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ers, statements, circulars, envelopes,
billheads, or anything else in the
printing line, come in and see us.

POSTSCRIPTS

By MARGARET A. SWEENEY.

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Cynthia Stewart, in the silken ease
of her orchid dressing-gown, sat ac-
cidentally at a letter that lay upon the table
before her.

"I'll tell him the truth," she de-
clared as she drew a sheet of paper
towards her and began to write:

"My Dear Crofter—I am afraid that
what I am about to say may hurt you,
but I think it is the wiser way to tell
you the truth.

"I know that a good sport never hits
a man when he is down, so you see I
am a rather cheap sport. I am going
to swear you—I am breaking my word
—my word to you.

"It is now six months since your
doctor sent you to Pasadena, and you
tell me that your specialist there says
that it will require another six
months in that climate before you are
well, and that in order to keep well
he advises you to make a permanent
home in California.

"Well, Crofter, needless to say that
I would not—could not leave Boston;
and, besides, it may take years, judg-
ing from what I know, before you are
financially able to assume the respon-
sibility of a home—such a home as we
would like.

"I am no longer so very young.
Crofter, I shall be twenty-four next
month; and so, in justice to myself
and my family, I think it better to
break our engagement.

"Today I am returning the ring and
the string of pearls. Please do not
judge me too harshly, and, please, for
old time's sake, let us still be friends.
"With all good wishes for your
health and happiness. Yours sincerely,
"CYNTHIA."

"P. S.—The real truth is, Crofter,
that father's new partner, Mr. Wal-
lace, has piles and piles of money—
he made it while you were overseas
being gassed to death—and father and
mother and Aunt Sarah all sing his
praises and all think that I ought to
marry him. Mr. Wallace thinks so,
too, but I told him last night that I
wanted a few days to think it over."

"There—Crofter ought to know that
I'm not altogether to blame," she so-
liloquized, as she glanced over the
postscript. "He knows that I—"

"A letter for you, Miss Cynthia."
The letter that the maid brought
was postmarked "Pasadena," and
Cynthia opened and read:

"Mountain Road, Pasadena,
April 26, 1920.

"Dearest—Since writing to you a
few days ago I have been obsessed by
the thought that it is selfish and un-
fair for me, a partial invalid, to hold
you to your promise to become my
wife.

"In some way, Cynthia, I have be-
come aware (or I think I have) that
you want to be released. The tone of
your letters is different. I feel a
change in you.

"And, of course, I know that I am
not the man, physically or financially,
that I was on that day of days in June,
1917, when you made me the happiest
man in all the world. I want to play
fair with you, Cynthia, and so I shall
not think of holding you to your prom-
ise to me.

"I wish, Cynthia, that you were here
with me this morning. If I could look
into your dear eyes and tell you just
what is in my heart it would make
this easier.

"I am alone on the veranda, and my
chair faces toward that mighty range
of mountains that rises before me like
a vast fortress—vague and remote
these mountains stand, and they take
no part in our lot or being. Beyond
them lies the great Mohave desert;
beyond that lie endless mountains and
plains, and away off there on the New
England coast—you—there.

"Every day, dear heart, I sit here
at the foot of the misty mountains and
close my eyes for a little while so that
I may see you the better, and some-
times in the evening I walk and talk
with you under the orange trees—it is
a way lonely folks have.

"But the chances are, little girl, that
I may never see you again, for I have
found that I must make my home out
here, and I know how attached you
are to Boston; I have bought this lit-
tle four-room bungalow—it is almost
completely covered by a bush of ram-
bling roses.

"I want to thank you for the won-
derful letters you have written me.
Please let me keep them. Some of
them gave me courage at the Marne
and I have another battle still to
fight.

"You shall always live in my heart,
dearest, for I love you—you—you
only.

"Always yours,
"CROFTER HARRISON."

"P. S.—If I have made a mistake,
Cynthia, about your supposed wish to
be free, I beg you to let me know at
once and I'll go and fetch you home.
Remember that home is where the
heart is." Please wire immediately."

Fifteen minutes later this rush mes-
sage sped over the wires:

Boston, May 3, 1920.
Crofter Harrison, Mountain Road,
Pasadena, Cal.
"Leaving Boston today for home.
Meet train at Los Angeles—due there
the 8th." "CYNTHIA."

Not in Our Purse.
Financiers say the United States
has too much gold. In this computa-
tion the financiers are not referring to
the—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SCARF FOR THE COOL NIGHTS



A scarf 72 inches long and 18 inches
wide, of plaid brush wool in gray,
open, puff, peacock, navy, turquoise,
white, black and heather, shown re-
cently at a New York style ex-
position.

