

LISSETTE

By MILDRED WHITE.

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Lisette came thoughtfully up through the old garden that was faint with memories. It was here that she had grown to young womanhood under Aunt Martha's care. Now that Aunt Martha was gone forever, Lisette in her busy city life, felt that she must go back to stay in the place until affairs should be settled and past debts paid.

The old rambling house with green shutters was dearly familiar—the apple tree beneath which she had swung to and fro. Tilly, white-aproned, waited in the doorway—Aunt Martha alone was absent. It was a joy to sit before the living room fire at evening—a joy to sleep in the chintz-decked bedroom; but the following afternoon of a rainy day dragged drearily. Lisette did not want so much to think of Aunt Martha, she wanted to occupy her mind, and to bring back in memory the happy days of long ago; so she went into the sunny kitchen, and with Tilly industriously mending near by Lisette gathered together the ingredients for candy-making—Aunt Martha's delicious old-fashioned curries, which she, as a little girl had tied in dainty gift packages for favored friends. The candy bubbled and cooled in the making, and Lisette's own cheeks were as red as the sugared cherries, the tendrils of her hair as golden as the maple syrup, cheerily Lisette hummed as she worked, while the rain beat against the windows. A motor car crunching down the drive came to a stop before her kitchen window, while the driver springing out and up the steps through the rain, knocked at the kitchen door.

"Beg pardon," he said, "but we have been overtaken in the storm, the breeze is pretty stiff, and I wondered if the ladies might be allowed to step inside, they are damp and chilly." Lisette liked the young man's frank face and his pleasing voice was reassuring.

"Certainly, bring them in," she invited; "Tilly will put a log on the fire."

The elder of the two ladies was most grateful for the hospitality. She was a brisk, bright-eyed old lady, while the younger one, in her bright-eyed freshness, was a picture of what the older lady had been. They introduced themselves as Mrs. and Miss Carter, the young man whose name appeared to be Neil Strong, addressed the younger woman as "Gladly." They were merry together about the fire, and Lisette came with a smile to offer them her finished candies. So they sat there, and friendly, also Lisette, that Lisette tied up for them in the hours passed a dainty packet of candy to carry home, as Aunt Martha had taught her to do in days past. And before they left her visitors made the suggestion which would enable her to solve her present living problem.

"Why don't you," asked Mrs. Carter, "make enough of this wonderful candy to sell at a good price to certain patrons. I myself will be a regular customer."

"And we can send you many others," Miss Gladly added eagerly. Neil Strong settled the question. "I could order some trial boxes for you with 'Lisette' engraved on the covers," he said; "it all sounded so inviting that Lisette enthused to the prospect. 'Well will come later in the week, to get more candy for me," the girl said.

He remembered, astonishingly well, Friday and Thursday afternoons never failed to bring to the old house Neil Strong in his car; and always with the order for Miss Gladly he brought other orders. Lisette's trade grew amazingly.

Strangely enough as time passed Lisette found herself wondering as she mixed her candies in the big kitchen at the comparisons of life. Here was she working over a hot fire, with no real home and no friends in particular, while there, protected and beloved, was Gladly. There was no color in Lisette's thought, just a sort of wistfulness at her own lack of it. Perhaps Neil Strong's fine face may have been responsible for the wistfulness. Anyway Lisette decided that she was not going to see him again. One might become unwisely accustomed to the comfort of a sympathetic personality, even when that personality was vowed to another. Lisette's Tilly should meet Mr. Strong and deliver the candies. The 1st of November would be soon in sight, so thought Lisette, and she alone was not responsible for the candy which dyed her cheeks. But Neil was unawares; she was in the garret plucking a yellow chrysanthemum over the golden letters of "Lisette" on Gladly's candy box; when she heard her name.

"What?" asked Neil Strong abruptly, "to do when I can no longer come for Gladly's candy? Will you come with me for myself, dear?" she gasped.

"Do not understand you," she answered with dignity.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

CHARACTER BUILDERS

YOU may be filled with wonder at the number of disappointments that come into your life, frequently, too, at a time when you are least able to bear the shock.

