

The KITCHEN CABINET

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Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill,
Whose words are always true;
That keeps the laws of kindness still,
Whatever others do.

Blest be the hands that toil to aid
The great world's ceaseless need—
The hands that never are afraid
To do a kindly deed.

FOR DINNER TODAY

Fruit and vegetables are essential to health: eggs when moderate in price should be used freely in the menu as a substitute for meat.



Fruit Salad.—Pour a cupful of boiling water over one-half pound of dates and drain dry; cut into lengths and remove the stones. Add to the dates one cupful of finely diced apple, two slices of finely cut pineapple; the apple and pineapple may be cut into strips if desired; sprinkle with salt and two tablespoonfuls of French dressing and one-half cupful of finely cut celery. Let stand one hour then serve with mayonnaise and whipped cream, using a cupful of cream to two tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing. Serve in apple cups or on lettuce.

Chop Suey.—Take two pounds either pork or veal with a little beef or chicken, four onions cut into small pieces, three stalks of celery cut into bits, one can of bean sprouts, a half-dozen Chinese water nuts or potatoes, two teaspoonfuls of head molasses, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and two teaspoonfuls of salt. Heat a little fat in a saucepan, add the meat and brown, cook until nearly done, then add the vegetables, one cupful of meat stock, or water, the seasonings and molasses. Cover and cook one hour, using great care to keep from scorching. Serve with boiled rice and soy sauce.

Cream Dressing.—Mix three-fourths of a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of mustard, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, and four tablespoonfuls of flour; stir until well-blended; add one cupful of water and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Remove from the heat and pour on to the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Cook in a double boiler until thick and smooth. Add one tablespoonful of butter or olive oil, cool and add one-third cupful of lemon juice, stirring until well mixed. Beat one cupful of cream until stiff and fold into the chilled dressing.

Nellie Maxwell

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The Head Start

By FAIRFAX DOWNEY

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TRAINER JAKE JONES, whose eyes resembled hard-bolled eggs, fixed them on Stickney McVey, giving that youth an uncomfortable sensation, as if he had eaten too much at a picnic.

"I've done right by you, Stick," declared Trainer Jake. "I've worked hard and earned on you. You got the build, you got the strength, you got the stride of a runner. But, Judas Priest! you ain't got a getaway. Every time you get left at the post.

"The meet tomorrow with Clay is about the last chance I give you. Try and jump the gun—just once. If you try that, you may start on time after all."

And with that hasty dig, Trainer Jake took himself away.

That night Stickney McVey awoke from a sound sleep to find his bed surrounded by sinister figures in the robes and cowls of monks. By their insignia, he knew he was the recipient of a visitation from that fraternity, an honor highly coveted at Enfield college.

The boy in bed broke the silence with, "Kind of late, aren't you?"

"Lateness is not inappropriate in a visit to you," the spokesman declared, and in his words there seemed to be malice aforethought.

Then the hooded figures spoke in unison: "Rise, base worm; gird thyself and come forth to trial by combat, boiling in oil, and other ordeals to test if thou be worthy."

"Say, you better let me off tonight," Stickney protested. "I'm in training, you know. Meet with Clay tomorrow. Go to run the hundred."

"The neophyte seems to think," sneered the leader, "that his presence in the meet will make some difference. We had not noticed that it had in the past. We come now to take over your training."

That night Stick McVey ran as he never ran before and hoped never to run again. The event he ran was the gauntlet. Four strong-armed Mu Nuses at the start of every sprint, when Stick crouched for the start. Being equipped with paddles, they insured the continuation of the impulse, and at the finish were more brethren who indulged in slaps of congratulation. Finally the initiate did a fast sprint to his room, locked and barricaded the door and composed his weary, smarting body to slumber.

It was so funny that even the crowds in the Enfield stands had to laugh when their star pole vaulter's pole snapped just as he was clearing what would have been the winning height. The ludicrous fashion with which he crashed through the bamboo cross bar and the surprised expression on his face when he lit suddenly in the pit were comical indeed. But when that event gave a margin of points to the rival Clay team, the debacle lost its power to amuse.

