

Cincinnati See's New Archbishop Duly Installed

(N. C. W. C. News Service)
Cincinnati, Aug. 14.—The Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O. P., former Bishop of Duluth, was formally enthroned as Metropolitan of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati Wednesday morning. With Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, presiding, the impressive ceremony was carried out with all the ritualistic splendor through which the Church emphasizes the importance of the coming of a new ecclesiastical ruler to his spiritual realm.

Cincinnati was out en masse to do honor to the new Archbishop on the day of his enthronement. As the procession moved from old St. Louis Church, where the ecclesiastical and other participants formed in line, to St. Peter's Cathedral where the installation took place, it passed between lanes of laymen of all creeds, all interested and respectful to the prelate who was, for many of them, of a different faith. This same spirit of genuine welcome for the new Archbishop was manifested again at the public reception tendered him at Music Hall where prominent city officials were among those who greeted him.

The Procession
For the enthronement itself the ecclesiastical procession formed at St. Louis Church shortly before ten o'clock. Uniformed members of the Knights of St. John and the Knights of Columbus and the diocesan clergy met first. The priests vested in cassock, surplice, biretta, and the three groups welcomed the Archbishop and the other prelates who arrived from Norwood by automobile just before the procession was scheduled to start. There were approximately eight hundred priests waiting to greet the new Archbishop.

Leaving the gray old church with its gay decorations of American and Papal colors, a platoon police led the procession on the return to the Cathedral. Then followed the procession proper. The Knights of St. John Band came first, furnishing the music for the marchers. Then came other members of the Knights of St. John, cross bearers, and acolytes. Next were the members of the religious orders represented in the Cincinnati Archdiocese: Franciscans, Dominicans, Passionists, Precious Blood Fathers, Holy Cross Fathers, Jesuits, Mariists, Benedictines. Next followed the secular clergy of the Archdiocese: curates, chaplains, pastors, irremovable rectors, deans, monsignori, teachers in the Diocesan Seminaries, and officials of the Archdiocesan Curia. The Archbishop-elect brought up the rear (the place of honor in the rules of ecclesiastical precedence) with his retinue and a Guard of Honor composed of members of the Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus. The Catholic Knights of America, Catholic Knights of Ohio, Catholic Order of Foresters, Holy Name Society, Orphans Boards, and the National Council of Catholic Men.

At the Cathedral there was the solemn Pontifical Mass with the Rt. Rev. Joseph C. Plinten, Bishop of Superior, Wis., as celebrant. During the Mass Cardinal Mundelein occupied the Archdiocesan Throne while the new Archbishop—since he had not then been installed—kneled at a prie-dieu. Bishop Plinten occupied another throne at the Epistle side of the sanctuary.

Immediately following the Mass came the installation. After the Cardinal had completed this ceremony, the clergy of the Archdiocese approached the new Archbishop, now seated on his own throne in the Cathedral Church of his own Archdiocese, and made their act of obedience by kissing the ring of their new ecclesiastical ruler.

New Archbishop Speaks
Following the installation ceremony in the Cathedral the clergy attended a luncheon at a Mt. St. Mary's Seminary at two o'clock.

At the reception in his honor in Music Hall on the evening of the day he was installed, Archbishop McNicholas outlined the aims which will guide his administration of the Archdiocese. He pledged himself to a policy of cooperation with the civic authorities and to encouragement of all patriotic endeavors. In this connection he deprecated some of the methods of the present-day reformer, who, the Archbishop said, "would reform everything and everybody except himself."

"The Catholic Church in America," Archbishop McNicholas declared, "has contributed and still contributes with a prodigious hand to the welfare of society. To no nation is she a menace. She challenges the most searching investigation. She has no secret doctrine, no secret code of morality, no secret law."

Bro. Columba Heads Franciscan Brothers

(N. C. W. C. News Service)
Centerport, N. Y., August 14.—The Very Rev. Brother Columba, O. S. F., was elected Superior-General of the Franciscan Brothers at a General Chapter of the Congregation here during the past week.