Being afflicted with the common infirmitie of mankind, you fall to consider that others are as repeatedly beset by discomfures as you.

Some, it is true, run aground and are wrecked, swallowed up by the sea of despondency and swept away.

Others, more courageous by reason of their faith in a higher power, possessing a better judgment than their own, summon up new strength and sail bravely on, refusing to lose heart or to become discouraged because they have temporarily lost sight of their friendly star.

And this is what we all ought to do, quite irrespective of our many slips and stumbles, else in rebellion we lose hope.

An artist who imagines he has at last found the right color for what he decides shall be his masterpiece of tone and composition, is unspeakably disappointed when at the final stroke of the brush he is confronted with the palpable miscarriage of his plan.

And so is the singer with a pleasing voice who, after years of hard work, discovers a defect which cannot be overcome.

A disappointed child dries his tears and turns his attention to a new quest. In the novel surroundings he quickly forgets his old dismay and rises gayly to sunnier heights.

We older children, much harder to please and decidedly less inclined to change our course, do not bear the chastisement with similar grace, being disposed to violent rebellion and shameful outbursts of passion which in our cooler moments, let it be stated charitably and with due regard to the various frailties of human nature, we occasionally regret.

To turn squarely about when defeated on the very threshold of success, though exceedingly difficult and humiliating, is the noblest thing to do.

In this one sublime act we unconsciously uncover the true base of character, and exhibit our unsuspected virtues.

The storms of ages may beat against such character, but they can neither move nor destroy it, built as it was by disappointments for an eternity of sweet content such as mortal tongues cannot describe or imagination picture.

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Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

HERITAGE OF HONESTY

"I KNEW from a child that it was wrong to steal," said a very successful man who has made a fortune without being a crook.

"That is what saves the world," replied an editor to whom he was talking. "Thank Heaven, all boys are honest. They never become crooks till they are men."

"That statement is in a large measure true. While children, if trained by scoundrels, will steal, they know instinctively that stealing is wrong. They would much rather be straight. The theft of apples or watermelons or peaches committed by youngsters is mischief.

Show them that it is really stealing, that they are depriving someone else of what is rightfully his, and there will be no more climbing over back-fences for them.

One of the reasons that this is not a difficult world in which to live is that honesty is instinctive, and they have to be cultivated.

The average schoolboy despises a thief, and will have nothing to do with him.

If he reads in the newspapers of an abductor or a forger or a man who misappropriates a trust, the lad is shocked and disgusted.

It is only when he becomes hardened by contact with the world, and learns that men often prosper, even though they are dishonest, that he becomes hardened, and justifies his own misdeeds.

Watch a crowd of boys at games, and you will find that the cheat is always marked and barred from the game if he continues to cheat. The cheat himself was not a cheat always. He has learned cheating from another boy who in all likelihood learned it from a man.

"As long as we start honest, as we do, the greater percentage of us are likely to remain so.

Only those who are weak fall from their standards, and even they, when the race is over, heartily regret that they ever were anything but fair and clean and open-minded in their dealings with their fellows.

(Copyright by John Blake.)

Claire Windsor



Pretty Claire Windsor, whose splendid interpretation of a prominent role in a recent popular production placed her among the undisputed "movie" stars of the day. Miss Windsor was discovered some time ago by a prominent producer, who offered the young lady a small part in one of his pictures, and then followed a phenomenal rise to stardom. This is one of her latest pictures.

What's in a Name? By MILDRED MARSHALL. Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

LEILA

THE original Leila must have been a "vampi." It is distinctly a Moorish name—in fact it is translated to mean "Moorish"—and it was usually bestowed upon the loveliest of the always beautiful Moorish maidens.

In reality, it is generally supposed to be one of the feminine names derived from the lily. As the lily is the fairest of flowers, perhaps Leila as the most beautiful of her tribe came thus to be used as a proper name. Etymologists are frankly puzzled by her origin, since it seems that only the Hebrew and Slavonic tongues give names really taken from flowers.