Stick McVey, stepping none too sprightly toward the starting point of the 100-yard dash, felt many a pair of eyes on him. He winced, for he realized that now his college's hopes of victory rested largely on him. He'd jump that gun, he would. What did he care if the starter called them all back? It would show 'em he wasn't going to be late this time. No more trailing and finishing fourth for him.

And then as he dug his spikes in the starting holes, Stick knew with a horrible certainty that he was not going to be able to jump the gun—not even with the grueling training the Mu Nuses had administered the night before to put fighting spirit in him. Long-formed habit was too strong. He knew in his heart that just as he was deciding to beat the starter's gun by a split second, the darn thing would go off and he would lurch forward too late, in the dust of the field.

Before he started he was a beaten man.

"Ready!" ordered the starter. Eight runners rose from their haunches and caught their light, sure balances with hands resting on the cinder track.

"Get set!" The crouching bodies of the eight bent forward, every muscle at its utmost tensiety and nerves strung tight for the crack of the pistol.

In the bark of that weapon was lost the gentle crack of an air rifle fired from the track house, directly in rear of the starting point. The concealed marksman was Trainer Jake Jones.

Stickney McVey sprang forward as if he had been shot. As a matter of fact, he had been.

He must have covered five yards or so with his first leap and on the sixth he hit his stride. His well-muscled legs pounded up and down like the pistons of a smoothly racing engine.

It was a pretty race, the 100-yard dash the stands saw that day. If only the fleeting, thrilling picture could have been more lasting! The watches caught them at only two-fifths over ten seconds. Chest out, head back, Stick McVey broke the tape, gasping for breath. No Clay college man had better than seen his heels, and it was his own Enfield teammates who had crossed the line at his elbows, taking second and third places and sailing away the meet.

When track men in later years, deferring to the respected opinion of Stickney McVey, asked that famous sprinter what had been the secret of his success as a runner, he was wont to display a watch charm containing a tiny BB shot, once extracted from his anatomy. That he would admit, gave him his first real head-start.

Rich Coat for Formal Wear in Early Spring



Golden brown, satin, with a fine stripe of darker tone, collared with checker of seal and gorgeously embroidered all over the flaring sleeves and the godets that carry out their flowing lines, are features of this handsome garment.

Gloves That Fit Last Longer, Says an Expert

Upon the efficacy of that first fitting, as you buy your gloves, depends largely their permanency. An expert in the Kansas City Star. "Gloves are satisfactory as preliminary guides; but the proper 'set' of the glove to the hand is insured only by careful fitting. Seat yourself comfortably for the process, sitting sideways, with your elbow on the protecting cushion. Unless you are left-handed, in which case your left hand naturally will be the larger, give the saleswoman your right hand to measure and fit.

During that first fitting at the store, and at subsequent times when you put the gloves on yourself—particularly while they are still new—these rules should be considered. New gloves should be drawn on gradually, never forced on, or pushed down between the fingers. A glove never should be held by the corners, as it is being fitted on, but by the center of its back. It should be drawn off backwards, rather than pulled off by the finger tips.

Do not buy a glove which needs to be stretched at the wrist. If it does not clasp easily, it is too small, and is likely to tear out around the clasp at once.

If your hands are normal—that is, of average shapeliness, and not particularly thick or thin, with medium length fingers—you will want to be fitted with regulation-sized gloves. That is the exact size of gloves which the measurement of your hand indicates is the one which will fit you.

But if the flesh of your hand is extremely solid, and your fingers are thick and heavy-jointed, you will want a glove larger than the regulation size. Conversely, if the flesh on your hand is quite soft and flabby, you may wear a smaller glove—probably about half a size smaller than the measurement indicates. If your hand is thin, you will want a long, narrow glove. And if your hand is stout and firm, see that you are fitted with an extremely elastic glove.

In fact, elasticity of the leather always has a great deal to do with the final fit and satisfaction that you can get out of a glove.

