



**Edward Wegman**  
Milk, Cream and Buttermilk  
Phone: Gen. 5153 485 Chilli Ave.

**CALL MONROE 2400**  
**DOERNER'S**  
For That Next Case of  
**GINGER ALE**  
Better Quality Carbonated Beverages.  
Doerner Bottling Works

**CATHOLIC WILLS SOLVE MISSION PROBLEMS**  
The instinct is strong to keep what you have. Yet when death summons us must we go to the grave, "clutching in our dead hands only that which we have given away." If you feel you cannot share your earthly possession now with God, perhaps your name to be held in benediction long after your death. Think then of our mission work making or changing your last will. Kindly use this formula:  
"I bequeath to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 50 Chestnut Street, Rochester, N. Y., the sum of \$\_\_\_\_\_."

**SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH**  
Inquires cheerfully answered by  
**REV. LEO C. MOONEY**  
Diocesan Director  
Columbus Building  
50 Chestnut Street  
Stone 1193

The Working Man's Store Where Your Money "Talks"  
**J. J. KIRCHER'S DRY GOODS STORE**  
Men's, Women's, Children's Wear of Best Quality  
We Give Green Trading Stamps  
100 CAMPBELL ST. PHONE GENEESE-1222. OPEN EVENINGS

**ANDREWS MARKET, Inc.**  
WHERE MEAT IS ALWAYS FRESH AND CLEAN  
71-73 FRONT STREET  
Special Attention to Phone Orders Phone: Main 2547-2548

**SHEET MUSIC METHODS ORCHESTRATIONS**  
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS EXPERTLY REPAIRED  
A Large Stock of New & Reconditioned Musical Instruments Always On Hand  
**WALKER and ADAMS**  
Music House  
97 CLINTON AVE. SO. STONE 2145

1831 - Rochester's Oldest Financial Institution - 1935  
**DO YOU REMEMBER?**  
Four years ago, on January 18, 1931, glaring headlines in the papers announced that more than one million cubic feet of rock had fallen from the brink of Niagara Falls. A great gash 200 feet deep and 150 feet wide pierced the cataract. This was the first crash of rock of major proportions which had occurred in the falls since 1850. Although scientists tell us that the Canadian Falls recede about 2 1/2 feet and the American Falls several inches annually, due to erosion.  
This thrilling event happened only four years ago; yet, had you started a savings account on that day and added \$3.00 every week, you would now have nearly \$700.  
Why not open a savings account today, or add to the one you already have, and save regularly, that the next four years may see your savings account increased? Dividends (interest) will help your savings account grow.  
**THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A SAVINGS ACCOUNT**  
**Rochester Savings Bank**  
47 Main St. W. - Two Offices - 40 Franklin St.  
Banking Hours: 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturdays: 9 A. M. to 12 M.  
Resources Over \$68,000,000.00  
1831... MORE THAN 100 YEARS OF SERVICE... 1935

**MOONLIGHT MANOR**  
A Romantic Story  
With Scenes Laid in the Genesee Valley  
By **IGNATIUS HORSCH HOFMASTER**

(Continued From Last Week)  
What is his work? Mrs. O'Doone was puzzled that he had said nothing about the house. She thought anyone who deserted a place like this could not be just as right as he ought to be. Still she confessed to herself that this Kennedy had very taking ways and was a rare brood of a boy who looked scared, sometimes and terribly tired. Terrible. Well, a week or so at the Manor would put the heart back in him, it would, and if Maryann could manage what she'd started, they'd send him home with happiness and regret. For she could see they would all come to be liking him well. He wouldn't be wanting the place for himself. She could tell that. For his work wasn't here. And a man must be with his work. She wondered what his work might be. Strange she didn't know Did Maryann? And Mrs. O'Doone was to be telling more of her secrets, poor lamb. Poor baby!  
"Yes," answered Mr. Kennedy, wondering you could leave it at all she answered the newcomer slowly. "But men are queer and they like this or that, and it's us as glad you like that."  
"Yes," agreed Maryann from the doorway where she leaned watching him. "Yes, Mr. Kennedy Owen, they are all glad you like that," and she added as an afterthought, "I have told your father."  
Kennedy was next bushing. He didn't know what she was talking about as he just smiled with a lighting of his face that sent a thrill down Maryann's happily unhappy spine. "Be calm and quiet, Alanna," she whispered to herself. "He's not yours."  
"Oh! But I love this too! Bump - flop - plunk! Maryann's heart went down to the bottom of her pumps. How did he dare say it? Just after her spending two good weeks painting the house and when Daddy had just graded the lawn and bought fifty new chickens. This too had you can't be spared from New York," she choked on the words but got them out.  
Kennedy's mouth lost its pleasant curve. "New York can get along without me for a while," he said quietly. But he shivered and Maryann wondered if he was cold. In June, too, he must be frazzled, so he must "Come out in the sun," she invited shyly. "The sun is a great doctor. Why, what, yes, do come out, Mr. Kennedy, you need the Manor. I can see that."  
So off they went to the porch to look upon the "beauties" of nature which were strung like pearls for them, and Andrea washed dishes in the kitchen.

