

HER SULLEN DAY

By MILDRED WHITE.

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Mollie decided to walk to the top of the hill. The early spring air was invigorating and perhaps on the way she might be able to think out her problem. She had come to the country for that very purpose, because the hurry and confusing needs of life left her bewildered. Grandfather's death had occurred such a short time ago that Mollie, left alone in the rented flat, had been troubled about many things.

When the furniture was sold and the house vacated, Mollie found she must at once consider some means of earning her livelihood. To the girl, the great business world was a perplexing place for which she had never been fitted. Grandfather, in his later years, was an exacting charge, yet Mollie had been happy—that was her way. She was happy now, as she climbed the steep hill, and stood looking down on the picturesque village. The walk was a long one; it would probably take her most of the afternoon. But here and there, as she went, she spied a clump of snowdrops forcing their way through the grass, or a hopeful bunch of yellow daffodils. When the rain came all unexpectedly, Mollie was trudging along, absorbed in her meditation. She stood appalled; all down the long road there was no evidence of shelter. Her light suit would be wet through in this downpour; she bewailed April showers that came in late March, and were tinged with March chill. But what to do? The walk back to the village was more hopeless than the stretch ahead—Mollie forged ahead. And then, as unexpectedly as the rain storm, she spied the old hidden house. It's broken chimney signaled her, far back among the trees.

From above came a sudden queer jangle of music, for there was music, even in the weird sounds. When her first fright passed, Mollie became aware that someone was playing tremblingly on a mouth organ upstairs. And while she was hesitating between investigation or flight, a shuffling figure came creeping down the stairs—an old man, playing the harmonica as he came. His eyes blinked at the newly kindled fire and the girl seated on the floor before it.

"Who," he quavered, "are you?" He sighed in evident relief when she told him. "I was afraid," he said, "that you'd been sent to rent the house."

He straightened determinedly. "It's my house," he declared, "and it is not for rent."

"Yours?" Mollie questioned. The old man nodded sadly. "My wife and I came here when we were first married," he explained, "and we lived in these rooms a life of such happiness as few creatures are permitted to know. Our children were born here, and lived and grew and then went their different ways. My wife went her way, to Heaven. Then, as there was no one left in the house, my children agreed I'd better live with Tom. Tom is a good son but, you see, he's married to Susie."

The ending was eloquent and Mollie sympathized. "And Susie is not good to you?" "She doesn't understand," the old man excused, "and when I feel more in the way than usual, I come up here to the old place and light a fire and dream of those past days—maybe, sometimes, play a bit on my old harmonica."

The faded eyes were apologetic. "Susie don't like the harmonica," he said. An auto came crashing its way through the brambles. A man sprang from the car and in a moment was in the fire-lighted room. He was a good-looking young man, and his gaze rested indulgently on the bent figure at the girl's side.

Mrs. Lydig Hoyt



Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, formerly Miss Julia Robbins, the famous New York society beauty, is one of the latest arrivals in "movie" stardom. She has consented to co-star with Norma Tallmadge. Mrs. Hoyt has long been interested in affairs dramatic and has played leads.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

Powerful indeed is the empire of habit.—Publius Syrus

STATION ETIQUETTE

TO SAY that the well-bred person is on time when he takes a train might be unfair. But it is a fact the well-bred person shows his consideration for others in his actions, and the person who comes into the station behind time, pushes by other people, runs into them with his traveling bag, summons a porter curtly and tries to push ahead of others at the ticket window, is acting in an inconsiderate manner. He is also making himself conspicuous, and the well-bred person does not attract undue attention to himself in public places.

It is nothing to be ashamed of if one has traveled but little, and some excellent folk have perhaps never been in a railroad train more than once or twice in their lives. Still it is but natural that we should all want to appear to be at ease when we travel, and not to proclaim by our manners that we have never been about before. Your conduct in the railroad station should therefore be composed and unruffled. If you have time to idle away before train time it is quite all right to go to the newsstand and purchase a paper or magazine and read it; but there is no reason why you should have to invest in chewing gum, salted nuts and gum drops, weigh yourself, and have your fortune told by one of the penny-in-the-slot machines, pace back and forth in the station, delve in your traveling bag to see whether you remembered to bring your slippers, or ask the station attendants innumerable unnecessary questions about why the train is late. If you have been unable to get any lunch and really feel the need of nourishment, then you may be excused for eating a little milk chocolate while you wait, but remember that well-bred people do not eat in any public places save restaurants and other places, especially intended for that.

And the consensus of opinion seems to be that the very well-bred people do not kiss in the station. At any rate, they do it without attracting any undue attention, and save such signs of devotion till they have reached home. To be sure, when we travel in continental Europe we see much kissing and embracing in the railroad stations—fathers embracing their grown sons and brothers with tears in their eyes kissing brothers, though they may not have been separated for many weeks. But we Anglo-Saxons avoid such over-demonstrativeness and the American way as well as the British way is to reveal as little as possible of our own personal affairs to others in the railway station. We can excuse the woman who weeps audibly in the station when she sees her dear ones departing if she is old or very much overwrought, but the young woman should do her utmost to avoid such demonstration of her feelings in the station. It makes it very much harder for those who leave her, and sometimes is painfully embarrassing.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick-Bangs.

