

ROMPERS

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

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Fanchon pined as she turned the pages of her new pattern book and picked like one bewitched. It was the picture of a chubby boy which caught her eye, and the boy was wearing a captivating suit of rompers. At least that was the name the fashion book gave to the illustrated article of apparel. Fanchon smiled, delighted. The boy's yellow hair was just the color of the pale puffed material; while the blue of his appealing eyes matched exactly the rompers' binding. He was a lovely boy—a softness came to the young woman's beautiful eyes as she studied the pattern.

Softness was foreign to Fanchon's usual laughing style. She had laughed her way through many difficulties and had mocked at barriers high. So that now, in a brave yet indifferent sort of way, she had reached her present success in the business world of the great strange city. For Fanchon had come from across the wide waters, and the home that sheltered her childhood was on the far-away hills of France. But that time, too, was far away and half forgotten.

This Mademoiselle Fanchon was a charming creature, with pleasures ever coming to seek her favor. A dainty, lovely doll of a woman, in whom as yet the most persistent admirer had failed to discover a heart. Now Fanchon bent over the picture, and all at once in a rush of impulsiveness she was bending over her cutting table, and pale soft material was in her hands. She hummed gaily as she sought out blue facings and laughed a little happy laugh as she eagerly started the stitching. A dimple popped out in her olive-cream cheek at thought of common rompers displayed in the "Fanchon Shop." Then she suddenly decided that the rompers never would be displayed. They were one of her fancies—she could not tell just why this fancy so deeply held her, but the rompers would be laid away in the square mahogany box until some little boy might be found, perhaps, to suit them. For he must have yellow curls, this boy, to receive Fanchon's gift, and eyes wide and blue. She held the garment up when it was finished and triumphed over it, then whimsically folded it away.

Lucille called for her later to take her to dinner. Fanchon's merry companionship was cheering in her own discouragements. But as the two passed out through the street door a pathetic picture greeted them. A small boy very shabby as to knees and elbows, and very dirty as to face and hands, bent anxiously over a prostrate yellow dog in the street before them.

"A car hit Tige," he sobbed in answer to Fanchon's quick questioning. "The dog is not badly hurt," a man nearby assured her. The child looked up hopefully into the young woman's sympathetic face. "Please," he begged, "carry Tige upstairs for me."

Laughingly Fanchon waved her friend aside. "Good-by Lucille," she said. "You know me; I will have to do as Sonny says."

The elevator stopped at the ninth floor of the building. It was there that the boy told her his father lived. Fanchon in her silks and furs obediently followed into the room; the lame dog in her arms. And as the two entered the disordered apartment, a man with rumpled hair as yellow as Frank and as young in their gaze, looked up, confused at the invasion. He was sewing, Fanchon noticed, clumsily sewing with a darned needle upon some article of childish apparel. But when the man arose at his young son's abrupt introduction, his manner was approvingly courteous, and his grateful smile most winning.

"How kind," he thanked Fanchon, "to come to the relief of my little boy. He is sadly neglected these days. We seem to have difficulty in holding our housekeepers. Dickie Boy's mother died when he was born."

When the yellow dog was made comfortable upon a cushion the man came back again to find the artist of the needlework shaking her head sadly over his bungled mending.

"You see," he apologetically explained, "Dickie Boy pokes his knees and elbows through the things about as fast as I can sew them up. Some time we hope to be prosperous enough to have on hand an unlimited supply of clothing, but now—" Dickie Boy's father sighed. "Mend 'em every night when I come home," he said.

Fanchon's black eyes were dancing. "Wait a moment," she cried, and ran out through the door. When she returned to the two in the high apartment she carried a small yellow garment in her hands, and Dickie Boy, presently bathed and shod, was even more alluring than the child of the illustration. "It will make him other things," she promised the staring father. "And you need not thank me. I love to do it. That will be my pleasure."

FROCKS FOR GIRLS

Extreme Styles and Too Elaborate Material Mistake.

Fashion Authority Asserts Miss in 'Teens Should Wear Clothes That Are Simple.

There can be no greater mistake in the selection of clothes than to permit a young girl to wear garments that are too extreme in style or too elaborate in material, and to let her wear such as are both extreme and elaborate is nothing short of criminal, declares a fashion authority.

