

Zacatecas Seminary To Be Transferred To San Antonio

San Antonio, Tex., Sept. 4.—The Diocese of Zacatecas, in Mexico, has arranged to transfer its diocesan seminary, with 120 students, to this Texas city in order to insure the young candidates for the priesthood a peaceful education, unhampered by the persecution of the Mexican Government. It will buy a building here for the purpose.

This move is the first of its kind since the priest persecution began in Mexico, and great significance is attached to it. It is pointed out that it indicates not only the firm determination of the Mexican Church to maintain its priesthood despite decrees virtually outlawing them, but also that the Church in Mexico apparently is "digging in for a long siege. Particularly is this held to be true in view of the purchase of a building for the transferred seminary.

Father Daniel Marquez of the Diocese of Zacatecas came here at the direction of his bishop, the Rt. Rev. Ignatius Placencia y Moreira, and made the arrangements for the transfer. He says that he now has assured himself of obtaining a building capable of housing 120 seminarians and that the diocese will buy the structure, although it will require immense sacrifices to do so under the present circumstances in Mexico. He is now engaged in working out the serious problem of transportation between the two cities.

The city of Zacatecas, which is the see city of the Diocese of Zacatecas, the capital of the State of the same name and the seat of the diocesan seminary, is approximately 475 miles on an air line from San Antonio. There is no direct rail connection, however, and two rail transfers make the route zig-zag, the distance by train is much greater.

Zacatecas is in the center of one of the richest mining districts of Mexico. The diocese is a suffragan of Guadalajara. This is not its first intimate contact with what is now the United States. Its famous College of the Propagation of the Faith, which was founded in 1721, sent missionaries in the late 1700's to what are now the States of Texas and Louisiana. Neither is persecution new to Zacatecas. In 1859 all the religious of the college were imprisoned and all the other priests were driven out. Zacatecas is the seat of a celebrated cathedral, which was begun in 1612 and completed in 1782.

Defying Calles' Demand Mexico Teachers Resign

Mexico City, Sept. 1.—An heroic document in the Mexican persecution of religion has just been published here. It is the reply of the Guadalajara public school teachers to the Calles Government's demand that they either endorse its anti-religious policies or give up their positions, and was issued shortly before 375 of the 400 teachers resigned rather than yield.

The statement, dignified though defiant, is as follows: "Not only in those times of social commotion, but always, the teacher has been called upon to fulfill the high mission of providing constructive education, and this mission we have carried out, honestly and effectively.

"The present Constitution sanctions freedom of conscience, and the president of the Republic himself declares he respects it. Furthermore, while we as teachers have the obligation to obey the laws, we are not obliged to obey every interpretation anyone may choose to make of the laws.

"What article of the Constitution authorizes this office (the General Direction of Public Instruction) to presume to inquire into our intimate ideas and feelings?"

ASK IF SCHOOLS ARE SECTARIAN
"In accordance with the provisions of the Constitution, teaching regulated by that Constitution must be laic; that is to say, neutral in religious matters. In view of this provision, we put these questions: Has the law been revised, and are the official schools to be converted into sectarian establishments? Is the previous circular of the Direction prohibiting us from dealing with political questions to be voided?"

"Since a teacher must be a model of energy, conscientious conduct and broad-mindedness, we will never accept orders which lower us in our own estimation and in the estimation of the people, of whom we are the servants as truly as we are the servants of the Government. We must labor for the interests of both.

"If our fulfillment of our duty, if the services we have rendered the Nation, if our foregoing declaration, merit our discharge from our positions, we await with calmness the decision which this conception of justice will move the Government to make."

One of the strangest things is how a catfish often finds his way into a lobster salad.

A person has true homing instinct, but what about Babe Ruth?

Sometimes we get to thinking that the war made the world safe for hypocrisy.

Germans Attend Peace Congress Held In France

Paris, Aug. 2.—A "Democratic International Peace Congress" is being held in France, at Bierville, the estate of M. Marc Sangnier, former Christian Democrat Deputy, about sixty kilometers south of Paris. Although M. Marc Sangnier appealed particularly for the participation of Catholics, the sessions are being attended by men of all creeds and every shade of opinion. Nevertheless, Catholics are in the majority and there are two bishops among the speakers.

For six years M. Marc Sangnier, aided by a small group of friends from the body which styles itself "La Jeune Republique," has been organizing peace congresses. These congresses have been held in Paris, Vienna, Fribourg-in-Brigau, London and Luxemburg.

