

Knights of St. John Hold Field Mass In Cemetery

Impressive requiem services were conducted last Sunday morning in Holy Sepulcher cemetery, where the annual pontifical field mass was celebrated by Bishop Thomas F. Hickey. More than four hundred Knights of St. John, including a large delegation from Syracuse, paid homage to their dead brethren, who were eulogized in a sermon on "Knighthood and Citizenship" by Bishop Hickey.

The Knights formed at Kodak Park, the supreme officers of the organization acting as an honorary escort to Bishop Hickey to the cemetery from St. Bernard's Seminary. Rev. M. J. Hargather, assistant chaplain of the order, and the Rev. J. P. Schellhorn, were deacons of the mass and Rev. A. Regensburg, of Syracuse, was subdeacon.

The attendants of the Bishop were Rev. J. F. Staub and Rev. J. Emil Gefell. Monsignor Andrew B. Meehan, director of St. Bernard's Seminary, was master of ceremonies and Rev. J. M. Sellinger, assistant chancellor of the Diocese of Rochester, was his assistant.

Other assistants at the mass were Rev. T. Rayner, C. S. S. R., crossbearer; Rev. Joseph Strauss, C. S. S. R., and Rev. George V. Burns.

The Knight's choir of forty voices sang requiem mass during the services, led by F. Pohl, director. A number of other Catholics were present to attend the services.

After mass the commanderies returned to Kodak Park athletic field, where they were reviewed by the supreme officers. Dinner was served to the knights in a downtown restaurant, after which the visitors were taken for an automobile tour of about three hours through the parks and residential sections. The party then went to the club-rooms of the Knights of St. George at St. Michael's Church, where refreshments were served.

To Welcome Knights At Annual Convention

San Francisco, June 24.—In a stirring resolution, which was unanimously adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Mayor James Rolph has been authorized to name a committee of three hundred prominent citizens of San Francisco, without regard to race or creed, to arrange for a fitting public reception and official welcome to the visiting delegates to the 39th Annual International Supreme Convention of the Knights of Columbus, to take place in San Francisco, August 2, 3 and 4.

Great stress was laid by Mayor Rolph, on the remarkable achievements of the Knights of Columbus in every foremost activity of the country for several years past, their splendid work during the World War, which has firmly entrenched them in the hearts of every man of the United States Army and Navy during the great conflict; the educational programme for ex-service men; the magnificent hospitalization programme being followed for the comfort of the disabled and wounded veterans of the Great War, and the vigorous campaign being waged by the Knights against Bolshevism and radicalism.

The Citizens' Committee is to immediately enter into preparations for a brilliant reception to the KC's during the Supreme Convention, and also provide appropriate entertainment for the delegates during their stay. The Citizens' Committee includes leading representative professed and business men of the N. Y., on Monday, June 27th, and will be headed by Mayor Carr as literary chairman.

Weekly Calendar Of Feast Days

(By N. C. W. C. News Service.)

Sunday, June 26.—St. John, Martyr, was an officer in the army under Julian the Apostate together with St. Paul, whose feast is also celebrated on this day. Together, they glorified God by a double victory; they despised the honors of the world and triumphed over its threats and torments. Both received the crown of martyrdom, probably in the year 362.

Mon. June 27.—St. Ladislav, king, was the son of Bela, King of Hungary. He was born in 1041. At the importunity of his people he ascended the throne in 1080. He watched over a strict and impartial administration of justice, was generous and merciful to his enemies and vigorous in the defence of his country and his Church. In 1095 when he was preparing to lead a great expedition against the Saracens for the recovery of the Holy Land, God called him to Himself.

Tues. June 28.—St. Irenaeus, bishop, martyr, was born about the year 120 and was probably a native of Asia Minor. He studied under the great St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, and was sent by that Bishop, into Gaul. He was ordained priest by St. Pothinus and later succeeded that Saint as the second Bishop of Lyons. He was martyred about the year 202 under the Emperor Severus.

Wed. June 29.—St. Peter, Apostle, a native of Bethsaida in Galilee was called by Our Lord to be His Vicar on Earth and the Prince of the Apostles. He established his chair in Rome and labored there for twenty-five years with St. Paul in building up the great Roman Church. He was crucified by order of Nero and buried on the Vatican Hill.

Thurs. June 30.—St. Paul, was born at Tarsus of Jewish parents and studied at Jerusalem. He was miraculously converted while on his way to Damascus to persecute the Christians. Although he had been taught to hate the Gentiles he now became their Apostle. With St. Peter, he consecrated Rome with his blood. He left fourteen Epistles, which have become the fountain head of the Church's doctrine.