Youth is best clothed in garments that are simple in every detail of style, design, material and color. The beauty and freshness of youth are marred rather than improved by other than the straight line, simply trimmed, harmoniously colored clothes that good taste demands. The really lovely girls are always thus clothed; that is one big reason for their loveliness, for even youth can be made unlovely by the wrong clothes, just as can the older grown and the habit of wearing extreme and elaborate clothes affects others as much as a girl's appearance.

The clothes a girl wears have an effect upon her mind and her heart; if you don't want her to be vain, foolishly proud, self-conscious, too wise for her years and looking older than she is, encourage her to see the beauty, charm and fitness of simple clothes. And by this you will do more, much more, than keep her attractive and lovable; you will safeguard her from many undesirable influences of the moment and many pitfalls and unhappleness in the future; you will inspire her to understand and appreciate simple beauty and good taste in dress, to the end that she will never feel the desire to withdraw from the mode of dressing that was her youthful habit. Strive always for beauty in the development of a girl's wardrobe, but let this beauty be true to real beauty in dress, which is always along simple lines.

MAY REVIVE HIGH WAISTLINE

Tendency Among French to Obliterate Necessity for the Separate Blouse in Coat Suit.

There is a tendency among the French designers to obliterate the necessity for a separate blouse in a coat suit by carrying the skirt to the bust line and making yoke and sleeves of a thin fabric. This is an old fashion, it dominated the world about twenty years ago. It is time for it to be revived. The majority of American women object to the one-piece frock in a thick warm fabric because of the heat of our shops and houses and all covered places; they prefer a thin fabric over the body above the waist. The separate blouse has met this need. The substitution for it is the new French gown copied from the fashions of the end of the Nineteenth century.

There is food for thought and reason for prophecy in this reversion. It may be a subtle evidence of a change in the hip waistline. There is a feeling in the air that the high waistline and the princess figure may be substituted for the loose and careless method of dressing which we casually call the moyer-age.

LARGE WINSOME SHADE HAT



This large shade hat fascinates with its clusters of small fruit and flowers. The framework is of blue straw.

Ingenious and Pretty.

It was a new wove waist, and there was a stain on one side of the front which looked like iron rust, but on which no application seemed to have any effect. Its owner took small pieces of net, cut two oval medallions, darned a simple design on each, basted one exactly over the stain and the other opposite, button-holed the edge all around and cut the material from underneath. It looked as if "done on purpose," and the waist was really prettier for the decoration.

Metallic Thread.

A full length cape wrap of platinum gray duvetyen has a wide border decoration in old blue and is embroidered in silver metallic thread.

NO REASON FOR CONFUSION

Christian Chronology Really Quite Simple Matter, Though It Requires a Little Explanation.

Using the birth of Our Lord as a starting point for counting time did not become general until the Christian religion had made considerable progress. Some confusion arises from overlooking the fact that the ancient nations had their own systems and their own starting points. For instance, the Romans counted from the founding of their city, Rome, and when Our Lord was born it was the year 753 according to Roman chronology. Having taken the year in which Our Lord was born as the starting point of the new or Christian chronology, the years preceding that starting point could only be counted as years before Christ and the farther you go back into the past the greater their number, just as the greater the number the farther you come down from the starting point towards the present. There is nothing confusing in this, and the same principle is applied on any through railway timetable. A transcontinental time-table counts distances from a terminal both ways, one way east and the other way west. In our chronology the year of the birth of Our Lord is the starting point, and the years are counted both ways—those that had passed before that event and those that have passed since that event. This system is, of course, in use only in Christian countries. The Jews begin to count from the creation, and there is no counting backwards because it is impossible to go back of that event.

USED SYSTEM OF HIS OWN

Professor Refused to Allow Proper Spelling to Weigh at All Heavily Upon Him.

Of course "enough" spells "nuff" and yet "nuff" is not spelled "caugh." School boys, seasoned business men, not to mention school teachers, often find the spelling of the English language a bit troublesome. But here is a one-time university professor and now eminent scientist who not only admits that spelling "gets him rattled," but goes so far as to invent his own form of spelling, which exactly follows out the sound of the word.

Hence we find such sentences as these in a recently issued volume by the anthropological department of the university museum:

"Hiz hair waz still black."
"The two ritings when they wer don, ov course wer not alike."
"Some paragraphs ov hiz own wer dropt."

