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VINCENT S. MOORE, Sales Representative
POLYGRAPHIC COMPANY OF AMERICA, Inc.
 1 North Water Street Main 1792

ST. PATRICK
 St. Patrick is like a shining star. To every Erin's son. He glorified the Shamrock, And all Irish hearts he won.

It is on the seventeenth of March. That all true Irish pray. A tribute to their patron saint And in their hearts they pray: May God bless dear old Ireland, On this St. Patrick's Day.

MARY SCHIFF
 Eighth Grade, St. Salome's School.

When filling popover or gem pans with batter have one cup without batter and fill it with water. This will prevent the gems or popovers from burning on the top.

MOONLIGHT MANOR
 A Romantic Story
 With Scenes Laid in the Genesee Valley

By AGNES HORSCHHOFF MASTERS

(Continued From Last Week)

Maryanna herself, was charmed with the way her plan seemed to be working. Not a slip anywhere she thought. Of course, people talk differently from the way they write. That helped out with her subterfuge. And Mr. Kennedy was such a such a wonderful man. She felt so motherly about him. Sort of like Mom acted to daddy. But different, too. Nice feeling, anyway for a girl to have. Or it would be if it ever could amount to anything. Anyway she'd have this week. And she wasn't going to plan any farther than that. She bounced along by his side in the Chariot happily, not knowing that the two coming along behind in chaddy's own little Ford roadster that he used to cart them and chicken feed around were just as satisfied as she, or that on the front seat of the Chariot, between the grips of parenthetical conversation, Len and Larry were writing a letter to the Friendship Circle at New York City.

All that the letter said was to the point and written in one sentence. "We've spotted your man, flown and got him Thursday night." O' Bax X, Genesee, New York. Larry Weybura. There was a mail box across from the church and Len dropped the letter in it.

"What letter's that?" demanded Maryanna.

"One that I mailed for Larry," responded Ellen, managing the church steps two at a time. For the time being she had reverted to type.

CHAPTER XIII
 An Accident and a Sunday Session—Owen and Andrea did not get to Mass that morning. The Chariot was wrecked and rattled far ahead of them, when, just at the middle bend on the road, the rear tire blew out. Owen was not accustomed to mending tires. His big Cadillac was carefully nursed by his garage man and he'd never had a blow-out for ten years. Nevertheless he would have managed that. Only Daddy cleaning the "jit" for the girls had neglected to clean the mending paste to the car. And as for a spare tire, there just wasn't any.

"I hate to miss Mass," mourned Andy, "but maybe the Lincoln will come along yet. It's late though."

"Oh, I am sorry, too. Perhaps we can telephone." Owen looked up and down the road which was rutless of houses.

"I am afraid not, Mr. Owen, but let me sit here. You go on to church, you can't miss it." And I don't mind.

"Oh, no, I couldn't quite do that. Miss Maryanna. Then noting the evident distress in her little face he looked about him wondering. We might hold a private service all our own. Could you walk down to that house in the depression?" He remembered that house, with its moss carpet and the red and white trillium blooming in June. Cool and dry and sweet.

Andy's eyes glowed. "Oh, yes, let's. That would be wonderful! And since we cannot help it, perhaps God will be pleased to have us adore him under the sky and the trees instead of in His house. Yes, I can walk down here."

Owen helped her a little and as they went down the road to the wood, that somehow resembled a huge cathedral, he noted how little Andy seemed to depend on that crutch of hers though it beat reg-

NOTED NON-CATHOLIC AUTHOR PAYS TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC MISSIONERS

St. Columban, Nebraska. In his recent book "One's Company," published by Scribners, New York, Peter Fleming, author, journalist and non-Catholic, pays the following generous tribute to Catholic missionaries: "Mr. Fleming, while traveling through China visited some of the missions under the care of the priests of the Society of St. Columban. In one chapter of the book entitled 'Haven,' he graphically describes his experiences as follows:

