

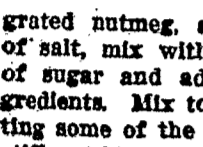
THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

"There's a glinting of blue, there's a sprinkling of gold,
There's a haze in the skies over-
head,
There's a budding of leaf, there's a stirring of life
In the heart of the hyacinth
bed,
From the maple a voice, from the willow a sign,
From the marshes soft odors that bring
To the eyes that can see, to the ears that can hear,
The news of the coming of Spring."

MORE GOOD THINGS

For variety in hot breads try:
English Bath Buns.—Dissolve one cupful of butter in one cupful of thin cream and add one cake of compressed yeast, blended with a little cold water. Add the grated rind of a lemon. Sift four cupfuls of bread flour with one



grated nutmeg, and one teaspoonful of salt, mix with two tablespoonfuls of sugar and add to the liquid ingredients. Mix to a soft dough, omitting some of the flour if it seems too stiff. Add two or three tablespoonfuls of finely-shredded citron, let rise until it has doubled in bulk, then form into twelve round buns, place on a baking pan, let rise again until light and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Shortly before removing them from the oven, brush the tops with beaten egg, dust with sugar and a few bits of chopped nuts or citron.

Fricassee of Carrots.—Boil or steam three or four large carrots. Grate two medium-sized onions and brown in one-half cupful of butter, stirring until evenly colored and quite a deep brown. Cut the carrots into slices one-fourth inch thick; add to the pan and cook until lightly browned. Dredge the whole with two tablespoonfuls of flour, mixed with one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of pepper; stir, add a cupful of rich stock, let the whole come to a boil, and serve garnished with minced parsley.

Shrimp and Fish Timbales.—Butter timbale molds and line them with shrimps split in halves. Then fill the cups with the following: Two cupfuls of milk, three eggs lightly beaten, one cupful each of shrimps and shredded halibut. Set in water to cook until the custard sets. Serve with potato balls in cream sauce to which four tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish squeezed from the vinegar is added.

Neenie Maxwell

CARPET CLEANING

CLEANING



YOU can entrust your most cherished rugs and carpets to us without fear of their being harmed in the slightest. We remove the dirt—not the design. Work That Satisfies. AUTOMATIC RUG RENOVATING. 479 St. Paul St. MAIN 1992

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR FROM BROS.

QUALITY SAUSAGES AND MEAT PRODUCTS. LOOK FOR THE YELLOW LABEL.

BRIGHTON PLACE DAIRY COMPANY
Milk - Cream Buttermilk
Chase 346 Glenwood 1878

TEETH EXTRACTED
By Nitrous Oxide and Oxygen
D. R. C. C. MILNE
Formerly East Dental Rooms
Miss M. Hurley, Lady Assistant
203 East Side Savings Bldg.
Entrance 6 Clinton Ave. South
Take Elevator

Send Us Your Printing
THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL

Bright Wings of Romance

By RALPH D. FAINE

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

TIME had been very cruel to Harriet Brent. To some women the years come like an Indian summer. Harriet Brent lived alone in an old house, which also had come to have an aspect unlovely and forlorn. Four-square to the road it stood, its fields bounded by stone walls heaped together by the tenacious toll of New England pioneers.

A house that still braved the weather staunchly, it had sheltered many children and known many joys and sorrows. This its broad roof conveyed to the passer-by. For one elderly woman to dwell alone in it was like sitting by the dead ashes of a hearthstone.

Harriet Brent was not unhappy. In her heart, which seemed untainted by warm emotions, there lived unquenched one divine spark of the true romance. Her faded eyes could soften in wistful reverie.

The Harriet Brent of those many, many years gone by had been a sensitive, slender girl of a certain flower-like, fleeting beauty. Delicate, they had called her. A shy girl, moving in misty day-dreams which she had been reluctant to reveal.

Eighteen she was when the lad had come from a larger town for a brief visit with cousins on a nearby farm. So brief—only a week. He had made love to her, with an ardor boyish and turbulent. Unashamed, she had returned his kisses.

Careless, splendid, debonair, swearing he loved her forever and ever, he had passed on and forgotten her.

Harriet Brent did not forget him. Life is sometimes that way. The spirit of romance had once, only once, brushed her with its bright wings. Time healed the poignant sorrow. It came to be that she was glad to bear the scar. Even in these somber later years she could sit and thank God that she had known love and kisses and aching rapture.