**CHAPTER IV**  
Owen, himself  
"The man on the train from Albany leaned back his head and shut his eyes. Suddenly he could see a small fly-away figure in blue, astride a black pony, racing down a road that he remembered flying down himself, on a black pony years before. Only this little figure was feminine, one, with bright, short curls floating in the breeze. "Amy," she said softly and aloud, and the burly gentleman, sitting beside, looked up from his newspaper, a little absently.  
"Yes, yes, what is it?" he inquired, before he saw that Owen Kennedy had his eyes closed and that there was a beatific smile upon his otherwise firm and slightly frowning mouth.  
"Humph," thought his stout neighbor. "Must have said Annie. Never can tell what a fellow'll spout when he's asleep. These big, touch-me-nots are the worst. About women." He gazed stargazingly at the strong face across the aisle and smiled a little, himself, thinking in the back of his head about "Jolie." Then he went back to his paper and Owen continued with his moving pictures.  
It was nearly twenty years since he had set foot in the Genesee Valley. He was forty now, and the years had left their mark upon his features.  
It recalls his mother, the big, old-fashioned lady that he had used to look the door of his home, when he had stepped over its doorstep that stark November morning, that little leather case with the gold piece that she had told him the Irish ladies had wished luck on and that as long as he had it, his pockets would never be empty. Of course they wouldn't. And her old black Rosary was there in the bag, too. He didn't say the Rosary, but sometimes during these long years, he had caught quick, vague glimpses of her, walking up and down the cobble path, with blossoms over her head and under her feet and the beads slipping slowly between her hard fingers. Oh, there had been a home, then, in the beautiful Valley. But Daddy had died and Mother had died with him. At least the inside of her had died and who was he, a lad of seventeen, to manage a big farm and a house and a living dead woman? He had managed less and less in the three years between his and her physical death, for it took three years for a heart to break completely. It seemed there had been less than enough to pay for a decent burial, and with nothing left except the heavily deteriorated home, and an acre of garden and clover. Owen had looked up the door and his memories and with his three treasures, the key, the gold piece and the Rosary, against his heart, had walked woefully into the old trees and the dead vines and hiked to the station. When he passed Weyburn's farmstead, his heart nearly turned to water. Over a corral fence was thrust a dainty black head, with quivering nostrils. The pony let out one fierce cry and Owen began to run. "Lady-Joy! Lady-Joy! Little Lady-Joy!" Over and over in his ears. His little black mare was left behind for someone else.  
He got to New York somehow. Box cars mostly accommodated him. He got a job in a real estate office, somehow. The head of the firm liked his steady eyes, with the driving power he couldn't fathom behind them, and he gave him every chance to advance himself till he was the head of the firm himself, now. And he looked it. Every inch of him spelled prosperity. Only the faint, bitter lines beside his mouth told of his failure to find the end of the rainbow in the crowded streets of New York.  
Always he kept the home in the valley. Someday he would go back. If he could find a wife good enough to be in mother's house and walking in her gardens with the bewitching scent of honeysuckle and lilac perfuming the air for her, and her alone. Then suddenly, one day, nowhere, it seemed, had come Andrea O'Doone's first letter. Just last year, about now.  
"Oh, Mr. Kennedy, it was just too lovely for words. A place I have always dreamed about. Do, please let us live in your house. Mr. Weyburn told us you never come home, and in spite of its beauty, it is going to ruin. We will fix it up for you and isn't it nicer, dear, dear, Mr. Kennedy, to think of life and laughter? We are a very laughing family in the grand old rooms that your Mother loved (Mr. Weyburn told us, you see)

