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Judge Praises Charity Performed by Sisters
New York (NCWC)—The charitable work accomplished by the Sisters of St. Agnes who are in charge of the Leo House, a hospice for German Catholic immigrants here, was highly praised by Judge Algernon I. Nova, in deciding a case involving a domestic servant girl who had been accused by her employers of theft.
The Sisters interested themselves in the girl's case, and brought to light the fact that steady grinding work has affected the girl's mind adversely, and that any pilfering of which she was guilty was entirely unintentional. The servant girl was permitted to return to relatives in her native country. Judge Nova said charitable institutions are virtually an arm of the court in matters relating to social service work.

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Owen caught her before she fell, feeling about the two of them. "Never mind Alanna, you will someday," Maryana stumbled over the words and ran down the hill to hide her different emotions. It was to Mr. Owen, Andy had held her hands. Not that she—oh! And she was still there, trying all over his collar too.
"About! Gosh! A fish! A fish! Doggone it what's wrong? See the conquering hero, and cease to weep, ladies and gentlemen!"
"We see him all right, Larry. Oh yes, we see him," chattered Len, laughing back her tears. What you know? The Murphies is all did. Hey there, Susie Sob Sister, Gimme that fry-pan if you decided not to come today. Can't a lady weep without inviting a party to watch the proceedings?" She slapped the pan onto the coals. "Here you, Alanna. Take up thy crutch and wipe thy Kennedy's dripping salt tears all over the earth, 'count of you Go on take a boat ride and settle your noives. Mom told you not to sniffe, didn't she?"
"Oh Andy set the table and stop crying and Owen blew the fire into a blaze while Kennedy, Fred the man and Len and Larry roasted early corn and sliced the roast chicken."
"Maryana was also was mighty secretive about it."

Delinquency Subject Of Conference Held In Columbus Center
Progress is being made in combating juvenile delinquency, it was felt by those who attended a Conference on Delinquency, Its Causes, Prevention and Treatment held April 1 and 2 at Columbus Civic Center.
The Conference was under the auspices of the State Agricultural and Industrial School at Industry, N. Y., and was arranged and outlined by Dr. Don C. Manning, director of the Social Service Department at the School.
Miss Rose J. McHugh, Assistant Commissioner, State Department of Social Welfare presided at all sessions.
Topics discussed were: A Rabbi Looks at Delinquency, Rabbi Philip S. Bernstein, Temple B'nai B'rith Kodesh, Rochester; The Negro Delinquent Child, William L. Evans, Ex. Sec., Memorial Center and Urban League, Inc., Buffalo; Cultural Causes of Misbehavior, the Rev. Victor E. Mills, O. F. M., professor of sociology, St. Bonaventure College; The Function of the Church in the Prevention of Delinquency, Rev. Cyril H. Baker, Parish Ave. Baptist Church.
How Shall We Treat Delinquents? James Sherman, Owner, Superintendent, State Agricultural and Industrial School, Industry, N. Y.; Current Problems in Child Welfare, Miss Katherine F. Lanroot, Chief, Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor, Washington; The Community, The Court and the Institution; Hon. George M. Champlin, County Judge and Judge of Children's Court, Cortland, N. Y.; Reconstruction Forces in Community Life, Rev. Francis E. Burns, professor of sociology, St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester; Juvenile Delinquency and the Press, Paul Denton, associate editor, Rochester Times-Union.
General discussion following presentation of the papers brought new light on the problem of delinquency.

