

SCHOOL DAYS



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Advertisement for Mathews & Boucher, Mechanics Tools, Cutlery, House Furnishings Goods, Builders Hardware, etc., 26 Exchange Street.

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Parish Educational Business Bulletin

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Advertisement for DE MALLIE-SIGNS, 102 STATE STREET.

Advertisement for Maccar Sales and Service, M. & R. Truck Sales Co., Inc., Modern Repair Shop, Wash Racks and Paint Shop in Connection, 61 Parsells Ave., Chase 2405.

Advertisement for COMMERCIAL TOWING, SCHOEN'S GARAGE, 118-20 Genesee St., Bell Phone Gen. 446.

Advertisement for THOS. J. LEDDY REAL ESTATE, 414 Ellwanger & Barry Bldg., Main 272.

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Advertisement for MEN WEAR, 'The New Endless Belts', No Troublesome Loops; Hidden Ends; Latest Patented Buckles. At Your Haberdasher, Dry Goods Dealer or Jeweler.

Advertisement for STEELING ELECTRIC CO. ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS, Motor Repairing a Specialty, Estimates Furnished, 148 Platt St., Rochester, N. Y., Night Service; Chase 3072-W, Bell Main 665, Home Stone 2404.

Advertisement for FAMOUS OLD CHURCH GONE, Flames That Consumed Historic Washington Edifice Also Destroyed Relics That Were Priceless.

St. Paul's parish church, in Rock Creek cemetery, the oldest church in Washington and one of the oldest in the United States, was recently destroyed by fire. The interior of the building, valuable memorial windows, old relics and paintings were burned, and the four walls of the structure, erected in 1778, were all that was left of the historic edifice.

Advertisement for DIFFERENT IN THEIR MAKEUP, Boys Together, John Burroughs and Jay Gould Were as Wide Apart as the Poles.

One poignant recollection John Burroughs had of Jay Gould as boy and man, he spoke of in this way: 'I was large and strong, while Jay was small and slippery. A boy taught us to wrestle, but Jay would break his hold and land on top. I would say: 'Jay, that isn't fair,' but he would only laugh. Not wanting to be thrown, he resorted to tricks, and because I was indulgent, would wrestle with no one else. He went away to an academy, and when he returned, his father had sold his land and bought a village tinsmith. Jay got in with a man and made maps. By and by he left that part of the country, and our lives being no longer parallel, I never spoke to him after that, although I saw him twice. 'One day while I was custodian of a vault at the national treasury in Washington I heard a familiar voice. Looking up from my desk, I saw Jay Gould, dark and thin and why as ever, and even then one of the richest men in the United States. He hadn't observed me, and I said nothing.'

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

By ISABELLE ENGLAND.

On her small, shingly immaculate back porch, almost completely screened by morning-glory vines, sat Miss Willis, red-nosed, red-eyed, and smiling dimly. Even had she been seen, no one who knew her would have been surprised, for weeping was quite as much a habit with Miss Willis as combing her scanty hair in a tight, uninteresting pug on the very top of her sedate, uninteresting head. One never would have guessed that "sniffing Lalia" (as the younger, less respectful, citizens of Blue Hill had christened her, with a delicious thrill of naughtiness) had ever been pretty and—in love. Yet such is the case.

If, perhaps, you ever chance to visit the small insignificant town of Blue Rock and catch a glimpse of poor Miss Willis, with unappreciated salty tears dripping in a forlorn way from her long, vermilion nose, you will not smother a care-free snicker, as others do, but instead feel a bit of real pity. I suppose you can judge better if you know the facts. Anyhow, this is her story as she told it to me, amid tears and tea, on a cold wintry afternoon:

"Once, many years ago, long, long before you came on earth to turn the heads of fickle, unlovely males, I (with a modest blush that caused her to resemble nothing so much as an over-ripe tomato) 'was young and pretty, just like you, Molly, dear' (I quivered with mortification). 'I was blue-eyed and rosy-checked, with a few bleached-looking freckles scattered around and upon my nose, but not as disfiguring as yours. To look at me now, you never would think I was the belle of the town, but I was, and John was my best beau, for we all had 'em then.

"John was a handsome boy, Molly, and I guess I led him a twisted trail. When John was 18 his parents decided to send him off into the wilds of the city for an education that he didn't need, for John was clever, too. At first, while my blue eyes remained in his memory, he wrote—and such lovely letters! I have 'em all done up in a box, scented with lavender, on the top shelf of my pickle and preserve closet. But gradually he remembered only the squash-tinted freckles, so he stopped writing.

