ON REARING CHILDREN from CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Do you nag children about eating proper foods? Or do you serve the proper kind of food, making meal time a pleasant occasion and allowing no "piecing"? Do you complain because children are not prompt? Or do you give them watches or clocks and drill them in keeping appointments?

Mothers know perfectly well that they wear themselves out by worrying and hurrying even more than by working. The point, however, is how to keep themselves from worrying, how to keep the objective attitude, and how to cultivate mental poise. For a well-rounded life, the mother needs health, peace of mind, leisure, and interests outside of her home.

The early 'teens are a period of stress and strain, and the call of adventure is one phase of the young person's effort to find himself. If earlier childhood has passed without parental control and guiding fellowship, the craving for excitement seeks its gratification in ways that may end disastrously.

The airplane is here and here to stay. The younger generation accepts it as a matter of course, and will not be denied the thrills and conveniences that it represents. If the older generation cannot accept it in the same spirit, they will find themselves forced to do so as a matter of sheer necessity.

Those who have contracted colds should separate themselves as much as possible from other members of the family. They should use only their own towels and wash their hands frequently. Their eating utensils should be washed separately in boiling water.

A whole family can have a good time with modeling clay. Buy it, preferably, in five-pound cans, give everyone a generous amount and then suggest that each one model a portrait bust of father or mother or even the family dog or cat, with a prize for the best one and the funniest one. Prizes should be simple—a piece of candy, an apple, or a new pencil.

The telephone is the bane of the busy housewife's existence, for leaving the kitchen at a critical moment often results in a minor tragedy. But now the telephone company has provided portable phones which can be plugged in wherever there is an outlet (like the electric light floor plugs) and the instrument can be carried into the kitchen.

The hair of very young babies should not be immersed in the daily bath as it is too delicate to thrive under constant wetting. Once or twice a week is sufficient, especially if it is dampened several times a day in order to curl it.

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A Royal Nurse

The King and Queen of Spain are good-living and devout Catholics Frances Parkinson-Keyes, a non-Catholic writer in "Good Housekeeping" magazine, recently paid a beautiful tribute to their lives, and to the practical way in which they care for their children. The above picture shows one of their daughters, Beatrice, a full-fledged nurse. The King and Queen believe in training their children to work.

Little News Items About Our People

Edgar J. MacSweeney of Pittsburgh spent a few days recently with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. MacSweeney of Melrose Street.

Miss Rosemary White of Chili Avenue, who is attending Oxford University, spent her term vacation in travel on the Continent, accompanied by her aunt, Miss Ellen White of Rochester. They visited France, Italy and Switzerland.

Mrs. John F. McGraw of Dartmouth Street and Miss Elizabeth Whalen of Alexander Street will sail from New York Saturday for Havana and Vera Cruz. They are to spend some time in Mexico City before returning in April.

Miss Marion G. Slater of Vick Park B, whose marriage to Joseph M. Murray will take place in the Blessed Sacrament Church on Feb. 11, was entertained at luncheon and bridge recently at Oak Hill Country Club by Mrs. Timothy M. Keenan of Cobbs Hill Drive. She was also the guest of honor at a luncheon and bridge given by Miss Elaine Yawman of East Avenue at her home and at a luncheon at the Rochester Club, with Mrs. Hugh Kelleher of Larchmont as hostess.

Plainsong Practice Begun In English Catholic Churches

London, Feb. 7.—Sponsored by all the Archbishops and Bishops, the liturgical movement in the parishes received considerable impetus through the five-day "school" held this week in Liverpool by the Society of St. Gregory, which was founded last year to promote the singing of the Church's own music in place of florid and theatrical music sung in many of the churches.

Besides listening to lectures on the Plain Chant, the members of the school engaged in practice singing, led by Benedictine monks of Ampleforth Abbey. Many clergy took part.

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Father Dan's Column

Anita and Dumpty Meet With An Accident

At the foot of the stairs that led to the small girls' gymnasium, Anita Schmitt was seated on the floor looking dazedly at the stars flashing before her, and probably wondering how they got in the house.

