The Catholic C And Journ

THE CATHOLIC COURIER AN

Enbetriber to: 120 N. C. W. M. T. as Bosond-Class

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secrations, secrileres and

shop Cannon. Sues Hearst's 31 Newspapers

Chicago, June 26—A chain of Rev. John, Francis Offiern, D.D., With the Approvation newspapers may be all right some times, but not so good when a Rishop of Rochester, on Thursday last week. The following were members of the class: Miss Marjorle L., who was pictured as a Romeo in Deitrinan, Miss Leona A. Dodd, Miss Journal Marjorle L., Court here Tuesday by Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Epistopal Court here Tuesday by Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Epistopal Church, South, naming William Randolph Hearst, The Chicago, Mary Foley and Betty Mondo carried Hearst newspapers as defendants.

En, received diplomas from the Rt.
Rev. John, Francis Offiern, D.D., R

Hearst newspapers as defendants.

The suit charged that Bishop Cannon was liebeled in a story printed in The Si. Agnes' Institute replaces the Hearst papers on July 27, 1930, the old Nazareth boarding school for which reported the marriage of the primary grades. When the Jay Bishop and Mys. Helen Hawley Mc Street convent of the Sisters of St. Castum. It charges that this story Cal Turn Callum and had improper relations and that the Heart papers had the state of the Sisters of St.

Cal Turn Callum and that History Cannon and Mrs. for Navareth Academy, the bearding students established a residence at the state of the Sisters of St. A. first they state at the state of the Sisters of St.

Callum and that the Heart papers had the Street East. At first they state of the Sisters of St.

Terrott life. Advertising Esteonspired to destroy Bishop Cannon's received instruction at Nazareth Academy. Within the last eight several enders of the prohibition move by the prohibition move by the prohibition of the prohibition of the primary department." years, however, instruction for the publis of the primary department has been provided at the Main Street convent.

For Memorial

Luburh, June 26,—The benefit

Worthy Firms to Patronize

urch for many years.

Good is turned into evil and virtue served.

May the two names, so sweet and so powerful, of Jesus and Mary be always in our hearts and on our

had lost many souls.

devening was a great success, and a concert in the grounds Monday afternoon devening was a great success, and ano fund was raised for the protainment. The Boys' Band gave a led memorial for the late Rev.

The WORLD Golf bert J. Regenbogen, paster of the Rossey and Sengular Society the

irch for many years.
Rosary and Scapular Society, the convent grounds were attract Young Ladies' Sodality and the Holy The world is not going oly deterated and a number of Name Society combined for the feative serious disorders, blis did a thriving business. Unitival and the promoters are delighted descriptions are released and the condition of Father Bollamy, with the results.

The First Class Graduates From

St. Agnes' Inst. It was amazing what a difference a change in the weather and the prospect of a play spell could make in a person's attitude of mind. Sara whistled and sang gaily as she went about her work. The first class to graduate from St. Agnes' Institute, on Main Street, En received diplomas from the Rt.

"Please, Sara," Hedda whispered. "Grandmother is simply raving about the noise you are making."
"Poor soul! I. Forgot about her!"

STAIRS OF SAND

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

"Put on something pretty," Hedda advised, "Wear my white serge, worn't you?"

"I'd rather not, dear, but I appreciate your offering it to me, just the same.

At three-thirty when Neil appeared, clad in a grey suit with a cap to match, Sara wished she had taken

her sister's advice. "Here's some flowers for your Grandmother, with my sympathy," he said. "Am I not going to have a

glimpse of Hedda?" Not until we corne back," said Sara. "Grandmother

won't let her stir from her bedside today. Shall we

He picked up the lunch basket. She led the way down the hill, swinging ahead of him through the long grass, around the quarries, past the cottages in the pines. It was here threy came into a clear trail that led to the higher mountains. Tired at last, they sat down to rest on a green knoll that crowned the first ridge. Here they could overlook the lower country of rich woodland and farms: On the other side they looked down into a fairy glen. In the distance was an opening in the

walls apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.
"That narrow defile leads to the Robber's Den," said Sara, pointing to an opening in the walls. "There's been no bandits there for ages but some people still think their ghosts walk around there always at midnight. In fact, Steve Vedder, that keeps the hotel in the village square, tells that he has often seen a line of horsemen riding through town dressed in antique Dutch

fashion. Their horse's steps making no sound.

