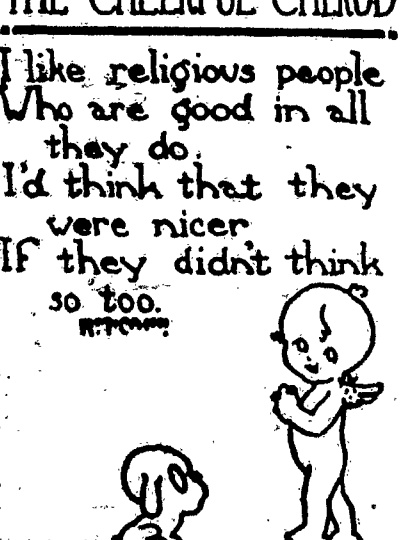
Faith and hope are our mental crutches and the lamers we are the more we need them.

How foolish it would be for us, who are at best, in ourselves, so feeble and helpless, to throw away the things which serve best to support and sustain us.

You have not lost faith. You have only turned away for a moment from the light which God has mercifully given to all of us and the darkness frightens and overwhelms you.

Turn back. Your faith will return.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB



I like religious people who are good in all they do. I'd think that they were nicer. If they didn't think so too.

How Cupid Foiled the Constable

By KATE EDMONDS.

(© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

A young man, well dressed and clever faced, coming rapidly down the principal street of Fairview, suddenly paused and stared ahead in a startled way. He had apparently observed some one he did not wish to meet, and he turned down a side lane at a brisk, excited walk.

"It's the constable, sure enough," he said under his breath, "and I feel pretty sure he must be looking for me." The speaker glanced apprehensively back the way he had come, and then broke into a run.

It was a singular position, that in which Cecil Morse found himself. Briefly stated, he was bent upon running away to get married. Others, including his legal guardian, Lawyer Grabbe, and his old maid daughter, Portia, and their hired emissary, the town constable, were set on nipping the golden progress of love's young dream in the bud.

Cecil was heir to a liberal fortune. He lived with the Grabbe family. The lawyer was intent on keeping a hold on his ward and his fortune as long as he could. Incidentally he plotted to crush the young man in the snare of the somewhat faded beauty of the classic Portia.

Now, Cecil had loved and won Claire Wyndham, who lived over in the next county. Her father was a tyrannical old fellow who had heard of the mutual attachment, thundered out that the lovers were too young to think of wedding bells, and had set his foot down—hard.

The result was a plot on the part of the lovers. The Wyndhams were going to take Claire to Europe the following week. In the meantime she had gained permission to visit a schoolgirl chum at Brookville. There Cecil had been the day previous.

There, too, all the arrangements had been made for an elopement the next evening. Just now, Cecil had gone to a garage to secure the automobile he had engaged for the trip.

The auto man was his friend. He told Cecil that the constable had been there looking for him. The lawyer had got wind of Cecil's plan to leave town, and was bound to circumvent it.

"In my friend, Cecil," said the garage keeper, "so I warn you. They have the west turnpike guarded. The constable is looking for you with a warrant."

Cecil was a crack sprinter. His one thought was to get out of town. He would trust to luck for guidance, once clear of his pursuer. Turning into an open stretch he discovered half a mile away a high board fence.

"The very thing!" he cried exultingly. "If my friend, Bob Archer, is only on hand."

There had been an airplane meet at Fairview for several days. Inside the enclosure was Archer, who was an airship enthusiast. He and Cecil had become great friends. The runner shot a rapid glance behind him. Less than a quarter of a mile away the constable was hot on his trail.

"There is the flyer," cheered Cecil, promptly making for a hangar beyond which a three-passenger biplane was getting ready for a flight. He recognized the machine belonging to Bob, and its owner near by. All out of breath, Cecil ran up to his friend.

"Bob," he panted, "I'm in trouble! Got to get away from Fairview."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Archer. "Where to, may I ask?"

"Brookville, and quick. The constable is after me. Bob, it's about what I hinted to you—the girl I love. They are trying to separate us."

"Jump in—the left seat back of the pilot post," directed the young airman. "Strap yourself in. Give her a run, boys," he directed to his assistants.

"Chug-chug!—the aerial beauty sped over the grass for 30 feet. Bob shot on the power."

"Hold on, there! Stop that machine! In the name of the law—" "The mischief!" gasped Cecil.

They were leaving the ground, but not alone. The official had fairly overtaken his prey. He had jumped at the machine and skinned one of the wings. To prevent damage and save him from a fall, Bob was forced to grab the bulky officer and drag him into the vacant seat.

"Stop this machine!" flared the constable. "I've got a warrant."

"Can't stop—got to finish this curve first. Here, Cecil, strap him in, if he doesn't want a tip."

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THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME
By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

WEDDING ETIQUETTE
Etiquette with all its littleness and niceties is founded on a central idea of right and wrong—Dr J. Brown.

GOOD form starts many a couple smoothly sailing on the sea of matrimony. Family dissensions and misunderstandings, which have their origin at the very wedding feast, often end in serious trouble between the bride and groom or their newly acquired relatives.

Remember then that invitations should be sent out two weeks before the date of the wedding. They should be engraved and mailed in sealed envelopes with two-cent stamps. The plainest dead white paper is used, absolutely void of any decorations save the necessary lettering.

As soon as the invitations have been sent out the prospective bride should lay in a store of nice note paper on which to acknowledge her gifts. She should not write lengthy, newsy letters to each friend who sends a gift, but a brief cordial note of thanks. Each day notes should be sent out in thanks for the presents received, thus saving that rush that is apt to come if it is put off from time to time. Gifts are sent to the girl while she is Miss Smith and should, if possible, be acknowledged under that name.

At a church wedding the groom with his best man awaits the bride at the altar. The bridal party on entering the church usually is made up as follows: The ushers, two abreast, come first, followed by the bridesmaids, also two abreast, then the maid of honor and finally the bride on the arm of her father or some male relative. On leaving the church after the ceremony, the bride and groom come first, the maid of honor with the best man, then the bridesmaids and lastly the ushers. The father joins the family in leaving the church after the bridal party. One side of the church near the altar is reserved for the bride's family and the other for friends and family of the groom.

Guests follow the bridal party to the house where the reception is held.

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

LOIS
LOIS is really a masculine name. It means "famous war" and comes from the Teutonic nomenclature through the Karling romances. Lois or Loiz, as it is sometimes spelled, is really Loius.

The French king whom the French knew as Louis de Debonnaire was originally called Liudicus. The Provençal promptly softened the name to Aloys, but so popular did Loius become that no member of the French royal family was christened without it. Finally the soft Aloys gained favor throughout France, and the "a" was dropped, producing the musical Loys. The Bretons were already using the name of Loiz, so the "Y" in Loys disappeared and Loiz appeared and remained permanent.

Lois was the only form of the innumerable versions of Loius that became applied as a feminine name. Spain's Loiz has never wavered from its masculine interpretation, nor has the Luiz of Portugal. France formed an Heloise from Loiz and Loius might possibly be called an equivalent for Loiz if it were not for that strain of Provençal.

Lois has been given in baptism generally as a name of sentiment. It is a trifle difficult to pronounce but is undoubtedly beautiful and extraordinarily popular in this country.

The talismanic gem assigned to Lois is the onyx. It should be worn with care as it is inclined to cool affection, provoke discord and separate lovers, but worn by Lois it prevents these very misfortunes. Monday is her lucky day and 4 her lucky number.

If you haven't any schemes you will not be exasperated by somebody thwarting them.

No one can afford to lose his temper; but one isn't studying economics when it happens.

Usually the modest man is too modest to poke fun at the one with the swelled head.