

DEEPEST OF WORLD'S LAKES

Balkal, in Russia, is by Many Believed to Be Endowed With Supernatural Powers.

Lake Balkal is the great lake of Russia in more than one sense. It is the deepest lake in the world, and one of the largest, and besides it is to the Russians, holy. The people who inhabit the region of Lake Balkal firmly believe that both the lake and its surroundings are endowed with supernatural powers and inhabited by unearthly beings.

Even so simple an object as a great rock lying in the middle of a river just where it flows from Lake Balkal takes on a mysterious significance. If this stone were to slip from place, they say, the whole of Lake Balkal would pour out of its basin and flood the river and probably the continent. Yet even without native interpretation many things are strange about the great Russian lake.

Lake Balkal has played an important part in Russian affairs. It lies directly in the way across the continent and before the railway was built around the southern end of the lake it had to be crossed by Siberian travelers going either east or west.

In summer steamers carried freight and passengers, but in winter, when the lake was ice bound, traffic depended on the slow work of an ice breaker—a steel ship that could cut ice four feet thick and when the ice became too thick for the breaker sledges made the 40-mile trip over the ice.

During the Russian-Japanese war, when troops had to be rushed from one end of the empire to the other, Lake Balkal was a great obstacle to speed until engineers laid tracks across the ice sheet and ran trains across it.

A Pain-Killer.

Down in the Missouri Ozarks there lives a man who is passionately fond of fishing, yet who has never been known to catch any fish to speak of. A friend once asked him how he managed to keep up such an interest in the sport when he was so uniformly unlucky.

"Well, you see, it's this way," the fisherman explained. "I go out early in the morning and cast my fly in the cool, placid waters just above the old mill dam. If I fail to get a strike I reel in and take a drink out of my faithful bottle. Then I make a cast in the turbulent waters below the dam. If I do not get a strike I comfort myself with a drink from my bottle. Then I seek the still, deep water just below the cave and, seated there on a rock, I make another cast. Failing to get a strike, I philosophically take a drink from my bottle. Then I try a cast at the big bend. If there is no strike I again take a drink from my trusty bottle. By that time I don't care whether I catch any fish or not!"—New York Evening Post.

Rents Hurt Ghost Industry.

In England desperate people in search of houses to rent or buy are advertising that ghosts are no drawback. Any one who happens to own a hitherto unrented house because tradition says it is haunted is assured that the seekers for a domicile will accept it at the rental asked for regardless of the haunter or hauntings. It is suspected that in England, as in several other countries, ghosts of landlords would be less objectionable than those of other folk. Whatever his losses in the past, the landlord as a rule is regarded in these days with deep suspicion as a profiteer. In many cases this attitude is probably unfair; there are some considerate landlords.—Toronto Globe.

Parr's Great Age Discredited.

Is it worth while, when money is needed for legitimate objects, to answer the appeal to save from sale the cottage in which Thomas Parr lived? His claim to fame is that he lived to be 152 and that he had penance for immortality at 100. Careful inquiry last century discredited the tradition as to the number of his years. His age was attested only by village gossip and by quacks, who sold what they falsely called "Parr's Life Pills." Brought to court in what was alleged to be his 153d year, Parr died in the course of a few months, killed by excessive diet.—London Mail.

Difficult.

"Kind of hard to please women," Binks sighed.

"What now?" Jinks asked sympathetically.

"My wife harped so on how much more attention men paid to women before marriage that I had a big bunch of roses sent out to the house and took her a box of fine candy."

"And she wasn't pleased?"

"Oh, I dunno. She's been talking ever since how much more sensible it would have been if I'd sent out a ham and brought home a new doormat."

He Knew.

"We were motoring with my father, a new driver.

"The car jumped the road, just missed a dog, hit a telephone post, and stopped with a jerk."

"The car called out in a weak voice 'I was all over.' 'Where were you when you came by auto,' was the answer.—Exchange.

Blessing the Graves

New Plot in Holy Sepulchre Blessed—Sermon Preached by the Rev. William A. Hickey, Bishop of Providence.

Thousands of people witnessed the ceremony of blessing the graves at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery when the Rt. Rev. Bishop Thomas F. Hickey, assisted by Bishop William A. Hickey from Providence and members of the clergy from Roch-ester and vicinity, conducted the annual services, following a procession from St. Bernard's Seminary. Bishop Hickey was attended by Monsignor J. J. Hartley, D. D., and the Rev. Michael J. Nolan, D. D., as deacons of honor, and Bishop Hickey of Providence was attended by the Rev. George V. Burns, and the Rev. J. Francis O'Hern. The procession from the seminary was headed by an escort of mounted police and the first act of the bishop, after reaching the cemetery, was to consecrate a new plot, of about three and a half acres, in the north-west section of the cemetery on the west side of the boulevard. This plot is to be laid out in burial plots for immediate use.