"I loved John, and because I was young and silly I imagined he still cared for me. As the years passed by, I guess I must have faded for when he at last came home" (she pained dramatically while I held my breath) "handsomer than ever, looking like he'd just stepped out of a bandbox, he didn't seem to see me, but sort of looked right through me. I was glad he could not really, because I'd eaten cheese for dinner, and John never could tolerate cheese, especially homemade.

"I'd have run up to him, in spite of his January stare, but a slim, scantly-clad young woman, with hitching-post heels and yellow hair was holding my John's arm as if it were her own. They all kissed each other, John, his pa, and ma and that clinging-vine female. I began to feel kind of small and insignificant, not to mention injured, in spite of my new flowered muslin. I didn't see John again, while he was home, but a few weeks later I read an account of his wedding—his wife wore white satin and carried yellow roses. I went to bed with an ice-pack on my head.

"For four years I had faithfully waited for John's return. I had disdainfully refused three suitors, all well off young farmers—and one had offered me a washing machine for a wedding present! I've always pined for one. My home town soon became unbearable. John's wife and her high-fung city friends monopolized the whole town, so I just packed up and came here; and here I've been for 20 years of oldmildhood, feeding the cats and sweeping the back porch and—crying."

"I ventured: 'Yes?' "Crying," she repeated, with an extra sniff. "Yes. Some day John will realize his mistake, when it's too late! Won't you have some more tea, before you venture out, Molly? Well, goodnight!" My eyes were a little damp, possibly because I could almost picture the tears running off her nose into her tea, and the lavender-scented relics in the preserve and pickle closet.

He Wears Well. Two country women were arguing on the matter of thrift. "Dye see that purse?" Demanded one with a triumphant air. "It's the one I bought when I was married twenty years ago, and it's as good as new yet." "That's nothing!" sneered her friend. "You know my husband, John?" "Of course I do. What about him?" "Well, he's my first husband, and you've had three. Don't you preach thrift to me!"—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Spelling for Fun. "How is the traffic system in this town?" "Like the traffic system of every other town." "Well?" "A constant irritation of motorists who want to monopolize the streets and lose their tempers every time a large, imperturbable trolley car gets in their way."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

WITTY SALLIES.

Force of Habit. "And how did your love letter affect the pretty teacher?" "She gave me a general percentage of thirty."

Avoiding the Novelty. "They have a new phonograph." "All right. Let's stay away until the novelty has worn off."

His Wish. W. Ekks—"Did I hear you say you wanted a divorce?" Y. Zee—"Oh, no. All I want is a divorcee."

When It Hurt. "Did you hurt yourself much when the branch broke?" "No; not until I reached the ground."

Depends on Where It is Applied. Blimp—Beauty is only skin deep. Chump—Still, that isn't the beauty about a sausage.

But Seldom Are. Cobb—"Does he consider himself a big gun?" Webb—"Yes. Men of small caliber usually do."

Safer to Klope. He—Will you marry me if I ask your father's consent? She—I'm afraid not.

Requirements. "It requires dollars to get into the East set." "And sense to keep out of it."

Probably Made Threats. He—"Did you have much trouble learning to sing?" She—"Yes; especially with the neighbors."

Another Excuse. Hub—That button is still off. Wife—Yes, dear, I am economizing on thread.

Fixed Color. Mother—You must stay in, dear; it's raining. Elsie—But, mamma, I'm not painted.

Among the Visitors. "How did you like the auto show?" "There were some nice streamlines models in girls."

Flush. "He struck me as having money." "That must have been after he struck me."—Boston Transcript.

Worth Knowing. "Billson says he is living on two meals a day." "Where does he get them?"

The Cause. "You look very clean, my boy." "Well, pa, ma just gave me a personally conducted bath."

In the Sanctum. Editor—No, I can't take it. I'd like to trample such verse under my feet. Poet—Alas! No poetry in his soul.

Paradoxical Indorsement. "People like an optimistic doctor." "Yet a doctor is by his very profession a man of 'I'll' opinion."

Odd Result. "They say poetry don't go now." "That's queer, considering it is made up of feet."

Naturally. She—"Dear, I want to get a new carpet." He—"That is a proposition I put my foot down on."