CHEER UP.

YOU'VE slipped a cog? Well, never mind, old chap. All life is chawney, and the sad mishap Comes unto all. Remember in your pain That he who falls can always rise again. And though today be lost tomorrow's sun Holds forth new goals remainin' to be won.

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Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

PASS IT ALONG

"H EARD a good story the other day," he said, and then he related a clean, wholesome anecdote, which is said to have originated with the late Champ Clark.

He was passing along a little of the joy of life. He was distributing smiles. There is a manufacturing establishment up in New England, not a big enterprise. It is a sort of family affair in which all the workmen and their wives and sweethearts have a more than wage-envelope interest.

The principal reason is that the man who started it, decided that he was going to pass along the joy of the success, if it was a success, and he has continued to do so from the day the little factory opened.

If a particularly big order comes in he writes a little bulletin about it and gives it to the superintendent, and at the bottom of the slip of paper are always the words "Pass It Along."

That means that everybody in the factory knows the good news almost as soon as the owner does.

And one year when the profits showed larger than usual he had the bookkeeper draw up a little statement of the year's surplus.

When it was in his hands he took his pen and dividing the total by two he drew a ring around the quotient and a line from the ring led to the words "Pass It Along," which meant that half of all the profits was divided among the workmen.

The name of "Pass It Along" is a great game. So many can play at it. It needn't take any money to start it and none to keep it going.

All it requires is a desire to make people happy and a determination to make the desire a working reality.

It is a strange thing that we seem more willing always to spread the unpleasant news than the pleasant.

The rumor that Jack has lost his job gets twice as prompt circulation as the fact that Jill has received a promotion. I wonder why?

We can pass along so many helpful things. Encouragement. Enthusiasm. Appreciation. Sympathy. Everyone of them without a penny of cost, but so full of the profit of satisfaction, if we do it with a generous spirit.

The parable of the two debtors has always seemed to me one of the most vivid of the illustrations by which Jesus taught his great truths. You will find the story in the latter part of the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew.

The trouble with the servant of the king was that he did not pass along to the man who owed him the charitable treatment which his master had shown in forgiving him the debt he owed.

If you have something good, something helpful, something that will make another happier pass it along. It is a profitable proceeding.

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THE WOODS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

JUNE

I KNEW you were coming, June. I knew that you were coming! Among the alders by the stream I heard a partridge drumming; I heard a partridge drumming, June, a welcome with his wings, and felt a softness in the air half Summer's and half Spring's.

I knew that you were nearing, June. I knew that you were nearing—I saw it in the bursting buds of roses in the clearing; The roses in the clearing, June, were flushing pink and red. For they had heard upon the hills the echo of your tread.

I knew that you were coming, June. I knew that you were coming. For every warbler in the woods a song of joy was humming. I know that you are here, June. I know that you are here—The fair month, the merry month, the laughter of the year.

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Limitations.

"Have you given attention to the recent great astronomical discoveries?" "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "but I'm not mentioning them in my speeches. My constituents have an idea that I ought to look out for my own little section instead of letting my mind wander out through the realms of space."

HIS MISSION.

Monk. Why fornicate, what happened? Forcupine. I had to furnish the guests with toothpicks at Mr. Lion's banquet.



EARTH'S SURFACE IN UNREST

Scientists Have Proved That It Is Never at Any Time Without Some Movement.

No portion of the earth's surface is ever at rest, though all but the great movements of earthquakes escaped attention until recent years. The minute vibrations are followed by J. J. Shaw in Nature as an unending train of waves, waxing and waning in amplitude, that are unceasingly coursing along the earth's crust and reach to unknown depths. The wave period ranges between 4 and 8 seconds; the amplitude is between one 50,000th and one 2,000th of an inch, but with a wave length of 8 to 16 miles. The speed of the waves is believed to be about two miles per second. Such local causes as air tremors and the swaying of buildings and trees were formerly suggested, but it is now known that they are wide-spreading earth movements. Earthquakes are easily followed on the recording apparatus by the primary and secondary phases and the long waves rising to a maximum. The minor movements—microseisms—are not easily separated from one another, and there has been no means of studying their propagation. But recently certain tremors have been traced on recording instruments 60 feet apart. Continuing the investigation, the range has been extended to two miles, and it has been made practicable to pick out individual tremors on the two sets of records. One result is the showing that the travel of the microseisms is independent of wind and weather, though the source and cause of the movements are still a mystery.

There's always just one more story about any of America's former Presidents. This time there is another about Andrew Johnson, Lincoln's tempestuous successor.

Johnson, while governor of Tennessee, once resumed his vocational implements. He had formed a strong friendship in the Tennessee legislature for W. W. Pepper of Springfield, a staunch Whig, and once a blacksmith. Despite their irreconcilable political creeds the personal relations of Johnson and Pepper were extremely cordial. After he became a judge in 1854, and after a visit to Johnson, then governor, set about fashioning a shovel, which he sent with a note explaining it was intended as a memento of a friendship professed against all political differences. Johnson, to show his appreciation, took up his scissors and needle and made a handsome heavier cloth coat which he sent to Pepper. It was a splendid piece of workmanship, probably the last of that kind of work Johnson ever did, and exists to this day.