Passing through both parts of the cemetery the priests chanted the "Misereatur," the "De Profundis" and "Libera." In front of the chapel the student choir of the Seminary sang a harmonized Benedictus, directed by the Rev. John M. Peter. Bishop Hickey, then, in a few words, introduced the Bishop of Providence, who delivered a sermon.

Bolshevism Arranged

A bitter arraignment of the Socialist Party, its alleged beliefs and inward tendencies was delivered Sunday evening at Convention Hall by David Goldstein of Boston, anti-Socialist lecturer. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus and among the prominent persons on the platform were Mayor Edgerston, Harold P. Brewster and local Catholic clergymen. Over 2,000 Rochesterians turned out to listen to the address and among them were many so-called "Red Hot" Socialists.

FINE OLD HANDWORK BOOKS

Their Writing and Artistic Decoration Were Equally Wonderful as Works of Art.

As the patron saint of the goldsmiths, St. Dunstan became sufficiently celebrated for his efficiency in working the precious metals, especially as it affected the incensing of valued volumes in gold, silver and gems. It is quite doubtful if St. Dunstan was born on Sept. 13. In fact, careful historians refuse to assign any particular date for his birth, being content to fix the time between A. D. 910 and 925.

It is well known that the monks of the ninth and tenth centuries were particularly skillful in work of this character, and the books, when finished, were jealously guarded. Smaller and less ambitious volumes for the use of students or at the masses and other services of the church were more simply bound; but they were frequently enriched by an ivory carving let into the cover—a practice which seems to have ceased in the sixteenth century, when leather of different kinds was used, upon which ornamentation was stamped in relief.

Before the invention of printing the labor requisite for the production of a manuscript book was so great that it became a treasured heirloom, and half a dozen such made a remarkable library, even for a nobleman, and a score would furnish a monastery. Some of these books took years to write and bind, and vast was the labor of the literary portion, yet the artistic decoration is equally wonderful. Gifts of such books were the noblest present a monastery could offer, and the debt due to these patient, secluded workers is of the greatest magnitude.

Books made for common usage were bound in boards and sometimes covered with skins held together by strong cords, to which the back was stitched, again secured by bands of leather and nails.—Chicago Journal.

Pitfalls of Stang.

Those well-intentioned leagues and clubs which are always talking about the unity of the English-speaking races, the bond of a common language and the rest are a delusion and a snare. There is no common language between the peoples; it is the very specious resemblance which makes the g.d. Kipling well described the American in London who "heard men talking a tongue superficially like his own, which on inquiry turned out to be something quite different." An American says: "I've got you," meaning "I understand." The Englishman thinks he has been discovered in some heinous deception. The language resemblance is in fact a bar rather than a bond.—London Express.

INJURIES FATAL FOR RECTOR OF ADDISON CHURCH

Rev. P. J. Sullivan Dies in Corning Hospital of Pneumonia—Injured by Cranking Automobile with Gears Set.

Corning, Sept. 24.—The Rev. P. J. Sullivan, rector of St. Catherine's Roman Catholic Church of Addison, died at the Corning Hospital this morning of pneumonia, which developed as the result of injuries he sustained in an automobile accident Tuesday night. He was run over by his own car when he cranked it while it was in gear.

Father Sullivan was born in Elmira 10 years ago. He was ordained to the priesthood 15 years ago. His first appointment was assistant pastor at St. Peter and Paul's Church in Elmira. He had been pastor at Addison for the past eight years.

He is survived by his mother, Mrs. Nora Sullivan of Elmira; two brothers, Michael of Easton, Pa., and Daniel of Pittsburgh, Pa., and three sisters, Margaret Sullivan of Addison, Catherine Sullivan and Mrs. Marie Murphy of Elmira.

Rev. FRANCIS J. NAUGHTEN

Hornell Priest Now Enjoying First Vacation in Fifteen Years

Hornell, Sept. 24.—A roasting reception is being planned for Rev. Francis J. Naughten, the veteran pastor of St. Ann's Church, who is on his first vacation in sixteen years. He has gone to Washington to visit his brother and will visit other places of interest on the Pacific Coast before returning.