Neil-Gramer laughted long and loud. "Not ten miles from the outside world and yet so full of legendary lore. Oh, well; it's given the inhabitants here something to talk about, at least."

Passing down a rather worn, steep path, Sara and Neil found themselves in a fairy glen-surrounded by perpendicular walls over the brinks of which trees shot their lacy branches, so that you caught only glimpses of the blue sky. On one side a mountain stream rushed down into a small lake filling the air with its musical tinkle. They found below a rough table and seats of rough boards which hand been built for the use of picnic.

"Let's leave the basket here," Sara suggested, "and go through the ravine and have a peek at the Robber's Den. Then we can corre back and have a row on the I see there's a boat over there. "A-ride on water has no thrill for me," said Neil

Cramer. "Let's go through the opening there and see if we can lay the Robber's Ghosts so they can rest in As they passed through the ravine they came into

an amphitheater, wild, lonely and shagged. All around a level, oval, green spot in the center was filled with fragments from an inxpending cliff. "Any legend about this chamber?" asked Cramer.
"Yes," Sara smiled. "It is claimed there was a tent

village of bandits on that grassy place in center. You see there's only one emtrance to this place. With that well barricaded, they were quite safe from pursuit." "Anything weird and adventurous might have been staged here," Cramer suggested.

The sun never shines here which makes it horribly said Sara. "I love the Glen, where the birds are singing and the sun shiring part of the time at least." They found a conce drawn up on the bank of the

sparkling lake. "Here we are," mid Sura. "Jump in and we'll go for a ride." Taking the oners she pulled into the lake, with long, steady strokes."

'I fear I'm not much use in a boat," said Cramer, Sara stood up and changed her position, rocking the boat dizzily.

"Please, be caroful," suggested Cramer, grasping the sides of the cance. "Don't you like danger?" Just a thrill now and

"I'm too poor a swimmer." "If we upset, I'll pull you out," she promised. After a row around the lake she let the boat glide into the brush where she tied it to one of the willows, that

fringed the edge of the Lake at this point.

We'd better ent now so we can get out of here before dark," she announced. "I hope you have plenty of sandwiches," said

Cramer, "I was never so famished in my life." They raced across the floor of the Glen, to the lunch basket. It was impossible to be awkward or constrained with anyone as tactful as Neil Cramer. By the time the basket was unpacked, Smara was teasing him and challenging him as usual. He was interested in the food, and she found a pleasing satisfaction in appeasing his

Where's Mrs. Dompsey?" Cramer inquired, as he stretched himself on the grass at her feet. "I haven't seen her around lately"

"She's at Lake Pacid this month with her father and mother," Sara announced. mother," Sara announced. "I'm afraid she's mtHer ultra-modern in her viewa."

"I wish she had hover come here," said Sara. "She had Nat dangling on her string of victims before she left "Do you think she's really interested in him?" asked Nell settling himself down for a long confidential chat.

"I've puzzled about that," said Sara. "And I always conclude that she loves no one but Carol." "It's just a flirtation you assume? I've often wondered about you, you seem so indifferent to men, so almost antagonistic. So it's good to know that you are

after all something like thre rest of us. "Yes, at least I was."

"Do you think you could tell me about it?"
Sara's eyes trailed off to the quiet waters of the little lake as they talked. The soft lap, lap of the water against the sides of the boat came to her cars. Under the magic of the hour and encouraged by the sympathetic interest of her latemer, she found herself pouring

out the story of her love milair.

