

A Poor Country Mouse

By CLAIRE SMITH.

"Oh, Millie, I am so glad," said Lucy Walwright. "I hope the same happiness will come to me some day," she added wistfully.

"Why, you little goose, any girl can get a man if she wants him," answered her cousin Millie. "And Mr. Lawson is as rich as Croesus—at least his father is."

"But you love him, Millie?" inquired Lucy anxiously.

"Quite well enough," answered Lucy's cousin. "Of course when a girl gets to be twenty-five she has acquired a little common sense. How old are you, Lucy?" Millie continued.

"Just twenty," Lucy answered.

"Then you have five years to wait, my dear," said Millie. "Come, let us go downstairs. Tom will be here in a few minutes and I want you to meet him."

Lucy was visiting her cousin in Virginia.

Tom Lawson was the son of old Peter Lawson, whose speculations in Mexican oil fields were reported to have netted him a fabulous amount of money. And when Tom came in Lucy had to admit that he looked a rich man's son. The high-power automobile, his faultless clothes, his universal manners made him a splendid catch for any girl. But what Lucy liked most about Tom Lawson was just himself.

How she envied Millie. The magnificence of her cousin's home was like a wondrous world to Lucy.

She did not know that they were living upon their capital, and that Millie's shrewd mother had staked her fortune upon her daughter's making a brilliant match.

Millie had certainly done her credit. It was to be a marriage of youth and health and plenty of cash thrown in. As the days wore away Lucy began to feel less and less comfortable in her new surroundings.

Her mother had died two years before and her father had been called west on an important business matter.

Another thing which troubled her was Tom Lawson's evident liking for her society.

Lucy resolved to keep away from Tom. But one afternoon he came in unexpectedly, when Millie and her mother were out driving.

"My cousin is out," said Lucy, as she opened the door.

"I'm glad of it," said Tom brusquely. "I didn't come to see Millie; I came to see you."

"Mr. Lawson!" stammered Lucy indignantly.

He came in and sat down in a chair. "My father's lost every penny," he said bluntly. "The house is going to be sold, and I'm going to work. I wanted to tell you."

"Me?" asked Lucy, feeling her heart throb unpleasantly, and conscious that she was looking extremely foolish. "Why me?"

"Because—" began Tom, and suddenly caught her in his arms and kissed her.

Poor Lucy! It was her first experience of love. And then she found that she was crying.

"There!" Forgive me!" said Tom. "I'm a cad, I know. Lucy, do you know I have loved you every minute since I saw you? Haven't you cared for me a little bit?"

"Yes," answered Lucy truthfully. "But Millie—"

The thought maddened her; she sprang out of his arms and hurried from the room.

Her eyes were still red when she came down to dinner, but nobody noticed it, because Millie's mother was half hysterical herself.

"I don't know what we shall do," she burst out petulantly. "Do you know the Lawsons are beggars? Positively beggars. And Tom has written to Millie asking to be released from his engagement because he can't support her."

"Never mind, mother," said Millie. "Think how nearly I was deceived by him!"

"But you aren't going to let him go, Millie?" exclaimed Lucy in amazement. "Don't you love him?"

"Don't talk nonsense, child," said Mrs. Walwright with asperity. "How can she love a pauper?"

"I wish he'd taken to you, Lucy," gobbled her cousin. "Now I've been engaged once, and it isn't so easy to be engaged again when you've had an affair already."

Lucy went home next day, for a telegram from her father arrived, announcing that he had returned. Everything was greatly changed, she found. Mr. Walwright had accepted a profitable position which would render them fairly prosperous.

"By the way, my dear," said Lucy's father that evening. "I have a piece of news for you. My assistant in the adjusting department is to be a young fellow named Lawson, who comes from the same town as your aunt I've asked him to dinner tomorrow evening, and I want you to like him, because he seems a thorough gentleman, and we're likely to make a profitable thing out of our new concern."

"I'll try, father," answered Lucy demurely.

And Mr. Walwright wondered why his daughter's face became so radiant.

Mentally Fatigued. Alice—I'm tired of golf.

Virginia—I didn't know you played.

Alice—I don't. My husband does.

DORIS MAY



One of the newest brides among the "movie" stars is pretty Doris May. The winsome actress now presides over a "love nest" in the film colony at Hollywood, Calif. Doris is a Seattle, Wash., girl. Her father was a San Francisco newspaper man.

THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

CANDY MANNERS.

Feast of nectar & sweets.—Milton.

IT IS a usual question for a young girl to write asking who should take the first piece of candy from a box brought to her by a young man caller. And when you come to think of it, there are a good many puzzling things involved in the problems connected with a box of candy.

To begin with, if a man brings a girl a box of candy, she usually opens it while he is present. She then passes it to any other women in the room, then to the man, and then she helps herself. If he, when she passes it, holds it for her to take a piece, she does so. If the candy comes by mail or messenger, she opens it, of course, and does not wait until he calls, even if she knows who the candy comes from before opening it, and knows likewise that the donor is to call.

