The Coming Of The MONSTER

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A Story Of The Masterful Monk

By Owen Francis Dudley

(Continued from Last Week)

THE WRONG NO FAR:

In Foregrove, on a night in April, 1917, revolutionary crowds grown Louis ne in power in Paris, on January, 1918, a French police is treated by an officer with whom he served at Verdun. A Slavic-hatred school-girl, with curiously deep blue eyes, regards them for a moment and passes by. The group, embittered, talks to class hatred and the Bolshevik to end war; the officer speaks of a better way. He persuades the pelle to enter the neighbering church with him for Benediction. In England, on an April morning, 1934, guests begin to arrive for Lady Wray's announcement of her daughter Verna's engagement to Harian Carville. Verna's eyes are of a curiously deep blue, emphasized by flaxen hair. She read book which she has just read, and Harland, picking his way through the crowd, passes from the house and walks swiftly downthe drive. Religious persecution rages in Russia. A doctor of divinity preaches on modernism. On Good Friday in a London Ritual-and Catholic Church, a Crucifix is laid on the sanctuary steps, with sentors and acolyte-bearers streaming up to the nave to kneel and kiss the Foot. In Hollywood Verna and her girl friend, Terry Harcourt, visit the film studios as the guest of a director whom Verna has met through her father.

An hour later, inside "Stage 20," Verna and Terry Harcourt, again on either side of the Director, were watching preparations for a shot.

Before them on the set a gorgeous construction, representing the stage of a Variety House, blazed with arc-lamps and mercury moons, the whole effect heightened by an upward glaze of floor-lights. In the wings on either side of the stage a galaxy of actors, and supers, and dancing girls were stationed in readiness. From the costumes, and the look of them, a revue was in the process of being filmed.

A whistle blew. Electricians and workmen hurried off the set. The Director turned to Verna on his right:

"The exhibition gal. Wud you mind bangin' her head?"

Verna nodded; he had explained "exhibition" at lunch.

The megaphone blasted:

"Go!"

To a rhythm of instruments and the winding of the cameramen, four lines of dancing girls in piece formation swayed into view from left and right. The rhythm increased in volume, as the lines lengthened out, four rows deep across the stage, leaving a gangway down the center. For a while there was a steady beat of feet, until the orchestra gave the cue for a movement which placed each row in turn in front. All the girls were of the same height, their figures displayed to a maximum advantage in a minimum of covering.

The orchestra died down. A curtain in the background opened, and on a pedestal what appeared to be a Statue in the nude, was revealed. The arms of the statue moved slowly upwards; the orchestra hummed to into a crescendo and then into a blare of instruments as the body came to life and stepped down. It was a girl, virtually naked, her form artificially whitened. A spotlight followed her strolling in and out of the dancing rows up to the footlights. The melody changed into a voluptuous, barbaric tune. She swung with the troupe into a writhing, snake-like movement, her eyes fastened upon members here and there of an imaginary audience, defying them to remove their gaze, her hands gesturing insinuatingly.

The cameramen were wheeling in for a close-up. The Director turned for a moment, to watch Verna's face.

More curtains opened up stage and two magnificent specimens of the male were standing on pedestals in the same statuesque pose. They too, came to life, stepped down, and were followed by spotlights, gyrating in and out up to the front, and on either side of the "exhibition" girl. Like here their bodies were artificially whitened.

The music became low and seductive, as the three of them gestured in dumb show, the men displaying their physique to the girl, hesitating between them, all the while keeping the rhythm with her feet. Her hands were seized in turn, and she was swung from one to the other. She pirouetted about them, still in doubt. They grasped for her, but she eluded them. There was an ingenious pursuit, with each row of the troupe encircling her from her would-be captors, until finally she was entrapped, held, and raised aloft by the pair.

The deep boom of a gong intervened at the point of possession. The girl was lowered reluctantly. The three of them gained their pedestals, stepped up and, with stiffening gestures of despair, became rigid and immobile as before . . .

