

Viola Dana



Beautiful Viola Dana, the winsome "movie" star, recently purchased a new home at Hollywood, where she has established headquarters with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Flugrath. Miss Dana went on the stage when she was five years old. Her sisters, Shirley Mason and Edna Flugrath, went on about the same time. Her childhood home was on a farm at Williamsbridge, N. Y. She was born in Brooklyn.

THE RIGHT THING
at the
RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

CANDY MANNERS

THERE is really a very nicely balanced table of etiquette concerning candy. Of course, the keynote of it is not to be greedy and not to be selfish—that is, not to be greedy if the candy belongs to somebody else, and not to be selfish if it is yours.

That's the whole case in a nutshell. So if somebody opens a box of candy in your presence and passes it to you, you naturally take but one piece. If the possessor of the candy places it open on a table and says "help yourself," you help yourself very charily. One or two pieces more are all that you really would take without further invitation. For you to eat half the contents of the box, as some persons do, would be the height of rudeness.

And, on the other side of the question, if you have a box of candy you should generously open it and pass it to your guests. Candy is a passing joy, anyway, and if you keep the box unopened and eat it all yourself, you will quite likely suffer a headache for your selfish indiscretion.

If a young man brings a young woman a box of candy when he calls on her, it is customary for her to open it immediately, and pass it to him—and to anybody else who may be in the room.

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WHY?
IS IT CONSIDERED
UNLUCKY

THE superstition, which surrounds the number "13" almost certainly dates back to the "Last Supper" where Christ and His apostles made thirteen around the table. The same idea, in pagan eras, is to be found in the Norse story of Loki's banquet with the gods in Valhalla where Baldur, who was the thirteenth at the table, was sentenced to die.

The superstition regarding the number is widespread and probably more prevalent than any other similar belief. In Turkey the number is never mentioned unless it is absolutely necessary. The Italians never use it in making up the numbers of their lotteries and the thirteenth card in one of their games of chance bears the grim figure of death. In fact the belief that, if there are thirteen at a table one of the guests is certain to die within the year—the connection with Judas and the Last Supper is here clearly recognizable—is so well established in Paris that it has given rise to a peculiar profession, that of plaque-assiette. These "diners" in other people's houses" are known as the "fourteenth," if being part of their business to break the spell attendant upon having only thirteen at the table.

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Uncommon
Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

EDUCATION

COMFORTABLE houses, good food, automobiles, all cost a great deal of money. Education, which enables a man to come by these things, costs very little.

The man who complains that he has never had any education deserves little sympathy.

Education today is one of the cheapest of commodities.

It costs money, of course, to take a four-year course in college, although there are thousands of students who work their way through colleges all the year.

As a matter of fact, about all a college can do is to teach a man how to get an education. The real education he gains by applying the rules that he learns in the class room and the lecture room.

Some of the most brilliant men in America and in England have been self-educated.

Such a man was Mark Twain. Such another was Charles Dickens.

Mark Twain had little schooling. Dickens had little. Both, however, read all the books they could lay their hands on. Both asked multitudes of questions of everybody they thought could answer them.

Both became very great men, very great writers, and of vast use to the world.

Your education will cost you practically nothing if you really want it. Go to a library. Talk to the librarian about what you ought to read. Then read it, and keep on reading, and thinking about what you read.

The only price you will have to pay is the time you spend, and the education you will receive will be worth many thousand times the price.

(© by John Blake)

Something to
Think About

By F. A. WALKER

NO MEDIUM ROAD

FROM the lives of great men, whose deeds are recorded in printed words, if we set ourselves seriously to the task we can glean the very best flowers of wisdom.

Their stories are told in friendliness for the encouragement of others.

Their noblest sufferings and steadfast faith stand up like guide-posts to direct tired, disheartened travelers to a pleasant destination.

Their experiences were the common experience of mortals, filled with hardships, chafing and galling when accepted, and when overcome as something to the burning flesh as oil.

If you will read carefully you will not be long in finding that these men pursued no medium road.

From the bottom to the top of their career they proceeded straight ahead, never feigning or falsifying their emotions, never deceiving themselves or others, which made confidence sure and success certain.

