

Pug Sparrow

I'm not a Bird of Paradise, nor eligible to the hall of Fame, Classed by you as an undesirable, Pug Sparrow is my name. My plumage does not catch the eye, and my song is just a twitter, All creation I defy, call me anything, but a quitter. When the Earth it tilts over, and the sunlights in the wane, And from Jack Frost you seek protection, behind the window pane Your Feathered Beauties, to the Sunny South have flown away, Jim Crow and I to cheer you, are the only ones to stay. Do not try the impossible, or in other words seek my demise, The mutual hatred between us, I am willing to compromise. You say I am pugnacious, with a dog in the manger way, The song-birds, who nest in tree and bush, I drive away. Your favorites from me to save, here is how you do the trick, A hollow space in any old place, and don't forget to skip a brick, At last the Promised Land, my curiosity no more to be aroused, A sentry over recesses dark and deep, wherein my family is housed. (MICHAEL W. SCANLAN)

WEEKLY CHURCH CALANDER

Sixth Sunday after Pentecost. S. 20, St. Jerome Aemiliani, C. M. 21, St. Praxedes, V. T. 22, St. Mary Magdalen, Pen. W. 23, St. Apollinaris, B. M. Th. 24, St. Christina, V. M. F. 25, St. James the Greater, Ap. S. 26, St. Anne, Mother of Our Lady.

ROCHESTER AT HOME—1919. Rochester will play with Jersey City on the 20, 21, 22; with Newark on the 23, 24 and 25th.

Shortsville Priest Transferred To Rochester.

Shortsville, N. Y.—Father William Cassidy, who was appointed assistant priest of St. Dominic's parish, Shortsville, to succeed Rev. William P. Ryan, who gave up the work here on account of ill health and is now in Rochester, has been transferred to St. Mary's parish, Rochester. Rev. Francis Moffett, of St. Monica's parish, Rochester, has been appointed to fill Father Cassidy's place here.

In the New Zealand plebiscite prohibition was rejected.

B. J. HENNER CARTING CO. General Carting, Furniture and Freight Moved. All orders promptly attended to. Office and Stand: 734 State Street

The I. A. Doyle Detective Agency Highest Police and Detective References experience operators from members of Detect. Bureau Rochester Police Department 123 1/2 Chamber of Commerce Bldg. Both phones. Expert Commercial Criminal and Investigative Work

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OUR LADY OF VICTORY.

Charles Becker, son of John and Irene Becker, died Wednesday morning July 16, 1919, at St. Mary's Hospital, aged 11 years. Beside his parents he is survived by two sisters, Sophia and Irene Becker and two brothers, Mathias and Morris Becker. The funeral took place Friday morning at 8:30 o'clock from the home, 5 Hopeman Place, and at 9 o'clock from this church.

Personal.

Mr. Eugene Bonn and Mr. John Paul Bonn of Lake Avenue have left for a visit of three weeks to relatives in Sandusky, Canton, Cleveland and Toledo, Ohio.

DAYLIGHT LAKE TRIPS

With many vacationists now planning lake trips Lake Erie, with its Great Ship "SEEAND-SEE" and other magnificent steamers, is by far the most popular.

As usual the Saturday daylight trips between Cleveland and Buffalo are proving very attractive to many travelers.

From Cleveland, C. & B. Line's Steamer "City of Buffalo" leaves New Pier, foot of E. 9th St., every Saturday during the summer season at 8:00 a. m., arriving at Buffalo 6:00 in the evening of the same day.

From Buffalo, the Great Ship "SEEANDBEE" leaves wharves at South Michigan Ave. Bridge every Saturday at 8:00 a. m., reaching Cleveland at 6:00 p. m.

The night service of the C. & B. Line is the same as heretofore, namely, steamers leave both cities daily at 8:00 p. m., reaching destination the following morning at 6:30 a. m. (All Central Standard Time.)—Adv.

FIDO, JR.

By MARGARET L. AHERN

For the third consecutive day Marjorie Hill spent 15 minutes of her noon hour gazing covetously in the store window. And for the third time Lieutenant Dan Taylor, leaning alone at his club across the street, watched her with growing curiosity.