"Cut!"

They walled while the Director, barely listening, dismissed a girl who had approached him outside the stage to thank him, with some request. She walked away slowly with her head down. He came to them:

"Wal, Miss Wray!"

Verna regarded him coolly.

"Well?"

Her manner surprised him:

"You ain't lookin' pleased."

She did not reply.

"Gee, that gal wd have looked pleased." He nodded after her. "Didn' you know wut I meant—makin' you to keep that show-gal head?"

"I am sure, Yes!"

"She got the goods—personality. They're gals here wid sell their souls for the chance o' that dance. You got the nerve!"

Verna straightened herself:

"Mr. Director, are you offering me a job?"

"I'm willin' to give you a proposition. Wen I go to Hollywood, I'll get you up there with the dancers. An' the Director says he got a new [illegible] wen they get one. Wot? [illegible] you'll put it with [illegible]

[illegible] you're thinkin' [illegible]

it across. An' I'm tellin' you—you cud."

"Getting what across?"

The Director appeared momentarily at a loss. He scratched his head.

"Gee, fancy a gal like you askin' that? Why, wot do the tired business men o' New York pay their money for? Acrobatics?" He laughed. "Ent you heard o' sex-appeal, Miss Wray?"

Verna was staring at him coldly. The Director began to look slightly uncomfortable. There was a disconcerting glint in the violet eyes, penetrating his languid self-assurance. He shifted a foot.

"Thank you for the lunch."

Verna turned abruptly and walked off with Terry Harcourt. The Director was left staring after them, with his hat pushed on the back of his head.

A workman in overalls emerged from Stage 20, saw him, and came up with, "Say, Director—"

I

"Go to h—l—!"

He was standing in a doorway marked, "Stairway to Swimming-bath," looking about—a man with sharp features and humorous, watchful eyes.

The tea-tables under the awning on his left were mostly unoccupied as yet, and people still strolling the promenade deck in the afternoon sun, or lolling against the taffrail watching the Atlantic sliding away beneath—barely broken save in the liner's wake. A game of quoits was in progress through a glass screen. The voices of the players could be heard.

The man lit a cigarette, and emerged to arrange a wet bathing suit on the taffrail. He remained there studying the shimmering waters and the haze over the horizon, until, at a sound from behind, he glanced round cautiously. Two girls were coming through the doorway, chattering cheerfully. They too were carrying wet bathing-costumes, which they likewise proceeded to drape over the taffrail; after which they likewise remained studying the haze over the horizon.

The man himself was absorbed in the haze.

Very carefully he turned his head to find the younger of the two doing the same. They both hurriedly returned to the haze. An atmosphere of acute self-consciousness appeared to pervade all three of them.

The girl suddenly began to laugh. He faced her, with a smile hesitating on his lips. The girl plunged:

"Rather silly, this? Let's introduce ourselves."

He laughed, too:

"That is a good idea. But perhaps I am a bad man."

"We've decided that you're a nice man. This is Miss Harcourt. I think you had better shake hands—it will look better. That lady is watching."

He took the cue, and also Miss Harcourt's outstretched hand. His eyes returned to the younger:

"You are Miss Wray—Miss Verna Wray?"

"And you are Captain Vivien Captain Louis Vivian? . . . Yes, they're very obliging at the Bureau . . . No, you mustn't shake hands with me. I'm introducing you and Miss Harcourt. The idea is that we've already met . . . I think I'm doing this rather well." She looked carelessly about.

"The lady in the spectacles is wondering whether I'm a vamp."

"Vamp?" he asked.

"Sorry. Of course — you're French. Vamp? A film female—an enamorer. Miss Harcourt was a vamp before she was my staid companion."

"Verna, you're the limit!" Terry Harcourt expostulated.

Captain Vivien asked:

"Perhaps you are a—film-star. I am right?"

Verna assumed hauteur:

"No, indeed not! Is that why you wanted to talk?"

"I beg your pardon. It is the straw hair—the eyes."

