

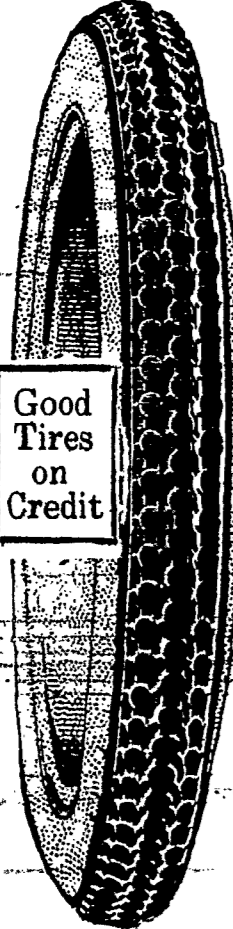
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**Deaths Of The Week**

**Mule**—Mrs. Klealgera Mule died Friday night, September 29, at the family home, No. 354 Platt street, aged 41 years. The funeral took place Monday morning at 9 o'clock from the house and at 9:30 o'clock from St. Anthony's Church.

**Mancuso**—Alphonse Mancuso passed away Tuesday evening, October 3, at the family home, No. 202 1/2 Frank street. He was a member of the Crucifix Society of St. Anthony's Church. The funeral took place Friday morning at 8:30 o'clock from the family home and at 9 o'clock at St. Anthony's Church. Interment in the family lot at Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

**Bauer**—Entered into rest, Saturday, September 30, at his residence, No. 218 Spencer street, Paul Bauer, aged 72 years. He is survived by his wife, Emma, and four children. The funeral took place Monday morning at 10:30 o'clock from the Cathedral. Interment in Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

**Courneen**—At West Bloomfield, on Monday morning, October 2, Martin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Courneen, aged 9 years. He is also survived by two brothers and one sister. The funeral took place from St. Joseph's Church at West Bloomfield on Wednesday morning. Burial at Lima, N. Y.

**Monahan**—Miss Mary Monahan died Sunday morning at St. Mary's Hospital. She is survived by one brother and two sisters. The funeral took place from the residence of her brother, No. 99 Bronson avenue, Wednesday morning at 8:30 o'clock and at 9 o'clock from the Immaculate Conception Church. Interment at Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

**McGillivuddy**—John D. McGillivuddy, died Saturday, September 30, at his residence, No. 263 Emerson street, aged 36 years. He is survived by his mother, four brothers and two sisters all of this city. The funeral took place Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock from the Cathedral. Interment in Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

**McVeigh**—Mrs. Anna Lafferty McVeigh died Friday afternoon, September 29, at her home, 69 Austin street. Besides her husband, James McVeigh, she leaves one daughter, one sister and one brother. The funeral took place Monday morning, at 8:30 from the home and at 9 o'clock from St. Patrick's Cathedral. Interment was made in the family lot in Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

**Tierney**—Edward J. Tierney, aged 73 years, died Thursday morning at the family home at 1489 Culver Road. He leaves his wife, Mrs. Winifred A. Tierney, two daughters, Miss Elizabeth A. Tierney and Mrs. C. W. Lansing; five sons, Joseph B., Edward J., Raymond J., Walter L. and Arthur J. Tierney, and nineteen grandchildren. The funeral takes place this morning at 8:30 o'clock at the house and 9 o'clock at St. Ambrose Church, Culver Road.

**Magee**—Mrs. Mary J. Magee, wife of George W. Magee, of 73 Monroe Ave., died Thursday at St. Mary's Hospital. She leaves her husband; two sons, Rev. Emmett F. Magee and George J. Magee; one sister, Mrs. Margaret E. Shaw of Rochester, and one brother, M. Joseph O'Brien of Auburn. The remains were removed to Auburn for burial in St. Joseph's Cemetery.

**McCarney**—Mrs. Elizabeth McCarney, aged 64 years, died Thursday, at the home of her niece, Mrs. F. J. Magill of Garson Ave. Funeral Monday morning with services at 9 o'clock at Corpus Christi Church. Burial will be made in the family lot at Canandaigua.

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**SECRET OF CHARM**

By SYLVIA L. BERKMAN

Daphne Joselyn ran upstairs, threw herself on a bed and turned her face in a pillow. She wanted to cry, but didn't because crying made her nose red and her eyes look washed out, and for her husband's sake she wanted to look pretty. That was the whole trouble—she wanted to look pretty and retain her husband's love. Instead, she grew larger and less attractive every day, while Reggie's love seemed to diminish accordingly.