**OFFICE EQUIPMENT STATIONERY**  
NARAYNE & Heinrich  
STATIONERY CO.  
22 Exchange St. - Main 2482

**BARTON & COATES**  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS  
137 Cady Street at Jefferson Av.  
Genesee 1123 Rochester, N. Y.

**THE WORKING MAN'S STORE**  
Where Your Money "Talks"  
**J. J. KIRCHER'S DRY GOODS STORE**  
Men's, Women's, Children's Wear of Best Quality  
We Give Green Trading Stamps  
100 CAMPBELL ST. PHONE GENEESE-1222. OPEN EVENINGS

**ANDREWS MARKET, Inc.**  
WHERE MEAT IS ALWAYS FRESH AND CLEAN  
71-73 FRONT STREET  
Special Attention to Phone Orders Phone: Main 2547-2548

**SHEET MUSIC METHODS ORCHESTRATIONS**  
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS EXPERTLY REPAIRED  
A Large Stock of New & Reconditioned Musical Instruments Always On Hand  
**WALKER and ADAMS**  
Music House  
97 CLINTON AVE. SO. STONE 2145

1831 - Rochester's Oldest Financial Institution - 1935  
**DO YOU REMEMBER?**  
Four years ago, on January 18, 1931, glaring headlines in the papers announced that more than one million cubic feet of rock had fallen from the brink of Niagara Falls. A great gash 200 feet deep and 150 feet wide pierced the cataract. This was the first crash of rock of major proportions which had occurred in the falls since 1850. Although scientists tell us that the Canadian Falls recede about 2 1/2 feet and the American Falls several inches annually, due to erosion.  
This thrilling event happened only four years ago; yet, had you started a savings account on that day and added \$3.00 every week, you would now have nearly \$700.  
Why not open a savings account today, or add to the one you already have, and save regularly, that the next four years may see your savings account increased? Dividends (interest) will help your savings account grow.  
**THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A SAVINGS ACCOUNT**  
**Rochester Savings Bank**  
47 Main St. W. - Two Offices - 40 Franklin St.  
Banking Hours: 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturdays: 9 A. M. to 12 M.  
Resources Over \$68,000,000.00  
1831... MORE THAN 100 YEARS OF SERVICE... 1935

**MSGR. RYAN CITES NEEDS FOR RECOVERY**

(Continued From Page One)  
business man will have to perish; that the theory of "automatic recovery" is a delusion, and that large Government expenditures are a waste and necessary.  
Referring to the fact that recently "business men were protesting vociferously and almost unanimously that the budget must be cut, that their demands were utterly unreasonable" and that "no one can say when the budget could, should or would be balanced."  
The speaker declared that the business man's assumption that a revival in the capital goods industries is essential to recovery is based only on the fact that we emerged from other depressions in that way. "This depression is unlike any other," he continued. "Today we do not need more railroads or factories or hotels or high-priced apartments. We have too much of each of these things. Referring to the work of the Industrial Appeals Board of the NRA, Monsignor Ryan said that nine-tenths of the complaints by the small-business man were based upon his inability to pay the minimum wages set by the NRA. "That merely means," the speaker said, "that they are inefficient. What we need is a general thirty-hour week without pay cuts in order to put 5,000,000 unemployed back to work. The most efficient workers produce all the goods at lower prices. Incompetents do not belong in business at the expense of the small business man who has to pay wages and working conditions that he cannot pay so much interest to be a business man."  
Larger Appropriations  
Monsignor Ryan said the appropriations made for the recent public works program were not large enough and were not spent fast enough. Referring to business men's attacks upon large Government expenditures, Monsignor Ryan said that if business could be brought back to normal through high interest charges on even larger expenditures. "The required ultimate payment will come out of society's savings account through high interest charges, injuries, and estate taxes," he said.  
The speaker also said that high interest charges brought on the depression and that "if borrowers cannot pay so much interest, interest their debts wouldn't be so burdensome if lenders didn't charge so much they wouldn't try to create unnecessary and destructive capital goods industries with their profits."  
SIXTEEN BLOCK CARD PARTY AT HOLY FAMILY HALL FRIDAY  
The sixth of a series of block card parties will be held in Holy Family auditorium Friday, January 25. Pinochle, pedra, bridge, and dominoes will be played.  
Mrs. Blatte Rosenbach is general chairman assisted by Mrs. John Schey and Mrs. George Martini. Mrs. Ernest Martini is block chairman assisted by Mrs. Joseph Toth, Mrs. Henry Haubner, and a large committee.  
An attractive, standard clock will be the table prize.

