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Deaths of the Week

The funeral of Sister M. Coletta took place Saturday morning from St. Ann's Home, Lake Avenue Boulevard. Solemn requiem high mass was celebrated by Rev. John McMahon, chaplain of St. Ann's, assisted by Rev. P. J. McArdle of Scottsville as deacon and Rev. J. J. Ganey of Industry as subdeacon.

Sister Coletta was a member of the order of the Sisters of St. Joseph for forty-seven years, having acted as superior for many years at St. Mary's Convent in Canandaigua, St. Mary's Convent in Auburn and at St. Stanislaus Convent in Rochester.

The funeral of William A. Cronin, who died in France while serving with the American Expeditionary Forces, took place on Tuesday morning at 8:30 o'clock from the family home at No. 189 Wellington Avenue and at 9 o'clock from Lady Chapel in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. J. Francis O'Hern, with Rev. John Napier as deacon and Rev. Julius Delbove as subdeacon.

Mrs. Mary McDonald Connelly, a sister of Detective Sergeant John P. McDonald, and well known in Rochester where she was born and lived until fifteen years ago, died Thursday at her home in Bergen after an illness of but a few weeks. She leaves two sisters, Mrs. Sarah Rottier of Rochester and Mrs. Anna Greenwood of Cleveland, and three brothers, Martin, William and John P. McDonald of Rochester.

Mrs. Catherine Herlihy died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Boland, of 29 Greig St., on Wednesday.

She is survived by six daughters, Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Delaney of Warsaw, Canada; Mrs. P. J. Drumm, Mrs. Elizabeth Drumm, Mrs. William Boland and Miss Catherine Herlihy, of Rochester; five sons, Stephen and Alexander, of Oregon; John, of Minnesota; Thomas, of British Columbia, and Jeremiah, of this city; one sister, Mrs. Ellen Carroll, of Lindsay, Canada; eighteen grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. The funeral will take place Saturday morning at 10 o'clock from the home and at 10:30 o'clock from Immaculate Conception Church. Interment in Holy Sepulcher cemetery.

Anna Haeker Staud, of 203 Rutgers street, wife of Charles J. Staud, died Wednesday noon at the General Hospital. Mrs. Staud was the devoted mother of Cyril J. Staud and Mrs. B. Leo McIntee. She is also survived by two sisters, Mrs. Arthur W. Myers and Mrs. Otillie M. Kondolf. The funeral will take place on Saturday morning at 8:30 from the home and at 9 o'clock at Blessed Sacrament Church.

Mrs. Anna Wiley died Thursday at the family home, 207 Jefferson avenue, aged 55 years. Charles J. Wiley, her husband, survives her, also one daughter, Caroline Wiley; one son, Carl Wiley; four sisters and two brothers. The funeral will take place Saturday morning at 9:30 o'clock from the family home and at 10 o'clock from Immaculate Conception Church.

NEWS NOTES.

During the week fifty young women availed themselves of the privileges of the Catholic Women's Club. The furnishings are attractive and there are comfortable chairs and a piano. Members of the club are present every day as hostesses.

At present while places of business are closed for half the day the club will be open on Saturdays. In September when the Saturday half-holidays end it will be open six days a week.

A card party was held Monday afternoon at Cain's tavern, Summerville, for the benefit of St. George's Chapel.

DREAMS

By KATHARINE A. NEWELL

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"Now then, 'Dreams,' get a hustle on you with those copies, and put the long stop on that high powered car driven by the Duke of Killraukie. Even in these days of help shortage we want efficiency just the same." Miss Johnson's razor-like voice struck on Ann Flower's ear like ice.

A titter of amusement went around the office at the head clerk's intended witticism, and many eyes were turned for a moment to the gloomy corner where the girl had sat for two years, the target for all the teasing of the department. Somehow or other it had leaked out that Ann Flower indulged in day dreams, hence the nickname, "Dreams," and the merciless sarcasm that was her lot.

"Dreams—I mean Miss Flower, the 'boss' wants you in his office." Again Miss Johnson's voice smote Ann's ear like ice, and all eyes flashed to her corner.

"The boss?" repeated Ann stupidly. "Yes, the boss, and don't keep him waiting," snapped Miss Johnson. Ann Flower stumbled to her feet. All eyes seemed to burn into her back as she passed up the room. She knew she had not done her work well during the last week, but they did not know what it was to sit up at night and finally have to see a golden haired baby die! Perhaps they did not know what it meant to leave the distracted mother sewing for a living to keep two other little towheads from hunger. Ann had not been satisfied with the doctor, and that morning had herself telephoned for another physician, not the kind that usually calls at apartment houses on the East side of the city, but there was something so insistent, so softly appealing and pitiful in the girl's voice over the wire that Doctor Sunderland had promised to come.

"Good morning, Miss Flower," the "boss" voice came to the girl's senses through waves of pain.

"This is Doctor Sunderland."

"Oh, the children are not worse?" Ann interrupted the "boss" introduction in a frightened voice.

"No, the kiddies are going to pull through in fine shape, thanks to your foresight, Miss Flower."

The "boss" cleared his throat. "Doctor Sunderland has told me, Miss Flower, that you have been sitting up at night with a sick baby for over a week, until it died; you have also been helping out the mother with two other children all this winter with your salary; you could just as well have left her and gone to more comfortable quarters."