They accepted life as a prose ideal and went gladly about making it a glorious bit of poetry, radiant with sentiment and love, leaving their achievements behind so that another generation might gather courage and inspiration.

And this they did by doing their full duty, never turning back or faltering.

They developed the habit of looking up, thinking above the heads of others and holding all the while to their purpose.

Conscious of human frailties they were ever humble, patient with others and severe with themselves, always exacting from their own brains and bodies every ounce of energy available and doing their utmost whether tongues wagged praise or condemnation.

They prized self-respect above the empty laudations of the "crowd."

And when the shadows came, the "crowd" stood dumb and the world wept.

In their brief span they rose from obscurity to eminence, setting an example for the humble youths of today and tomorrow—the boys and girls some of whom are wondering how they too can climb to the heights and become a light to the generations not yet born.

The answer is: By avoiding the medium road, by walking strong in faith, and keeping faith with Truth and Mercy and Love with God!

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ADVANCE INFORMATION.

Was it a case of love at first sight? They call it that, although before they met she had heard that he was wealthy and he had been told she was an heiress.

Angela.

Angela—A clock is different from a man.

Andrew—What do you mean?

Angela—Well, when it strikes it keeps on working.

The Kind
He Hadn't Met

By JUSTIN WENTWOOD

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Charles Murgatroyd was out of his element, and he made no bones about it when he woke to consciousness in the best private room of the hospital, to find that he had fractured two ribs, one leg, and a collar bone in the auto accident, and was doomed to a stay that seemed almost eternal.

He hated the routine, and he could not understand why the nurses did not run to obey him.

"I tell you I must have a drink, Miss Mullins," he declaimed. "I am used to it. I'll become a physical wreck without it. It's medicinal—it's—"

"Oh, Doctor Richards, Mr. Murgatroyd thinks it's time he had another drink," said Miss Mullins to the house surgeon, as he came into the room.

"We'll let you have one after dinner," said Richards. "How're you feeling?"

"Feeling? There's no feeling about this place," growled Murgatroyd. "Of all the incompetent fools I've ever met, that nurse of yours heads the list."

Miss Mullins smiled. "Perhaps Mr. Murgatroyd will think more kindly of us when he gets better," she said.

Murgatroyd was helpless in her hands. She made him take castor oil. She wouldn't let him shave with his left hand. She, in short, bullied him in her quiet, efficient way, and Murgatroyd grew more and more puzzled about it.

"I can't understand you, Miss Mullins," he said a week or two later. "Here I've been cussing you in blue streaks and you've never turned a hair."

"We're trained to stand cursing, Mr. Murgatroyd," answered Miss Mullins, a little primly.

"Why are you so stand-offish? You folks don't seem human," he growled.

"Don't you think what you call human may be a little inhuman, Mr. Murgatroyd?" she asked.

"What do I call human?"

"Why—why, hitting it up, and—and drinking and having a good time," said Miss Mullins quietly.

Murgatroyd sneered. "So my reputation has preceded me, has it?" he demanded.

"You must forgive me, Mr. Murgatroyd."

"What have you heard about me?"

"Do you really wish me to tell you?"

"Every thing—please."

"Oh, Mr. Murgatroyd, I'm taking a liberty. I know, but I know you gave fifty thousand dollars to the Children's fund, and—"

"Just a whim, will it?"

"And it seemed so sad, so unhappy that you should live without—without understanding life. Those things aren't life, drinking and—and you, you know what I mean."

"Women, eh? See here, Miss Mullins, I've never yet met the woman whom I'd raise my little finger for. They're all alike, after the money and the day time."

"Some may not be," Miss Mullins looked at him tearful, angry, resolutely.

Murgatroyd stared at her. "Maybe you're right," he muttered.

The day before he was to leave the hospital he said to her: "Miss Mullins, we've got to be pretty good friends while I've been here. And I've been studying you. Will you give me if I say that I was base enough, when you first spoke to me about things to judge you as I should have judged the other women of my acquaintance?"

"You mean, Mr. Murgatroyd?"

"I thought you were trying it on. Don't be angry with me for saying that. I've repented in dust and ashes, and that's in the nature of a confession. Miss Mullins, I do believe there are different women in the world—only I haven't been lucky enough to meet them. And I'm so glad I've met you and I want to show it by—by asking you if you'll—marry me."