"Flaxen, please. Is that why you wanted to talk?" Captain Louis Vivien indicated the tea-tables under the awning:

"We will all have tea together, and I will tell you why. But you will promise not to vamp me? Come on."

He led the way there, ordered tea from a waiter, and invited them to sit down, with:

"I am doing this rather well. Is that not so? The lady in the spectacles is saying to herself—he is a nice kind uncle."

"The lady in the spectacles," Terry announced, "is saying to herself—the niece is abnormally excited about the uncle."

"Terry, how dare you! Captain Vivien, no tea for the staid companion!"

He smiled indulgently:

"I will tell you why I have wanted to talk to you."

Verna leaned forward:

"Yes, do!"

"Because I say to myself—she wants to talk to me."

"Really! Captain Vivien!"

"Very well. It is because I have remembered you."

"Remembered me!"

"I have seen you in Paris after the War. I have seen you for just one minute."

"Paris!"

"There was a French officer talking with a poilu at the corner of a Place, and there was a little girl with flaxen hair who was listening."

She was watching him face perplexedly.

"At night. Under a light. Opposite Le Grand Hotel."

Her eyes were suddenly alight.

"You remember?" he asked.

She exclaimed:

"Yes! . . . I do! . . . And the French officer was arguing with the poilu about the Bolsheviks, and the little girl was wondering who they were. And the French officer turned, and their eyes met. And she looked away, blushing. It was you? Terry, this is an absolute romance!"

Terry remarked drily:

"And the lady in the spectacles is wondering why the little girl with the flaxen hair failed to recognize her uncle, in Paris."

Verna raised her voice:

"Uncle Louis! And I never knew you!" She added, sotto voce, "But this is thrilling . . . I was a schoolgirl then—in Paris."

He proffered:

"At dinner last night I say to myself—I have seen her somewhere. This morning I say to myself it is the schoolgirl with the flaxen hair, who is now a woman."

"You remembered me? You must have been thinking about me ever since Terry, this is a super romance."

He shrugged his shoulders:

"The schoolgirl has remembered the French officer? She has been thinking about him ever since. This is a very great romance."

"Captain Vivien!"

"That is what do you say Quits! Here is the tea coming. Yes, she is most interested—the lady in the spectacles."

(To be continued)

Sacred Hearts Order Receives Three from Here

Three Rochester young men were among ten to receive the white habit of the Order of Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary at the Monastery in Fair Haven, Mass., last week.

In an impressive ceremony presided over by the Very Rev. Columba Moran, SS.CC., and in the presence of Fathers and Brothers of the Monastery, the young men made their resolutions and entered upon their year of Novitate.

Those from Rochester are: Brother Jerome, Arthur Lane; Brother Brendan, James Dennis; Brother Kevin, Vincent McGee.

Father Columba delivered an address appropriate to the occasion.

The Business SPECTATOR

News and reviews of the business world presented as items of information. Material herein is not to be construed as representing editorial opinion of the

CATHOLIC COURIER

Quality Comparisons Made Easy Through New Sears' Guide

Sears, Roebuck and Co., have again triumphed in educating the ultimate consumer in standards of Value and Quality, in producing the Consumers' Shopping Guide.

This attractive case, similar in form to a card index, consists of a box of 86 cards, with 116 samples of actual fabrics, together with a handbook, and a small magnifying glass, enabling the consumer to make his own quality tests.

The Consumers' Shopping Guide has been put out by Sears Homemakers Foundation, as a definite answer to the growing interest of the public in standards of merchandise.

In preparing this index, letters and sample cards were mailed to 56 Key Women—all over the country—Famous Editors, Professors of Home Economics, and National and State and County Extension Workers.

Their replies were analyzed, and the suggestions carefully incorporated with other ideas presented by Sears Research Laboratories.

Thus, the actual shape and form of the Consumers' Shopping Guide contains the various ideas and wishes of these women—plus the rigid standards set by Sears Research Laboratories.