One day this harsh-featured, unsmiling spinster went out to feed the hens. She had clapped on a battered, haymaker's straw hat. A shawl was thrown over her faded shirt-waist. The old skirt had been chopped off to make it easier to do the chores. The rubber boots were handy because there was mud in the hen yard.

The empty pan in her hand, Harriet Brent stood staring at a very large and glittering automobile which had halted in front of the house. The chauffeur was studying a weather-beaten guide-board on a post. A handsome woman, ruddy, dignified, spoke to the gentleman beside her. He left the car and walked to the gate of Harriet Brent's dooryard. She came clumping from the barn path to meet him.

"Is this the road to Warechester, if you please?"

"Yes, take the first road to the right after you climb the hill beyond the watering-trough."

"Thank you, and may my man have a pail of water to fill his radiator? If you will be good enough to show him where the well is—"

"I'll fetch you a pail," grimly spoke Harriet Brent. She lingered a moment to survey this vigorous, genial stranger with the close-cropped, grizzled moustache, the keen eyes, the air of substantial importance. Time had not been cruel to him. Life had been gracious nor had it obliterated that dominating quality which had made him victorious in boyhood.

Yes, Harriet Brent knew him as soon as they stood face to face, but the expression of her worn features was unchanged. She went into the shed and returned with a pail. The man who had come out of the past seemed in no haste to rejoin his wife in the car nor did he hear her when she called to him. He was gazing at the shabby old house and at the apple orchard beyond. His demeanor was curiously abstracted. His eyes were grave but his smile had a boyish sweetness as he said:

"This fine old place has run down. Too bad. I remember it years ago. A family named Brent lived here then. Do you know what became of them?"

"Dead and gone," replied Harriet. "You can see the stones in the little burying ground at the edge of the orchard."

"Yes, it was a long time ago. There was a daughter, a very lovely girl. I met her one summer, when I was a boy. Married, I suppose, and a grand mother by now?"

"She has gone, too, so I've heard say," steadily answered Harriet in a low voice. Her hand pulled the edges of the shawl together and remained there to rest on her heart. "Yes, the girl you used to know has gone from here."

His wife spoke impatiently. He turned with a start. Presently the car rolled away from the house by the road. He glanced back, more than once. From behind the ancient lilac bush, Harriet Brent watched the car vanish. Then she clasped her hands and murmured, in prayer:

"Oh, thank God he didn't know me. But he remembered—and he loved to remember. He was loving the girl that has gone. I didn't expect any thing could ever make me so happy." She went into the house and kindled a blaze in the huge fireplace of the sitting-room. By its glow she sat with folded hands, while the red coals covered the dead ashes. Her face was no longer harsh and unlovely. The bright wings of romance had brushed

Why They "Joined Up" for Better or Worse

Little did I think what an interesting task I had set myself when I set out to inquire why some wives and husbands had married.

Let us get over the unpleasant part first. I asked a young wife why she had married, since she apparently took little interest in her husband and home.

"Oh, I wanted to be free. Mother wouldn't let me have a latchkey, and if I was ten minutes late coming home at night there was as much fuss as if the house had caught fire. So I escaped with the first 'boy' who asked me. He's not much of a catch, either."

Incidentally, that woman finds it impossible to do exactly what she likes, even when married. Her husband "watches the clock" when she's out, too!

Next a man told me he married his wife because he was sorry for her. She was unhappy at home and he couldn't bear to see her cry. Now he sees what a fool he's been, and from what I gather it is he who makes her cry nowadays. It's to be hoped that no other man will come along and pity her.

"Why did I marry?" echoed another man. "Why, because she is the sweetest, best and dearest little girl in the world, and I just couldn't have lived without her." Pleasant hearing words like that, isn't it?—Yera Leslie, in Edinburgh Scotsman.

Odd "Jumping" Customs in Various Countries

"Jumping" customs are to be found in numerous countries among the superstitious peasantry. In Russia, on Midsummer eve, young men and maidens carrying a straw figure of a mythical hero, jump over a bonfire in couples. This act is supposed to help the crops. In Baganda, South Africa, when the beans are ripe, a woman calls upon her eldest son to eat some of them which she has cooked. If she neglects to do this it is believed that she will fall ill. After the meal her husband must jump over her. Following this the beans may be eaten with impunity by the family. These people also treat fishing ceremoniously. The first catch of the season is devoted to the god Musasa. The second catch is taken home and, after the fish have been cooked and eaten, the man of the family jumps over his wife and all is well. Otherwise, distress may ensue. In Uganda, when a warrior returns to his home after a campaign, his first act is to jump over his wife. Before starting out on a warlike expedition each general must jump over his wife, or disaster will befall.