Perhaps the most important thing to remember in connection with the good manners connected with candy is that the person who always greedily eats candy and never buys it is very ill-bred. It is the week-end custom for some men to bring home a box of candy. In some families there is one candy-loving member who lies in wait for the weekly sweets and eats as many pieces as she can get. She takes one every time the box is passed, and perhaps helps herself between times.

Now it is quite all right to accept candy, if you like it, when it is passed. But you should not eat more than your share, and you should not eat even this much if you are not in the habit of occasionally standing treat yourself.

You should, if you have a sweet tooth and eat other people's sweets, provide a box full of your own occasionally.

Candy is one of the gifts that a man may give a woman—candy, flowers and books constitute the conventional trio. Nobody wonders if the donor of a box of candy to a girl is thinking of fulfilling in love with her. Candy nowadays is quite the correct and accepted gift from anybody that can afford it. And no girl need feel hesitant about accepting candy in this way. Of course, if she thinks a man cannot afford it, but buys it for her simply because he thinks he ought to, she might suggest to him that he really should not indulge her sweet tooth so often. And never, never should a girl hint for sweets. There are some girls who cannot pass a candy store window without casting longing glances at them, and sometimes even commenting on their fondness for candy. No man should feel rude in ignoring these symptoms.

It is not necessary to write a note thanking a man for a gift of candy if he follows the gift shortly with a call. The thanks should not be forgotten, but they may be delivered verbally. (Copyright)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

OUT OF THE ASHES.

OFF on the shell-torn fields of France. Hard by a charred and shattered manse. Up from the midst of ashen gloom I saw a perfect rose in bloom. And knew thereby that if from pain the form of beauty may rise again So too from sorrow deep may we Emerge, and rise triumphant. (Copyright)

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

KEEP BRAKES IN ORDER

AT THE approach to every dangerous turn of a state road is a sign which reads: "GO SLOW!"

The automobilist who has good sense and good brakes heeds the warning. He gets around the turn without anything happening to him.

The speed maniac, or the man whose brakes are out of order, keeps right on. And we usually read of one or both in the accident columns of the newspapers, sooner or later.

The road we all must take is pretty well marked with warnings, although it takes experience to read some of them.

If we have the brake called will power, and keep it in trim, we have nothing to fear from the dangerous places.

If our judgment is bad and our will power likely to give way we never get where we are going, except in a very badly damaged condition.

There is no occasion for such great hurry that the warning signs must be over-run.

On the road to wealth, and especially the road to pleasure, the warnings are very abundant.

Yet thousands and thousands of people run past them every day, with the usual disastrous results.

There is little enough time in the average life. We must all work rapidly if we are to get a good lifetime's work accomplished in the working years that are allotted to us.

But we can always slow down on the risky corner, provided we keep our will power in condition, and use the judgment that ought to be a part of our make-up.

The "too much play" turn in the road is more dangerous than the "too much work" corner, but it is well to slow down at both of them.

Then the "overindulgence" and "late hour" spots call for almost a halt.

Read all the signs and observe them.

It is delightful to speed along the road and feel that we shall get where we are going in jig time.

But many speeders who do not see or heed the warning, never get where they are going at all.

And when they are piled up in the hospital or the sanitarium or told by a grave-faced doctor to bid their families a last farewell, they begin to see the sense in stringing these signs along the road, and to wish they had kept their brakes in order. (Copyright)

Mother's Cook Book

Teach me your mood, O patient stars Who climb each night the ancient sky. Leaving no space, no shade, no scars. No trace of age, no fear to die.

WAYS WITH FISH.

A FEW varieties of fish in cans may be adapted to almost any dish one desires. Sardines are often regarded lightly as a relish or sandwich filling; they may however make a hearty dish.

Baked Sardines.

Drain the sardines from the can and lay on brown paper to absorb all the oil. Take one dozen, dip in the juice of a lemon then roll in cracker or bread crumbs. Bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven. Take one cupful of strained tomatoes; season them to suit the taste, with clove, onion juice, salt, paprika and pepper. Cut bread in strips the width of two fingers, lay a sardine on each and pour the hot tomato sauce over them. Serve hot.

Sardines on Bacon.

Broil drained sardines until well heated through, turning once. Lay crisp slices of bacon on oblongs of buttered toast and a sardine on top. Sprinkle with minced parsley, and serve with slices of lemon.

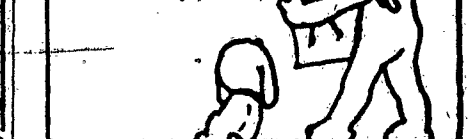
Baked Fish Flakes.

Cut one medium-sized onion in small pieces. Brown in two tablespoonsful of corn or olive oil, add one cupful of strained tomato juice, simmer well covered for 15 minutes, then add one cupful of boiled rice, one cupful of fish flakes, salt, pepper and paprika, a few grains of cayenne and one egg, well beaten. Put into a greased baking dish and cook 20 minutes in a moderately hot oven.