"And that was all," she said in conclusion, with a twisted smile. "I couldn't marry him then and he wouldn't wait. So here I am!" 'And you've never a red for anyone else?" he asked

"Ne, and I never expect to." "How faithful a women can be!" he sighed. "It isn't just that!" cried Sara, impatiently. "It's just that he spoiled things for me, broke my illusions." Why not seek new ornes?".

City of Cleveland Loses Catholic Charity Meeting Because of Waiters' Strike

Big Convention Will Go Instead to Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Upon Invitation of Bishop O'Reilly-Announcement of Change is Made.

Cleveland, O., June 26.—This city has lost the annual meeting of National Conference of Catholic Charities, because the Hotel Men's Association and the local union of waiters and waitresses failed to reach an agreement for working in mutual harmony. The convention, booked for Cleveland, has been transferred to Wilkes-Baire, Pa., upon invitation of the Rt. Rev. Thomas C. O'Reilly, D.D., Bishop of Scranton. It is an unusually large one, and usually has about 2,000 delegates in attendance from all parts of the United States.

Decision to take the contention ship in organized labor the National away from Cleveland was made at a Conference of Catholic Charities canconference here bet ween national offloers, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, president, stated. Therefore the expression of Cleveland, and the Rev. C. H. LeBlond, discessan direction of charities. tor of charities.
In view of its interest and friend-

Graduates 1:03

Sacred Heart School at 225 Flow

er City Park, graduated 103 pupils Sunday evening, and held Inspiring commoncoment exercises. The Rev.

C. Stuart Hogan, asistant rector, pro-

sented the class, and the Rt. Rev

Magr. George V. Barns, rector of the church, awarded the diplomas and prizes. Following—are the grad-

Paul Buhr Stephen Blracree Don-ald Bragg, Harry Broary, Robert

ert Poole, Thomas Rafferly, Richard Rodman, Frederick Schlitzer, John

Schoen, Bornard Stong, George Stop-ani, Bornard Teney, Arthur Torhear,

James White, Jerome Shaughnessy, William Shaw, Robert Porry, Earl

Zenkel, Marion Aldrich, Millored Bentley, Helen Cainan, Marion Caton

Ruth Bader, Rosemary Bates, Margaret Coloman, Lucillo Cromaldi, Margaret Dougheriy, Aurea Doyle, Loretta Drevel, Helen Egan, Norma

John T. Mallett

Helen Young.

Sacred Heart

not meet in Cleveland with coulttions as they are, William M. Igoe, which will be held Sept 27 to Octo-

All downtown hotels in Cleveland. except one, are involved in a lock-out, the issue being the refusal of the Hotel Men's Association to renew a contract with the union of waiters and waitresses, whereby the botch deal with a steward appointed by the In 1931 Class union in hiring and discharging employes in these fields. It is doubtful when the situation will be settled. The servants of tog would never

abandon their holy undertakings for any bodily or temporal fear, not even for the risk of life liself; other wise they should never attain, their end; for it is perseverance alone that is crowned with glory.

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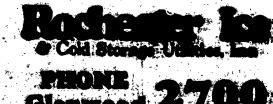
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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)

Injured seriously when an automo he was riding shortly after midnight last Friday, Officer John T. Mallet of the Rochester Police Department died at the General Hospital Monda morning, leaving his wife, two little children, his parents, and a world of friends to mourn his loss. His funeral was held in the Immaculate Conception Church on Tuesday moning and it was attended by many

friends, including city officials and his brother officers.

John T. Mailett, was 30 years of age, and was a young man of excellent character and good habits. He was a faithful and dependrable officer, and last February was commended for bravery when he car sied an unconscious man from a burning building. He was a member of the Locust Club and of the Holy Name Society of the Immaculate — Conception Church, and was well respected by

The above photograph distinct in used by courtesy of the Rochester Journal American.