"We made for the Catholic mission, where we hoped to sleep. It had been a tiring day. The Catholic mission gave us just the reception we needed to restore our morale. It was a quaint, rather cheerless building standing in a large compound, and which was at present packed with refugees whose horses had been devoured by the communists. To these the Fathers gave food and shelter free. It is certainly difficult, and I am afraid it is impossible, to translate into words the impression which that small community produced on me. It was as if we had suddenly happened on a very good club of an unusual type. The Fathers' talk was full of humor and comprehension. One of them was tall, another lately lamed; their lives were in danger from the Reds, their property from the Whites. They were in daily contact with misery and suffering in their closest forms, and their efforts to alleviate them were handicapped by a heavy, building wall of typicity of obstacles. They were worn out by the heat of the summer. They had few comforts."

John Larmer, Associate In New Ed Wolff Agency For Advertising Service

A new advertising agency, Ed Wolff & Associates, opened in Rochester last Monday afternoon in the Taylor Building. The new firm is headed by Ed Wolff, since 1925 treasurer of Hughes, Wolff & Co., Inc., national advertising agency, and includes other executives previously with that company. They are: John Larmer, Service Director; Lawrence Sterling, Technical Chief; Henrietta S. Freese, Production Manager. The new agency will specialize in advertising copy and space.

Mr. Wolff has a record of over 30 years' experience in advertising in New York, Milwaukee, Jacksonville and other cities. He is widely known as an advertising writer and speaker. He is the author of "The Truth About Advertising" and "Why We Buy It." Last November he lectured at the St. Barnabas' auditorium on "Religious Conditions in Mexico."

John Larmer, Service Director of the new firm, and experienced in copy, production and market surveys, will specialize in copy and plans for consumer products. He will also be in charge of market research. Mr. Larmer is well-known among Catholic clergy and laity. Mr. Larmer was Sports Editor of the Catholic Courier and Journal under the late Maurice P. Sammons.

TUESDAY MARCH 19
 at 3 and 8:15 P. M.
COLUMBUS CIVIC CENTRE

THE NEW VALLEY OF TENTH THOUSAND SMOKES
 Illustrated Lecture
 by **Bernhard R. Hubbard, S. J.**

TICKETS
 General Admission 50c Reserved Seats 75c
 STUDENT MATINEE: 25c

FRESH FISH and SEA FOODS for LENT
 Every Fish Strictly Fresh Caught!

BLUE FISH 17c MACKEREL 18c
 WHITE FISH 31c HADDOCK FILLETS 22c

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He'll tell you, "Accurate filling of prescriptions (the right ingredients in the right amounts) is necessary to meet the exact requirements of each case." At Paine's you are sure of getting exactly what your doctor ordered for you.

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Here you are assured of full value and weight for all gold and silver articles.

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 Telephone Main 5827
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ularly upon the dirt path. It seemed more an ornament than a necessity, he thought, puzzling a bit over the distribution of things.

Down the very center of the road was a sort of nave, made by Indian feet years since. And on either side tall trees came toward, like tall priests elevating their sacrifice to the Spirit of Love that had given them life. It was about their feet delicate, lace-like ferns gathered to wafters and the trillium and star-eyed violets turned their faces upward in adoration and love and longing, to the smile of their Most High. It was thrillingly silent and calm there in the "forest cathedral," and it seemed to human invaders that a great quiet voice was whispering. "Hush, hush!" They turned to look at each other, though the same thought had entered their minds at the same moment.

"Did you hear?" breathed Andy softly.

"No," answered Owen, "not pretending to be a seer, but food, and fumbling in his breast pocket for his mother's rosary."

"I'll stand," Andy decided that Owen felt a huge stone over amid the ferns and seated the slim figure thereon like a small queen. Her "accepts" he took at his feet. Then he knelt beside Andy and with a smile turned back years and years to his youth when he had said the beads with mother, in their garden.

He closed his eyes as the low, vibrant tones answered the prayer, and three faces became strangely mixed in his inner vision. Mary's, his mother's and Andy's. But Andy's was the clearest and held for him something of the other two combined besides her own vivid personality.