Miss Mullins cried a little. "I am so sorry," she faltered. "I—I—"

"So the proposition doesn't appeal to you?" he asked.

"I'm engaged to Doctor Richards," Murgatroyd was silent. Suddenly he burst out furiously.

"You were playing with me, then?"

"I wasn't."

"What did you want to preach to me for? I tell you all you women are the same. You were lending me on, in your own way just as those other women led me on in theirs."

"Please, Mr. Murgatroyd."

"There, I'm sorry. Forgive me. And—will you please leave me a little?" asked Murgatroyd humbly.

And he sat still in his chair for a long time wondering. Certainly he had lived blindly, as Miss Mullins had said. Certainly he meant to be far more circumspect and decent in future. But—but—

That "but" was endless.

Logic.

"You want more money? Why, my boy, I worked for three years for \$10 a month right here in this establishment and now I'm owner of it."

"Well, see what happened to your boss. No man who treats his help that way can hang onto his business."

—Boston Transcript.

"You make more gestures than are really appropriate in the course of your speeches," remarked the candid friend.

"I'm fearfully busy these days," replied Senator Sorghum, "and the doctor has ordered physical culture."

Mother's Cook Book

Be wise, be cheerful, bright and gay, leave to the fool his folly. And let your motto be "Cheer up," your rule of life, "Be jolly."

THESE ARE GOOD

STEAMED Brown Betty.—Mix two cupfuls of brown bread crumbs with two cupfuls of chopped apple, add two-thirds of a cupful of finely chopped suet, one-half cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of seeded raisins mixed with two tablespoonfuls of flour and one-half teaspoonful of salt; add one cupful of milk to which one beaten egg has been added and beat thoroughly. Steam in buttered molds two hours. Serve with lemon or vanilla sauce.

Sponge Cake.

Take four eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, the same of flour, one-half cupful of cold water and flavoring to taste. Beat the yolks until thick, add cold water and beat again until thick; sift the sugar several times, add it to the yolks, then the flour alternately with the whites, the flour having been sifted four times, three times after it is measured. Bake very slowly at first. Use a tube pan. The cake should, when properly made and baked, be the size of an eleven-egg angel food.

Nut Loaf.

Take one cupful of chopped nuts, two cupfuls of bread crumbs, one-half cupful of hot water, one-half cupful of melted butter, one egg well beaten, one teaspoonful of mushroom catsup, one teaspoonful of onion juice and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, a few dashes of pepper. Mix the ingredients in a loaf and bake in a moderate oven one-half hour. Baste occasionally with butter. Serve hot with brown sauce.

Eggs in Peppers.

Use large green peppers of regular shape, wash them and with a sharp knife cut in halves. Remove the white membrane and seeds and place in boiling water to cook ten minutes. Remove and invert to drain. Sprinkle each pepper with a layer of buttered crumbs and minced ham moistened with cream. Break an egg in each, season lightly and place in the oven to bake until the egg is set. Serve on rounds of bread lightly browned in butter.

Spanish Potatoes.

Cook potatoes in boiling salted water until tender, drain and shake over the heat until dry. Into a hot vegetable dish place two to three tablespoonfuls of butter and two tablespoonfuls of minced onion; this amount will be sufficient for six potatoes. Chop and stir the hot potatoes, covering with the butter and onion, then sprinkle thickly with paprika and serve very hot. This is a good dish to serve with cold meats.

Nellie Maxwell
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THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"WELSH RABBIT"

THE name of the dish composed of melted cheese with the addition of sundry sauces and piquant flavorings is usually spelled "rabbit"—an error due to the fact that persons who could see no resemblance between their favorite midnight repast and a hare which came from Wales concluded that it must be a "rare bit." Even Worcester and Webster were formerly guilty of this mistake, until an examination of Continental colloquialisms showed them where they erred.

Welsh "rabbit" is a dyad-in-the-wool slang term, belonging to the same class as a considerable number of other, but less well-known names applied to the favorite dishes of various communities. In England, for example, they refer to a sheep's head stewed with onions as a "German duck," while a bag-pudding is a "Leicestershire plover" and "Norfolk capon" is eating-house slang for a herring.