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1831—Rochester's Oldest Financial Institution—1935
17—Do You Remember—17
Eighteen years ago today war was declared by the United States against Germany.
On April 1, 1917, the sixty-fifth Congress met in special session. On April 2nd, President Wilson addressed both the House and the Senate in joint session and asked for a war resolution. By April 5th, the war resolution had passed both houses and it was sent to the President, who affixed his signature April 6th, and the United States formally entered the World War.
This event seems like only yesterday, and yet it actually happened eighteen years ago. Immediately upon declaration Rochester started to do her part. Men, women and money went forward to win the war. More than ten million dollars in Liberty Bonds were sold by the Rochester Savings Bank. Many of these Liberty Bonds were purchased by installments—\$2.00 per week. If, after purchasing one of the bonds you had continued to pay the \$2.00 a week in your savings account by now you would have saved \$1,872.00, plus compound dividends interest.
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FIRE CRACKERS AT MASS
SAN DIEGO
CALIFORNIA TAKES THE FIRST PORT ON THE PACIFIC COAST. THE NAMES OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENTS (MISSIONS) READ LIKE A LITANY OF SAINTS AND ANGELS.
AN OLD CHINESE CUSTOM ON SAN DIEGO IS SOME PARTS OF CHINA, FIRE CRACKERS ARE SET OFF AS A SPECIAL SIGN OF REVERENCE, WHEN THE SANCTUARY BELL IS RUNG AT MASS.
1790
1808
ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S QUESTION... BISHOP JOHN CARROLL OF BALTIMORE, CONSECRATED AUG. 15, 1790, WAS THE FIRST AMERICAN BISHOP. HIS BIRTH WAS MADE ARCHBISHOP.

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

(Continued From Last Week)
"Sure that's what I call showing up the Irish in you Good lad!" Daddy was elated. His lesson, fragmentary as it was, had sunk home. And whatever he was, Pete Smith had a good square chin and steel in his eye, that meant strength for being good or bad, he decided.
As further proof that his lesson went down thought daddy, Pete turned to him "Say-say, Mr. O'Doone. I like this place. Do you mind if I stay a while? Stay till I get over the sea."
"Sure, I know how you feel about facing the folks at home. Pete Stay till your nerve returns. But mind! Everyone has to stand up and take what's coming to him some day. I figure you—a little on the loose—add your pop and mamma aren't any too joyful to feel their son's running wild. So now's the time to buckle up boy, be someone. Stay till after the barn dance anyway. You'll see what a real good time is without any morning after the night previous feeling to live down. See?"
"Yes, I see. I'd like to stay for the dance. I'm a knockout at a ball. And Maryana invited me, anyway. Maryana's daddy grew more thoughtful. "Maryana, Oh! He meant Andy of course. Yes everyone was Andy's slave. Everyone except Kennedy. Who did make love to her for how long? Well, Andy was safe from Pete. Or was she? Blessed Mother! He had asked for Andy. Now he denied it. Daddy shook his bewildered head. Pete had just discovered the little black bag in the case and after tucking it under his arm, the two turned and went moodily back to Mom and her chicken sandwiches.
CHAPTER XVII
One Step—Enough For Me?
Flushed still, though she was tired, Andy finished her five mile horse back ride without disaster. She could scarcely believe it herself, for never in all her eighteen summers had she even dreamed that she would really sit a horse—much less ride one. She felt elated and panic-stricken by turns, but under the steady, deeply adoring eyes of Mr. Owen, she could not flinch. He thought she could ride. He said she could ride. She had no rider! She had expected to do all things for Owen Kennedy and she had now accomplished the impossible for another man—a stranger. Oh no! She must have known him ever since she was born. "You just couldn't feel this way about someone you had never seen or heard about before."
"Oh! For the love of Aunt Mary! Look at Alanna! Eileen cried to Orren Kennedy who was very elaborate in a blue gingham apron and wielding a skillet, when the two laggards arrived at the O'Doone's "private" picnic spot on beautiful little Conesus Lake.
Orren looked. "Just what I thought," he said half aloud. "She only thinks she can't walk. How many times I have met that attitude at the hospital."
"What did you say about a hospital?" queried Eileen casually, rescuing the coffee pot from the charcoal. But she wasn't as casual as she sounded.
Maryana appeared from down the banks with a pitcher of water and saved Orren from committing himself openly at that precise instant. "Alanna and her knight come riding!" she caroled with half mist over her lovely eyes. How she adored Andy! What wouldn't she do for her? Yes, what? She looked at Orren, as dignified in his prompt get-up as he was in the chariot of on-horseback. Dignity was something no one could rob you of, she decided. Well, she hadn't any, but that didn't matter. Kennedy was Alanna's knight, no matter who she rode with. The rest of them didn't count. Lead of Maryana—who had planned this stratagem. She looked again at Kennedy with unfathomable eyes. "Grand world! With girls loving the now's the time to buckle up boy, be someone. Stay till after the barn dance anyway. You'll see what a real good time is without any morning after the night previous feeling to live down. See?"
"That was great," he pronounced catching her as she let herself confidently, duffly-haired, right-eyed heap against his strongness. "Oh! I was sure I couldn't do it." "But you did Alanna!" Eileen reluctantly.
"Yes, I did. I did. Len I did. Mar Andy." Then with her gaze on Owen, "And I almost feel that I could walk without this."
"Come on! Come on Alanna! Try it. Here I'll stand here and you walk over to Mr. Owen or Mr. Kennedy. Push back, now, both of you. I've got her."
"But Andy shrank. She was afraid again. "Oh—Len, I can't!"
"Try it!" urged Orren Kennedy, stepping back a few paces, on the moon.
"Oh Alanna! try," shivered Maryana, her heart strangely like lead. "Let her walk to him," she half thought and wondered if the silly tea would run out over the edge of her lid. What was she crying about anyway?
"A fine sweat broke out on Owen's forehead. "Come, Alanna," he said steadily and low and held out his arms. No one but Andy herself really heard that "Alanna". No one would ever know the bursting desire she had in her little heart to run into those extended arms, the force that drove her to take one little step in Owen's direction and to drop her crutch drained every drop of blood from every face in that intense moment. It seemed almost like watching a soul being born.
Orren bit his teeth together. "God was that little one going to make the grade in one moment—for a man—after he didn't know how many years of lassitude?" Eileen shook, and prayed unthinkingly prayers.
But Owen concentrated every ounce of his love and force in one word. Again he said it. "Come."
Andy threw back her head with a choking sound in her smooth throbbing throat and stretched back her arms to him—One step—Two steps—Then a cry, "I want to! But I can't!"