Dan, the proud possessor of two gold service stripes and a wound stripe, was feeling rather bored after his strenuous activities of the past year. This state of affairs was possibly due to the fact that there had been no girl waiting for him "over here." His interest was aroused now for the first time since his return home.

"If it was a fur coat she was looking at so earnestly," he soliloquized "or a platinum bracelet watch, or a rose-colored evening gown—I could understand it. But it's a bird and a animal store. I wonder if it's a parrot or a cinary she wants?"

While he watched the girl went inside the store. Dan hastily paid his meal check and hurried across the street. He, in turn, stared in the window at the miscellaneous assortment of livestock.

On one side some tiny white mice were huddled in a squirming heap in a cage. "No girl in her right mind would even look at those things," was the lieutenant's sarcastic comment.

On the other side of the window two white, curly haired dogs frisked around. "Inane pups," muttered Dan. "She doesn't look like the kind of a girl who would carry one of those toy lambs around."

In the center of the window was an iron cage, and presently its occupant—a small but very fat Boston terrier—was thrust in unceremoniously. The girl inside the store leaned over to play with him for a moment, and Dan had a delightful glimpse of rosy cheeks and brown eyes. When she left Dan followed her through the noonday crowd until she entered a large bank building.

A few minutes later the president of the bank was shaking hands joyfully with the lieutenant. "It surely does make you old uncle glad to see you again, Danny," he said, "and if there's anything at all I can do for you—"

His offer was accepted with suspicious alacrity. Dan explained glibly that he wanted to look over the contents of his safety deposit box, and since his right arm was still lame, possibly he could have the assistance of one of the clerks. For answer his uncle pressed a button beside his desk. A young woman appeared almost immediately. Dan, maneuvering to a position back of her, frantically signaled to his uncle. The latter, hiding a smile, dismissed his efficient employee with some casual instructions, and asked her to send Miss Hill to him.

Miss Hill proved to be the girl of the bird store. From her demure blush as she acknowledged the introduction to the eager lieutenant, he suspected that she recognized him. It was arranged that she should work with Dan that afternoon at least; but he made haste to assure his uncle that the clipping of innumerable coupons would probably necessitate another full day's work.

During the afternoon a minimum of business was transacted by Dan and his acting secretary. However he found time to tell her of the big kennels at his country place, and of his favorite pet, the ugly-looking bulldog named "Old Ironsides." "He'll try to—I mean, he could eat that little chap in the birdstore in one mouthful," said Dan.

And Marjorie confided to him her longing to possess the "little chap." She told him how she had figured that five dollars was a sufficient sum for such a tiny puppy, and how she had been saving up a "dog fund," and then of her disappointment at learning that the small dog had a most distinguished and high class canine family tree—being a direct descendant of Kingmaster I and his present owners refused to part with him for less than twenty-five dollars.

Needless to say, the puppy of unimpeachable ancestry disappeared from the store window the next day. When the president of the bank returned after lunch that noon, he found an unexpected visitor tied to his desk. A note from Dan explained the situation. It read as follows: "I am paying my charming assistant, not in coin of the realm but in the original way you see attached to your desk. Don't dare remove him. He will be called for at 9 o'clock."

Dan's uncle viewed the pup with a quizzical smile. Fortunately, he liked dogs too. "I suppose," he remarked thoughtfully, "that you have to be fed at more or less frequent intervals, like all infants. Although pardon my rudeness, old man, from the contour of your small anatomy you don't look as though you had room for a drop more." An excited office boy was presently sent out to procure some milk for the puppy.

Then, still holding Dan's note, his uncle sighed and addressed the pup again. "Perhaps you understand, Fido Junior—a vigorous wagging of a dilapidated tail testified that Fido, junior, understood perfectly. "You have been the cause of my nephew coming in here and taking my best stenographer."

Sounded Like That. Dorothy's mother was getting her to repeat the Lord's prayer, and all went well until near the end. "And deliver us from evil," said her mother, "And deliver us from molesks," repeated Dorothy.—Boston Transcript.

LABOR HEADS URGE UNIONS TO BUY W. S. S.