Following the same school of rough wit, the French call a herring a "poulet de carence" or "Lenten chicken" and the Italians reverse this process, referring to a chicken as a "fish out of the coop." Nor is the custom by any means confined to European countries. The New England habit of speaking of codfish as "Cape Cod turkeys" and the current slang of "Irish confetti" for bricks are two other examples from the same school.

So Welsh "rabbit" it should remain—on account of the fondness of the Welsh for toasted cheese and not because it is a rare bit, or delicacy.

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Be a "Trail-Blazer."

Five per cent of the people in the world are trail blazers. The rest are content to follow in their footsteps. Every new discovery or invention which has aided human progress has had to combat the indifference of those who were satisfied to stay in the old rut and "let well enough alone."

—Shoe Recorder.

THE FRIENDLY PATH

By WALTER I. ROBINSON

TURN the world's thoughts to peaceful pursuits and there is little danger of war.

With the wider recognition of the importance of anti-war intelligence, the happiness of the world is measurably increased, for warfare or dangers of warfare and happiness cannot exist at the same time.

There are some who loudly wall because of the invention of a new supergun which, if news reports are correct, would make the great German gun of St. Gobain appear like a top. It is held in some quarters that the invention or perfection of the invention of this mammoth weapon indicates too much thought of warfare and does not augur well for continued peace. But, on the other hand, quite a number of clear-thinking individuals contend that this new gun is a good thing, because it is likely to prevent future wars.

However, the most encouraging news in connection with the new invention is that telling that the gun is to be employed as an industrial instrument. Finding that the weapon will punch holes through the thickest armor-plate with the greatest ease and neatness, it is proposed to have it widely employed in doing important work for mankind. If this plan is carried out, it would be impossible to estimate the value of the invention British and American inventors have given to the world.

But be this as it may, is it not a cause for rejoicing to know that the St. Gobain weapon—once hailed as an impossibility by the world's leading scientists—has been outdone? You remember that on Good Friday the St. Gobain gun began its deadly work by killing and maiming women and children who were worshipping in a Paris church, the big projectiles being hurled through the skies a distance of 75 miles. This was horrible. But the possibilities in war use of the new invention are many more times as horrible. The gun would throw a projectile weighing five tons nearly 300 miles, and in so doing would make neither smoke nor noise.

Who is there who would be willing to say that the perfection of weapons of such terrible destructive powers is not a sign for peace? Plans to employ it in industry is even a surer sign in the same direction.

This "greatest gun" should be hatted with joy.

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KIDDIES SIX
By
Will M. Maupin

ALL'S WELL!

I'll face the music, come what may—Great music or bitter sorrow; The sun may hide its face today, But it will shine tomorrow. And if the road seems rough and long I'll make it smoother, brighter, By trudging on with smile and song To make my burden lighter.

I'll face the music, come what may—My heart with hope is throbbing, The work that faces me each day Cannot be done by sobbing. Each daily stunt I'll do my best, My efforts best recording; Content that God will do the rest And care for the rewarding.

Cellar.

Young King Floris of Bulgaria is so hard up that he is selling his cellar stock of wines and liquors to Sofia hotels, at \$2 a bottle.

Boris, twenty-seven years old, has hocked most of his autos. He has only three servants, two guards, and has stopped all court functions and entertainments.

His father, before exile, lived in the extravagant luxury of an ancient Chinese emperor.

A result of the war: Imperialism is on its last legs, even where it hasn't been kicked out entirely.

Lightest of Liquids.

Many experiments here and abroad have shown that liquid hydrogen is by far the lightest of all known liquids. Its density is one-fourteenth that of water, and, curiously enough, this happens to be the same ratio of density that hydrogen in the gaseous state bears to air. For long the lightest liquid known was liquefied marsh gas, which possesses about two-fifths of the density of water.—Washington Star.

Frightened Off.

"I understand Cactus Joe has an offer to be a film actor," said the commercial traveler. "He could show 'em a lot of genuine realism in some of those desperado dramas."

"Yes, but he won't accept. After reading about some of those studio parties, Joe's afraid he couldn't stand the rough life."

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