CHAPTER XVII
"Some fluster!"
"Now when is that wild one?" It's time to all. Youooooo! "Mar-Andy! Din-narr!" Eileen cupped her hands over her mouth and yelled.
But there was no answer. Repeated efforts of the hungry bunch failed to elicit any response and finally the five of them decided to quell their famine without waiting for a second helping of anything. Orren Kennedy was disappointed. He wanted the girl with the brown eyes sitting right there beside him, on this leg, to put to sugar in his coffee and instead he had a second helping of everything. She ought to feel that. He didn't eat very much. The keen eyes of the others noticed it and they all smiled inwardly at that kindly.
By the time the rest were half through, Kennedy stretched and stood up.
"Guess I will go and look her over," he admitted. "Only they knew. Why try to hide it?"
"Look down by frog-pool hollow. That's probably where she's parked." Len instructed him, thinking how unmercifully well Maryana's plan was working out. That is, it was well—if it was Owen Kennedy. But if this Mr. Owen turned out to be Owen Kennedy, what about Andy? Andy was going to be hard-bill if Kennedy was Owen—and if Owen was Kennedy. Lord! How to bring a plot to a head? If only she were a Charlie Holman and could get the right man without getting the three mixed up into everything. Far that Pete Smith was Kennedy, too. Or was he? "This love and these lies were right," she admitted, thinking of Mom's remark the other morning.
But Orren Kennedy, unconscious of any "plot" and only desirous of ending Maryana's or Andy's march along the crumbling sidewalk, sentinelled by tired, drooping willows and stiff tall walnut trees.
(Continued Next week)

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