She had tried many ways to get thin. She had fasted, dieted, exercised everything, but each new experiment only increased her weight. With her flat hair, blue eyes and fair skin, she wasn't homely, but she was large, and Reggie had said, when she was younger and more slender, that he disliked fat women. Now he seldom stayed at home in the evening, and people said he was interested in a cute little brunette at his office.

That morning she had received a pamphlet which said that the only way to keep a husband's love was to cultivate charm. By practicing before the mirror, she had attained what she thought was a perfectly irresistible smile. Then she had added a glide to her walk to make her seem graceful, and prepared to conquer her husband by charm. As she glided through the doorway with the irresistible smile on her face, Reggie had stared at her in silence. She thought it was the silence of admiration, but finally he gained his voice and exclaimed: "Are you playing you're a fairy, Daphne, or shall I call a doctor?" Rushing from the room, she had thrown herself on the bed in a fit of despair.

It was of no use. She was undeniably fat, and Reggie thought that she was crazy when she tried to please him. When she had followed the advice of an "adviser to the lovelorn," and tried sitting on his lap and putting her arms around his neck, he had thrust her from him and laughed. "Do you want to break my knees, Daph?" That was all right when you were slim, but you're fat from that now, girlie."

She remembered the day he had caught her "getting thin to music." How he had laughed and teased her. But if he would only love her as he used to, she wouldn't mind anything. He was unkind to her, but she still loved him with all her heart.

The next morning she did not get up in time to see Reggie, because she didn't want him to be annoyed by her presence. She would keep away from him if that was what he wanted.

During the afternoon as she was reading an article on the "art of keeping thin," her brother, Mrs. Price, came into the room.

"Hello, Daphne, child," she greeted her "how are you and Reggie getting along? I just saw him at the office and he said to tell you to expect him for dinner."

"It's a wonder," Daphne sighed "he isn't at home much now."

"Well, you'll have one more tonight. I'll stay. It's raining, and I don't want to get wet. What are you going to have for dinner?"

"Oh, I have some cold meat and a fruit salad, and I'll get something to drink, and we'll have a light dessert."

"Daphne Joselyn, do you mean to tell me that you feed your husband in that way? Why, after a man has worked all day he wants something substantial, not salads and drinks and light desserts. No wonder the poor man eats away from home."

"But I have to, mother, to keep from growing fat."

"Well, there's no need in starving a man just because you want to get thin. Daphne, I'm ashamed of you. Instead of brooding over your size, come down to the kitchen and we'll prepare a dinner that's fit for a hungry man and not one that would satisfy a bird."