Fri. July 1.—St. Gal. Bishop, was born at Clermont in Auvergne about the year 489. He rejected the prospect of a marriage with the daughter of a Senator, and withdrew to the monastery of Cournon where he renounced all worldly vanities to embrace religious poverty. He succeeded Quintianus as Bishop of Auvergne. He was favored with the gift of miracles and died about the year 553.

Sat. July 2.—Visitation of the Blessed Virgin. When, after the Annunciation, Mary visited the home of her cousin, St. Elizabeth, the latter was filled with the Holy Ghost and bursting into raptures of astonishment at the mystery of the Incarnation she addressed Mary and pronounced her Blessed above all other women. Mary stayed with her cousin almost three months, after which she returned to Nazareth.

Bishop Confirms at Phelps

Phelps, June 11.—Right Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, bishop of the diocese of Rochester, administered the sacrament of confirmation to a class at St. Francis' Church, of which Rev. E. B. Simpson is pastor, on Wednesday afternoon.

Order of Alhambra To Hold Auto Run To Geneva

Musa Caravan, Order of Alhambra, are to hold an auto run leading representative professed and business men of the N. Y., on Monday, June 27th, and will be headed by Mayor Carr as literary chairman.

Two Interest Are Served By a Telephone Company

First—The public interest—with dependable service at fair rates.

Second—The security holders' interest—with just return on their investment.

THE rates for telephone service and the return to security holders are inseparable factors. One determines the other. Neither can, in justice, be too high nor too low.

Managed and controlled by Rochester business men who enjoy the confidence of their fellow townsmen, this corporation is committed to the admittedly fair policy of the best possible service at the lowest rate consistent with a reasonable return to investors.

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Couldn't Fool Him
Two neighbors were chatting over the fence when Mrs. Bailey passed smiling down the street.
"Pretty woman, Mrs. Bailey," remarked one, "Who was she?"
"I really have forgotten. Here's her little boy, I'll ask him. Frank, who was your mother before she was married?"
Frank regarded his questioner gravely. "She wasn't my mother before she was married," he severely replied.
Life.

Solving a Problem.
"We'll put a cork stove in the automobile and go touring," announced Mr. Chuginas.
"But what'll we do for a servant?" inquired his wife.
"It's the only way to keep a servant. Once we have succeeded in hiring one, the only way for her to resign will be to get out and walk."

Bound to Be Saved.
Hazel: Aren't you afraid of going in beyond your depth?
Helen: No, all the men here think I'm an heiress.—Portland Express.

Hooked.
Male Teacher: Don't you think we ought to form a union?
Female Teacher: Oh, this is so sudden.—Judge.

Ask Something Hard!
"Why are these called 'silver onions'?"
"Because they come in sets and are for table use."—Farm Life.

We feel sorry for a man who gets what he really deserves.
A woman never thoroughly enjoys anything she can't cry over.

THOSE women who have been most expert and successful in baking their own bread are the first to adopt
DURNHERR'S CREAM BREAD
And grocers say "They never regret it."

AND IT WAS THE SAME MULE

Friends Tell Good Story on Lawyer Who Has Risen to High Position in State.

Col. W. H. Holmes, state superintendent of game for the department of conservation, was admitted to the bar on reaching his majority. His first case was to prove that a certain mule belonged to a certain negro. He won the case.

Subsequently in another mule case he proved the animal belonged to another negro. Then he was elected district attorney, and the first case he had to prosecute was one concerning a mule. The mule had been stolen and was over the line in Mississippi. He was going to abandon the case, when one of his former clients approached him and said:

"Cunnel, if I was a de mule, I'd go after dat mule. Dat's de mule I'd be supposin' you ever since you was a lawyer."

And in all three cases it was the same mule. New Orleans Times-Picayune.

The Reason.
Little Joe at grandmother's house for dinner. Although fried chicken and many other mighty good things were on the table Joe did not care to eat much. Then grandmother began to coax him. One thing after another she brought to his notice. Finally she said: "Here's my homemade sugar cookies. Aren't you going to try some of them, dear?"
Little Joe attempted a smile. "That's what is the matter," he explained. "I tried too many of them before dinner, grandma."