There will be a reception committee to meet him at the station, and he will be escorted to the Federation building where a band will furnish the music and he will be presented with a purse. Father Naughten is one of the most successful pastors in the city. The celebration will take place some time during the first week in October.

BARA—GOGEEN

(Re-published by Request.)

There's a hill I never wearyd from the climb, There's where the Lads and Lassies, jig and reel together, The sunny side with the shamrock is ever green, The fire side or Peat Bog, purple with the Heather.

Above all the hills in Kerry, to me by far, you are the most dear, For the surrounding view you give, which fills the heart with cheer, There is not in this wide and undeveloped world, a beauty spot to be compared to the place in my mind, with memories fondly held, Bara Gogeen.

Irishmen's plan spread out before me as far as the eye can see, To the snow capped hills, where nestling lies the town of sweet Tralee, A little beyond meeting the mid-day sun, although higher, tower look the peaks, Scintillating with Alpine beauty, Killarney's Lakes, they are the McGill family Reeks.

Oh, tourist with the Angels homeward bound, for your eye awaits, many a pleasant scene, If you fly along the Shannon, over dear old Bara Gogeen.

I hear music on the west wind floating, over hold and prominent Knock a more, It's the Stron her love song crooning, for the Mariner all obnoxious of the breaker's roar.

On the sandy beach, on the rock bound coast, where in triumph the Chicago rests beneath the waves, Whilst the Emerald Queen of the Ocean, new subjects alluring at the Ballyvaughan Caves, With her flowing locks around her, her through a bed of seaweed green, On her brow a fairy dimble that a weak mortal had good bye to Bara Gogeen.

Starting does the Plover from the moor, Zig zag goes the lightning, the thunder pealing loud, Turned by the bolt, with their snowy breasts, bronzed and silvered is the dense black cloud.

The sun the rainbow and the cloud, the wild bird on the wing, With every ray you artists rave, with praise your praises sing, you muses sing, For a base the Lordie Shannon, with a strip of County Clare, the swirling water spout o'er Salente, Completed is the painting I beheld, from little round topped Bara Gogeen.

Lived Happily Ever After.

One of the novelists referring to his hero says:

His countenance fell. His voice broke. His heart sank. His hair rose. His eyes blazed. His words burned. His blood froze.

It appears, however, that he was able to pull himself together and marry the girl in the last chapter.—Boys' Life.

The House Divided.

"There'll surely be trouble after that marriage."

"What makes you think so?"

"He's a Republican and she's a Democrat."

Rev. T. F. Coakley, Director of Charities In Pittsburg, Resigns

(By N. C. W. C. News Service.) Pittsburg, Sept. 24.—Rev. Thomas F. Coakley has resigned as Assistant Director of Catholic Charities of the Diocese of Pittsburg, and has just been appointed rector of the oldest Catholic parish in the city, St. Patrick's, Liberty avenue and Seventeenth street, in the heart of the downtown section, near the Union Depot.

Palmyra, Sept. 30.—Father Dwyer of St. Anne's parish will hold a mission at St. Anne's Church next week, at which two Dominican Fathers from New York will officiate. The mission opens Sunday, October 3, with high mass at 10:30 a. m., and will continue throughout the week, services being held each day and evening.

MISSION IN PALMYRA NEXT WEEK BY DOMINICAN FATHERS

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LONDON FOUND LACKING

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that they are about two-thirds of the Catholic body at large. In those sections of the city where I ministered during my two years' stay in London before the war, the strength of the Church is unquestionably in the large percentage of valiant sons and daughters from the Emerald Isle. The sympathy of the priests and people of English birth is whole heartedly with the Irish in their heroic struggle for freedom. I have repeatedly heard English priests say that Ireland is fighting for the same boon America won 1783, and on all sides, one meets the kindest wish that this great international question be met fairly and honorably.

Course in Public Speaking

Will open Wednesday evening, October 6th, at 8 o'clock in the R. B. I. Last year's class was enthusiastic about the value they secured from the ten lessons. This year's course will be twelve lessons. If you are interested call up the R. B. I. for circular describing the course or come to the R. B. I. office for full information. Mr. Frederic Kroll who was so successful last year will conduct the class, Rochester Business Institute, 172 Clinton avenue south.—Adv.

Airmen Save Forest.

Army airplanes operating from six bases in California and Oregon, located 494 forest fires in a period of less than two months and a half, according to reports received by the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association, in California 53 of the fires were reported by wireless from airplanes assigned by the army air service to cooperate with the forestry service in protecting the national forests. According to the reports enough valuable property was saved by means of the planes to equal the total appropriation made during the year for the entire army air service.