This year M. Sangnier was determined to make the Congress an unusual one for the number of participants and the quality of the orators. Among the latter are M. Barthou, Minister of Justice, M. Painleve, Minister of War, and Mgr. Julien, Bishop of Arras, and Mgr. Gibier, Bishop of Versailles.

Big Attendance of Germans
As for the foreign delegates, so many enrolled that they could not be housed in any one institution. The Germans alone numbered 1,200 (of whom 900 were Catholics). M. Marc Sangnier owns the chateau and park of Bierville, about an hour's ride by train from Paris. He therefore decided to accommodate them on his own domain. About 800 delegates are being housed in the chateau and neighboring inn; 2,000 have found lodgings in the nearby towns where motor busses go to fetch them every day, and 1,200 are camping in the park of the chateau, the tents, bedding, traveling kitchens and electric lighting have been supplied by the French Ministry of War.

The congress opened August 1 and lasted the whole month. In addition to the regular sessions there were many special features. There has already been a reception for the delegates at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and the German delegates have paid visits to Antenna and Rheims, where they have planted "peace trees."

In between the discussions a number of artistic performances have been given including the presentation of a three-act play, in verse, "The Peace of Saint Francis of Assisi," enacted by a Catholic organization from Rouen. An English popular theatrical troupe, the "Saint Pancras People's Theatre," gave five "Little Plays of Saint Francis."

Cross of Reconciliation
M. Sangnier has placed his congress under the patronage of St. Francis. At the top of the two hills in the park of the chateau stands a statue of the saint, and a short distance from it is a tower dedicated to St. Catherine of Siena. Nearby are some cells, which are being occupied by Franciscans.

On the other hill, M. Sangnier's companions have themselves built, as an act of faith, a steep trail along which are placed the fourteen Stations of the Cross. The Stations are dominated by the "Cross of Reconciliation," made from two fir trees from the Black Forest, presented in 1923 by the municipal council of Fribourg.

The High Mass which will bring the Congress to a close will be celebrated before this cross, and the sermon will be delivered by Bishop Gibier of Versailles.

EASTMAN
Death has sealed the active career of Rudolph Valentino, but the screen has perpetuated his art. Rochester will have an opportunity next week to pay last tribute to this extraordinary actor, whose influence on the country was never more strikingly demonstrated than at his death, when his last picture, completed only a few months before his death, is shown at the Eastman Theatre.

"The Son of the Sheik" is Rudolph Valentino's epitaph in it are brought to a focus all the best qualities of his art, all the romance and fire, all the color and dash that marked him during his finest moments on the screen.

Although the picture was booked for the Eastman Theatre many weeks before there was any hint of Valentino's illness, its showing at this time has a kind of tragic appropriateness that will doubtless have a powerful effect on Rochester audiences. Manager Eric Clarke of the Eastman declares that reports from other theatres where "The Son of the Sheik" has been or is being shown, indicate the picture is drawing vast crowds and is breaking all attendance records.

It was this picture that Valentino came East to see when he was stricken by his fatal illness. It is intended as a sequel to his memorable success, "The Sheik," the picture that immortalized his name on the screen. The story is by the same author, Edith M. Hull, and has much the same glamour and romantic fire—the story of a son of the desert and his love for a beautiful white girl who falls into his power.

Vilma, Banky, charming new star, is cast in the role of leading woman.

WHY Winking Keeps the Eyes in Good Condition

Some people, especially those of a nervous temperament, wink much more frequently than others. It has been estimated that a fast winker will move his eyelids no less than 50,000 times during an ordinary waking day. In such a case the eyelids travel about 25,000 inches in a day and, should the individual live to the age of fifty, the total distance covered would be about 7,000 miles.

Fortunately, it requires no thought to wink, since the movement is quite instinctive, just like breathing. A wink is not a long operation and the whole performance occupies only two-fifths of a second. Even when you are reading, the process continues, but it is so rapid that you are not conscious of an interruption.

Try to see how long you can go without winking and you will find that you cannot hold the eyelids still for any great length of time, writes S. Leonard Bastin in St. Nicholas. As a matter of fact, winking is a very essential movement, for by its means, the eyeballs are kept clean and moist. The moisture which is continually being passed over the eyes comes from the tear glands, one of which is situated at the inner corner of each eye. It is quite easy to see the entrance into the gland by looking into a mirror and gently pulling down the lower lid of the eye. The opening is not much larger than a pin point, but it leads to a passage which connects with the nose. It is on this account that your eyes water so much when you have a cold.