**CHAPTER IV**  
Owen, himself  
"The man on the train from Albany leaned back his head and shut his eyes. Suddenly he could see a small fly-away figure in blue, astride a black pony, racing down a road that he remembered flying down himself, on a black pony years before. Only this little figure was feminine, one, with bright, short curls floating in the breeze. "Amy," she said softly and aloud, and the burly gentleman, sitting beside, looked up from his newspaper, a little absently.  
"Yes, yes, what is it?" he inquired, before he saw that Owen Kennedy had his eyes closed and that there was a beatific smile upon his otherwise firm and slightly frowning mouth.  
"Humph," thought his stout neighbor. "Must have said Annie. Never can tell what a fellow'll spout when he's asleep. These big, touch-me-nots are the worst. About women." He gazed stargazingly at the strong face across the aisle and smiled a little, himself, thinking in the back of his head about "Jolie." Then he went back to his paper and Owen continued with his moving pictures.  
It was nearly twenty years since he had set foot in the Genesee Valley. He was forty now, and the years had left their mark upon his features.  
It recalls his mother, the big, old-fashioned lady that he had used to look the door of his home, when he had stepped over its doorstep that stark November morning, that little leather case with the gold piece that she had told him the Irish ladies had wished luck on and that as long as he had it, his pockets would never be empty. Of course they wouldn't. And her old black Rosary was there in the bag, too. He didn't say the Rosary, but sometimes during these long years, he had caught quick, vague glimpses of her, walking up and down the cobble path, with blossoms over her head and under her feet and the beads slipping slowly between her hard fingers. Oh, there had been a home, then, in the beautiful Valley. But Daddy had died and Mother had died with him. At least the inside of her had died and who was he, a lad of seventeen, to manage a big farm and a house and a living dead woman? He had managed less and less in the three years between his and her physical death, for it took three years for a heart to break completely. It seemed there had been less than enough to pay for a decent burial, and with nothing left except the heavily deteriorated home, and an acre of garden and clover. Owen had looked up the door and his memories and with his three treasures, the key, the gold piece and the Rosary, against his heart, had walked woefully into the old trees and the dead vines and hiked to the station. When he passed Weyburn's farmstead, his heart nearly turned to water. Over a corral fence was thrust a dainty black head, with quivering nostrils. The pony let out one fierce cry and Owen began to run. "Lady-Joy! Lady-Joy! Little Lady-Joy!" Over and over in his ears. His little black mare was left behind for someone else.  
He got to New York somehow. Box cars mostly accommodated him. He got a job in a real estate office, somehow. The head of the firm liked his steady eyes, with the driving power he couldn't fathom behind them, and he gave him every chance to advance himself till he was the head of the firm himself, now. And he looked it. Every inch of him spelled prosperity. Only the faint, bitter lines beside his mouth told of his failure to find the end of the rainbow in the crowded streets of New York.  
Always he kept the home in the valley. Someday he would go back. If he could find a wife good enough to be in mother's house and walking in her gardens with the bewitching scent of honeysuckle and lilac perfuming the air for her, and her alone. Then suddenly, one day, nowhere, it seemed, had come Andrea O'Doone's first letter. Just last year, about now.  
"Oh, Mr. Kennedy, it was just too lovely for words. A place I have always dreamed about. Do, please let us live in your house. Mr. Weyburn told us you never come home, and in spite of its beauty, it is going to ruin. We will fix it up for you and isn't it nicer, dear, dear, Mr. Kennedy, to think of life and laughter? We are a very laughing family in the grand old rooms that your Mother loved (Mr. Weyburn told us, you see)