Ring Lore

The origin of the finger ring reaches back to ancient Greek mythology. Prometheus is said to have worn the first ring. Prometheus stole fire from Heaven with which to cook his food and so brought upon himself the displeasure of Jupiter, who condemned the daring mortal to be chained forever to a rock. Jupiter later repented and released Prometheus, but ordered that lest he might forget his punishment and perhaps dare to steal from the gods, he should always wear a chain about his finger to which a fragment of rock was attached, and thus technically at least, carry out the original sentence of being chained to a rock forever. In this is seen both the origin of the ring and also the practice of setting rings with precious stones.

Early Envelopes

When envelopes were first made the sealing flaps were ungummed and were closed by applying at this point of the sealing flap a wafer of sealing wax. About 1840 there appeared on the market envelopes with a small "lick of gum" about half an inch square at the point of the sealing flap, and this very soon supplanted the wafer of wax. When, however, as a still further improvement, some manufacturers began to gum the whole of the sealing flap, many protested against it; and while willing to moisten the small spot of gum, for sanitary reasons they were not willing to "lick" the entire flap. After some time this prejudice was overcome and envelopes with gummed flaps rapidly came into favor.—Pathfinder Magazine.

No Change at All

"You've heard of a person being in a quandary, haven't you?" Peterson asked.

"Sure," replied Brown. "Why?"

"Well, I just had a letter from an old friend, and he's in one. He's been in rather bad health for some time, so the other day he went to see a doctor, and the doctor advised him to take two or three months' complete rest. That's where the quandary comes in. He's been working for the government for 15 years and doesn't know where to look for a more complete rest."

Practical Training

Literaries in 24 Wisconsin cities served as training fields for students from the Wisconsin university library school, Madison, this year, and six Wisconsin daily papers were run for a week by students of the school of journalism.

The Way Today

"Nobody wants me."

"You can't win a girl in that way these days, young fellow. Make 'em think they've got to take you away from somebody else."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He Wanted Revenge

By ORVILLE LEONARD

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

HIRAM VAN WART was dying—the doctor had given him two weeks more. Another of those cursed attacks, brought on by news that had caused the blood to suffuse his face and sent him back, gasping, into the depths of the big easy chair which he rarely left. For Van Wart was forever getting phone messages that sent an icy blood into his race.

And though Hiram Van Wart's tone and manner were not nice, he was usually obeyed instantly and with deference, for he had a very large bank account.

Of his many interests and valuable holdings, the apple of his eye was the beautiful estate in the middle of which he now sat, for a thousand acres of hill and dell, streams, waterfalls, forests and gardens rolled about him.

When he and his boyhood companion, Jake Lont, had swung, fought and played hooky in these very woods he now owned they had both sworn to own them some day. Van Wart and Lont had grown up together, and about the same time had come to the city and worked hard. Van Wart had made his pile first and then, quietly—tract by tract—had bought up all that wonderful bit of unspoiled country.

Lont did not find it out for some time, for he had been occupied in amassing a far greater fortune than his old schoolmate, but when he concluded that he had saved enough millions to last while his thoughts turned to Dutch corners, and he went out there to see Hiram Van Wart.

Hiram sneered at him. "Beat you to it, Jake."

"Yes, Hiram," Jake had answered evenly, "but when we were boys we were going to get rich and buy it together—member?"

"Just a boy's dream, Jake."

"All right, Hiram, I'm disappointed, of course, but let that go. Now I'll tell you what I'd like. There is a little patch of heavy woodland where the Dutch corners road and the Frenchtown pike come together—about ten acres. You paid only about fifty thousand dollars for the whole thousand acres, I know, but I'll give you five thousand for that ten-acre wedge—want to put up a little shack in the old home place. It has been the dream of my life to settle down here when I got enough."

"Not a d—n inch do I sell, Jake," said Van Wart, smiling disagreeably, for success had made him like that.