Appearances Are Deceitful.
"You are a fortunate man," said the automobile tourist.
"How's that?" asked the farmer.
"You are monarch of all you survey."
"I guess you are wrong, stranger. I still owe nine installments on that tractor you see, my hired man won't pay a bit of attention to what I say and there's a mortgage on the old home place."

True to Her Sex.
Othello had just pressed down the best sofa pillow over Desdemona's face.
"Anyway," she said in smothered accents, "I shall not have to listen to your long-winded tales about what you did, and how you acted—and anyway the handkerchief that stirred up all the trouble was real old point, and—"
But she had had the last word.—McCall's Magazine.

UNCLE'S ESTATE

By VIVIAN BURBANK.
(© 1921, by St. Clair Newspaper Syndicate.)

When Willie McIntosh pushed the button at 26 Forest street he felt of his tie once more, drew in his under lip, and then let it roll back with something like a smack, clicked his heels together, and, when the door finally opened, Willie was at his best.

"I have something of interest—" "No, thank you," answered the comely looking woman in a crisp, high-pitched voice. The door would have gone to with a bang only—Willie's foot was there.

"My dear madam—" "Don't you dear madam me—" "It will take just a few moments to explain—"

"And I haven't any few moments to spare listening to you explain why I should use the kind of soap you got there, or the shoe-black, the brushes, holders, extracts, furniture polish or anything that you got in that rusty-looking valise."

"I've but a lot of times, but I told Aggie just the other day, when some scamp sold me some useless eggless stuff that I wouldn't feed to the hens, that I was done! And that ain't the first time I've been stung, either. One of those smooth, oily gents came to the door not long ago with one of them vacuumums. Fool that I was, I lets him in; well, he did clean the parlor rug, and me a-telling him all the time that I didn't want the peaky thing. What's more, I was foolish enough to get him the glass of water he asked me for so nice like, and Aggie and me has been looking for things ever since."

"If you will but listen—" "I'll do no such thing! If I hadn't listened to the phony photographer that came here and took the only picture of Jim, my first husband, a promising he'd bring back such a swell picture, the copy of the one I gave him, only in colors, and a big gold frame, I'd still have the \$3 I paid on account. It ain't that I want to be hard on you, my man, but I just won't buy anything I don't want."

"But I don't want to sell you anything." "Humph—that's what they all say. That's the very words the woman said when she left the trial bottle of washing fluid, and glory be! It wasn't a week before she was back looking for the 30 cents she said I owed her for the stuff. I've been the laughing-stock of this family long enough!" Willie McIntosh mopped his brow

and said something under his breath that wasn't one bit like Willie. Once more he tried to get in a word edgewise.

"Sarah Matilda Waite Witherspoon." "You're clever, young man! You're clever! The whole name, too. They tell me that's a great trick you fellows got—getting our names from the neighbors. I can't say that I ever thought I owned a real pretty name, yet I do say that it has rather a certain dignity to it, for all that! Great heavens, a woman my age standing here bantering words with a peddler. Ought to know better. You just trot along. I ain't gonna buy a copper's worth of any smooth looking man with a valise. That's as true as—as true as I'll never come into a copper of Hiram Maddison's money—though by rights I ought to—and, I may yet!"

"I—wait a minute—that's it—shouted Willie." "It is, is it? So you're another one of those fellows that got wind of me likely to come into Uncle Hiram's money, eh? Now, what kind of stocks would you suggest that I buy? That's if I get it—just if I get it."

"Yes, nothing!" went on Sarah Witherspoon, placing a plump hand over each generous hip. "He ain't dead yet! I've waited so long now, that I just know that it will go to foreign missions."

"No—no—listen, Sarah—" "Don't you call me Sarah! Just who do you think you are?" Willie, high exhausted, took off his hat, put down his valise, slowly fumbled in his vest pocket and drew out a little white card.

"My card." "William MacIntosh," read Sarah aloud. "Not Uncle Hiram's lawyer?" "The same, at your service." "My land! Why didn't you say so?" "Pardon me, but why didn't you give me a chance? Your uncle has passed away."

"You don't say! How sudden! Poor, dear uncle—and—er—do you happen to know anything about—the money?"

"The late Hiram Maddison went through his money. As you are the only living relative, I've come to you in regard to settlement of some of the late Hiram Maddison's bills, etc." Here Willie coughed and took his time. Well he knew that there would be no further interruptions for a few moments, anyway; as Sarah Matilda Waite Witherspoon lay at his feet in a heap!

The Yosemite valley gets its name from an Indian word signifying "large grizzly bear."