CHIC NEGLIGES FOR SUMMER

Cool Wearables That Are Bewitching-
ly Dainty for Home Wear During
Sweltering Days.

The leisure hours of warm weath-
er require cool negligees. Bewitch-
ingly dainty for summer mornings is a
breakfast coat of batiste, in pink,
blue, orchid or lemon, trimmed with
pleated points. The coat is cut to
fall considerably below the hip and
there is lengthened by a flounce of the
material, with a double row of the
pleated points. A long roll collar at
the waist is also outlined with the
pretty points, and short sleeves are
likewise cuffed. A bit of grosgrain
ribbon in a contrasting shade forms
a slim girdle at the normal waist-
line and drops in long ends at the
front.

Could anything be more wearable
or cool when one slips one's morn-
ing coffee than a dotted voile coat
with pretty ruching decoration? A
white voile background is plentifully
dotted in pink, blue or lavender dots
and the coat is cut on the long fash-
ionable lines so becoming to the av-
erage figure.

The lower flounce is set on by a
cord and the ruching borders the
bottom, collar and tiny turn-back
cuffs. Big patch pockets adorn the
front.

In organdie, plain and dotted fab-
rics are used. A white organdie frock
embroidered in honey-dew dots makes
a simple slip-on affair with two bands
of plain white organdie on the skirt
and a deep shawl collar and cuffs of
white on the blouse. Buttonhole stitch
done in wool outlines the trimming.

After the bath or cold shower what
could be more soothing than a bat-
h-cout of brushed cotton ratine loosely
girdled? One smart model, cut with
short sleeves and body in one, is pocket-
ed and collared in self-material and
lined with silk cord. A long silk cord
girdle ties about the waist and is
sewed at the ends. These good-looking
bathrobes come in purple, rose, co-
penhagen or burnt orange.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

Liberal Basting of Roast Makes It
More Juicy—Use for Left-
over Corned.

If a roast is basted many times it
will be much more juicy.
Cauliflower is delicious served with
mayonnaise dressing.

It improves some canned corn to
cook it a bit before serving.

Give the chickens plenty of green
food.

All household plants are better for
an occasional spraying.

A special cupboard for hanging
saucepans is a great dust saver.

Spinach with carrot balls is an at-
tractive and wholesome mixture.

A well-waxed floor is guarded
against the marks of heavy shoes.

Dried lima beans forced through a
sieve can be used for croquettes.

FASHIONS IN BRIEF.

Smart suits are being made of black
taffeta.

Small hats of black taffeta are
edged with narrow ruching.

Swagger coats have high buttoned
neck and narrow fitted shoulders.

Sand-colored foulard, figured in dark
blue, makes an attractive street dress.

Large collars are no longer seen,
but chin collars, which may be worn
high at the neck or open, are much in
evidence.

Charming evening gowns of taffeta
are trimmed with tulle in a matching
shade. French blue and jade are the
colors most frequently seen.

The soft wrist effect of the gauntlet
glove is going to make them a popu-
lar hand covering this fall. Brown,
black, beaver and gray are the colors
most in demand.

There are some attractive sets of
angora scarfs for children, in both
neutral and plaid effects. They are
worn about the shoulders, and are
finished with two big patch pockets in
the front. A narrow belt is used
and is buckled to place.

THE DRAPED HAT

Materials Used in Dresses Popu-
lar for Headgear.

Gingham and Linen and Dotted Swiss
and Organdie Used for Sum-
mer Hats.

There has been no sudden leap from
shaped hats to draped hats, writes a
correspondent. The change has been
gradual, but the smartest thing that
one can do in the way of headgear is
to wear a hat that is made of some-
thing other than the long-accepted
"stuffs." The milliners used to say
that this and that fabric would not
"make up" well for hats, but now the
feeling is that they stop at nothing
when it comes to fashioning a hat out
of some strange fabric never before
used for that purpose.

Then there are hats of gingham and
linen and dotted swiss and organdie—
all of the materials, in fact, that are
used for summer cotton dresses. Some-
times they are fitted to the shapes
underlying them and at other times
they choose to drape themselves about
a smaller shape, forming deep folds
and becoming twistings.

A fashion that has appeared in spots
during the last few weeks is that of
wearing a hat to match, in some way,
the material of the gown. For in-
stance, there was seen a tailored
frock of dark blue lined inconspicu-
ously trimmed and bound with white-
cotton braid and worn with a white
mull blouse. Then there was worn
with this a short-brimmed sailor made
of the heavy linen fitted to the
shape and trimmed with a broad



Embroidered Kid Hat in Red and
Black and Hat of Colored Duvetyn
and Quills.

scarf of white organdie, the freshness
and crispness of which added largely
to the generally cool look of the gown
itself.