The Place for It. De Style—Where will we put this item about the bollogger? Gunbusta—Among the footnotes.

A Question. "The pen is mightier than the sword." "Then why doesn't it bring about disarmament?"

So to Speak. "What's the boss doing?" "Bawling out some fool." "I see. He's in conference."

A Wee Drop. Barber—A little tonic, sir? Col. DeCantor (coming to)—Thanks, about three fingers.—Judge.

When Knights Were Bold. "What did they mean by odds boddykins?" "That was their way of saying 'Gee whis.'"

On His Dignity. Herbert has no mother, but two aunts, Ida and Nellie, who love him dearly. Their pet name for him is Buddy. Aunt Ida had company one day and invited Aunt-Nellie and Herbert to chicken and dumpling dinner.

When Seated at the table, his Aunt, Nellie asked: "Buddy, do you like dumplings?" He straightened himself up with an offended air and said: "If you please call me Herbert before company."—Chicago Tribune.

The Rural Cynic. "Hiram," said Mrs. Cortoncel, "the boarders will soon be along enjoying the fresh air and admirin' the scenery." "I suppose so. But my suspicion is that while they talk about air and scenery, what's on their minds is keepin' down the cost of livin'."

Immune. James—May I kiss you? Eileen—They say kissing leads to the propagation of malaria. James—Well, you kiss me, then. I'm not afraid of them.—Cleveland Baby.

BEATING

By James

Blossom went up the road in the noon where a tall, thin man in an inviting resting place. His actual name was Phillip Carston, which was the nearest to a feminine might attain. The Phillip Carston had no son, but had been familiar with the name of her father's from childhood. Carston the "great" capitalist, the "great" financier, the "great" quoted him. The girl acquired luxuries and her favored list of ter of course, while the mother, which she had never known, was attributed by her father. "Blossom loved to call her, was the subject of the successful man's wheezy affection, but his success in business would have had money as his one passion. Blossom knew better; she realized that least anxiety concerning her small person would bring him immediately to her side, disregarding most pressing affair of business. had come with him to this wild land, where he intended to build disappointing bargaining for some valuable lands in which his name had been defeated. Blossom knew as she sat, recalling the story, had been repeated to her only morning. It brought to the girl's understanding of her husband's. She had supposed that business deals must be fair always, and that Phillip Carston's wealth had been justly earned. Yet, the story told her forced other unbidden thoughts.

"He can buy anyone out of a thing," the old woman said. "Might is power." The woman's sympathy with Linda it seemed, and Linda was hard working, usually with a young man who had been holding by himself, but now that her own father's name was were babies in Linda's mind, she craved for them a husband, either she or her husband should found. "They'd have to be serving women's gloves," Carston had not found them on the wall." But after, when Jim Hope's part in the story, he found his hired labor at a better price than it was impossible to keep hold of. "Father," she said, "that you always get what you after?"

"Always," she said, "No one can beat a man except a Carston." As Blossom and Linda looked at a young man came slowly in. He was a big, broad-shouldered man, not as a ranchman but as his own city. "It is strange," he mused, "that you and I should come to this away place to meet. Strange, we have journeyed in the effort of my old college when Jim Hope was it is your father who is making effort unavailing. Of what use is it that I could offer in Phillip Carston's purpose? He has added the young man's name as this great love for the woman loved my heart only to be broken. Phillip Carston stood his name to the eyes of the man to his own heart answered.

"I have thought the thing said, 'There is nothing new in my father's demand, but that one which was about the god of youth, so that it is love." When Phillip Carston entered his ranch house that night, his wife was not there. The absence was alarming to him, but he had been able to have an afternoon message behind. The paper was between the leaves of a book that father read each evening. "Father, dear," it said, "I am anxious, but I am to be comforted from you, and held for the price of my release will be the Jim Hope asks for his loan. Will receive clear title to the receipt of payment amount. It is no good to cross-question this Jim Hope. He knows by nothing concerning the is being carried out by sympathizers. I am anxious are pending your fulfillment conditions imposed, but comply with that condition. Searchers traveled the every corner of the Empire under constant surveillance. His was not to be found in ballist in his power were powerless. For the first time, Phillip Carston was right. His word was a triumph in the end, but it would not await that triumph. The capital was his. The amount demanded to the Hope's hand, was the woman's ignorance of the man. And when Jim Hope was of his rightful money, she was in New York city. "She is in New York city," the father said, "she is in New York city."

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