**Hedges & Hoffman**  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS  
John M. Hedges  
41 Sola St. Main 630

**Central Window Cleaning Company**  
53 South Ave. Stone 427  
We clean Buildings, Signs, Mirrors, Windows, and all other kinds of cleaning

**"Service of the Better Kind" TAXI?**  
Main 1100  
One of four passengers \$10 for 2 1/2 miles  
See for more advertising in ads GENEESE CABS, Inc.

**Catholic Courier**  
Published every Thursday in the Year by the CATHOLIC COURIER and JOURNAL, Inc.  
50 Chestnut St. Rochester, N. Y. Telephone, Stone 1492  
Communications regarding the conduct of this newspaper, articles and illustrations for publication, should be addressed to the Editor, Catholic Courier.  
If the return of manuscripts or pictures is desired, they must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, but the Editor does not hold himself responsible for such communications.  
Business communications of whatsoever nature should be addressed to the Catholic Courier and Journal, Inc., to the attention of the Manager.  
MECHANICAL REQUIREMENTS  
Width of column: 12 picas (2 inches).  
Depth of column: 20 1/2 inches (full length).  
Size of page: 16 1/2 column inches (full columns) 10 1/2 inches by 20 1/2 inches.  
Forms close noon of Wednesday preceding publication date.

**Rev. Stephen Callahan and George Metzger, Sr., of the committee of the Holy Family Church on Easter Sunday. The work in progressing rather rapidly.**  
The St. Ann's Bugle and Drum Corps will make its first appearance on Monday night, January 22, at the church. The corps is organized after a lapse of activity for several months. It consists of about 40 boys in full uniform.  
Many changes occur with the reorganization of St. Ann's two Boy Scout Troops. Approximately 60 boys were registered. Francis J. King and James P. Morris, former Scoutmasters of Troop 9, will go on the committee. Due to the press of their school activities, both are faculty members in Hornell High School. Their places are being taken by Bruce Carroll, Donald Green. Several others are to be appointed.  
Rev. Stephen Callahan and George Metzger, Sr., of the committee of the Holy Family Church on Easter Sunday. The work in progressing rather rapidly.  
Dr. J. Raymond Kelly has been appointed General Chairman of the President Roosevelt's Birthday Ball to be held at Hotel Sherwood.  
William J. Kieley of Elm Street, an engineer within 10 days of retirement from the Erie Railroad, had a stroke at his home early last week. His wife, Mrs. Kieley, of 218 W. 11th St., St. Joseph at Lackawanna, N. Y., a sister of Mr. Kieley's, visited him this week.

**CARD PARTY SOCIALS ARRANGED BY SEVERAL ELMIRA ORGANIZATIONS**

By **WILLIAM STOWELL, JR.**  
Elmira The Elmira Society, National Council of Catholic Women, at the Rochester Palace, will hold their annual card party Friday evening, Jan. 26, at 8:15 o'clock, in St. James' Hall. Miss Elizabeth Holleran, chairman of the doanery's work, and Monsignor Ryan, assisted by the following chairmen of committees:  
Miss Josephine Kelly, chairman  
Mrs. E. A. Elias, prizes; Mrs. Elizabeth Torwilliger, tables; Mrs. Edward Hennesey, Mrs. John Frost, Mrs. John Sheehan, Mrs. P. H. Mack and Miss Mary Burke, refreshments; Miss Elizabeth Holleran, tickets; and Miss Mary Newsome, hall.  
Elmira St. Patrick's Church will hold a pre-Lenten card-party and social Wednesday evening, Feb. 27, at St. Casimir's school, Patrick J. Finnell, general chairman, has named the following chairmen of committees:  
Cards, Miss Elizabeth Holleran and Miss Josephine Kelly; music, Misses Mary O'Dea and Mrs. J. Henry Murphy; refreshments, Mrs. Raymond and Mrs. James Constantine; tickets, Mrs. G. A. Barton, James Cunningham and C. Albert Grack; check room, Miss Mary Donovan, C. Justin McCarthy and Malachi Cain; food, Edward M. Holman; hall, John Raynor.  
The Rev. Daniel C. Holland, in charge of finances for the event, Miss Mary O'Dea and Mrs. J. Henry Murphy will be assisted by an extensive social committee.