Brother Jarlath, O. S. F., was chosen Assistant Superior-General, and Brothers Vincent, Ferdinand, Eugene, Gerard, and Ambrose were elected General Consultors.

Peruvians Kept Count by Knots in String

Among the ancient Peruvians there was a system of expressing thoughts without pronouncing them, or writing them in language. This consisted in a method of interlacing strings and tying various knots. It was called a quipu, and was composed of one thick head or top string, to which, at certain distances, thinner ones were fastened. The top string was much thicker than the pendent strings, which were fastened to it by a single loop; the knots were made in the pendent strings and were single or manifold. The length of the strings varied. The transverse or top string often measured several yards, and sometimes only a foot. The branches of pendent strings were seldom more than two feet long, and in general they were much shorter.

The strings were often of different colors, each having its own particular signification. The color for soldiers was red; for gold, yellow; for silver, white; for corn, green.

The quipu was especially employed for numerical and statistical tables, each single knot representing ten; each double knot stood for 100; each triple knot for 1,000, etc.; two single knots standing together made 20; and two double knots, 200.

In this manner the ancient Peruvians kept the accounts of their army. On one string were numbered the soldiers armed with slings; on another the spearmen; on a third, those who carried dubs.

This method of calculation is still practiced by the shepherds of Funa.

Asserts That Poverty Is Punished as Crime

It is a common cant phrase among the comfortable classes that poverty is not a crime. Like most cant phrases, it is a lie. Poverty is a crime, or the world would not punish it so severely. Any man who has been poor—I do not mean "hard up" or short of money, but actually poor, and born among the poor, as I was—has something of the resentment felt by a man who has been in prison. For he has suffered as much as any man who commits a serious crime against society. But with the difference that he does not know what offense he has committed. I received the first punishment early in life, and it was some time before I could discover that my offense was poverty and humble birth. There is no relief for that suffering. So long as boys born among the poor dare to have brains and fine feelings and a desire to escape from mean streets, so long they shall be made to pay the price of their daring—Thomas Burke, in Hearst's International Cosmopolitan.

Application for Patent

A first government fee of \$20 has to be paid on the filing of an application for a United States patent as a part of the application, and if the application is allowed a final government fee of \$20 has to be paid in order to secure the grant of a patent. No further fees are required, and the patent runs its term of 17 years without anything more being required of the patentee. In most foreign countries, however, in addition to the government fees which by law have to be paid with the application, and in order to secure the grant of the patent, renewal fees or annuities have to be paid regularly, and the laws require the invention that is covered by the patent to be actually worked, as by being manufactured, sold, etc., in the country of the patent.

Insect Cannibals

In the struggle for existence many creatures are driven to live at immense heights.

The climbers of Everest saw a herd of wild sheep sitting on a glacier surrounded by pinnacles of ice. They found bees, moths, and butterflies at 21,000 feet, and the last traces of permanent animal existence far above the Himalayan snow-line and 4,000 feet above the last vegetable growth. These were small spiders.

They live in islands of broken rock surrounded by snow and ice. There were no signs of vegetation or living creatures near them, and for food they ate one another.

Wingless grasshoppers were found living at a height of 18,000 feet.

Courtesy

Courtesy is the one medium of exchange that is always accepted at par by the people of every country on the globe. Courtesy radiates a spirit of good feeling and suggests that we are not working entirely for the material returns of work, but for the friendly human associations as well. Life is not too short, and we are never too busy to be courteous.

