

Home Making - Household Hints - Recipes - Better Housing

Leave For Lourdes Quebec-A "Canadian Pilgrimage to the Provinces of Ancestors and Lourdes" has left Quebec. His Eminence Rodrigue Cardinal Villeneuve, Archbishop of Quebec, has appointed the Most Rev. Charles Lamarche, Bishop of Chicoutimi, to Lourdes.

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The Coming Of The MONSTER

Copyright, 1936, Longmans, Green Co. A Story Of The Masterful Monk

By Owen Francis Dudley

(Continued from Last Week) THE STORY SO FAR: At the cross-roads stands an angel's blazing form. Above a french the figure of Lucifer becomes discernible in dark outline. How these Christians love one another! A shell bursts near; the angel spreads wide his wings, abiding a wayside Calvary. Lucifer speaks: "They will not whine beneath the Cross, when this is over, nor cringe—in the day of revolt. Supposing I win where God has failed?" The angel folds his wings slowly, and turns: "Did Lucifer win—in the Day of Revolt?"

In Petrograd, on a night in April, 1917, a man and woman enter the restaurant of a hotel. Revolutionary crowds great Lenin as he passes. "I would spit in his face—the son of Satan!" The woman: "Are you incapable of understanding?" The man: "No. It is because I understand." In Paris, on a night of January, 1919, a French priest, standing by a church in which worshippers are entering for Benediction, and by Le Grand Hotel, where dancers can be seen through the lighted windows, is greeted by an officer with whom he served at Verdun. They exchange impressions on the peace conference. A flaxen-haired school-girl, with curiously deep blue eyes, regards them for a moment and passes by. The polio, embittered, looks to class hatred and the Bolshevik to end war; the officer speaks of a better way. He persuades the polio to enter the church with him for Benediction; tomorrow they will make their Communions together, dine at Le Grand Hotel, and drink champagne amongst the swine!

Lady Wray's fingers fdged irritably with a curtain-sash at the window. They were not fingers overtaken with rings. The back of her ample person was turned to an

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overcrowded lounge, and to a girl sitting taut and upright on the arm of a divan with eyes fixed upon the beeches outside, glittering wetly along the drive. They were eyes of a curiously deep blue emphasized by flaxen hair. There was in them a look of mingled distress and determination.

The beauty of this April morning, of 1924, was lost upon them both—the vista of Kent countryside under sunshine and showers. Lady Wray smiled roundly.

"Well," she came unpleasantly. The girl transferred her gaze to a log smouldering in the fireplace, then rose and began walking about. She picked up an object from a table and put it down again. "Can't you speak?" ... Ver-na.

"Harland, her daughter, came to a standstill. "Nothing more to say. I've told you, mother." Lady Wray came nearer. "And I've told you! You little fool, what do you think I've asked this crowd for?"

"I don't know. I didn't even know they were coming!" Verna faced her. "They're not your friends, they're county. Why've you stepped short in a puzzled apprehensive way?"

"Well!" "Mother, you've not—" "Oh yes, I have. They're coming here to—Yes, Belton!"

A manservant had tapped and entered. Lady Wray went across. There was a whispered conversation ending with: "A dozen bottles." Belton retired. Lady Wray resumed usually.

"Yes, they're coming here to congratulate you—drink your health-yours and Harland's. They're coming to lunch with the pork-butchers because you want the son of a peer. Got it, my dear?"

Verna was staring incredulously. "Mother, how dare you!" "Come to your senses, my dear!" The girl stared up.

"I've told you! We're not engaged! It was private, in any case."

Lady Wray walked across to an escritoire, and came back with a letter in her hand.

"Perhaps you'll read that?" Verna took the letter, and did so. Her fingers were trembling.

"Well!" "Harland wrote that two days ago."

"Quite so," her mother replied. She took back the letter and read aloud. "Verna and I are engaged. Any objections?"

"Verna informed her in a firm voice. "I wrote to Harland last night. He knows now."

Lady Wray pondered the announcement with a slow "Oh!"

There was an uncomfortable interval. "Oh? Really?" Then, you'll tell him you were upset—unwell—anything. Do you see?"

"No mother, I'm not going to be bullied into it. Harland and I are not."

She stepped short. Belton had hung open the door.

"Mr. Harland Carville." Lady Wray started. She recovered her composure sufficiently to advance with a beaming smile, and shake hands with a tall well-groomed person. Harland Carville crossed to where Verna was standing. She drew away from his intention of kissing her. He assumed a look of mild surprise. His deportment, however, remained unruffled.

Lady Wray made one or two formal remarks, glanced at Verna uncertainly, and then excused herself and withdrew. Harland Carville waited until the door had closed.

"What's up, Verna?" "You'd better sit down. I think can tell you better." He did so on the divan crossing his legs.

"Yes?" She asked him

"You got my letter?" "I did. This morning. I imagine you weren't quite yourself last night."