Jacob Lont had left him without further words, but since that day no big deal of Van Wart's, no cunning, deep scheme of his but had been fought, often thwarted, often put through after tremendous and needless expense. And Van Wart had traced his enemy to Jacob Lont.

And now, as he lay back, gasping for breath, all these things racing through his mind, the phone jingled. A sharp, businesslike voice spoke over the wire: "Mr. Van Wart, the new suburban railroad is going to cut off about ten acres of your corner at Dutch Corners road and Frenchtown pike. Can't go round it. Road's miles away yet, but the lines have been run. At what price do you hold it?"

"Won't sell," growled Van Wart. "Then—condemnation—proceedings will be started in thirty days," the voice was crisp and cold, "and you won't get more than a hundred an acre for it."

Van Wart slammed the receiver on the hook. Slowly he put out his hand and, again lifting the receiver, called Jacob Lont's number in the city. After a long wait the quiet, firm voice came over the wire: "Jacob Lont talking."

"Hello, Jake! This is Hiram Van Wart. I'm cashin' in, Jake, an' I want to part friends with you. Doc says I can't live two weeks. If you want that ten-acre corner and will put through the deal now you can have it for five thousand dollars. I'll fix the papers up to give you possession tomorrow."

"Sorry to hear about you, Hiram. I'll be out tomorrow with a certified check," Lont promised instantly. "O. K. by!"

Then Van Wart rested a moment with closed eyes, before he called a number. "Come over now, Sharpe. Want to make a new will. Doc gives me two weeks at most."

Two minutes later a high-powered car raced up the drive and Van Wart's lawyer alighted, accompanied by a notary.

"Lo, Sharpe! Took you a long time," Van Wart growled. "Will's there in the safe. Stands as she was—everything goes to Jacob Lont—old boyhood friend—got more'n he can take care of now. But change this place with every stick on it, goes to the Dutch Corners lunatic asylum, except ten acres on the corner of Dutch corners road and Frenchtown pike. I'm selling that ten-acre tract tomorrow to Lont. And Sharpe," and Van Wart glared at the lawyer, "see that you make that codicil hog-tight!"

Then Hiram Van Wart closed his eyes and decided to have his telephone disconnected on the morrow, for his work was done.

Learning Mouth Hygiene

The Filipino has taken most kindly to the use of the toothbrush and only the more ignorant abstain from its daily use. When the Americans entered Manila in 1898 there were but four dentists in the archipelago, and when a molar ached the average citizen went to a blacksmith shop and had it extracted.

FRANK J. HART MONUMENTAL

HIGH-GRADE MONUMENTS
Granite, Marble, Limestone, etc.
Opposite Liberty Ave. Entrance, 1155 Broadway

THE NATIONAL HOME-MADE EGG NOODLE

National Egg-Noodle Co.
635-7 Joseph Avenue
Call For Them At Your Grocery

RAY W. SHERMAN CHIROPRACTOR

2 to 4 and 8 to 8 P. M. 10 to 12 A. M. by Appointment
Saturday and Sunday by Appointment
885 Main St. West cor. WILKINSON ST. Phone 1000

American Clay and Cement Corporation

General Contractors & Builders Supplies
1175 East Main Street

ABDOMINAL SUPPORTS

Obesity, Pregnancy, Piles, Lumbago, Cotton, Silk, Elastic and Non-Elastic
GEORGE R. FULLER CO.
110 ANDREWS STREET

COAL THAT SATISFIES

PHONED MAIN 2801

NO DELIVERY BUT LOW PRICES GENESEE PROVISION CO.

57-59 Front St., just a step from Market
Meats Fish Poultry

Rochester Angus

142 PORTLAND AVENUE

Oysters

Clams

THE SEA SHELL, INC.

1112-4

B. J. Henner

Furniture and Upholstery
Office and Storage 275

JOHN BRUCKER

Tin, Copper and Sheet
17 ME. ST. N. Y.

CALBY & NASH

AUTOMOBILE PAINTING AND REPAIRING
Auto Bodies of Special Design
1800 EAST AVE.

A. P. BERNARD

Tinsmithing, Roofing, Furnace and
411 Plymouth Ave. So.

The Gray Carpet Cleaning

Oriental and Domestic Rugs
Carpet and Rug cleaning
care. Absolutely no injury
of the carpets or rugs.
Plant equipped with
251 Sanford Street, N. Y.

CALL MAIN 187