

Card. Bourne Guest Of British Knights Of Saint Columba

London, Oct. 19.—The Knights of St. Columba, modeled on the American Knights of Columbus, put themselves on the map at their seventh annual convention here with a banquet to which 1,147 sat down at the Hotel Cecil, Cardinal Bourne and four bishops being the chief guests.

The convention has increased in size with the growth of the Order, and this year the sessions in the Westminster Cathedral hall were attended by 197 office bearers, including the representatives of 153 councils in England and Scotland.

Cardinal Bourne addressed the convention immediately it was opened and after commending the work of the Knights repeated his welcome to the Order.

Supreme Knight Edward Henry of Glasgow was reelected and begins his third term.

Deputy Supreme Knight T. P. Davis, who resigned and ran for supreme office, is replaced by W. S. Bishop of London, to whose activity the Order owes very largely its remarkable growth in the South of England. The new Supreme Secretary is L. G. Smith, replacing Brother McCaffrey, resigned. Supreme Treasurer J. B. Tierney and Supreme Advocate P. Bennett were reelected. The convention sanctioned the opening of a council in Paris for British residents there, and the question of making a start in Malta was under discussion.

Addressing the convention Cardinal Bourne said: "It is one of the most consoling signs that men are banding themselves together in ever-increasing numbers, basing their union on their Catholic faith in order to give one another that material help and material support which those who are not Catholics find so abundantly outside."

The membership of the Knights of St. Columba is about 20,000.

Bishop Consecrates Benedictine Abbey In North England

London, Oct. 19.—Medieval precedent and privilege were revived to permit the consecration recently at Ampleforth of the new Abbey Church, which consists as yet of only the choir and high altar. Bishop Shine, Coadjutor of Middlesbrough, was the consecrator of the choir and altar. The old high altar stone of Byland Abbey, whose ruins are but a few miles distant from Ampleforth, after lying desecrated for almost four centuries, was reinterred in St. Benet's Chapel by Mgr. Thorpe, Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle. The crypt altars of St. John and St. Oswald, and of Mater Monachorum were consecrated by Mgr. Pearson, Bishop of Lancaster.

This is the first time a Benedictine abbey in the north has been consecrated since the Reformation.

On the following day Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated for the alumni killed in the war, whose names are recorded in a richly illuminated book placed in the Memorial Chapel. The Mass was celebrated by the Abbot of Ampleforth.

It has been possible so far to build only one-third of the new church. This third contains the monastic choir in the form of a Retro-choir, the war Memorial chapel, St. Benet's chapel, a portion of the crypt beneath, and the high altar.

The high altar stands in a central position, between the monastic Retro-choir and the nave. It is of blue-green Hornton stone, as is all the interior stonework of the church, and its structure comprises two altars forming one surface with a raised ledge of stone between.

Sir Giles Gilbert Scott is the architect, and the portion already completed is a noble expression of his genius.

Irish Singers Plan Concerts In Wales

Dublin, Oct. 19.—Mr. Vincent O'Brien, a well known Dublin Catholic musician, announces that a brilliant choir from Cork City and a first rate soloist, have volunteered to travel to Holyhead, Wales, or farther, to produce Irish compositions at the next series of Welsh Eisteddfods. Mr. O'Brien was one of the "Feis" or musical festival. The first trainers of John McCormack, Irish tenor, and later accompanied him on a triumphant world tour.

The Welsh Eisteddfod is more or less the equivalent of the Irish "Feis" or musical festival. The "Feis" sometimes includes displays of industrial products in a small way in addition to the performance of all kinds of music. This is the first time that the idea has taken definite shape that the choirs and soloists performing in Ireland should cross the Irish Sea to the traditional Welsh Eisteddfods. There seems to be considerable prospect of the idea bearing fruit. Dr. Staf Gebruers, organist and carillonneur of Cobh Cathedral, has offered to train three choirs for such a purpose. Mr. R. F. Jones, of Holyhead, has written to Mr. O'Brien asking him to let the Welsh authorities know of any arrangements for sending across a choir, as the Irish proposal to send competitors has attracted great attention from Welsh Musicians.

Brown and Tan Plaid, Fox Collar and Cuffs



Fall plaids are the thing. Patricia Avery, prominent motion picture actress, wears this smart fall coat of brown and tan plaid, trimmed with red fox collar and cuffs. A brown felt hat is worn with this coat.

Tiny Hat Bag Is Last Word for the Flappers

There's always something new in Flapperdom! Some new little fad or trick of wearing the hair which distinguishes the flapper from the young matron.

For instance, the wee hat bag called the Charleston, was designed especially for the chic young miss. It's a small black oilcloth box exactly like a stiff traveling hatbox in shape. It is lined in oilcloth, since it is used for carrying wet bathing suits. Some of them are fitted with vanity pouches for powder, rouge, comb, etc.