SENT FRIEND UNIQUE GIFT

When Andrew Johnson Resumed His Needle to Fashion a Mark of Personal Affection.

His Time Was Not Up Yet. A man of mercenary spirit had a son whom he kept well under parental charge, allowing him few liberties and making him work hard.

It was with a feeling of considerable satisfaction that the young man rose on the morning of his twenty-first birthday and began to collect his belongings preparatory to starting out in the world.

The farmer, seeing his son packing his trunk, which he rightly judged to be evidence of the early loss of a good farm hand, stopped at the door of the young man's room and asked what he was going to do.

The boy very promptly reminded his father of the day of the month and the year and declared his intention of striking out into the world on his own account.

"Not much you won't," shouted the old man. "At least not for a while yet! You weren't born until after 12 o'clock, so you can just take off your good clothes and give me another half day's work down in the potato patch."

—Harper's Magazine.

It Was a Good One.

It was our custom in English class at school to choose a certain person to read his theme aloud before the class, writes a correspondent. On this particular day the girl who sat across the table from me had let me see her paper before class started. It was a good one, so when the teacher asked whose theme we would like to hear, I promptly suggested that the girl across from me read hers. She arose, but instead of reading the one I had seen, she took another one from her book. It was a wonderful ode to the president of the senior class, praising him to the skies and throwing oratorical bouquets at him. I was the president.

Keeping the Record Straight.

"You say you didn't write burning letters," thundered the lawyer for the plaintiff in a divorce suit, "but here is the proof in black and white."

"Black and blue," interrupted the judge "if you are referring to the letters in your hand."

"Eh?"

"The stationery is blue and the ink assume, is black."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Some Girl.

"How about Miss Peacher?" "In what particular?" "Is she pretty?" "She's so easy on the eyes that a 100 per cent fan wouldn't mind taking her to the ball park and explaining every play that was made."



MR. FOX AND THE STOATS

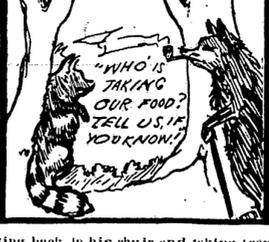
IT WAS winter time in the woods, and the Four-Footed club sat around the fire talking over their affairs, for they had cooked the last turkey and the last of the wood was now burning.

"In all my long experience," said Mr. Fox, "I have never known food to be so scarce, and what there is of it is so poor I doubt sometimes if Mr. Man can be feeding his fowl as he should."

"I think Mr. Dog gets more than his share," said Mr. Coon, "for he seems strong enough. He can run just as fast as ever I can see."

"I should not be surprised if he were to blame," said Mr. Possum, "for our hard luck; maybe he eats up everything that Mr. Man gives to the poultry. He is so strong and big. Very likely he takes it away from those poor things."

"No, it isn't Mr. Dog who is to blame if I am a guesser," said Mr. Fox, set-



ting back in his chair and taking from his mouth his corncob pipe, "but I think I can tell you who is to blame for our not having anything in our pantry."

But Mr. Fox wished to be asked, and did not stop smoking until Mr. Coon could stand it no longer, and asked: "Who is taking our food? Tell us, if you know!"

"Well, perhaps I should not say he

taking it right away from us, but certainly if he and his family were not around we would have no trouble in getting plenty to eat."

"But who is it?" asked Mr. Possum, sitting on the very edge of his chair, with impatience. "Who is it, Mr. Fox? Tell us that!"

When Mr. Fox had begun to fill his pipe, he said: "It is Mr. Stoat and family. Yes, that whole stuck-up family are to blame, and when I think of that miserable, sneaking lot I think I should do something desperate!"

"But I do not see how they take away our supply," said Mr. Coon. "I have never seen them around here."

"No, of course not," said Mr. Fox. "But don't you know that the whole Stoat family has new white coats, and that it can get around in the snow without being seen much easier than I can, or either of you fellows?"

"That Stoat family," said Mr. Fox, "when I was a youngster, used to be called the wensel family, and when they are not dressed in those fine white coats of theirs they wear a very homely brown one, and are a very common-looking family; so they need not put on airs with me."

"I thought of a plan to drive away that Stoat family," said Mr. Fox, "but I must have some help, and there is no chancing in it; so you two need not get uneasy."

"I want you to go with me up to Mr. Man's barn. There are plenty of rats in there, and there is also a big pull of black paint, and that is where we put it over Mr. Stoat and family."

Just what happened inside the barn Mr. Fox and his friends never knew. But when the Stoat family came out they could be plainly seen against the white snow, for every one of that family was black.

Whether the farmer tracked them by the paint or whether they felt so disgraced by having their fine white coats spoiled Mr. Fox and his friends never knew; but they disappeared from around those parts and the farmyard was not so carefully guarded after that.

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