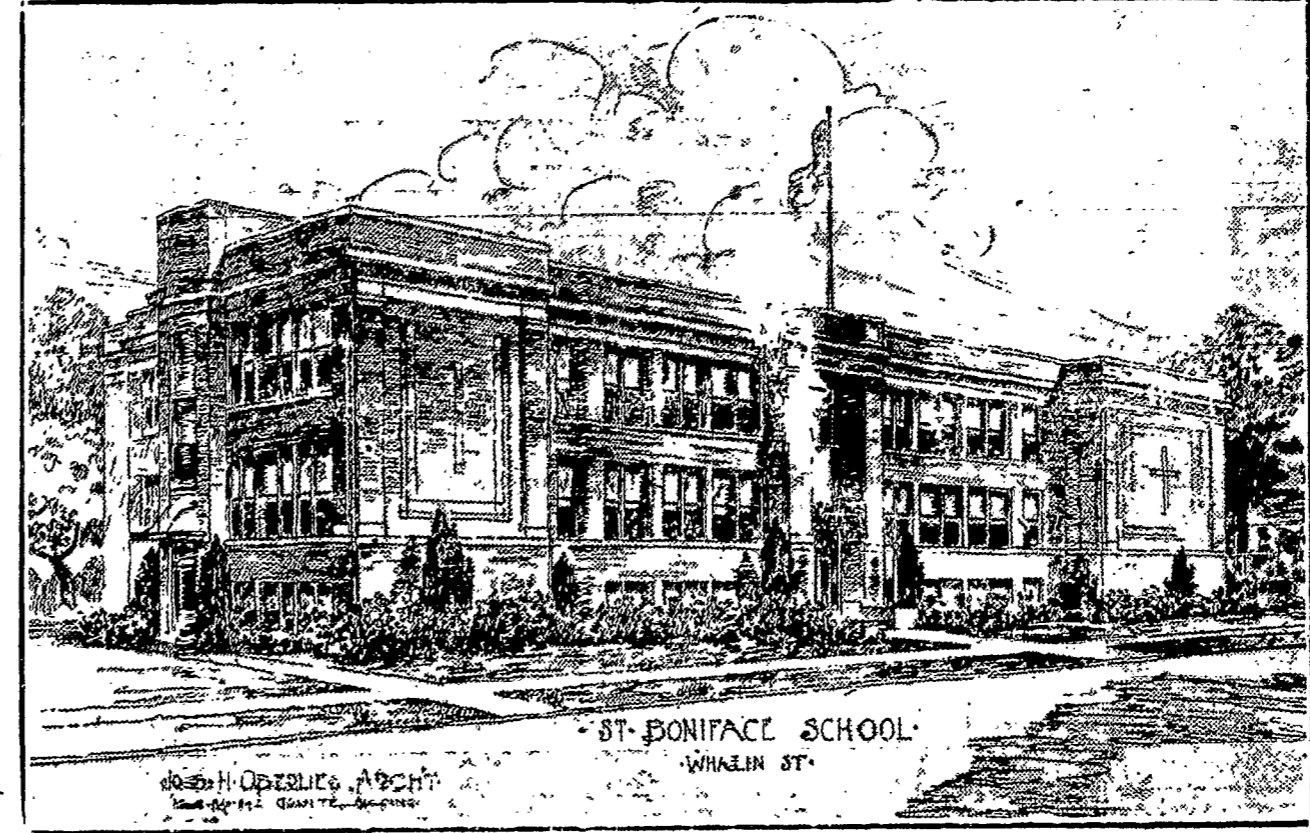
Two hours later the table was set in readiness for a meal that would warm the heart of any man. Daphne had become interested in the work, and surveyed the dining room with a smile. Outside a violent storm was raging, and within all looked cosy and comfortable.

Suddenly the telephone rang, and an agitated voice asked for Daphne's mother. When Mrs. Price returned she said: "I must go at once, Daphne. Mrs. Thompson's twins are very sick, and she wants me to come over. I hate to leave this cosy place for the storm, but it must be done. Take the pie out of the oven in five minutes, and beat your sauce now. Good-by, dear."

Thirty minutes later Reggie came in, dripping and worn out from the battle with the storm, when he had changed his clothes he entered the dining room, stopping with surprise as he noticed the dimly set table, with its load of good things. Daphne herself looked charming with her face flushed prettily.

After Reggie had eaten as much as possible he leaned back in his chair and gazed at his wife with complete satisfaction.

"Gee, Daph," he said, "I'm glad you had this supper ready tonight. I expected one of those cold meat affairs, and this is a pleasant surprise. I was almost tempted to go to a restaurant, but I'll say that I'm glad I didn't. Home's the best place for a man, after all, especially when he has a pretty wife to look at."



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MARK OF ANIMAL AFFECTION  
Dogs and Others of the Lower Creatures Lick Man's Hand as a Signal of Surrender.

When Mr. Garner spent so many months living in his iron cage in the jungles of Africa, studying apes, monkeys and gophers, he discovered that if a monkey licked the body of another monkey or of man, it was a signal of surrender.

A traveler in South American woods along the Amazon shot a monkey. The poor little beast was badly wounded, but not dead, when approached. In its last agony it licked the hand of the man who did the mortal injury. The look and the act gave the traveler a feeling of sorrow and regret for his deed.

With other animals the act of licking indicates something akin to "I am your friend."

So when a dog licks the hand of his master, or attempts to lick his master's face, it is his expression of fidelity, affection and devotion.

The act doubtless harks back through the ages of time when the dog-wolf made the choice between man or other dog-wolves and selected man as his companion. Out of the dim past there remains with the dog this instinct, which is best not understood, and which is often and noblest in dog nature.

**K. of C. to Hold Hallowe'en Party**  
The assembly will hold a Hallowe'en party on Thursday, October 26th, at Maplewood, for members and their friends.

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