Courtesy is the outward expression of an inward consideration for others. It is always an effective lubricant that smooths business and social relationships, eliminating friction—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Saved by Coffin

Clinging to a coffin for 15 hours on a storm-swept rock off the New Zealand coast was the experience of five Maoris. They were taking the body of a relative to Nelson for burial, when the launch was wrecked on a submerged rock. The Maoris spent 15 hours on the rock in bitterly cold weather, doggedly clinging to the coffin all the time. They were in the last stages of exhaustion when rescued.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

by Mary Graham Bonner

GEORGIE GREEN FROG

Tommy had come to call on George Green Frog who lived in the pond near the cave, where the mysterious and wonderful Old Man lived.

Tommy was going to see the Old Man and he was going to see if the talk about the treasure was true.

He was naturally very much excited about it all. But he had enjoyed stopping and seeing others on his way.

George Green Frog had been entertaining him.

Then Tommy, who had brought food with him, and had a feast, and all the little creatures from about had come.

When they had all eaten all they could possibly eat Tommy had fixed a number of little packages filled with crumbs and told all the parents to take these home to their children.

"It's always only right," Tommy said, "to send home something from every party to the children."

The birds were so delighted that they sang a glorious song of thanks and told Tommy that the Old Man had said Tommy was a friend of theirs, as he would no more think of taking eggs out of the nests of birds than he would, even if he were much bigger, go around and take little boys and girls from their home nests.

"All those things made the Old Man so happy when you started adventuring," they said. "You were just the one he hoped would come."

"Am I to go to the cave now?" Tommy asked.

"George is going to sing for you," Little Mr. Robin whispered in Tommy's ear. "He would feel dreadful if you didn't listen to him."

"He makes up his own tunes and he makes up the words to his songs," "That's clever of him," Tommy said.

"Don't speak before you hear," said Mr. Robin. "But it doesn't make any difference anyway. George is such good company."

George was clearing his throat now. His eyes were bulging from his head and he was looking around at his audience to see if all were ready to listen to him.

"I shall sing a song entitled 'A Frog's Fancy.' I wrote it myself and some day I hope it will be put in all the school books so that boys and girls will be able to know that poetry need not always be poetry in order to call itself poetry. And I hope they will put my picture in the books, too."

"This is my song."

Once again, George cleared his throat, and then he sang:

I'm George Green Frog,
I live on a log.
I eat bugs or fly
Whichever comes nigh
And all sorts of my nose—
In my mouth then it goes.

I'm George Green Frog,
I love the home bog.
I croak and I sing
Just any old thing.
I fancy you know
I'm quite the whole show.

But just at that moment George stopped suddenly and shouted:

"Goog-a-room, goog-a-room, the Old Man has sent me a message on this leaf which just flew down in front of me that he is ready to receive visitors in the cave."

The Pond people all began to point the way, and Tommy hurried off. He had scarcely dared hope that all would turn out so splendidly.

Maybe there would be the treasure after all. Oh yes, surely there would be the treasure! Surely, surely there would be the treasure. Now he would know! And he would win!

What Harold Wanted
Harold's mother took him with her when she went to call on a neighbor; but soon he became fretful and she started to take him home.

"Don't go yet," said the neighbor. "I will get him a glass of milk. Maybe that will pacify him."

"Oh!" said his mother, "that will be too much bother."

"No, it won't," piped Harold. "That'll make me stop crying."

Hen Had Wrong Recipe
Lucille was visiting auntie in the country. It was the joy of the four-year-old to hunt for eggs in the barn. One day she brought in a very small one, presumably laid by a bantam.

"Auntie," said the little maid, showing it, "the hen that laid this egg didn't have the right recipe."

Popular Poultry.

Picture Hat for Fall —Soft Purple Velvet



A picture hat—and isn't it a picture! Purple velvet as soft as the leaf of a pansy; a silver band, a line of silver piping, a huge rose in shades of purple and rose. It is a model that promises to be popular this fall.

Hats for Small Women, Also for Fat Sisters

No small woman ever should wear a very large hat. She loses herself under it like the child under the big umbrella. The brimless hat is the best choice if one wishes to give the impression of increased height, and the wide hat is not yet the only thing in the picture. The boyish cloche, and the saucy hat with the rolling brim, so becoming to the smallest, young-looking features, are putting up a courageous fight for their existence, and will no doubt win, since women are not noted for knowing what they want.