State Presidents of N. Y. and N. J. Labor Federations Appeal for Continued Support

James P. Holland, President New York State Federation of Labor, and Henry E. Hilfers, Secretary New Jersey State Federation of Labor, have issued appeals to all trade unions to continue their support of the United States Government by the purchase of War Savings Stamps.

"It is just as important now as it was in the past for us to continue the united financial support of our Government," said Mr. Holland in his statement.

"The Savings Stamp idea will help our country solve many of its reconstruction problems, which it will have to take care of for a long time to come," said Mr. Hilfers in his appeal.

Copies of the statements of Mr. Holland and Mr. Hilfers, with brief facts regarding Thrift and War Savings Stamps, are being distributed to secretaries of 3,350 trade unions in New York and the twelve northern counties of New Jersey, the Second Federal Reserve District. These will be given out to members of the different unions.

The appeal of Mr. Holland reads as follows:

"To organized labor of New York State greeting. The new year 1919 has brought us peace, for which we are all very thankful, but with it we are facing what is termed the reconstruction period, which we must consider serious in order to be able to help ourselves and help our Government meet its many problems.

"It, therefore, becomes necessary for each and every one of us to put his shoulder to the wheel, and I urgently appeal to every trade unionist in the State of New York to do his utmost through the continued purchase of War Savings Stamps. In fact, it is just as important now as it was in the past for us to continue the united financial support of our Government."

"The officers and members of our unions and the unions themselves should not permit any let-up in promoting the sale of War Savings Stamps. The record we have made and the sacrifices we have set in supporting the Government through this method of investing should be vigorously maintained. I therefore, respectfully urge you to give this appeal very consideration

and emphasize the importance of labor's standing unitedly behind the Government by the continued purchase of War Savings Stamps. Yours sincerely and fraternally, (Signed) JAMES P. HOLLAND, "President New York State Federation of Labor."

Then It Seemed Plainer.

While waiting for a train home from the city one night Jones grew restless, and looked about for something interesting. His eyes fell upon a slot machine, and he promptly inserted a penny.

"I have often wondered," he remarked aloud, "in the manner of all truly thoughtful men, "where the profits on these machines—"

Here he grasped the handle with a firm and masterful grip. "Where the profit on these affairs—"

So saying he shook the machine. "I have often wondered," he continued, giving it another vigorous shake, "where the profit— Hang the thing!"

Then one of the porters came up and

told him that the machine was out of order, and Jones realized at last where part of the profit came from!

Bull Bulletin.

Henry Clews, the New York banker, tells a good story on a broker friend who was advised by his physician to spend a few weeks in the West.

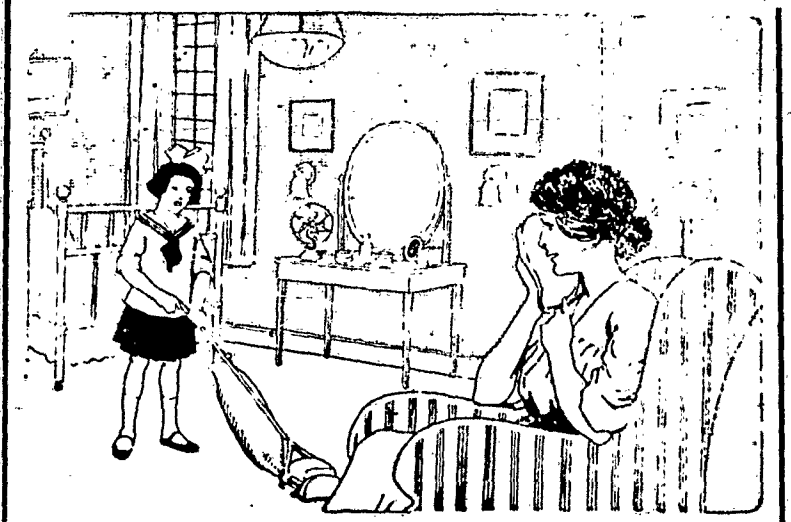
For some time the broker had been affected by a nagging fever, which the doctor thought would disappear under the influence of a dry climate.