Why Pupils Should Be Taught to Read Aloud

Most reading is silent; books, magazines and newspapers are read for the benefit of the reader alone. But there are times when it is necessary to read aloud, and sometimes a great audience must be brought under the influence of the written word.

Many public speakers who have mastered the art of spoken discourse have never studied the art of reading aloud, so that when they turn, in the midst of their spoken address, to quote from a book that lies on the desk in front of them or is held in their hand, their voice at once becomes confused and their utterance trails off into the incomprehensible.

Every public school should teach the good old-fashioned art of reading aloud. The teacher should insist on the head being held well up, the enunciation clear, the delivery brisk without undue rapidity, and the tone intelligently modulated. No pupil thus taught will fail to be grateful for the training in after years.—Providence Journal.

Why We Clink Glasses

Roman gladiators were accustomed to drink a glass of wine before fighting. Two glasses of wine were brought by friends of one or the other gladiator, and to guard against treachery through the poisoning of the wine in one of the glasses the gladiators would pour the wine from one glass into the other until it was thoroughly mixed. Later it became a mere custom to show a friendly spirit between persons drinking together, and when the danger of poisoned wine was past the actual act of pouring the wine from one glass to another was changed to merely touching the glasses together.

Why Latin Was Dropped

The difficulty found in speaking Latin was the same as that of old English. Sentences in Latin and old English were very long, sometimes as long as a long paragraph. Men spoke in sentences of 400 and 500 words. While one spoke all others had to sit by and listen until he had finished. Today it has been decided that a sentence should not last longer than 25 seconds or contain more than 15 or 16 words.

Why One Gets Seasick

Seasickness is due to the effect of swells or long rolls of the sea upon the internal ear. What are called the semi-circular canals of the internal ear are certain spaces filled with fluid. They act as a spirit level to determine our place in space. The pronounced movements of the ship on a rolling sea make undue demands upon these organs and the symptoms of seasickness develop.

Why Horseshoe Is Lucky

Anything in the shape of a crescent has always been considered a thing to bring luck. It is made of iron, and since early times iron has been a good luck metal and, English mythology having always held the horse to be a lucky animal, the combination of the crescent, the iron and the horse has become a lucky emblem.

Why Air Looks Blue

The air between you and the hills is filled with countless particles of dust and other things and what you see is not blue hills, but the reflection of the sun's rays from the little particles in the air, the color being due to the angle at which the light from the sun strikes the particles and to the character of the particles.

Why Cactus Has Holes

Scientists do not agree upon this subject. An explanation generally accepted is that the cactus does not receive enough nourishment to support solid wood. The holes represent an economy of nature.

Love and Letter Writing

By JANE OSBORN

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NO MATTER how well he might train his private secretary, Jerry Dawe always had a good-sized pile of letters on his desk at his office that needed personal attention. So an hour or more of every day's time was devoted to letter writing. And as a writer of powerful and unusual business letters Jerry Dawe enjoyed quite a wide reputation. These business letters were a nuisance but they could be got through. Personal letters, however, in Jerry's opinion were a deadly plague.

Of course Jerry knew that to reply to purely social correspondence with a typewritten letter was decidedly bad manners. Still it seemed to Jerry that his mother and sister ought not to object to letters dictated to his stenographer.

Jerry's invitations were numerous. Moreover on birthdays and holidays Jerry's friends had a disconcerting way of sending him presents. And always Jerry would have to sit home in his apartment miserably writing notes of acknowledgment. Once it occurred to him that to persons who were not familiar with his handwriting his stenographer might write some of the formal social notes.

Once Jerry asked his partner how he managed with his personal and social correspondence.

"You mean letters to the folks at home, and answers to invitations and all that sort of thing? Why, bless your heart, I haven't thought of such matters for many a year. My wife attends to all that. And of course 'thank you' letters and answers to invitations—I suppose a man's wife always attends to such matters."

Presently Jerry was absorbed in business concerns, but later he found himself recalling what his partner had said on the matter.

Jerry had to admit that such thoughts were rather dangerous. They might so far dominate him that he would end by asking some girl to marry him. Probably—ninety-nine chances out of a hundred—thought the modest bachelor, the girl would reject him, but there was the chance. Besides, having proposed once he would probably be willing to propose again.