It was at the end of the "Hall Holy Queen" that Andy's voice faltered and Owen opened his eyes quickly to surprise faces streaming down her cheeks. She was not looking at him and he was not looking at her. He was looking at almost passionate adoration at this child-woman who had declared that she would marry him. He was looking at her and she was looking at him. He loved her, too. Owen shook his head. What of what had he done? To himself and this Maryanna. And to Andrea, of course.

Half consciously, he took the soft white hand in his own, and she and slim it was, "There, Maryanna. Don't cry. Everything always comes straight if you let it. Don't cry dear. He felt very fatherly about that was not all he felt. The urge to pick her up and see whether was strong. But his fingers only tightened about her own lip, prove that.

"Oh, I think God and the Lady Mary must be so ashamed of me."

"Of course they are not ashamed."

"You don't know everything. Or you would be ashamed too."

"Why? Andy would it just after if No Maryanna, I would not be ashamed. Tell me everything. I can't."

Andy thought a moment. "Well, perhaps you will be seeing away in a few days. And will forget. So after all why shouldn't I tell you? You look so good and and every thing."

She did not begin her story, however, and after a time Owen had whispered "I am waiting, Maryanna. We will not be ashamed—God and I." He did not think it strange that he had clasped himself with God at all. And Andy never noticed if she had the would probably have thought God a little honored.

She looked down at him from her elevated position on the rock and Owen Kennedy on his knees, with unspeakable things in his countenance was good to look at. "Well," she began, wishing she might dare to put her hand on his short crisp hair. "Well, you see I was so so lovely and I was so lonesome sometimes, to do the things my sisters do and to be like them in every way. You see, she faltered so much, you see I said the truth and he was Owen Kennedy didn't know I was am a," she looked at the crutch "cripple and so I pretended that I was not. And we talked about everything, each other. I lied about me. And made myself a-queen that lived in a dream castle and now the castle is ruined."

Owen knew he was not hearing right. If he was this girl was Andrea. The girl of his dreams and his love. The only girl just as he felt her to be last night in the moonlight. But wait. He must be wrong.

"And then what?" he begged tensely. "How is the castle ruined?"

"We fell I mean I began to love him so much, you see. I was the sun and the moon and the stars to me, and."

"And you are to him?" Owen interrupted excitedly and Andy looked at him queerly.

"No. He doesn't even know me. He came here yesterday and Maryanna, to save me miserable, lying, longing me, pretended to be me. And he doesn't know the difference, though he should. And he does, 'Yes, he should,' agreed Owen, his eyes shining like a boy's. "And he does, And he did," he finished under his breath.

"That's all said Andy."

"Is it all? An—Maryanna?"

Andy flushed a little. "No. Not quite. Something happened to me too."

"What?"

"I have the strangest feeling that the man who came here is not my Owen. Of course, it's absurd. He is. But I don't love him. Only the things I made him out to be."

"Yes, he told me that."

"Oh, well—I always felt he was—"

he would be more fatherly. More like like.

Owen nearly crushed her hand. "Like?"

"You, whispered Andrea frightened and she was not of her blindness and trouble."

For an instant Owen said not one word. His face looked boy and empty to the wondering Andy.

"You, whispered Andrea frightened and she was not of her blindness and trouble."

Under an impulse not to be fathomed Andy bent and kissed him. "Not always, my dear." Not always," she answered like an aged sage and then Larry's peculiar shrill whistle rent the Sunday morning air and, feeling that they had received communion, these two dreamers rose in silence.

CHAPTER XIV
 Another Secret Buried

Owen, still elevated to heaven by that first kiss from the sweet red mouth of the girl he had loved for nearly a year, drove to the Manor with Larry Weybura, while Len took the others on ahead in the Chariot.

Larry palmed the blown tire and wondered how he had made it so pleasant. He felt strangely attracted to him, but now that he was seeing Eileen O'Doone as a woman and not only as a "hall-fellow" or pal, he regretted the sudden intrusion of three men into his and Len's life. So whistling lazily he was no more loquacious than the "stranger."

