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Club Events
Other Events

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Personals
Weddings

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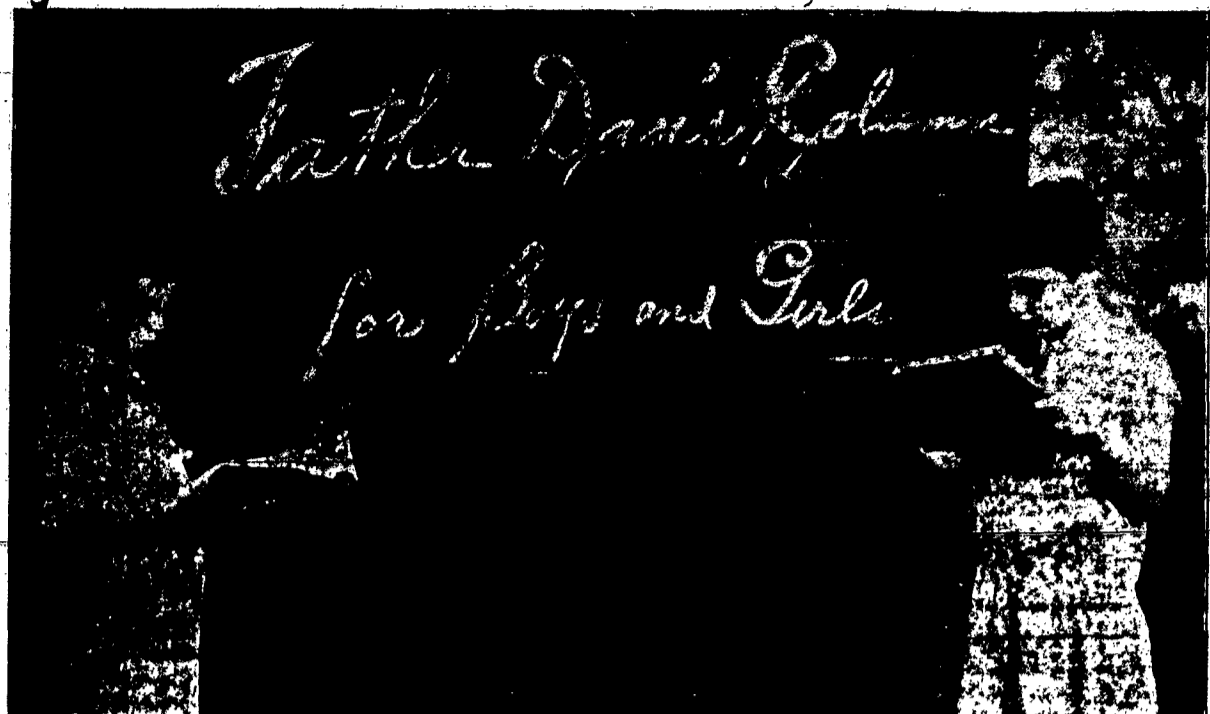
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The Pursuit of Happiness

Chapter Three
The morning after the breeze-
Tranquil had appeared on the
streets of Holcomb, carrying the
solemn likeness of the "boy-hero", Con-
way Vogt, approached his teacher's
desk with this interesting declara-
tion:
"Sister, I think I can go home
regularly now."
"Have you and Dick made up?"
"No, Sister, it wasn't necessary.
The fellows have thrown him down
and elected me captain of the
"Irish Kids."
"Are they going to take it out on
Dick?"
"They did, Sister, just as soon as
they saw my picture in the paper.
Sister you ought to see the beautiful
shiner he's got."
Conway did not see the look of
mingled pain and amusement that
swept across the face of the good
Sister. For him everything was
roses and sunshine. The hero of the
hour, captain of the best juvenile
baseball team in town, perhaps in

the county, and the recipient of
words of praise from all sides, Con-
way Vogt, was to use his own
words, "sitting on top of the world,"
and, wonder of wonders, he was
smiling!
Even the battle-seared Driscoll
had made overtures of peace to his
triumphant rival and had agreed to
take his old place "on the hill" in
the first game of the season. And he
knew that this Driscoll was
"some pitcher." Betty McLean was
still troublesome. In spite of the
admiration she felt for her school
mate, because of his recent exploit,
she still insisted that he resembled a
"lomb-stone, even if he is a hero."
However, the tongue-tied Betty was
merely adding to the store of "in-
sults," for which she must eventual-
ly pay dearly; and Conway was will-
ing to let her talk and bide his time.
And Betty was not the only one.