Flat bags of leather or oilcloth have become quite important as overnight bags, shopping bags and what-not.

And have you seen the latest flapper hair-do? The hair grows longer at one side of the head than on the other and the longer hair is whirled across the back of the head until it overlaps the short hair, giving a long-haired effect. The head looks as though the hair is plastered to it.

A new hat designed for youthful misses is called the "tea for two" chapeau. It's a small head-shaped felt without a brim, but with a tab resembling a horse's blinder downwards over one side of the head, almost covering the eye. Thus a girl can make eyes at a man at the next table without her escort seeing her.

Whatever length the matron chooses for her fall frocks, the flapper will still consider the shorter the merrier. Her skirts will not grow longer if she can help it.

Brilliant red finger nails and earlobes must harmonize, say the flappers. The very tip of the ear is exposed after all these years of concealment and its pearly paleness is glorified with the rouge pot. Nails are tinted red and then enameled to give additional glow.

Bows Much in Evidence on Fashionable Clothes

Last season the bow was very small and innocent. It was put anywhere—to make a design at the bottom of the blouse, or used as a wrist-fastener or in the place of waistcoat buttons. It came into favor, it gradually became indispensable, it has grown up, and has now established itself on every kind of dress.

We now see Watteau bows on the back of the corsage, between the shoulders, Louis XIII bows on the front of the dress, with long, loose ends hanging down to the bottom of the skirt, bows of velvet, bows of fur, placed like a long necktie or a pocket ornament or a wrap-fastener, or on the waistband or panels or waistcoat. They are wide, long, supple, pretty and full of movement, and they give surprising effectiveness to all sorts of toilettes.

Afternoon and Evening Frocks for the Juniors

For the afternoon occasions, the junior has the preference of flowered chiffons, georgettes and lingerie frocks. The flowered georgettes are invariably somewhat tailored in junior sizes, having long sleeves, tailored collar with scarf ends or occasionally the winged-back drap.

Evening finds the young miss dressed in sheer organdies, ecru laces, pastel frocks or the frock with many ruffles on the skirt is particularly interesting in youthful models. In fact, the only time when the little miss can afford to step away from semitailored effects is at evening time. She may then wear the slim bodice with the full circular skirt, the slender dress with numerous ruffles on the skirt or the picture frock.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

PENINSULA BEAR

"Well," said the Peninsula Bear, "it is time they gave me a chance to speak."

"Here one has been talking and then another and they have not heard me yet."

"Whom do you mean?" asked the Admiralty Bear.

"Now, Admiralty Bear, please do not speak. That is the very thing I do not wish."

"I mean that the other animals in the zoo have been telling their stories; some of them have been telling them more than once, because for some reason or another they have attracted attention and people have asked to hear more about them."

"Or children have said they have heard about their stories they have told before which they have happened to miss and they would like to hear them again as far as possible."

"I haven't had a chance and people have been listening to what the others had to say and not paying any attention to me."

"How polite you are," grinned the Admiralty Bear; "I really cannot resist it!"

"But do let me say that I'm not an admiral or even a captain or a major."



One of the Very Largest.

but that I merely came from the Admiralty Islands—hence my name."

"All right, you may say that," said the Peninsula Bear. "But how I will tell about myself."

"I come from the Alaskan peninsula, and my beautiful light brown fur has always been admired and sought after."

"But it is one of my size that I wish to speak. I am one of the very largest bears in any zoo in any city and in any land in the whole world."

"In fact, I believe I have only one rival."

"Now, that ought to give me fame, oughtn't it?"

"It ought," said the Admiralty Bear.

"And were you not in the zoo your name might make some creatures rather nervous."

"I mean timid creatures whom you might meet out walking instead of staying here."

"Yes," said the Peninsula Bear, "nervous creatures might be made a little nervous, or rather a little more nervous by meeting me."

"Then there are my claws, my great, huge, thick, enormous, magnificent, dangerous claws!"

"You tell your story well," said the Admiralty Bear, "and it is a fine story of a noble size, handsome fur, large claws and many words."

"Ah, now I feel better," said the Peninsula Bear. "I have told my story at last."

"It is not what I would call a modest tale," said the Admiralty Bear.

"Still it is interesting."

"Obliged," growled the Peninsula Bear. "Much obliged, Mr. Admiralty."

Hearing a Parade

Billy likes parades, so his mother took him down to see one. The streets were so crowded that every place they went the human wall was three layers thick and Billy couldn't see a thing. Usually his father is with them and can hold him on his shoulder, but his mother couldn't lift him up.

After several vain attempts to work to the front of the wall, Billy gave up and walked: "Let's do home. There's no fun des hearin' a parade and not seein' it."