**Annual Statement of Parish Shows Finances Better**

By **HAROLD NICHOLS**  
Clyde The debt of St. John's parish has been reduced to an even \$3,000 and finances generally are in better condition as a result of increased receipts during 1934, according to the annual financial statement given at last Sunday's Masses by the pastor, the Rev. Joseph V. Curtin.  
Receipts last year aggregated \$102,577 as compared with \$77,523 in 1933. During the latter year the Sunday, monthly and pew rent collections amounted to \$4,973.74. In 1934, with the envelope system of contributions introduced in the church, the revenue totaled \$101,171.  
The week's fair in October netted the church \$2,203.87, which was considered a good profit in view of economic conditions. As the bill for fuel was higher this year, new roofs being needed on both the convent and school, \$1,000.00 was expended on this item. The repairs necessitated extra revenue such as a fall coat party.  
Other increases were seen along the line of expenses, such as the bill for fuel and light, which jumped from \$508.85 to \$912.00. The bank balance, after an \$800 payment on the debt, was larger at the beginning of this year than last. The 1934 balance was \$19,000, while in 1933 it was \$18,500.  
Father Curtin thanked the parishioners for their generosity during 1934 and urged continuance of it this year.  
"Help whomsoever, whenever, you can. Men forever needs aid from man."

**Only \$3.00**  
When a Safe Deposit Box costs you little over \$3.00 per year for the small size, it is certainly worth it. It keeps receipts, insurance policies and other valuable papers in a safe drawer. Rent a Safe Deposit Box at any one of our bank offices now.  
**LINCOLN-ALLIANCE**  
BANK AND TRUST COMPANY

**BANISH COLD ROOMS**  
OUR HOUSE WAS COLD—COLD AS AN ICE-BOUND BOAT UNTIL WE CHANGED TO 'blue coal'



**NOW CLEAN, HEALTHFUL WARMTH in every room with the new 'blue coal' Heating Plan**  
THOUSANDS of home owners are tending all their "cold room" troubles with this new Heating Plan, and they are saving money in the bargain.  
Under this new plan you get 'blue coal', the cream of Pennsylvania anthracite, plus the free services of a "John Barclay-Trained" Heating Expert. This man will check your furnace and tell you what repairs or adjustments it needs to give you better heat with less attention.  
He'll also show you how to operate your heating plant so as to get the full benefit of all the useful heat that 'blue coal' carries. 'blue coal' has been proven by generations of use to be the safest, most dependable and most economical of all home fuels. And it is always colored. Blue as your guarantee of quality in every ton!  
Why put up with cold rooms this winter when the 'blue coal' Heating Plan assures you cozy warmth in every room at lowest cost. Call your nearest 'blue coal' dealer today for 'blue coal' and free heating advice. See names below.

**'blue coal'**  
MINED BY GLEN ALDEN COAL COMPANY  
**H. H. BARCOCK & CO.** Wholesale Distributors  
**JOSEPH F. KRAFT** GEN. 718  
148 CADY ST.  
**BENEDICT MEISENZAHN** MAIN 63  
177 MAIN ST. W.  
**PAYNE & DUNHAM** GEN. 666  
34 BRONSON AVE.  
**ROCHESTER ICE & COLD STORAGE UTILITIES, INC.** MON. 1790  
56 CANTERBURY RD.  
**WILLIAMS COAL CO.** GLEN, 119  
871 DEWEY AVENUE  
**FRED BAETZEL** MAIN 1000  
418 EXCHANGE ST.  
**CASE COAL CO., INC.** MAIN 1000  
1814 EAST AVE.  
**E. H. CLARK COAL CO.** MAIN 1000  
178 LYRI AVE.  
**GEO. ENGERL & CO.** MAIN 1000  
124 MONROE AVE.  
**THE POSTER COAL CO., INC.** MAIN 1000  
30 MONROE AVE.