Helpful Hint.

"I'm in powerful bad shape, Lum!" said a citizen of Straddle Ridge, in reply to the inquiry of an acquaintance. "I hadn't been any account—to say account—for six weeks now. I can't sleep nights to do no good, and I don't relish what I eat. I've got a grouping pain in my abdomen the most of the time, and I'm plumb down in the back and low in my mind. I swear, I don't know what I ort to do."

"Get a new omenok," was the reply. "That'll furnish a new set of symptoms, that likely you'll know what to do for."—Kansas City Star.

Not Really Self-Supporting.

A movie star, has a ranch near Los Angeles. He boasted of how he raised his own foodstuffs, cattle and hogs, but added "even at that it's not on what you could call a really independent, self-supporting basis."

"How's that?" asked his friend. "Well, 'sagine he's still have to buy my gasoline in town, and so far I haven't been able to raise any silk shirts for my gang to wear on Sunday."

World's Largest Organ.

The largest organ in the world will be installed in the cathedral now nearing completion in Liverpool. This mammoth among musical instruments will have no fewer than 10,567 pipes and 215 stops, each actuated by its separate draw-stop knob.

Advertisement for Rochester Trust and safe deposit Company. Includes an image of a building and text: "Deposits made on or before October 1 draw interest as of the first. October First! Has the summer slipped by without your putting aside a reserve fund, to grow larger with regular deposits and interest! If it has, start to-day, and do the right thing: BEGIN NOW at-the Rochester Trust and safe deposit Company. MAIN STREET WEST AND EXCHANGE."

WANTED. Will call with auto truck and pay you highest prices for folded newspapers, magazines, rags, rubbers, metals, scrap iron, old clothes and miscellaneous junk. Call Stone 7481-X or Main 3864, at any time Office and Warehouse.

PELTON & SON, BUCHAN PARK

GAY LIFE LED BY EXPLORER

White Men Who Venture Into the Reaches of the Amazon Suffer From Stinging Insects.

When Dr. William C. Farabee of the University of Pennsylvania goes to the wilds of South America for specimens for the University of Pennsylvania museum he has to hack his way through jungles infested with swarms of stinging, disease-dealing insects, and to protect himself from these attacks has a special rig. The natives go naked in the forests and do not seem to mind greatly the pests that light upon them. They are probably sting-proof, but the white man is not. Doctor Farabee says that insects more than panthers or snakes make life unbearable along the Amazon or its wilder reaches.

The protective costume made Doctor Farabee look like a strange creature indeed. Thick, closely knit gloves with cuffs of canvas and netting reaching to his shoulders are of equal importance with a helmet of canvas draped with something that hangs over his head, neck and shoulders. These coverings are supplemented by the labors of two negro boys, who fan and brush away gnats and mosquitoes. There are, Doctor Farabee says, no satisfactory boots to be had for such work, certainly no waterproof ones. So he wears porous boots with heavy soles; thus the water, which gets in whatever the precautions, can get out as quickly as possible. The insects bite low down about the body, as well as attacking the head, neck and arms. In an endeavor to thwart them, Doctor Farabee drapes his legs to the knees with double thicknesses of mosquito netting. This gets slimy from the morasses and clings to him. Then insects bite through it and it must be changed frequently more than once a day.

India Increasing Its Wheat Crop. India is going to take part of the burden of feeding Europe from the shoulders of the United States. The third official forecast of India's wheat crop for the current season 1919-20 shows an increase of 36 per cent in acreage planted and 34 per cent increase in yield. The prospective crop, according to these estimates, will be over 10,000,000 tons of wheat. Of course, the United States will have to supply considerable grain to Europe, but our own crops this year, particularly corn, which is fast gaining appreciation in Europe, are all of the bumper variety, and we will be glad to have a market for our surplus. The wheat crop of India is one of the most promising aspects of the awakening of that country, and an indication of its determination to place itself on a self-supporting basis.

Very Much So. "This unfortunate collision sent my whole stock of eggs down the hill." "Too bad. What you might call a depreciation in rolling stock."

A Slight Compensation. "A man in these times can be well roasted." "But he can't be stewed."

Matching His Boast. Interested Friend—Why did you give the young man I sent you only a "supe" part in the play? Manager—Because from his own account he was such a broth of a boy.

What the Sphinx Says. By NEWTON NEWKIRK. "If you want a thing done to suit you please have the goodness to explain it in detail to a subordinate—then do it yourself."

Image of a sphinx.