"Anita", said Sister Gertrude, sternly, when she had recovered from her fright, "were you sliding down the banisters again?"

"No, Sister," promptly replied the fallen leaf, getting to her feet with no little difficulty, but taken with great fluency. "I haven't slid down the banisters since that day I couldn't stop my sit and went feet first into a bucket of plaster two plasterers was taking upstairs to mend the ceiling—the place on the top floor where my foot went through the day we were playin' circus in the attic and you didn't know I was in the rafter-hole, or whatever you call it. And when I went into the bucket it was heavier than the plaster and the man was so surpised he let me and the bucket fall and both of us went rollin' down the rest of the stairs—and when I got up I met you, and you were surprised, too, and said I should never slide down the banisters again as long as I lived, and truly Sister, I haven't."

By this time she had reached the top of the stairs, having gotten there one step at a time, and was standing with the rest of the "four leaved clover" before the Sister Prefect, who said gently as she led the way to the gymnasium "I'm glad you have not disobeyed, but how did you fall? Are you hurt?"

Only A Few Extra Bruises

"Only a few extra bruises, Sister. You see, I was so glad about the snow that I guessed I thought I could fly and missed the step. Father Dan says falls are so good for us sometimes, because we think we are strong, and when we fall we find we are weak and proud, but I don't think he could have fallen much, because then he would know that a person wouldn't be proud. I never am when I fall. I don't see anything to be proud of, do you, Sister?"

"Father Dan did not mean the kind of fall you just had—he meant spiritual falls. I'll explain his words some day to you at instruction. But please don't think you are made of rubber; and when you go out on the hill to coast do not behave like a ball."

Sister Gertrude was Prefect of the small girls' division at the Academy, and had under her personal supervision about 80 girls. She was strict, but gentle, and frequently found it difficult to control her own amusement over the many humorous scrapes her little charges would get themselves into. Anita was Sister's chief "worry." Just before the event related above she had been in the office of the Superior, discussing the advisability of sending to the Hon. Supervisor Schmitt a bill for repairing one ceiling, three doors, one bed and restoring two window panes, not to mention numerous smaller repairs that were found necessary at the Academy since a certain member of the Hon. Supervisor's family had taken up her residence there. That point about the "falls" was a good one, and Sister intended to make use of it at the next instruction.

Polishing Up Things

The little girls had been ordered to make their bed and straighten up their dressers before going out to coast. Most of them had obeyed that order rapidly, but thoroughly. As Sister and Anita entered the dormitory, "Humpty Dumpty" Clark, one of the "clover" and so-called because she was very fat, was engaged in polishing the brass knobs on her dresser, so her corner in the dormitory would look spick and span. Sister Gertrude surveyed the polishing act with interest. "That's very pretty, dear, but the pitcher is not clean, nor is the drawer in good order. You know it will not do to polish up the outside if the inside is not in order."

"Then it would be like the 'white washed graves' you were reading to us about out of the Bible History, wouldn't it, Sister?" said Anita. Waitend. "sepulchres" corrected Sister, "not white-washed graves."

"Oh yes, Sister, so it was. I knew they were white, anyhow, and filled with dead men's bones, and worms and frogs and all sorts of nasty things, and I suppose pinching-bugs and snakes, too; and, Dumpty, that's just the way your corner will look if you don't wash out your pitcher and clean out the inside of your stand."

No Snakes In Her Pitcher

By this time poor Dumpty was in tears and indignantly declaring that there was not a single bone in her pitcher, nor snakes, nor pinching bugs, either.

"Never mind, Dumpty", said Anita, "I'll help you straighten up. Give me your pitcher Fatty, and if there are any bones I'll have them out of it in three minutes. Then you'll be ready to start with the rest of us for the coasting hill."