Kate Hickey, Angel
There was in St. Joseph's school
a young lady by the name of Kate
Hickey. Kate looked like an angel
and most of the time she was just
that. She held the important posi-
tion of school-librarian in a corner
of the primary department stood a
large book-case, filled with choice
juvenile literature. Of this Kate
was keeper. For her assistants she
had Betty, the tease, Emily Rauber,
an olive-complexioned little imp with
mischief dancing in her eyes, Jean
Maloney, with big, candid eyes that
looked straight at the whole world
and made a friend of it, and Mary
Kelly. Kelly was an adorable
little thing with red cheeks, spat-
tered with freckles, a turned-up nose
and yellow curly hair.

On certain days, twice in the
month, the librarians would be at
their post for one hour after dismis-
sal, distributing books to all the
girls according to their age and men-
tal attainments, and to the boys, too,
for that matter. If they promised to
return them without "thumb-marks,"
Kate took her office seriously and
tolerated no nonsense on the part of
her assistants during "library hour."
She was not averse to fun, but in-
sisted that there was a time and
place for it and that "library hour"
was neither the time nor the place.
And when Betty became unmanage-
able in this regard, she invariably re-
ceived in the presence of all who
cared to listen, an official "bawling
out," to which even Betty dared not
reply.

Sir Walter Raleigh
Outside the library time, Kate
joined heartily in Betty's sallies at
the "boy hero." She didn't like him,
anyway. She harbored unpleasant
memories of a time she stumbled and
fell into a pond, while on her way
to a school party. On that un-
happy occasion, the "heroic one"
was, through no fault of his own, a
witness. It happened that he was
just passing at the moment. He did
not smile or give any sign of amuse-
ment over the stately young lady's
mistakenness. Neither did he play
the part of Sir Walter Raleigh and
spread out his coat for the mud he
splattered "fair lady" to walk upon.
So Kate had no sympathy for heroes
in general and for a certain hero in
particular.

Kate's assistants were in much the
same boat. Emily and Jean had fre-
quently "paid their respects" to Con-
way; and "kicky" had gone so far
as to ask him for a lock of his hair,
by which she might remember his
features. But she had declared that
"it is only a wig and he takes it off
at night," and the "royal anger" had
reached a point beyond the hero's
control. The hour of vengeance had
struck.

The Sneezing Brigade
One lovely afternoon, Sister Re-
gina left the library officials dis-
tributing their books, and with a
companion set out to make a few
calls on pupils who were confined to
their homes because of illness. On
returning to the school, the two Sis-
ters were amazed to see the windows
of the eighth grade room thrown
wide open, while out of each, leaned
one or more girls, their heads
stretched as far as possible, and all
sneezing violently. Hurrying to the
door of her class room Sister Regina
found it locked. Quickly getting out
her keys she opened the door and
ordered the five dithered librarians,
if the sneezers were no others, to
step into the vestibule. Kate Hickey
was the picture of despair. "Kelly's
yellow locks had lost their fluffiness
and Betty looked as though she had
been crying for a week and wiping
her eyes with her sleeve. Emily and
Jean were weeping as copiously as
the spasmodic sneezing would per-
mit. Sister demanded an explana-
tion, and the girls tried between
sneezes to give it, but without suc-
cess.

Just then there appeared on the
scene, with hands behind his back,
the most serious young man that
Sister had ever saw. It was the "boy
hero" himself.
"Sister," he said, "you had better
keep out of that room for awhile. I

think there is Japanese snuff in
these." "O you think so young
man," said Sister, "and pray what
makes you think that?"

Six Live Mice
I put some there, just to
make them sneeze and when they got
done, I was going to turn these
loose," and the town's idol produced
a trap, in which six live mice were
effectually incarcerated. Sister drew
back several feet, while the girls
screamed and sought places of safety
on the stairs that led to the second
floor. Sister Regina's companion de-
cided that she was needed in the
convent at once and so disappeared.
If looks could kill the village of
Holcomb would be mourning a de-
parted hero.