Best-Dressed Women Have Fewest Clothes

The best-dressed women in Paris are those who have the fewest clothes, writes a Paris correspondent in the New York Herald-Tribune. Fewest clothes means the fewest at a time, but those are always the exactly correct thing for the occasion. It is obvious that the wardrobe which is limited to the demure curl gives much more chic than quantities of clothes left over from seasons gone by, and a woman who strives to keep up with the kaleidoscopic fashion changes of today must have only a few clothes at a time, else they become denuded almost before they are worn.

Two afternoon dresses, two evening dresses and one morning frock, together with two coats, one for day and one for evening, make up an ample allowance for chic clothes, but these must be renewed every two months. So, after all, it is not an economical wardrobe that one has in this way, but it is sure to be smart and up to the minute. Many women make the mistake of buying too many frocks at a time, and all consequently become passé before they have given sufficient service.

The almost imperceptible changes that take place in fashions from day to day make quite a marked difference in the styles two months apart. Invariably a season begins with shabby, old models and it just as surely finishes in simplicity. Thus, if the form in fashion does not change, the method of working it does.

For Shingled Heads

For the girl with the modish shingle there are charming little enameled nozzles swung from a black silk cord. These contain a narrow comb and an equally narrow magnifying mirror. They come in a number of different colors.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

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BABY DAYS

Molly could remember a good many months back. In fact she could remember the whole year back, and yet she was now only three years old. But she was a child now. She was no longer a baby. Some foolish people still called her a baby. Really they knew very little. Didn't they know that a baby was a little bit of a helpless creature, very lovable, very sweet, but very helpless?

Didn't they know that a baby couldn't walk or talk or even think? At least if a baby could think, a baby couldn't tell what she was thinking about.

And a baby couldn't remember well at all. In fact a baby had a very bad memory. Molly knew that. Of course she knew it.

She had been a baby herself. And she simply couldn't remember what she had thought about when she was a baby. She often tried to think hard. By thinking hard she felt she might remember something. But no matter how hard she thought, she couldn't remember further back than when she was one whole year old.

Her mother said that most people couldn't remember when they were a



He Gave Her Rides.

year old, but Molly could do that. Not much, of course.

She could remember only a few things about that time. She had a strange, dim remembrance of the night she had been carried in her daddy's arms. It was a very, very dark night. She had been told since that they had arrived in the town where they were going to make their home and that the place they had come to stay for the night was overcrowded and that there had been no room for them.

She knew they had arrived on a train, as she had been told that. But she didn't remember anything about the train—nor did she remember a single thing that had happened in all of that first year of her life. She was a little over one year of age when her daddy had carried her from one hotel to another. She remembered how dark and strange everything had seemed and she remembered that her mother and daddy had talked to each other and sometimes to her.

What they had said she had not understood, but she had felt frightened in her father's arms.

From the time she was a year old until she was eighteen months old she remembered very little. Only she remembered kindly old waiters, who could see them now as she thought about them. And she remembered the great excitement of sleeping. Oh, how fast she could creep. But just as soon as she had a good start and was really rushing delightedly along her mother had come hurrying after her and had caught her up and carried her back to their room.

Her mother had a way of hurrying very fast—Molly could not keep ahead of her mother, once her mother had started after her.

Sometimes her daddy would come and stop her when she was creeping. Sometimes the very oldest and the very nicest waiter in the hotel chased after her.

It seemed such a pity. They were afraid she would fall downstairs. And she was not afraid of anything. Not of a single thing.

But best of all, during those months was the great big Newfoundland dog with the long, soft, beautiful hair and the most handsome face Molly had ever seen.

Her mother's face was nice and so was her daddy's, and there were other nice faces. There were cross faces, too—faces that looked at her and made her feel in the way and not loved. Faces that belonged to people who also had a cross way of speaking.

Molly didn't know just what was the matter with those people then. When she was three, though, and thought about them she knew that they were merely "funny" people who were "made nervous" by children.

But the dog had the most handsome face of all. She loved to put her head close to his head. And he seemed to love it, too. And he gave her rides—on his back. Oh, she would never forget that dog. Not as long as she lived. He had made her have so many happy times when she was little.

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