

UNFOLDS A TERRIBLE TALE

Captain Returning From Voyage to the Terrible Zone Has Story of Wonderful Experience.

A terrible tale of the torrid zone was unfolded by Capt. R. H. Torrible the other day on the arrival of the steamer Denis, which plies between New York and Manaus, a port about 1,000 miles up the Amazon river. The skipper vowed by marine and other saints that never had he seen sights so strange, according to the New York Times.

On a river which empties into the Amazon, near Manaus, he said he saw myriads of electric eels so strongly charged with electricity that the broad bosom of the stream was flooded with light and the crew were able to read their pocket Bibles by the glow, which was estimated at 30 watts per eel. When seamen brought some of these high-voltage eels on deck, Captain Torrible said, the ship's dynamo was short circuited and there was the decks to pay until the eels were disconnected.

But Skipper Torrible hadn't finished. While the Denis was tied up at the pier, a boy who was working with a loading gang fell into the river. The luminous eels surged around him, and when he was picked up he was dead. A physician who examined the body said that the lad was the victim of an electric overcharge. Captain Torrible brought back with him a sun-dogging monkey, which prowled only at night. He declared that the simian, like an owl, was casual and apathetic by day, but when the sun went over the horizon the monkey had 20-20 glims and was an ultra-lively stepper. The captain took newspaper men into his cabin, where the pet was kept, and pulled down the shades. The sun-dogger reacted to the gloom by appropriating and immediately eating a straw kelly recently purchased at considerable outlay by one of the reporters.

The skipper said that he had purchased a Brazilian sloth to bring back to the United States, but the animal was too lazy to eat and died on the way here.

REAL HUMORIST OF AMERICA

In One Writer's Opinion, the Country Editor is Entitled to Honor of the Title.

The funniest things which are written and printed in this country are not written by Irvin Cobb or George Ade or Ring Lardner. They are not written by the professional humorist of the great newspapers.

They are written by the so-called country editors and notably by so-called country editors of Ohio and Kansas. We hardly think anyone with a real sense of humor who reads large numbers of newspapers and magazines and modern books will dispute this assertion.

Humor is merely the ability to see and react understandingly to the mirth-provoking side of human nature, which is not the least ample of its sides. A humorous paragraph may be grossly exaggerated in its interpretation of human nature, but human nature must be somewhere down near the bottom of it or it is a failure.

This explains why humor is so much more amusing, so much more satisfying than wit. Wit needs no human nature as its foundation. It may be simply a lightning-like play on mere words, sufficient to cause a smile, a laugh perhaps, but none of the solid comfort derived by the discerning from true humor.—Ohio State Journal.

Compliment to the Mare.

Talk of automobile drivers being arrested for violating the speed limit when they fly up and down the highways at 40, 50, 60, etc., miles an hour, drew one day a bit of reminiscence from Captain Thomas E. Halls of the United States secret service.

"I remember one time back in a little Ohio town," said the captain, "when my father was stopped by an officer of the law because he was driving his mare more than 12 miles an hour."

"You was going more than twelve miles an hour," said the officer; "I'll arrest you for speeding."

"No, get up, get up," my father said. "That's a compliment to the mare. She can't go 12 miles an hour."—Detroit Free Press.

Cat's Meat.

The port of London authorities are spending more than \$5,000 a year for cat's meat, that the large army of cats required to deal with the rats and mice infesting the docks may be supported in the style to which they have been accustomed. So presumably the cats are purely "sportsmen," just kill the rats for the fun of the thing, but never eat their prey. And also, presumably, the cats don't make much headway with their jobs, since we are assured the staff has been continually increased—and likewise the appropriations for their support. It looks like a political sinecure.—Los Angeles Times.

Telephone for the Deaf.

The "Phonophor," for people hard of hearing, is the smallest telephone yet produced. It is about an inch long, and its open end being inserted in the ear, is held there by its shape, no strap being necessary. It is adjustable for maximum clearness. The usual membrane could not be employed, and a piece of specially treated skin with a bit of iron in its center is substituted.

JANE'S SHARK

By MARY A. MURDOCK.

© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Jane's glance triumphantly swept the long stretch of deserted beach. Not a soul in sight! For an hour at least she might confidently expect to keep all this wonder to herself. Gloomily she visioned the chagrin of Tom, not to mention her half-dozen other satellites, when they should have discovered her to have already taken her morning dip, without their ubiquitous ministrations.

It was five o'clock, and half an hour before sunrise. Jane waded out towards a not distant sand bar, her eyes fixed on the eastern sky, where the gray mist was parting to reveal hidden color treasure of orange and gold. She felt suddenly awed. How big everything was! How they her hands seemed, buoyed in front of her on the surface of the water. At that moment she had wished for a chance to snail the owner of a certain scowling If presumptuous arm then shaking off the weakness and determined to glory in her new found freedom, she plunged, squealing irrespectively into an oncoming wave and swam with an even, sure stroke for the bar.