One evening snugly home in his bachelor apartment he surveyed six letters and notes, all needing personal replies. He felt sure that no one else in his acquaintance had relatives with such a taste and talent for writing letters. In a mood like this Jerry toyed with the idea of marrying. He went so far as to list over to himself the names of the young women of his acquaintance whom he might consider as possibilities. Six or seven occurred to him, yet so far as he knew not one of them cared a snap of her finger for him, and he cared little more than that for any one of them. Still there were the letters—he hated to answer them.

It was the next day that Jerry walked into the office of Patricia Collins, employment agent—walked in with his eyes wide open. At a glance he saw how very pretty was Patricia as she sat at her well-arranged desk, dictating to two stenographers at once and giving directions to an office boy without apparently being the least bit confused. Jerry would have telephoned only that he wanted to maintain perfect secrecy in the matter.

Patricia finished with her assistants and then gave her undivided attention to Jerry. He explained without any embarrassment his predicament and asked Patricia to put him in touch with some young woman with a good strong handwriting and a knowledge of the conventions who would attend to his correspondence.

"Of course," said Patricia, looking a little reprovingly at him, "of course I could probably find some young woman of that sort. Still, it seems a shame—she'd have to counterfeit your handwriting—and the relatives who like hearing from you wouldn't really be hearing from you at all. It's too bad you haven't a sister or some one who could write to your relatives and attend to your social correspondence. Then there wouldn't have to be any deception about it. Usually a man's wife does those things—" Patricia stopped short and looked a trifle embarrassed.

"I know," said Jerry, "and that's the trouble. I'm not married—never shall be married. And I detest writing letters—"

Two months thereafter a devoted aunt of Jerry received this letter written in a well-formed feminine hand that was unfamiliar to her.

"Dear Aunt Mary—" the letter ran, "Jerry has asked me to write this letter to you and I'll have to introduce myself to you to start with as Jerry's new wife. Jerry met me only a little while ago and after the shortest time we became engaged and then as I was quite alone in the world and almost twenty-eight we were married without delay. From what Jerry says, you and he have always been great friends—and I'm hoping for a share in that friendship. I was in business before I married Jerry and I asked Jerry if I couldn't answer his letters for him just to keep myself from being idle. So I'm going to tell you everything that Jerry has been doing—"

And so the letter progressed over eight pages of note paper full of the doings and thoughts of Jerry.

Funeral Of Former Fire Chief

The funeral of Charles M. Little, former chief of the Rochester Fire Department, who died Friday of injuries received in an automobile accident, took place Monday morning at 8:30 o'clock at the home, 389 Rugby Avenue, and at 9 o'clock at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Solemn mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Charles F. Shay, assisted by the Rev. James L. Keenan as deacon, and the Rev. J. Napier as subdeacon. In the sanctuary were the Rev. Arthur A. Hughes and the Rev. John J. Bresnahan.

Two hundred and fifty firemen escorted the body of their former chief from the church to the Lyell Avenue fire station, headed by Chief Frank A. Jaynes. A delegation from Rochester Council, Knights of Columbus, formed as honorary bearers. The active bearers were Deputy Chief William Creagan, Battalion Chiefs Morris Keating, George N. Fletcher and John A. Slattery, Supervisor of Engines John P. Hoffman and Instructor of Training Alexander Sutherland.

Among the city officials who attended the services at the church were Mayor Martin B. O'Neil and Commissioner of Public Safety Curtis W. Barker.

Burial was in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, where the final blessing was given by the Rev. Charles F. Shay, assisted by the Rev. John Hogan, chaplain of St. Ann's Home.

Cucci—Mauro Cucci aged 50 years died suddenly September 8. Funeral from St. Anthony of Padua Church, September 11.

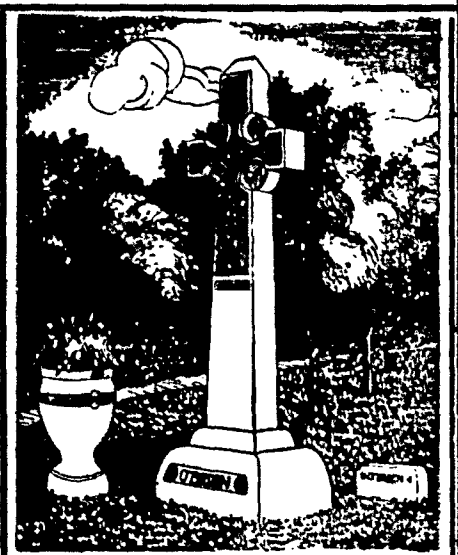
Geler—Mrs. Anna M. Geler, wife of Edward A. Geler, died September 8, at the family home, No. 69 Lutz street. Funeral from St. Andrew's Church, September 11.