A curved or dropped brim on a small person makes the figure appear even shorter. The turned-up brim, on the other hand, by directing the eye upward, causes a person to look taller than she actually is.

Small, drooped brims, such as the pokes and mushroom, are effective and childlike when one's smallness is a point of attractiveness, and it is desired to emphasize it.

Bulky trimming is another thing that was never intended for the little person. And in the same way, any trimming that stands out away from the hat at a sharp angle, or in any way breaks the simple line of the hat, always is worn to her disadvantage.

The present fancy for putting the trimming on top of the crown will give you a hint.

If you have a small head and a large body, the medium-sized hat will even things up. Much depends upon the size and contour of the face, since one cannot divorce the features from the figure. Just remember that the effect of a wide or medium-brimmed hat is always to make the face appear thinner and the body shorter; while the small, close-fitting hat heightens the figure and broadens the face.

The short, fat woman should choose a hat large enough to make her face look thin, but not wide enough to shorten her figure. She should avoid brimless hats which broaden her face, and hats which hug down in the back too far, and thus call attention to the size and shortness of the neck. Tricorne hats particularly well on this type, and rolled hats, and off-the-face brims are also becoming, if not too round.

The short, thin girl looks best in the small, smart styles, with the up-and-coming lines and trimmings which increase her height and make her face softer and fuller.

Simplicity of Cut Is Feature of Footwear

Simplicity of cut is still the hallmark of smart footwear although the tendency is not so marked as it has been, observes a fashion correspondent in the New York Herald-Tribune.

Perugia, Greco and Hainstern, three leading French bottiers, continue to emphasize this virtue in their newest models and the most popular shoe of the moment is the court shoe with a slightly rounded toe and a flattened vamp. Very often a buckle, hiding an elastic, is placed rather high on the instep and is a means of varying this model. Also modish is the Louis Caban heel which is fairly straight and no longer much hollowed out. Its height is from five and a half to six centimeters. The golf shoe remains in favor for morning walks and the smartest model has broad straps, ornamented with stitches in two colors.

The fashionable shoe shades for autumn wear are hazel and dove-color, the latter a warm gray, while evening shoes are made in an infinite variety of light shades, in silver and gold, and in a whole range of pastel hues.

One leading bottier is employing five or six exquisite pastel shades in kid—delicate pink, yellow, brown and blue—for the theater and dance wear. Lizard skin is still profusely used, particularly in light shades such as beige and gray, to accompany sports costumes made of English woolsens. As in the case of kid there is lizard gilded or silvered on evening models.

Floral Trimmings

A quaint poke hat of brilliant red mian has a-moire ribbon crown band in the same tone and a spreading fan arrangement of life-sized, poppies placed over the upturned revers at the back of the crown and brim. A broad-brimmed hat of fine hair in deep and light mauve tones is trimmed with a single velvet poppy, very large and loosely pinned, and made of pansy velvet shading from pale orchid to rich pansy purple. This is placed over the front of the crown.

Condiments and Cupid

By GRACE MARINISTY

(The 1111, Western Standard Union)

IF YOU had been in New Orleans at All Saints' day—the silent carnival of flowers—and had passed a rosy-eyed, tearful Jane Emerson in Jackson square, what would you have thought? Perhaps that she, like all the world in New Orleans (and none of the world outside) had just come from her All Saints' day visit to the cemetery.

Entirely wrong. Jane was just from Massachusetts and knew nothing of the observance of All Saints. She had simply mistaken pepper sauce for tomato catsup.