Owen was thinking things over. What would have happened had Charlot not arrived on the scene? He would never know. But he resolved to keep his own identity a secret. He found out who this other "kennedy" was. But to be quiet on the safe side and to prohibit any harm that might come to the O'Doones from the impostor, he suggested to Larry that he drive for a town and there he sent a telegram to his own best friend and private detective. "You need a vest-pocket at once. And I need you." Mike Hanly would come, he knew for he wasn't on a "job" that needed rushing. They went over to the Western Union and to a news stand where he bought the Sunday New York paper.

(Continued Next Week)

If cold baked potatoes are dipped for a moment in hot water and then placed in a moderate oven till warmed through, they will be as nice as if freshly baked.

CAN SHROUDS HAVE POCKETS?

A bequest made to the missions becomes coin not of this world, for it purchases eternal things sending a missionary out to pagan people, supporting them there, and saving immortal souls.

It is said that when a man dies he leaves his money behind. Like every good rule, this has its exception. What a person leaves to charity for the eternal benefit of others should never be regarded as "left-behind." That which he leaves behind, with the donor, into the life beyond.

Bequests to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith—or when possible Conditional Gifts—help the missions in every part of the world.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH

Inquires cheerfully answered by **REV. LEO C. MOONEY**, Diocesan Director
 Columbus Building
 58 Chestnut Street
 Stone 5492

1911—Rochester's Oldest Financial Institution—1935

19—Do You Remember—19

In March, 1919, the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs was founded in St. Louis.

The Federation has grown until today there are more than 1,400 clubs with a total membership of more than 55,000 women throughout the United States and its possessions.

The Rochester Business and Professional Women's Club, Inc. was founded in 1919, and today has 115 members representing twenty-five different business and professional organizations.

The week March 17th to March 22nd, the National Business Women's Week is being celebrated, in observance of the Federation's 16th Anniversary. The Federation has adopted the slogan, "Opportunity—Be Ready For It!"

One of the best ways to be ready for opportunity is to have a savings account. Small weekly deposits soon mount up. Start today. You will find it worth while.

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A SAVINGS ACCOUNT.

Rochester Savings Bank
 47 Main St. W. —Two Offices— 40 Franklin St.
 Opening Hours: 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
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 Official Newspaper of the Rochester Diocese
 50 CHESTNUT STREET ROCHESTER, N. Y.

964 NEW SUBSCRIBERS SINCE FEB. 1

MOST INFLUENTIAL WEEKLY IN THE ROCHESTER AREA

END GOLD ROOMS

IT WAS LIKE LIVING IN AN ICE WAGON. OUR ROOMS WERE SO COLD... UNTIL WE CHANGED TO 'blue coal'!

More heat, better heat, in every room with the new 'blue coal' Heating Plan... saves trouble... cuts fuel bills

HERE is a plan that will keep hard-to-heat rooms warm and cozy all winter and save you money, too. Under this new plan you get 'blue coal'—America's favorite home fuel. And a Free Heating Service that assures the greatest heating satisfaction from the coal you burn.

Here's how it works. Your 'blue coal' dealer will send a Heating Expert to check your furnace, free and tell you what is needed to put it in perfect working order. This man will also show you how to operate the furnace so you'll enjoy all the heating comfort that 'blue coal' will give when properly burned.

'blue coal' is a carefully prepared Pennsylvania anthracite. It heats up quick, heat before breakfast time—keeps your home warm as toast all day long. And it's always colored Blue as your guarantee of quality in every ton you buy.

Adopt the 'blue coal' Heating Plan and have clean, steady, healthful warmth in every room all this winter. Phone your authorized local dealer today. See names below.

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JOSEPH F. KRAFT 148 CADY ST. GEN. 78
BENEDICT MEISENZAHN 377 MAIN ST. W. MAIN 10
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ROCHESTER ICE & COLD STORAGE UTILITIES, INC. 15 CANTONBURY RD. MAIN 70
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