A few momens later the Blessed Mother's Hill, so-called because of the statue that crowned its summit, was black with children. Anita and Humpty had a new sled, the Arrow. Returning to the top of the hill after the second slide, Dumpty puffing like a fire engine, Anita spied the other half of the "Clover" piloting a beautiful sled, the Snowbird. "Oh girls, suppose we have a race—you two on one sled, and Dumpty and me on the other. We'll ask Sister Gertrude to be empire."

"Fine! Elegant!" shouted the other girls, "but what's a empire?"

"Well of all the know-nothings. Never heard of an empire? Why it's a man who stands in a little box with a muzzle on his face and decides which side beats in a ball game, a boat race and things."

"But Sister Gertrude isn't a man, and hasn't a muzzle, and this isn't a boat race or a ball game."

"Well didn't I say 'and things'? This is one of the things, a sled race, and Sister Gertrude can make believe she's a man and has a muzzle. I'm going to ask her, anyway" and off went Anita.

"I suppose you mean 'umpire'" said the kindly man when she had listened to the request. "I just knew there was something wrong with the word 'sister'. I was sure there was a 'pire' to it, and I couldn't think of any word with a 'pire' to it but empire and perspire" said Anita, sparring for breath.

A Race Close To Tragedy

The race was held, and Sister was umpire; but the race had a very unfortunate ending. One side of the hill was dangerous, sloping off abruptly toward Crab Pond. The children knew of the danger, and played so far away from the bad slope that there was seldom any danger. However, on this particular occasion the unusual thing happened. Half way down the hill the graceful Arrow struck a large stick, swerved with a sudden jerk and darted swiftly towards the one dangerous spot. A large snow-covered rock was side-swiped and Dumpty completely enveloped in one of those funny-looking red knitted suits was sent tumbling through the air like a great red ball. It was all the work of a second, and before anyone could give voice to her fright, the sled, with Anita on it had plunged into the icy water. Two of the large girls and even Sister Gertrude, forgetting about Dumpty, hastened to save Anita, while several of the little children ran to summon the men. Sister Gertrude, trusting that her youthful expertness in the water would return to her in the hour of need gave her cloak to the vainly remonstrating girls and plunged in after Anita. Three strong strokes brought her to the child, who was going down for a second time. Sister lost no time in catching Anita and striking out for shore. But how strong the current was! How heavy the dead weight of the unconscious child! "Don'tcha be skeered, Sistah", came the voice of good old Uncle Tobey as he and several other men bore a light skiff to the water's edge, "We'll have you out in a jiffy." A few powerful strokes brought the boat along side the exhausted Sister and child, and strong arms had them safely in the boat.

Three New Patients

The infirmary had three new patients that afternoon, Dumpty to recover from several severe bumps, and Sister and Anita to be guarded against the danger of pneumonia, resulting from their harrowing experience.

As several days went by, and all three were still in the hospital under doctor's orders, it was discovered that Blanche Oliver, a quiet but rather sullen little girl at the Academy, the daughter of a rich Buffalo man, had deliberately placed the stick in the path of the Arrow, not to cause an accident, but merely to slow Anita's progress. She had no liked Anita and did not wish to see her win the race. When Blanche learned that her trickery had been discovered, she ran away from school. Hurrying down to the Barge Canal, which was still open—it was only the first week in December—she became a stowaway. Dumpty called it a "throwaway" on a barge and hid amongst some large boxes. Cold and hungry, and badly frightened, poor little Blanche did not dare to cry. But when a big rat jumped in front of her and struck her face with its tail she could hold in no longer and uttered a terrifying scream. The kindly old captain saw that the poor little girl was provided with a warm coat, and money, and put aboard a fast trolley for Buffalo. She reached home safely, but was now down with pneumonia, the result of her hours of exposure to the cold.

When Anita and Dumpty heard this news the spirit of forgiveness and charity, so beautiful in the life of Catholic children, quickly asserted itself and it was agreed upon that Anita should write the poor, sick child a letter in behalf of both and send her a lovely knitted shawl that Anita had received as a Christmas present the year before. It was decided that the letter should start with the phrase "dearly beloved", as was the way the priest at the Academy always started his sermons. Dumpty suggested "Dearly beloved throw-away", but that was ruled out; and we have letter as it finally reached Blanche.