Why Hide the Jam?

Little Bobbie—Mother, have I been a good boy lately?

Mother—Yes, dear, a very good boy. Bobbie—And do you trust me, mother?

Mother—Why, of course, mother trusts you, son.

Bobbie—Then why do you go on hiding the jam?—The Progressive Grocer.

Try This One

A—Why does a stork stand on one foot?

B—Well, why does he? If he lifted the other foot he'd fall down.

A Loud Hint

Lady—Gracious, why are you yelling like that?

Boy—A nice old lady like you gave me a nickel yesterday to stop yelling like this.

Hint for the Boss

The Boss—Robert, I hope you try to save half of what you earn.

Office Boy—I don't get that much, sir.

Her Old Lover, the Butler

By RUBY DOUGLAS

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THE telephone on the tiny table beside Mrs. Van Warner's chair tinkle. It was the only telephone in the house that merely tinkled and its possessor had spent much of her life in having the bell thus subdued.

Problems such as these were the most weighty matters that fell upon the pretty shoulders of the mistress of Holme Hillside.

"Yes," she said, putting her lips to the glass transmitter. "Oh, yes, why?"

There was a long pause while Clarice Van Warner evidently listened to an amusing conversation.

"But—of course, I couldn't refuse to let you have him—if you really think it would be all right. Yes, indeed, I'll have him there at nine sharp. Goodbye, dear."

Clarice's neighbor, if one living two miles distant on the next estate may be called a neighbor, Helen Simpson, had made a most unusual request—if Clarice would lend Hawkins, the new English butler at Holme Hillside, to her for the evening.

"You see, my dear, I have a guest for the week-end—a girl from London, who is perfectly read about bridge, and Tom and I are just ordinary players. The snow has cut us off so thoroughly from communication with the rest of our friends that I was wondering if it couldn't be done with safety. Nellie is sailing home next week. We have four others in the house for another table and the happy idea came to me to ask you for Hawkins. He's really quite a gentleman."

I know he plays the game because I have seen him watch us over at your house as we played when he was getting a bite of supper ready for us."

Hawkins did not intimate by the flutter of an eyelash whether the idea would be distasteful or agreeable to him. He merely dressed himself with great care and departed in time to be ready for cards at nine o'clock.

At the Simpson's he was greeted as a friend and acted his part admirably. The tables were ready and he was presented to his partner, Miss Hutchinson.

No one noticed the several shades of pallor that chased each other across the face of the little English guest. Neither did they observe the effort with which James Hawkins held himself together when he beheld his partner.

The game progressed and both of the young persons had resumed a calm that seemed almost natural. Both played a good game of cards and the hostess thought she had made a great success of her daring venture.

When the game was over there was to be the usual bit to eat, served on the card-tables by the fire-side.

Hawkins rose and spoke to his hostess. "I am taking a train to-night, Mrs. Simpson—perhaps my hostess told you?"

"Oh—I'm sorry—but if you must go—trains are most uncertain in this weather and driving is treacherous."

Helen was relieved and yet she was a little sorry to have the fellow depart. He had proved himself so good a partner. What Tommy-not came like was the thought.

Nellie Hutchinson was torn between a hopelessness at having lost again the man whom she had loved for years and who had gone out to America from their home in England to "make good" before claiming her hand—and relied at the strain she had been under to keep her knowledge of him a secret from those who were about.

Seven of them sat about the fire and chatted about the game, discussing, among other features, the charm and excellence in skill of their new acquaintance, Mr. Hawkins.

"He is a guest—or was—at the Thorne home just down the lane," blabbed Helen glibly. "Quite a likable chap I thought."

The telephone bell rang in the hall. Helen herself answered it.

"My dear, it is for you," she said, surprised, and speaking to Nellie. "An unknown lover—at this hour!"

Nellie caught the telephone and closed the small closet that enclosed it.

"Jim—" she uttered.

And then the butler of Holme Hillside explained to her what was taking place. He was investigating the domestic service situation in America for a series of labor articles for an English magazine and he had been finding out at first hand just what were the vexing problems. He had written to her but no reply had ever reached him and his faith alone was holding him close to the belief that she was still waiting for him.

A few days afterwards Clarice Van Warner called up her young friend Helen to tell her that the splendid butler was leaving. "Whatever did you do to him that night?" she asked.

"Nothing, my dear," Helen replied. "But I am dying to talk to you about something that seems all very mysterious to me. A phone call late that night—Nellie's sudden engagement in town the next day and now—Hawkins leaving. I'll be over."

But by the time the two friends had been able to get together, the story had slipped out and the romance was being discussed in every group.

Nellie Hutchinson had married her old lover, Hawkins, the butler, of Holme Hillside.

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