But however that may be, and though the lily is as difficult to trace as the rose, it must still be contended that Leila had her origin in the pure white chalice of the most fragrant of all flowers. Lillola Genzaga of Italy was perhaps one of lily-names which preceded Leila. There was a Lillia Ruthven in Scotland in 1537. The Queen of Naples about whom the Scottish ballad of "Rowan and Lillian" was woven was named after the lily and, curiously enough, was called Cecelia by the Italians.

Occasionally historians have thought that Leila and Lillian, and Lillias were only contractions of Elizabeth, but there seems little to bear out this contention, so the lily must remain raison d'être of all such names. Certainly its heritage of beauty is well borne out by the lovely women who have claimed the name, among them Lillian Russell, the most beautiful woman of the American stage, and Lillie Langtry, famous Jersey Lily, and long the center of romance and gossip of two continents.

Leila's talismanic gem is the ruby, the "elixir of life," which gives courage, and freedom from harm, and strength of purpose to its wearer. Friday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number. The lily signifying purity is her flower.

Lord Byron said of Leila in "The Giaour": "Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell. But gaze on that of the gazelle. As large, as languishingly dark. But soul beamed forth in every spark. It will assist the fancy well. That darted from beneath the lid. Bright as the ruby of Glamis." © by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

UNSEEN

HE BOUGHT his joys beyond the hills. On distant sea and plain, And never knew life's sweetest thrills. Till he came home again. He found a peace he'd never known In all his days before. In any part of any zone. Waiting beside his door. And, strangest part of all this rhyme. It had been waiting all the time! © by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Positive Proof. Mack-Jack is such an optimist. Miss Ryval—That's what I thought when I heard he had proposed to you.

KIDDIES SIX

By Will M. Maupin

SONGS O' CHEER

WHAT'S the use o' weepin'? Better days are comin' soon. Don't be cryin', but be tryin' For t' hilt a merry tune.

What's th' use o' moanin'? If th' day is dark an' drear? Clouds don't matter—they will scatter. If you sing a song o' cheer.

What's th' use o' grumblin'? If your plans go all awry? Keep on smilin' all th' while on! You will get th'ere by an' by.

What's th' use o' kickin'? A' your tough, untimely fate? On tomorrow shove your sorrow An' keep bustlin' while you wait.

What's th' use o' cryin'? 'Cause all days ain't days o' June? Prick the bubble you call trouble An' strike up a merry tune. (Copyright by Will M. Maupin.)

Mother's Cook Book

For palates that must have inventions to delight their taste.

THESE ARE GOOD

SUCH vegetables as the delicate pea are best served in the liquor in which they were cooked.

Deviled Herring.

Take two cupsful of smoked boneless herring, half cupful of dried celery, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of mustard, two tablespoonfuls of minced green peppers, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of curry, one tablespoonful of minced onion, a fourth of a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, two tablespoonfuls of butter, three tablespoonfuls of flour, two cupsful of tomato juice and one cupful of buttered crumbs. Cut the herring into dice and let stand in a warm water for forty-five minutes. Melt the butter, fry the celery, onion and pepper until softened. Add the fish, flour and seasonings, mix well and add to the tomato gradually. Let boil. Turn into buttered ramekins, cover with crumbs and bake until brown.

Bulgarian Dressing.

Take three fourths of a cupful of mayonnaise dressing, add one-half cupful of chili sauce, one teaspoonful of walnut catsup, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one teaspoonful of vinegar, one-half teaspoonful each of salt and paprika and one tablespoonful each of chopped red and green pepper. Mix well and chill before serving.

The Right Thing at the Right Time

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

MANNERS, CLOTHES

WHAT relationship is there between good manners and good clothes? It is, of course, perfectly possible for a shabby tramp to outdo a well-dressed millionaire in gentlemanliness. It is often true that a gangling, ill-dressed woman with an old shawl over her head is better mannered than a woman dressed in silks and diamonds and furs.