The Handbook of Facts, accompanying the Index Case, contains information about the five fibres from which fabrics are made;—simple tests for judging fabrics; advice on servicing cloths; and a chapter on definitions of standards and terms which are in common use.

The Consumers' Shopping Guide does not in any way mention Sears Merchandise. It clearly and simply defines standards of quality, by which merchandise is judged.

This is one evidence of the way in which Consumers' Standards are being developed. Sears, Roebuck and Co is one of the leaders in the field, moving in this direction because Sears believes it is good business to give the consumer not only the best possible merchandise but sound advice on standards of quality as well.

Business Speeded By Use of Morse's Rubber Stamps

Modern business demands speed in every department of an organization. And speed is essential; so, too, is clean work. When a rubber stamp is needed to get a job out on time and to save printing expense, the G. H. Morse & Son firm at 31 Nor. Water St. is ready to serve you.

This firm has been known for years for its reliability in furnishing rubber stamps of various kinds, stencils, steel stamps, numbering machines of all kinds and for all purposes, quick drying inks, seals presses and notary presses.

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At the Morse office, anyone may obtain information concerning the best methods of using steel and rubber stamps, correct inking materials and the best ways of preserving the supplies in order that they may be used for the longest time without wearing out.

The Toast of the Town!

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Requiescant In Pace

ERBLAND, Mary T., died Sept. 25. Funeral held Sept. 28 from Our Lady of Good Counsel Church.

FRAHER, John Walter, died Sept. 25. Funeral held Sept. 28 from St. Anne's Church.

HAHN, George F., died Sept. 24. Funeral held Sept. 30 from St. Joseph's Church.

HORSCHNEIDER, Rev. Leopold G., died Sept. 22. Funeral held Sept. 26 from St. Mary's Church, Dansville.

KENNEDY, Marie A., wife of Martin Kennedy, died Sept. 21. Funeral held Sept. 24 from St. Joseph's Church, West Bloomfield.

KEON, Terrance, died Sept. 25. Funeral held Sept. 29 from Church of the Nativity, Brockport.

KIRCHER, Carl, husband of Margaret Kircher, died Sept. 20. Funeral held Sept. 24 from St. Michael's Church.

KLEE, Henry J., husband of Katharine Hart Klee, died Sept. 22. Funeral held Sept. 25 from St. Boniface Church.

LANG, Margaret, died Sept. 26. Funeral held Sept. 29 from Holy Family Church.

LYONS, Jeanette, died Sept. 26. Funeral held Sept. 29 from Immaculate Conception Church.

MARIANETTI, Jennie, died Sept. 20. Funeral held Sept. 23 from St. Anthony's Church.

McCARTHY, John J., husband of Maude McCarthy, died Sept. 26. Funeral held Sept. 29 from Sacred Heart Church.

MEDEUKAS, Charles, died Sept. 26. Funeral held Sept. 29 from St. George's Church.

MILLER, Clotilda, died Sept. 23. Funeral held Sept. 26 from Holy Rosary Church.

RUSSO, Peter, died Sept. 26. Funeral held Sept. 28 from St. Joseph's Church.

RYAN, Mary J., died Sept. 27. Funeral held Sept. 30 from Holy Rosary Church.

SCUTIERE, Luigi, husband of Anna Scutiere, died Sept. 27. Funeral held Sept. 30 from St. Francis Church.

SMITH, Celina Harnon, wife of Howard Smith, died Sept. 25. Funeral held Sept. 28 from Holy Cross Church, Ovid.

SMITH, Margaret A., wife of William M. Smith, died Sept. 24. Funeral held Sept. 28 from Sacred Heart Church.

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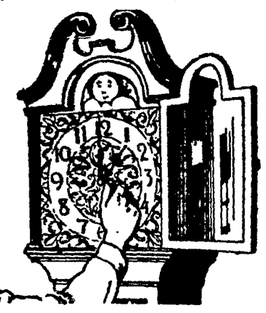

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