"I say az nearly az possible he-cauz—"
The author of the volume, which is the translation of a legend of the Kechi Indians of Guatemala, is Robert Burditt, an Englishman.

Complicated Prescription.

She's sorry now that she didn't spend more time studying and less time on prom class day and similar commitments when she was in school and she's trying to make up for it by noting down every new and unfamiliar word she hears to be looked up later in the dictionary. This habit caused her a bit of embarrassment the other night. A friend had told her a new remedy for sore throat and had written down its long name on a slip of paper.

Going to the busy prescription counter she handed a slip of paper to a clerk. He looked at it. He looked hard at it. The other waiting customers were beginning to get impatient before he finally turned to the girl. "I can't figure it out," he admitted. "Why, it's simple," she told him. "It's for sore throats, see—oh!" She had started to read the "prescription" aloud when she noticed she had handed the wrong memorandum to the clerk. On it were the words: "Precarious, imperceptible."

Accommodating.

Some years ago, before prohibition was in force, I was travelling, making a great many small towns. As a rule there was only one hotel in a town, and invariably a saloon in the same building. I disliked this exceedingly, and determined to avoid stopping at such a place where possible. One evening, alighting from a train in a small town, I was accosted by two local hotel keepers.

"Hotel, lady..." I thought to myself, surely both of these hotels do not run saloons.

So I said to the nearest driver, "Does your hotel have a saloon in connection with it?" He replied, "No, lady, but we will send out and get anything you want."

Paper Once Royal Gift.

There was a time when only the nobility, the great personages of history, could enjoy the use of paper, and then in only the most meager quantities. Only 1,800 years ago Emperor Trajan of Rome was the delighted recipient of a magnificent gift consisting of 20 reams of paper from the emperor of China. In that age and time, 20 reams of the precious fabric was considered a royal gift indeed, and only a potentate with the vast resources of China at his disposal could afford to give a present of such value.

One can imagine the elation enjoyed by Trajan upon receiving so great a quantity of paper, and thus know that through such generosity he was to augment the number of volumes contained in his library.

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TONY'S RETURN By KITTY PARSONS.

George Ainslee was proposing to Joan for the fourteenth time when someone came out on the porch and introduced her to a man she had loved ever since she was nineteen—ten whole years. He had told her he loved her at the senior prom, but they were both so frightfully young that they had decided to wait a whole month before becoming definitely engaged.

Then, suddenly, when the others had left them, he turned to her: "Do you know—I believe I've met you before." Joan laughed lightly. "I'm probably a type," she reassured him, quickly. "Tell me the story of your life, please—I adore romance!"

Blindly Joan took the battered old envelope from his hands. It was dated ten years before. She understood now—it had been Aunt Maria's work; she had always wanted her to marry Harrison, and had discouraged any possible friendship with Tony. Slowly, she read the belated words: "Darling—I care for you more than anyone else in the world. I've thought I loved other girls but I love you more than I love any other girl."

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you—especially now that I've been away from you for a whole month, and am nearly dead with loneliness. Please write me—I'll be watching for your letter every day. I'm going to love you always—I'm not half good enough for you, but no one could love you any more. Always yours.

"TONY." Joan let the letter fall to the floor and buried her face in her hands.

"I love you," whispered Joan, as she nestled her cheek against the lapel of his coat.

A few moments later there was a loud peal at the bell.

"Mary! Mary!" called Joan in alarm. "Tell Mr. Ainslee I've been suddenly called away and will write him tonight."

At last, she had everything in the world that she wanted.

No Actresses Before 1890. There are so many actresses today that it is hard to believe there was a time when there was none.

Yet, before 1858 A. D., no civilized country could boast a woman "star." There was no law against it, but it was considered a disgrace for a woman to appear on the stage, and woman's parts, as in the Chinese theater of today, were taken by boys or men.

Rose Coleman broke the ice in 1858. She appeared in "The Siege of Rhodes," and her success was so great that scores of English women followed her example, and France, Germany and other nations followed suit in haste.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB I never can be satisfied As through the world I'm going I do not ask more things—I pray My tastes will just stop growing

People who seldom attend church frequently register a protest when the pastor desires a vacation.