Sister Regina, still backing
towards the door, demanded an ex-
planation of the girls' presence in
her class room instead of the library,
and Conway informed her that he
had told them that there were some
new books on Sister's desk which
she did not want the librarians to
see until later, and that they had
"fallen" for it. There were audible
gasps of dismay from the stair-case.
Sister ordered the "proud beauties"
to go home immediately, with a stern
promise to deal with them later, and
commanded the practical joker not
to come until he had removed every
vestige of the offending snuff from
her class room, after he had
destroyed the mice.

Doubtful About Relations
Our hero was in for a half hour
of hard work and much sneezing, but
he was happy, immensely so. The fol-
lowing day, the parish priest, who
had heard Conway's revenge, stopped
that young gentleman on the street
and seriously inquired if he were
any relation to Huckleberry Finn. "I
don't know all my relatives, Father,
but the solemn answer, "Well,
Harold Lloyd and you must be first
cousins, are you not?" the priest
persisted. "I'll ask my mother.
She'll know," was the still more so-
lemn reply.

So the solemn one went his way
unmolested, treated forever after
with the most profound respect by
Kate Hickey and her pals. "I'm
freeze him," declared Betty when
her school mates teased. "North
slope in January, forty below in Min-
nesota, that's me." And Betty did
"freeze" him; but Conway merely
turned up his coat collar, when in
her presence, shivered a little and
"smiled."

Among the pupils of the eighth
grade was Jim Kane, the liveliest,
happiest, the healthiest boy at old
St. Joseph's school. With a wealth
of red hair, like a great bunch of
early strawberries and a laugh that
was liquid with June sunshine,
Jimmy was, at once, the best ball
player, the champion skater, the
leading scholar and the all around
good fellow of this famous seat of
learning.

"Red Kane, Priest"
Jimmy's mother loved to recall
how, when he was a little lad, she
heard him writing on the back
of calling cards these strange in-
scriptions. "James Kane, priest,"
"Jim Kane, priest," "Red Kane,
priest." Picking up one of the cards
and reversing it she found that it
was one of his father's business
cards bearing the legend: "Joseph
Kane, notary and decorator," and
she had been so peculiarly way of announc-
ing his "priesthood."
The thought of a Rev. "Red"
had convulsed her, but it was
just like Jimmy. He loved the nick-
name "Red" and evidently thought
he could keep it when he had ac-
quired the prefix of Reverend. Jim's
mother had not betrayed his secret,
but some of the "gang" had seen the
cards and before he had left the
fourth grade Jim was "Father Red,"
to the altar boys, to the ball team,
to his teacher, and even the pastor,
on one occasion, had asked: "Where
is Father Red?"

It had been many years since
Jim had given any evidence of a de-
sire of entering the priesthood, but
the nickname had stuck. His bosom
pals, Dick Driscoll, Johnny Rowan,
Bill Maloney and "Red" Kelly had
taken care that it would not be for-
gotten.

(Continued Next Week)
Chapter four told the "sweet-
est story ever told" of "Father Red"
and his pals.
Bishop of Shanghai in U. S.
San Francisco, Oct. 11.—The Rt.
Rev. August Haanisse, S.J., Bishop
of Shanghai and Nanking, was a San
Francisco visitor last week. The
Bishop was en route to his diocese
from Rome.
While here Bishop Haanisse was
the luncheon guest of the Rev. Louis
LeBlanc, S.M., pastor of Notre Dame
des Victoires Church. He is a na-
tive of Brittany, France, and one of
the outstanding figures of the Jesuit
order in China.

Little News Items About Our People

Miss Katherine Doyle of 141
North Street, and an 11-year-old
daughter, had the "one" high water
Cub.

Miss M. J. O'Connell, 100
Fiddling Street, has returned from a
recent trip to Europe.

Miss Loretta Noonan of East Ave-
nue, entertained a luncheon on
Thursday of last week at the Chat
teaubox Club.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter B. O'Neill at
Main Street West and Dr. and Mrs.
Charles P. Kelly of Geneva left Sat-
urday for Washington, D. C. to at-
tend the National Dental Association
meeting.