Gianuzi—Anthony Gianuzi died September 9, at his late residence, 21 Michigan street, aged 39 years. Funeral from St. Anthony of Padua Church, September 11.

Krenzer—Thomas Krenzer died at his home on the River road, in the town of Henrietta, September 9, aged 63 years. Funeral from St. Monica's Church, September 13.

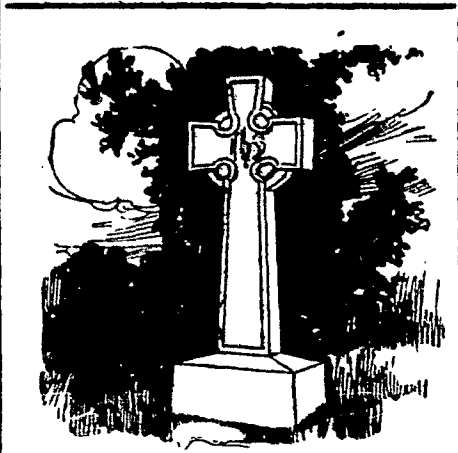
Leary—Adelaide Leary, aged 46 years, died September 8. Funeral from the Sacred Heart Church, September 11.

O'Leary—William O'Leary aged 34 years died in this city, September 9. Funeral from Lady Chapel, St. Patrick's Cathedral, September 11.



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DEATHS OF THE WEEK

Funeral services were held from the respective churches on dates given. May their souls rest in peace.

Albrecht—Frederick Albrecht, died September 3 at No. 826 Meigs street. Funeral September 6 from St. Boniface Church. Interment in Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

Forest—Fred T. Forest, died September 3, aged 54 years. Funeral September 6 from his late home No. 123 Fernwood avenue, and from Our Lady of Victory Church. Interment in Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

Holland—Patrick Lawrence Holland, died September 3. Funeral September 6 from No. 565 Lewiston avenue, and from the Church of the Sacred Heart. Interment in Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

Huck—Mrs. Florence McGrady Huck, died September 4 at No. 21 Wilton terrace. Funeral September 7 from SS. Peter and Paul's Church. Interment in Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

Little—Charles M. Little, died September 3 at Genesee Hospital. Funeral September 6 from No. 389 Rugby Avenue, and from St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Miceli—Josephine Miceli, died September 4 at No. 28 1/2 Martin street, aged 70 years. Funeral September 7 from St. Bridget's Church. Interment in Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

Troy—Joseph B. Troy, died Sept. 4. Funeral September 7 from No. 595 Arnett boulevard and from St. Augustine's Church. Interment in Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

Bohle—Joseph H. Bohle, died September 7 at Culver road, Sea Breeze. Funeral September 11 from St. Salome Church, Sea Breeze. Interment in Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

Marchner—Mary A. Krenzer Marchner, died September 7 at her home on the Webster-Fairport road, Penfield, aged 58 years. Funeral September 10th, from Holy Trinity Church, Webster. Interment in Holy Trinity cemetery.

Biracree—John B. Biracree died September 6 at No. 29 Zittle street, Buffalo, N. Y. Funeral September 9 from St. Theresa's Church.

Walker—Mary A. Walker, died September 6 at No. 701 Chiff avenue. Funeral September 8 from St. Augustine's Church. Interment in the St. John's cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sheridan—Miss Jane Ann Sheridan died September 6 at St. Ann's Home. Funeral September 8 at St. Ann's Home. Interment in Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

Winslow—Katherine McHugh Winslow, died September 2, aged 40 years. Funeral September 6 from No. 10 Cayuga street, and from St. Boniface Church.

Ruppel—Philomina Babel Ruppel died September 2 at No. 89 Campbell Park, aged 35 years. Funeral September 6 from Holy Family Church.

Keele—Edward M. Keele, died September 4. Funeral September 8, from No. 309, Lexington avenue and from Holy Rosary Church.

Mansler—John Mansler, died September 5, at his home Adams Basin, aged 87 years. Funeral September 8th, from St. John's Evangelist Church, Spencerport. Interment in St. John's cemetery.

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