"But I couldn't; she was good to me . . . and it was hard for her to get a boarder who liked children, and I did. I'm sorry if my work suffered here . . . but I couldn't leave her when the baby got ill and died." Ann Flower's purple lips quivered and her eyes grew big and pitiful.

"Honey," the voice of the "boss" was just as soft as any of her southern "mammys," and he came to her side and patted her on the shoulder. "I did not know that I had seen a real, live girl in my employ! I guess my character reading expert is worth what I pay him after all, if he gets some like you, bless your heart! But Doctor Sunderland wants to have a talk with you; you've come from a home where there is a pretty sick bunch, and he's afraid that you may be in for a dose. We don't want to spread around the office, and whatever the damage is, remember, I foot the bills."

Poor little "Dreams" head seethed in a whirl of wishes and surprises after the "boss" left her in Dr. Sunderland's care. It was a dream of wonderful peace, to find oneself in a cool, gray and white hospital room, with a pretty red-haired nurse ready to do one's bidding. But there were days when little Ann Flower did not answer to Dr. Sunderland's "dear" with a smile of shy welcome, and nights when he would come and shake his head and turn hastily from the pretty, flushed face and wonder why we have to find the best in our scheme of life, to lose it again. There were days, too, when Miss Johnson and the department could not bear to see the patch of sunlight shine on the dust covered typewriter cover in the gloomy corner, without a catch in their throats when they remembered how they had teased dear, patient little "Dreams."

But days came when Dr. Sunderland's "dear" won the day. "I take my vacation next week . . . and I am going south," he announced in his most professional manner one day.

The shadows got tangled up in Ann Flower's lashes. It would be so lonely without this big, dependable young northerner, who somehow could call her both "honey" and "dear," just as endearingly as they did in the south. "This flu-monia has left you pretty weak, and I want you to make the trip under my care," he went on calmly.

"But . . ." "No buts" in this case, we are going to be married before we start, that is, if you are willing, honey, dear?"

And Ann Flower whispered happily from his arms. "They can't call me 'Dreams' again. I've realized the only 'dream' I ever had . . . just a home, and you!"

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MUST HAVE SURPRISED CZAR

John Randolph Had His Own Ideas of What to Do When Presented at Russian Court.

When John Randolph, erratic American statesman from Virginia, was in Russia he was about to be presented to the czar. Someone undertook to teach him the presentation etiquette of the Russian court. As minister he was to enter the room and bow; at the center of the room he was to pause and bow a second time, after which the czar would meet him and engage him in conversation. But Randolph was indignant at the thought that anyone could presume to teach him anything, and declared that he knew all about it without being shown.

The day of presentation arrived and Randolph entered the door of the audience chamber and bowed very low; he advanced to the center of the room and bowed again very deeply. Then he approached nearer to the czar, took off one "gantlet" and threw it to the right of the czar, removed his other gantlet and cast it to the left of the czar. Next he pitched off his hat in front, threw off his mantle, unbuttoned his sword and discarded it upon the floor and then fell upon his knees at the feet of the czar. The court was speechless and the czar astonished. However, the czar was equal to the occasion, so he approached the prostrate Randolph, required him to rise and engaged him in conversation. But the reception did not meet Randolph's expectations, and within a month he left Russia in considerable of a huff at what he deemed mistreatment at the hands of the czar.

HAS FOUND CRADLE OF EEL

Scientist Tells the World All About the Habits of That Migratory Aquatic Creature.

The eel has been tracked to his cradle. It has taken us 2000 years to learn that eels, living in ponds and rivers that melt out when fall grows, crawl over the land, find a river running to the ocean, go out to sea, and lay eggs which produce offspring that come back in billions up the rivers from which their parents descended, says London The-Bits.

A scientist has now tracked down these elusive marvels to the spawning grounds. It is the Sargasso sea, that enormous sea garden through which Columbus first sailed to the terror of his crews, from September to October, 1492. Of course, that is not the only nursery.

Upon hatching, the eel larvae drift with the current, undergo a marvelous transformation, reach Europe, swarm up the river, climb the banks, cross stony fields and parched meadows to inland ponds and ditches, and then settle there for the next seven or eight years, when they swim back to the Sargasso to lay their eggs and die.

Is not that a crowning marvel of the migratory instinct? Across the Atlantic in infancy, to fatten in a wayside English pond, and back again, grown up, across the wide ocean.

Names. Most men of high destinies have high sounding names, Pym and Habbakuk may be pretty well, but they must not think to cope with the Cromwells and Isaiahs. And you could not find a better case in point than that of the English admirals. Drake and Rooke and Hawke are picked names for men of execution. Probbisher, Rodney, Boscawen, Foul-Wather, Jack Byron are all good to catch the eye in a page of a naval history. Cloudesley Shovel is a mouthful of quaint and sounding syllables. Benbow has a bulldog quality that suits the man's character, and it takes us back to those English archers who were his true comrades for plainness, tenacity and pluck. Raleigh is spirited and martial, and signifies an act of bold conduct in the field. "—Virginibus Puerisque," by Louis Stevenson.

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