"I was very much myself last night." Harland studied her. An amused smile hovered about his lips.

"You needn't look at me like that, Harland. I'm not a child, to be patronized."

He replied coolly: "Do you mind explaining what all this is about?"

"I'm going to. Harland, I read a book of yours yesterday."

"Indeed?" "I suppose you mean it all?"

"Perhaps you'll withdraw that?" Verna's face had brightened.

"No, I will not. That book is yours. And that book's beauty!"

He managed to control himself, and light a cigarette.

The match was flung into the fireplace. "Shall we discuss this quietly?"

"There's nothing to discuss." He inhaled deeply, and released a cloud of smoke. A hater was appearing:

"May I ask what you object to in my book?"

"Everything. All right, then, if you want to go—It's fine. And it's not because I'm Victorian. It's because I object to decency, and sacred things being assailed."

"For instance?" he asked. "It's a matter of taste. It's the whole thing. Your whole outlook. Harland, if I'd known you were like that—"

"My dear Verna, don't get hetic. A man's a right to his own opinions."

"So has a woman to hers." "Certainly. Let's agree to differ, then."

Verna regarded him steadily. He flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"Oh no, Harland, it's more than differing, this. I only understood yesterday. We're poles apart, you and I. Do you realize in the least what the book has done to me?"

"What has it done to you?" "A knife driving into everything that's sacred to me personally. And I'm not narrow, and I'm not over-religious."

"Let us realize in the least what the book has done to you. And that's all that's sacred?"

The girl's eyes flashed: "You might at least be honest—enough to be honest with yourself."

"What the devil do you mean?" "Morality's another 'ham.' Isn't it? You say so. I imagine you practice what you preach?"

"The color in Harland Carville's face deepened.

"We're discussing principles." "Yes. Have you any?"

There was an uncomfortable interval.

"Let's scrap fending, shall we?" "By all means. . . . Harland, I'm wondering why you asked me to marry you? For a 'temporary union' or what?"

"Crum it all, Verna! A book's a book!"

SAINT'S FEAST CELEBRATION SET 2 DAYS

Italian-Americans Schedule Program to Include Mass, Parades

Hornell—Plans have been completed for the two-day celebration in honor of St. Angelo, patron saint of many Italian-Americans in Hornell, to be staged here September 13 and 14. It was announced by General Chairman Leo Argenti. The two-day program will open with a solemn High Mass at St. Ann's Church at 11 o'clock the morning of September 13. This will be followed by a parade. In the afternoon, a baseball contest between Tommy Kelly's Maple City and the CCC Camp All-Stars will be staged at 2 o'clock. That same evening, a parade will be staged at 8:30 o'clock followed by a band concert at Maple City Park at 7:30 o'clock.

Monday's program will be continued to the evening with a parade at 8:30 o'clock; band concert at 9 o'clock, and horsemanship exhibition between Blair Namasker of Cleveland and Bob Brown of Hornell at 8:15 o'clock. The fireworks display is scheduled for 9:15 o'clock.

Mr. Argenti said the Johnson City Band of 50 pieces would be here both days, and that there would be door prizes each evening. Many concessions have been lined up, and will form a jolly lighted midway.

St. Ann's School and High School opened Tuesday. Other schools in the city opened a week ago.

The registration figures will not be available until later but it is expected to be about 600. Children attended Mass at St. Ann's Church before reporting for registration.

Cook-Kennelly Hornell—A pretty Fall wedding took place at the parochial residence of St. Ann's Church, when Miss Mary Catherine Kennelly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Haire Kennelly of St. James Street, became the bride of Norman W. Cook, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Cook of 186 Main Street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Jeremiah A. Maly, pastor.

Mrs. Helen Kennelly was bridesmaid. Rollin E. Bartlett acted as best man. Immediately after the ceremony a breakfast was served to thirty guests, relatives of both families, at the Hotel Sherwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook left later in the day on a motor trip to Lake George and the Adirondack Mountains, after which they will reside on Main Street.

The bride attended St. Ann's parochial school and Hornell High School. Mr. Cook is a graduate of Hornell High School and New York University, class of '31, and is now in business with his father.

Mrs. James Dunleavy Dies. Hornell—Mrs. James Dunleavy of 25 Mill Street— lifelong resident of this city, died at St. James Mercy Hospital after an illness of several weeks.

Mrs. Dunleavy was well known and highly respected. She was a member of St. Ignatius Loyola Church, the Rosary and Altar Society, the L.G.B.A. and the Catholic Daughters of America.

Besides her husband, she is survived by a daughter, Miss Mary Dunleavy; two sisters, the Misses Margaret and Johanna Colbert of this city; three brothers, Joseph and Maurice Colbert, both of this city, and James Colbert of Kittanning, Pa.

Funeral was held last week.

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