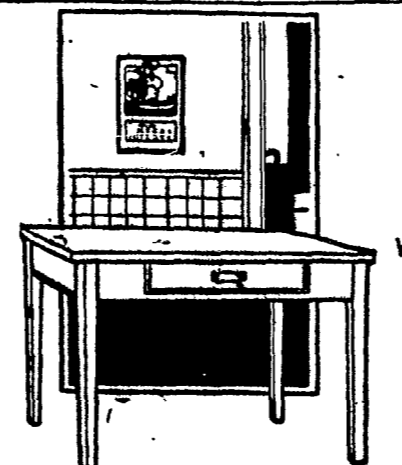
Nevertheless, good manners are often indicated by the kind of clothes you wear. If you are trying to make a place for yourself in this world among the people who are well bred, remember that if you choose becoming clothes in quiet taste you will make a better impression. Remember, too, that it is of great importance, when you wish to make a good impression, to have your clothes clean, well pressed and well brushed. And careful adjusting of their details—buttons and fastenings of all sorts, cuffs and collars, cravats and belts—be you man or woman, helps to give the right effect.

So it stands that though expensive clothes do not necessarily help a man or woman in business or social life, well chosen clothes carefully put on and worn without self-consciousness do help.

Mythological Birds.

The Australian thick-headed shrike is about six inches long, rich-yellow below, with a jet-black collar and a white throat, black head and partly black tail. It is sometimes called the black-breasted flycatcher and white-throated thick-head, and it has also a variety of French and New Latin names.

In the mythology of some low tribes such as the Caribs, Brazilians, Harvey Islanders, Karens, Bichunas and Basutos there are legends of a flapping or flashing thunder bird, which seem to translate into myth the thought of thunder and lightning descending from the upper regions of the air, the home of the eagle and the vulture.



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Sixth Week At Cliff Haven

Cliff Haven, N. Y., Aug. 10.

The outstanding feature of the sixth week at the Catholic Summer School of America was the open air meetings conducted by Mrs. Martha Moore Avery, and David Goldstein of the Catholic Truth Guild. The meetings were held on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon under the auspices of the Guild. Large crowds from Plattsburg and vicinity swelled the entire Cliff Haven population which turned out to hear the well known Knights of Columbus lecturer and co-author with Mrs. Avery of "Bolshevism, Its Care." The subject of the lectures was "A Message to Mankind" which the lay apostolate acclaimed was "to make the Catholic Church better known and loved."

Twenty-five years ago the Plattsburg Knights of Columbus inaugurated their council at the Summer School. They came again last Sunday to hold the Fourth Degree banquet in the Dining Room of the Champlain Club.

The High Mass Sunday was celebrated by Rev. John Mulcahy of New York. Gregorian Chant was sung by the choir for the first time in the history of the Summer School. The preacher at the Mass was Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S. J.

Agnes Clune Quinlan of Philadelphia rendered her first piano recital on Sunday evening. Here was different from the usual recital, as she told about the development of the opera, originating in the Church in the eighth century, down to the present day.

The annual Minstrel Show of the Camp was held before a crowded house Monday evening. Nothing was left undone to make this affair a great success, and it turned out to be a performance extraordinary.

The 10 o'clock lectures this week are under the auspices of the Alumnae Auxiliary Association and are conducted by Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. of Boston College, on "Principles of Modern Art and Literature."

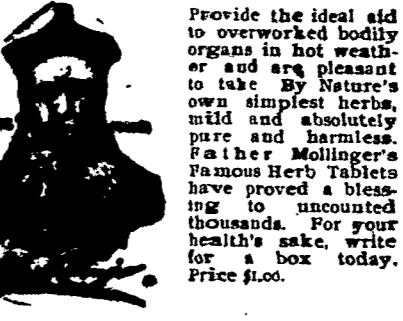
On Thursday and Friday evenings, Frederick Paulding, the noted actor and dramatic reviewer, will speak on "The True Purpose and Significance of the Novel."

The Annual Bazaar under the auspices of the Alumnae Auxiliary Association is to be held at the Champlain Club Wednesday afternoon and evening. The President, Miss Margaret C. Lavelle, and the other officers of the association are making every effort to have this year's event outclass all previous ones. In the twenty-five years of its existence, this organization has been a great help to the Summer School.

Summer Ills

The long hot months through which we are now passing, wear down the vitality of even the strongest and most robust. Frayed nerves, sluggish bowels and liver, headaches, poor digestion, sleeplessness and that dull, draggy feeling, all work together to undermine one's natural reserve supply of health and strength.

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