Nellie Maxwell Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I can't buy entertainment now Because of lack of money. But my, I never can be bored While ladies dress so funny!



To Catholic Journal Readers: Co-operate with these firms as they are co-operating by advertising in your paper. Patronize them as they are your friends.

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Face about your name; its history, meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

HETTY.

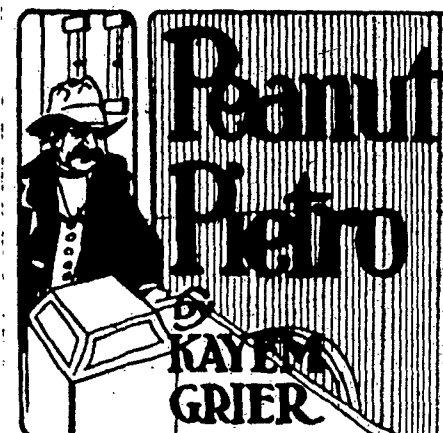
THE simple little name of Hetty, suggestive of pleasant homely domesticity, has a lofty significance. It is translated to mean "a star." Perhaps, after all, the steady bright insistence of the stars may have some psychic reference to the generally accepted conception of the Hetty's of the world.

Hetty is in reality the endearing diminutive given to the more dignified Hester, but so coldly austere is the latter name that Hetty has come to be bestowed in baptism with completed disregard for its proper predecessor.

Hetty came into existence by a rather complicated evolution through several languages. The fair daughter of the tribe of Benjamin whose royalty insured her peoples' safety, was called Atossa. Her name in the Persian language—quite unpronounceable—was "ombined with the Latin word for star "stella" and from the union, came the modern estrella. In the Septuagint, the Romans make this word Hesteria or Esthera.

In England, the "a" was dropped and Hester and Esther were bestowed as feminine names. The latter became Esle when the inevitable diminutive was forthcoming, and Hester soon gave place to Hetty, though the original form was usually preserved on the church registers. It was for America to gayly discard the proper appellation and substitute Hetty for all occasions.

Hetty's talismanic stone is the turquoise, which promises her steadfast friends, true love, and freedom from danger. If she sees the new moon reflected in the stone, she will have rare good luck. Saturday is her lucky day and five her lucky number. (Copyright)



Peanut Pietro

FOR seven weeks I treat my boss swella style. I no keek one time bouta hees pipe and I tella everybody he was greata guy. And when I tink he gotta good disposish one day I aska heem please rassa da wage.

Well, he feela pretty good and he geeva me da raise. I getta dolla feefaty cent more deesa week as da lasta one. My boss sure no care for da expense. He no tink any more of dolla feefaty cent as he do of da right eye.

But almosta nexa day seence I getta dat raise somating makka me mad, I go een da butcher shop for buy da beefsteak and da guy tella me da meat gotta raise een da wage, too. I dunno wot's matter every tree four day he go up een da price.

But butcher tella me ees no moocha feed now for da cattle, so wot feed can get costta more. He say when da feed ees too high price he gotta killa da cow. And when he gotta killa da cow, he say, da meat costta more, too.

Now I dunno eef I am righta idee or meestake, but I no can see dat way. Eef he killa da cow he no gotta feed any more. But he sava da price of da feed and e chargea more for da meat sama ting.

Eef da man getta killed he no gotta any more money. But eef da cow go dead he makka plentya money, I dunno wot's matter.

But I tella you wot makka me mad. I treat my boss good for sevena week. I getta da raise but he no do any good when da costta for leeving go up. Bes pretty tough luck eef I gotta treata my boss good for sevena week mora. Wot you tink? (Copyright)



AIN'T IT THE TRUTH

Moth: Shucks, these garments are nothing but cotton.

The Only Drawback. "Three drinks of this stuff," said the wily bootlegger, "and you'll hear the little birdies sing." "Not today," said the cautious citizen. "I had a friend who tried that prescription and it wasn't long before there was singing all around him, but he couldn't hear it."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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A Confession.

A little girl whose father is widely known as a writer of humorous stories, was recently approached by a visitor who said:

"It must be nice to have a papa who knows so many fine stories."

The little girl blushed and hung her head.

"Aren't you proud of your papa?" the visitor asked.

"Yes," the little girl answered, "but I think I ought to tell you something."

"What is it?"

"The stories of my papa's aren't stories at all."

"Not stories?"

"No."

And in a deep hoarse whisper, the child confessed.

"He makes them all up out of his own head."—Youngstown Telegram.

Embarrassing Moment. I had just received a letter from my beau. I read it over and at the end he had written: "P. S.—Isle of View." I read that phrase over three or four times but could get no sense out of it, so finally I took it into the living room where my folks were all sitting and said: "Mother, what does Harry mean by this?" And I read the phrase out loud. Imagine my embarrassment when the meaning suddenly flashed over me as I read the words aloud. I made a hasty retreat.—Chicago American.

A Future Star.

"Have you decided upon a name for the baby?"

"Not yet. It's so difficult to find one that will screen well."—Life.

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