The physician, desiring to keep in touch with his patient, suggested that the latter should telegraph him a daily record of his temperature, taken morning and evening. To this the broker agreed, and at the end of the first day in the West, he sent the following telegram:

"Temperature, bully. Opened 97, closed 101!"

Daily Thought.

Houses are built to live in, not to look on, therefore let us be preferred before uniformity, except where both may be had.—Bacon.



No House is Modern Without Electric Light

For those who appreciate the best of everything in their homes, there is but one light—electric light. It is clean and sanitary, it eliminates fire risks; its clear, soft radiance brightens and beautifies every part of the home.

Every socket in the home that is wired offers all the convenience that electricity can give, power for the motor washer, heat for the flatiron, curling iron, toaster, broiler or warming pad—none expensive in maintenance.

SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY NOW

Now is the time to have your house wired. By taking advantage of our special house-wiring offer you are permitted to pay for the work in easy payments.

If you have an ordinary eight room house this will mean about \$10.00 per month for twelve months.

It is a simple matter to install electric in your house at any time. No plaster is torn from the walls, no floor and wall decorations are disfigured.

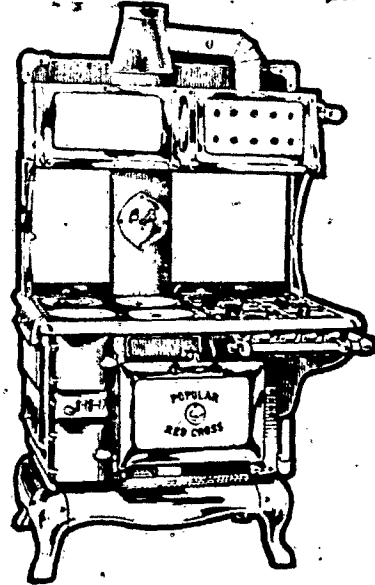
Some time when you are down town call and talk the matter over with us. It will afford us pleasure to explain our proposition in detail.

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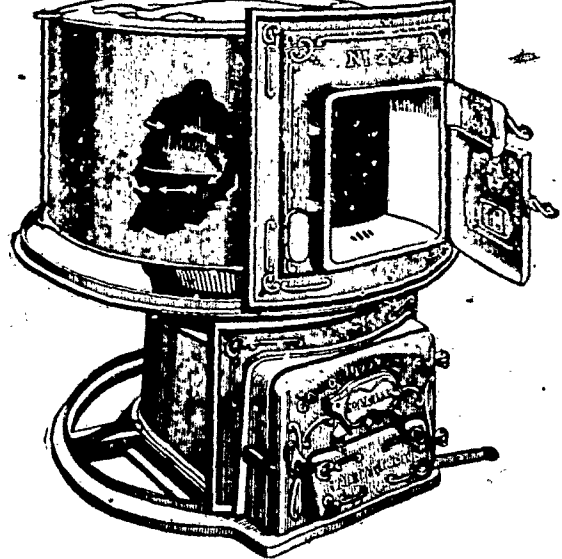
A Range and a Furnace You Should Have in Your Home

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Illustrated is the 8-18-G "POPULAR" Red Cross Combination (2-Fuel) Range, with elevated broiler and warming closet. This is the practical range for all seasons of the year. Using gas in summer insures a cool, comfortable kitchen. It is adapted for all fuels and a perfect baker with either. Has every modern appliance. This is one of the many styles of the Red Cross line of combination Ranges. Free from complicated parts, and a very simple matter to change from one fuel to another.



THE LOW CONSTRUCTED AJAX

The regular line of high constructed Ajax is so well known as to need no mention, but if your home has a low cellar be sure to use this powerful heater; but no matter if your cellar is high or low, for perfect satisfaction be sure your Furnace is an AJAX. We make all styles and sizes and they are constructed to give satisfaction. As you know, the Co-operative Foundry Company is an old established stove and warm-air furnace manufacturing concern and all of its products are guaranteed and we stand back of the dealer to make good.

Dealers in every locality will tell you about our Furnaces and Ranges, or information supplied by us if you will write us direct.

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