Most of the summer hats are large,
for the simple reason that the heat
and sun of the season really demand
this sort of protection. And some
of the sweetest of the really summery
hats are made either of white or very
lightly tinted organdie.

THE DIFFERENCE IN CLOTHES

Over-decoration Covers Up Defects
That Are Not to Be Found in
Plain Garments.

Present-day clothes may be criticised
on the score of over-decoration. Not
all of them, of course, but ready-made
clothes are inclined to stagger under
a weight of beading or embroidery or
be overemphasized by too much seal
on the part of the designer.

Plain clothes are always the most
expensive. The best dressmakers and
tailors are those that devote their
talents to achieving excellence of line
and to using excellent materials. It
is more difficult to make a well-cut
line, which has no trimming to de-
tract from its cut than to make a
really fancy gown. Every woman
who has made things herself knows
how much simpler it is to make even-
ing frocks and stuffy afternoon
things than it is to make plain good-
looking street clothes.

Simplicity is the greatest possible
luxury—it always comes high, but
one beautifully cut and made gown
of good material is worth half a doz-
zen cheap ones, and it is the woman
who selects her clothes on this pre-
mise who is considered a well-dressed
woman.

No matter how attractive one's
frocks and hats may be, if they are
worn for inappropriate occasions,
their charm is lost. One must always
consider the occasion and it is an ill-
advised woman who converts her best
frock into a business one, unless
it happens to be appropriate for busi-
ness wear.

Renew Veils.
If your crepe veil is too wrinkly you
can freshen it by holding it in both
hands and passing it through the steam
of the tea kettle about several times.

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THE SANDMAN STORY

BRAVE IKEY DUCK.

IKEY was a young duck, that his
mother had a great deal of trouble
with, because he ran away every time
he found a chance, and as Madam
Duck had many ducklings besides her
son to look after, Ikey found many
chances.

"Some day you will meet Mr. Fox,"
said his mother, "and then it will be
too late to be a good duckling, for Mr.
Fox carries off all run-away ducklings."
"But I am not afraid of Mr. Fox,"
said brave Ikey. "I am going to grow
up to be a big, brave duck, like Grand-
pa Drake, so I cannot be afraid of
anything."

"Grandpa Drake would not like to
meet Mr. Fox," said Madam Duck,
"for Mr. Fox carries off to his cave
in the woods big and small ducks."

Ikey Duck did not answer, but wad-
dled along after his sisters and his



mother until they were hunting in a
puddle for things they liked, and Ikey
saw another chance to run away.

Down to the duck pond he waddled
and away he swam to a part of the
pond where he had never before been.

How little Teddy Bear happened to
be sitting under a bush by the pond
was never known, but there he was,
and Ikey Duck, swimming along, saw
his shining eyes and open mouth.

"Ah, Mr. Fox!" said Ikey Duck to

himself. "I will show that fellow, he
can't scare me."

Right up close to the bank went
brave Ikey and began to quack at
Teddy Bear, and, of course, Teddy did
not move.

"He is afraid of me," said Ikey. "I
wish mother could see me now. I am
sure she would think I am quite able
to take care of myself."

And then brave Ikey opened his
bill, snapped at little Teddy Bear, and,
tugging at one foot, pulled him into
the water. Away he went, with Teddy
still held by his foot, skimming over
the water.

Madam Duck and her children were
at the side of the pond when they
swam up by the barnyard.

"What have you found?" asked his
mother, her eyes wide open with sur-
prise, while the little ducklings ran up
to the bank in alarm.

"It is Mr. Fox," said Ikey, letting go
of Teddy Bear's foot. "He is afraid
of me, mother. I told you I was not
afraid of him, and, you see, I am
not."

Madam Duck did not know at first
just what to do or say, and she stepped
back to take a good look at a safe
distance.

"It isn't Mr. Fox—I am sure of that,"
she said, "but what it is I do not know.
I will get Mr. Dog. He is very wise
and knows about everything."

"That is a toy," said Mr. Dog, when
he saw Teddy Bear. "It belongs to
the master's children." And with that
Mr. Dog picked up Teddy and trotted
off to the house.

"He is not afraid of Mr. Fox, either,"
said brave Ikey. "Mr. Dog and I are
very brave fellows."

"I suppose he will have to learn by
experience who Mr. Fox really is,"
quacked poor Madam Duck, shaking
her head as Ikey waddled up the bank
to tell all the farmyard animals that
he had caught Mr. Fox, for, in spite
of what Mr. Dog or his mother had
said Ikey declared he had caught Mr.
Fox.

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