A French restaurant with bewildering creole dishes in rich red sauces—she had scarcely dared try them and had ordered cold roast and a salad. A glance around for the dish of Chicken Boston would have offered well then, a little tomato catsup in a bowl—and she tipped the foodless bottle over her plate. After that the deluge of water down Jane's smothering throat, and tears in Jane's eyes. She paid her bill hastily, almost ran to a sheltered bench in the square, and gave herself up to sobbing her streaming eyes.

If you had seen, soon afterward, a slender, black-eyed young man striding rapidly past Jane's bench, his brown, compressed lips, his tensely-charged hands registering suppressed emotion, you would have said, "Poor young man, he has laid a wreath upon the tomb of Madame, his mother. His sorrow almost overcomes him."

Quite wrong again. Vincent LeBlanc's family circle was latent. Vincent had been elsewhere. He was not even shorter, he was perturbed, disappointed, hurt and—yes, even angry. Not pepper sauce—he had been brought up on that! But New Orleans was responsible for his acute discomfort also, though he was holding Jane Emerson accountable.

He had known her one happy summer that he had spent "my month." Her name was Barbara, but she was dainty, gentle, altogether amiable. What joy, now, that she had come to New Orleans for the winter? "I shall call upon you tomorrow evening—it is a legal holiday, you know, and I have leisure," he had phoned her.

In Boston, evening is evening. In New Orleans it is afternoon as well—any time after lunch, but Jane didn't know it. So she hadn't thought of staying home to receive Vincent at three o'clock.

"No, no, she mustn't leave a message," insisted the colored girl at Jane's boarding house. "Will you wait for Miss LeBlanc?"

No, Vincent wouldn't wait. He was distinctly annoyed. "It's not necessary to tell her I called," he told the maid. "I am telephone man."

Behold, Vincent, then, striding through the old square. Not so fast, though, that he failed to observe Jane, weeping. Was it Jane, really? He hadn't seen her for several years—he couldn't be sure. But the sight was so disturbing that he turned around—and he went home. Jane hadn't seen him, for she was sobbing her streaming eyes.

"I shall wear my light blue velvet tonight when Mr. LeBlanc calls," teased Jane. She was only thinking of the evening. And after the late dinner when the thick velvet darkness of Louisiana had fallen down with its usual suddenness, she peered to the pleasant little fire in the study-parlor of her boarding house and twined Vincent LeBlanc.

"Very well, Mr. LeBlanc, it shall be all you say the next moment," she said to herself, looking at the blue velvet. Two had enough of your husband's French ways? But Jane noticed her reflection.

Miss Atwood, her room-mate, also a New England girl, was characteristically sympathetic. "Yes, but Jane, you've forgotten that today is All Saints' day. I understand it's really a very queer people in New Orleans. They don't do much of it as possible in the same town. I suppose Mr. LeBlanc, and to take his grandmother to the cemetery miles away. That's her thing, on her imagination now. She's really very back. Care and frills are entirely crowded out of such cases. He will come tomorrow night, I'm sure."

Jane cheered up perceptibly.

And if you could have looked in upon Vincent LeBlanc at about that evening (real evening), you would have heard him explaining to his mother—

"No, I didn't find Miss Emerson at home. It was mighty strange. When I had told her I'd call. At first I was provoked. That almost insulted. But do you know, mother, I'm almost sure I saw her a few minutes later on a bench in Jackson square. And she was crying. Of course, I didn't make myself known. What do you suppose was the matter?"

Mrs. LeBlanc was distinctly sympathetic. "Why, today is All Saints' day, and she must have been overcome by the memories of some dear one buried in a little New England graveyard. (Mrs. LeBlanc was drawing on her imagination now.) "She is not an emotional girl, I know. And yet—"

Vincent cheered up perceptibly.

"Better go again tomorrow, about eight o'clock in the evening," suggested Mrs. LeBlanc. "Even be a little bit signified and for that matter, no doubt she'll be expecting you."

"I will," said Vincent, as he added some pepper sauce to his slice of meat.

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and a good win
and a good loss
and a good draw

and a good end
and a good beginning
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