An Unusual Letter

Though worded rather uniquely the kindness that prompted it shines through its ungrammatical and ambiguous sentences and brought sunshine to a forlorn little heart in the big city of Buffalo. Here it is:

"Dearly beloved Blanche.

"We are mity glad you got home, but of corse you had a hard time getting there, and are mity sorry you have got amonya. We want you to know we ain't a bit mad at you for spoiling the race. It's too bad that rat swished his tail in your mouth. Rats' tails are not good, as a rule. Dumpty and me is most as good as new agin, and will go to Communion for you and say the rosary on next Sunday which is the 8th of Dec. and a feast of the Blessed Virgin that I can't spell. We thot you could wear this shawl when you are gettin' well. Hopin you will have a good time when you get over the amonya and will soon be back to schule, we remain.

"your preshus friends

"Dumpty and Anita."

Badly spelled, but straight from the heart. But we can overlook the spelling and faulty grammar. Only the sweet, tender charity that prompted letter and gift need be remembered. Do likwise, children, should the need arise and you will never regret it.

(Next week, "Fritz" Mahaney and his pals.)

Future Events in Catholic Circles

February 10—	Knights of Columbus meeting, at 8.15 P. M., Columbus Building.
February 10—	Final supper meeting of Catholic Women's Club, at 7 P. M., in Columbus Building ballroom, with talk by Josephine McGowan of Canton, O.
February 10 and 11	"Within The Law", powerful drama, in Our Lady of Perpetual Help parish hall, 1089 Josephe Avenue, beginning at 8:15 P. M.
February 11—	Card Party, Knights of St. John, Commandery No. 106, in Cathedral Hall, at 8:15 P. M.
February 12—	Lincoln Day Dinner, formal, Fourth Degree, Knights of Columbus, and lady and gentlemen friends, Columbus dining rooms, Lawn and Chestnut Streets, at 7 P. M.
February 13—	Valentine dance, by Nazareth Academy Alumnae, in Columbus ballroom, with music by Frank Skultety's Orchestra.
February 13, 14 and 15	Bazaar, St. Charles Borromeo Church hall, Dewey Avenue and Maiden Lane; evenings.
February 18—	Card Party, St. Monica Ladies' Auxiliary, Knights of St. John, St. Monica's Hall; evening.
February 22—	Card Party and Dance, Holy Family Commandery, No. 197, Knights of St. John, Bavarian Hall, 416 Wilder Street. Card playing, 8:15 to 10; old and new dances, 10 to 12.
February 22 to March 1st	Fun Festival, Knights of Columbus, in Columbus Auditorium, Chestnut and Lawn Streets; evenings.
February 23 to 26	"The Rosary", a drama in four acts, in St. Francis Xavier's Hall, Bay and Third Streets, evenings.
February 24, 25 and 26	"Once There Was a Princess", annual dramatic production by Nazareth College students, in Nazareth Academy Auditorium; evenings.
February 23, 24 and 25	"Slip Slop", a lively comedy, in St. Salome's Church Hall, Sea Breeze; evenings, beginning at 8:15.
February 28—	Annual concert, Catholic Women's Club Chorus, in Columbus ballroom, corner Chestnut and Lawn Streets; at 8:15.
March 1—	Card Party, St. Theodore's Church, Gates; evening, beginning at 8:15.
March 4—	Sauerkraut Supper, by St. Theodore's Church ladies, in Grange Hall, Gates, evening.
June 8—	Centennial Celebration, Church of Our Mother of Sorrows, Latta Road and Mt. Read Boulevard.

Genesee Institute Entertainers At St. Ann's Home

Entertainers from the Genesee Institute, under the direction of the director of the Institute, Frank J. Lyons, visited St. Anns Home for the Aged on Lake Avenue last Sunday and gave a program that was a treat and a pleasure from start to finish. Musical numbers were given by Patrick Presutti, Nicholas Presutti, Thomas Spoto, Patrick Rouse and Nathaniel Monaci.