Don C. Manning of Industry, one
of the best posted men in the State
on wayward boys and how to hold
them, gave an excellent talk last
Saturday before the Central Western
Division of the New York State
League of Compulsory Education, in
the Municipal Building on Fitzhugh
Street. He was heard with profit
and appreciation.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas
M. Quinn of 263 Maplewood Avenue
will sympathize with them in the
death on Sunday of their son,
Thomas Harwood Quinn, aged 12
years. Many friends attended the
funeral on Wednesday morning in
Sacred Heart Church. He was his
parents, he is survived by one brother,
John F. Quinn.

Frederick A. Hughes, graduate
of Holy Cross School, and recently
admitted to the bar, has opened an
office on the third floor of Ellwanger
& Barry Building. Mr. Hughes was
associated with Wills, Oviatt & Gil-
man for two years and began the
study of law in that office. For the
past three years he has been associ-
ated with David Schoenberg, special-
izing in collections, bankruptcy, and
commercial law. He will specialize in
collections, commercial law and
general practice.

The Rev. John M. Sellinger, rector
of St. Charles Borromeo Church, was
among the Army and Navy guests
who attended a farewell dinner to
the Rev. Dr. Clinton Winder, retir-
ing rector of the Baptist Temple, in
the Towns Building last Sunday
evening. Father Sellinger was an
overseas chaplain during the World
War, and Dr. Winder has been
Regimental Chaplain of the 391st
Infantry for the past five years. The
Army and Navy men presented him
a wrist watch and bade him God-
speed in his new work in New York
City.

Nuptial Events

MAJOR-VERHURST
Miss Margaret L. Verhurst,
daughter of Emile H. Verhurst of
Augustine Street, and William H.
Major, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward
V. Major of Congress Avenue, were
married recently in Holy Rosary
Church by the Rev. A. A. Hughes.
The bride was given in marriage
by her father. Miss Anne Verhurst,
sister of the bride, was maid of
honor. The bridesmaids were Miss
Genevieve Verhurst, sister of the
bride, and Mrs. John R. Major.
John R. Major, brother of the
groom, was best man, and the ushers
were Alfred C. Grove and Walter J.
Hanratty.
Following the ceremony a wed-
ding breakfast was served at the
West Manor, followed by a reception
at the home of the bride.

DONOVAN-KOWALSKI
Miss Elizabeth Kowalski, daugh-
ter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael J.
Kowalski of Mazza Terrace, and
Joseph J. Donovan, son of Patrick
Donovan of Bartlett Street, were
married on September 17, in St.
Michael's Church by the Rev. T. J.
Winterroth. Miss Anna Kowalski,
sister of the bride, was maid of
honor. The bridesmaids were Miss
Catherine Purcell and Miss Cath-
erine Kowalski, sister of the bride.
George Larkin was best man, and
the ushers were Michael Kowalski
Jr. and Frank Donovan. Following
the ceremony a wedding breakfast
was served at the Blarney Stone
Inn. Mr. and Mrs. Donovan left for
a motor trip to New York City,
after which they will reside at the
Devonshire Court Apartments.

LANSING-ROBERTSON
Miss Helen C. Robertson, daugh-
ter of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Rob-
ertson of Dove Street, and Pauline
Lansing of Fulton Avenue were mar-
ried September 30, in Holy Rosary
rectory by the Rev. Arthur A.
Hughes. The bridesmaid was Miss
Evelyn Robertson, sister of the
bride. C. Howard McEneaney was
best man.
Following the ceremony a wed-
ding dinner was served to immedi-
ate relatives and friends at West
Manor. Mr. and Mrs. Lansing left
on a trip to Pittsburgh, Philadelphia
and Washington. They will be at
home in the Merchants Apartments
after October 9.

LA DUE-MURR
Miss Alma Barbara Murr, daugh-
ter of Mr. and Mrs. George Murr of
Portland Avenue, and Nathan Fisk
LaDue, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ward
LaDue of Whitty Drive, were mar-
ried September 25 by the Rev.
George Eckel of St. Andrew's
Church. Miss Marie Burnmeister,
cousin of the bride, was maid of
honor. After Salisbury Dodge was
the groom's attendant. After the
ceremony, a wedding dinner was
served to sixty-one guests at the
Blarney Stone Inn. Mr. and Mrs.
LaDue are motoring through Canada
and after October 10 will reside in
Rochester.

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