Miss Frances Bonafede, who is taking vocal lessons in New York city, and who has an unusually beautiful lyric soprano voice, sang: "Lamour Tujour Lamour," —"Il Bachio," by Arditi. She was heard with the greatest possible appreciation. Comic songs were rendered in a catchy way by Masters Gus and Bernard Izzo, and mouth-organ solos by Dominick Branto. Miss Sadie Oca sang several selections in a pleasing way. James Priville and Carl Randazo rendered mout-organ selections. Frank J. Lyons made announcements of the various events, and also entertained with a number of stories that brought gales of laughter. The residents of the home were most appreciative of the entertainment given, and they showered thanks upon Mr. Lyons and his clever associates. They pronounced the day one of the happiest of the year for them.

Bishop Gives Purse To Jesuit Hospital

Jerusalem, Feb. 7.—Archbishop Frediano Giannini, O.F.M., Apostolic Delegate for Syria and the Lebanon, has given 50,000 francs, which were offered to him on occasion of his silver jubilee, to the Jesuit Hospital of Beirut for a foundation in favor of the poor of the country.

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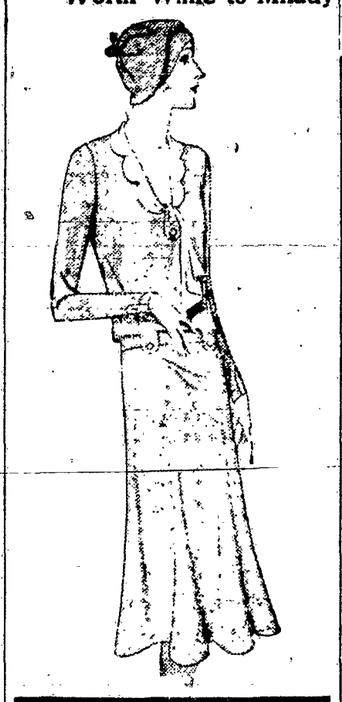
Button-On Ensemble Is Worth While to Milady



With just one skirt and a change of blouses, you can achieve two complete ensembles. For general wear, button a bolero jacket onto a matching skirt of brown tweed flecked with red; repeat the red in collar, jabot and buttons; add a beret of the tweed and a pair of brown one strap pumps, and your costume is smart from top to toe. For more formal wear tuck an egg-shell satin blouse into the skirt (or wear it outside with a short tweed jacket), choose a draped brown felt hat, brown suede pumps, caracul beige stockings, a brown suede purse with red trimmings and red beads.—Woman's Home Companion.

Milady Should Dress to Her Height, Writer Says

Very often the directions to the tall woman as to how to dress seem all to be aimed toward making her look shorter. The short woman is advised to wear up and down stripes, high trimming on her hat, high heels on her shoes, skirts as long as possible—all with an effort to add a cubit to her stature. Just as if there was but one standard or type of beauty, and all our efforts were to be directed toward making ourselves appear as nearly as possible of that proportion.

If you are a little woman, says a writer in the Washington Star, don't try to look tall. There is need enough for pretty little women in the world.

The tall woman, too, has her special charm, and she is far more apt to look charming if she dresses to her type, accentuating the long graceful lines, than if she wears stripes running round and round, perfectly flat hats and heelless shoes. These things make her look shorter, but at best only a little shorter. If she put as much thought and time into an effort to look genuinely pretty she would be spending her time to better advantage.

Remember, too, that plumpness, short of excessive obesity, is not abnormal and is therefore not unattractive. Likewise slenderness, short of emaciation, is not a sign of disease and is therefore consistent with beauty. It is undoubtedly wise for the woman of excessive leanness or fatness to camouflage her proportions according to certain well established principles of design. Certain colors are in themselves "large" and certain others diminish the apparent size of the one who wears them. Black and navy blue are among the latter, while tan and gray are the "largest" shades on the list.

The excessively stout or excessively thin woman—in fact, any woman of abnormal appearance—has to depend more on her personality than women of more regular and hence more beautiful proportions. Struggle as she may the very stout woman can never charm any one by her figure. But she can charm by her face. Her face may appear so beautiful that you forget her disproportionate figure, her personality can radiate so much good-cheer and magnetism that she is the dominant person in any gathering.

Often in an effort to minimize her stoutness the fat woman arranges her hair unbecomingly and selects hats that make her look old. She wears small toques because she has been told that these give height, whereas brimmed hats give width. She arranges her hair high because it takes a little from the effect of dumpiness. Yet with a hat that shaded her face with a little brim, and with hair arranged in a youthful manner, albeit low on her ears and forehead, her face would be far prettier than in the severe manner that seems consistent with her effort to appear less broad.

Reptile Skin Now Used With Costume Jewelry

To see just how far we have progressed since the days when Eve feared the serpent, one has only to look at one of the many fascinating new displays of costume jewelry. One necklace that is sure to charm any sport enthusiast is made of large round beads covered with reptile skin. Sometimes smaller beads of the same skin or painted gilt are interspersed.

Worn with shoes of lizard or snake skin and with matching bags the effect is enough to captivate the most fastidious of the feminine sex.

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School Teacher Barred Because She Is Catholi

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Monroe, N. Y., Feb. 7.—Barring of a public school teacher from service because of her Catholic Faith has thrown this little Orange County village into a turmoil, with the teacher, the school board and a part as its centre.

The teacher, Miss Anna Mulholland, 24, was refused a post at Public School No. [illegible] by William J. Hoffman, principal, because she was Catholic. In evidence of the fact Miss Mulholland was produced a letter from the principal which reads:

"My dear Miss Mulholland: You did not answer one of my questions satisfactorily. I am anxious to know whether you are Protestant or a Catholic. If you belong to the Protestant religion, I shall be glad to employ you and will be glad to let you know when you will receive your [illegible] arrangements accordingly. If you are a Catholic please [illegible] at my expense. A contract will be awarded you upon your arrival, under the first condition only. Very truly yours,

"William J. Hoffman,
"Principal."

Priest Leads Protest

The Rev. P. F. MacAran, pastor of Anastasia Church, Hartfield, who is leading the protest, says Hoffman is removed from office. The latter admits he was perhaps "over zealous."

"The fruit of liberal education is truth, tolerance and freedom; of bigotry and abuse of power," Father MacAran said. "This bigotry is growing rife, particularly in small towns, which threatens to enervate virile American youth, who by reason of unavoidable circumstances are compelled to sit at the feet of teachers usurping that honorable profession."

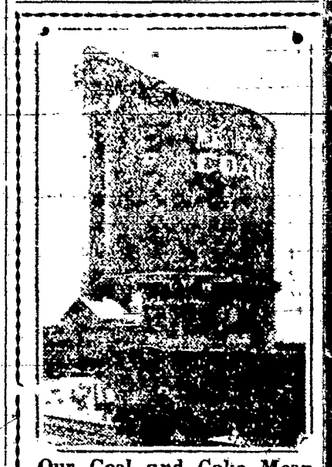
In a letter he wrote to Frank W. Lyon, president of the Board of Education, Father MacAran said he asked whether such bigotry was sanctioned by the board. No answer was received from his letter, the priest said.

No Action Against Principal

Watson, who said he regretted the incident, further declared no action would be taken against the principal.

"Mr. Hoffman admits he wrote the letter," said Watson, "and admits he erred. Certainly he exercised little tact, and I make public apology for an injustice which has been done.

"Should Miss Mulholland again apply for a position as teacher, I shall see that she is appointed. If, as she stated to answer certain questions, the vacancy was filled another applicant who satisfied the principal. In the future we shall be more careful not to discriminate against teachers who embrace the Catholic faith."



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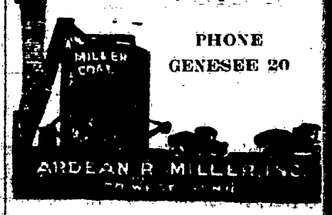

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