Once there, she turned to glance at the hotel, idly somnolent in the half light, then with a superior sniff intended for its lazy inmates she stretched luxuriously on the sand and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the spectacle to the eastward. For a full half-hour she watched and marvelled and dreamed. How trivial now seemed yesterday's perplexities and intrigues! Her unaccountably poor showing at the tennis tournament, that catalytic error which had caused her partner to view her in stunted surprise—how little such things really mattered! She remembered with a certain sense of shame the flirtations which had marked her stay at this most popular of beach resorts. What poor sport it was, after all! Henceforth she determined to repress the eternal Eve in her and to save her smiles for—him. And a delightful speculation gripped her as to who—

she might be. A cold tongue of water lapped her bathing slipper and she jumped up, shivering. The tide had risen. Jealous waves were already trying to edge her off her perch. She fussed with her cap in preparation for the swim back, pausing for a last look at the King of Day, now well over the rim of the world.

For a while she stood there, a charming figure in her modish sea suit, eyes aglim with youth's love of life, curling tendrils of gold whipping her creamy throat. Suddenly she stiffened and a sharp cry escaped her.

Cradled between two of the larger overlapping waves she had espied something sinister and white, a gleaming mass that moved and glowed in the long rays of the morning light. A sort of numbness seized her, as through her mind there flashed all the stories she had heard recounted of the white-bellied terror which many of the hotel habitués were reputed to have glimpsed thereabouts, always from the asylum of a dock.

Jane steeved despairingly the fast-diminishing strip of sand. Ten minutes at the most, and she would have to take her chances with the thing in the water. On the verge of fainting, she yet managed to find her voice.

At first thin and weak, desperation lent it strength. A favoring breeze aided her, and the cry which roused half a hundred sleepy vacationists from their beds was that of "Tom!"

Tom heard with the rest, and not one of the wondering watchers saw anything grotesque in his pajama-clad figure, as it flew to the water's edge.

"Get a boat, Tom!" Jane screamed, then toppled and fell.

But Tom didn't go back. A few minutes and he had in his arms a strangely docile Jane, who could only whisper faintly, "Tom, darling, Tom," and who clung piteously to him.

She swam back to the beach, now crowded with half-clad people. His previous burden held close, he was too deliciously happy to wonder why Jane, conceded the best swimmer in the crowd, had not dared negotiate the short distance. Time enough for explanations later, for the present life was very sweet, with that soft "Tom, darling Tom" in his ears.

Through a haze of joy, he was conscious that one of his vigorous strokes brushed away something which felt like seaweed, but which was apparently a white satin petticoat and he wondered Tom whose clothesline it was missing.

BEYOND EVEN HER COURAGE

Nurse Famous for Her Wonderful Nerve Could Not Stand Thought of Mouse's Presence.

There is a very capable and much admired young woman physician attached to St. Francis hospital. This young woman often is called to assist two well-known Pittsburgh surgeons during the performance of delicate operations; and she has never been known to lose her nerve. A favorite amongst members of the hospital staff, as well as patients she has "made good" with a vengeance.

One thing for which the young physician has been admired is her courage. Nor had she ever before been known to succumb to the fears, the dreads which assail so many of her sister-women. But listen!

The other night the woman physician was rather excited. She retired to her room, but at 2 a. m. was drifting about the hospital again.

"What's the matter?" inquired a patient who has come to know her rather well.

"Oh," replied the steely-nerved one, "I am afraid to go to sleep. I think there's a mouse in my room, and I'm trying to find a mouse trap."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

HIS REQUIREMENTS NOT HIGH

Connecticut Man Merely Sets Forth Qualities He Desires in His Housekeeper.

A citizen of Bristol, who is separated from his wife, advertised her as follows, according to a Winstead (Conn.) dispatch to the New York Herald:

"Wanted, a housekeeper; good home, small amount of work; prefer one who can sew on a button or two once a month; do not bar politics; she may be a suffragette, as I hold no political job; prefer one who has had not over eighteen years' experience; she must have the Tuesday dinner dishes out of the sink before Thursday; bear in mind I do not bar any religion, but do not want one who is too religious; now, maids do not apply for this job unless your age is under 30; decent wages and congenial surroundings. Apply at once."

MAORI PROVED POOR "SPORT"

Fit Companion for Men Who Would Bribe Baseball Players to "Throw" Games.

Ex-Governor Goodrich of Indiana said at a dinner, apropos of the baseball bribery scandal:

"The thing was so raw that it reminded me of the Maori millionaire. The Maoris, you know, are great gamblers and intensely fond of horse racing. Well, this millionaire set up a stable and did well. One day, though, just after a horse of his had won a race, he rushed up to the judges' stand yelling:

"I protest! I protest!"

"But your horse won," said the judge.

"I know," said the Maori millionaire. "That's why I protest. I didn't want him to win."

Real Highbrow.

"It certainly does pay to have an education," said the man in household goods to the man from the rugs, over their lunch.

"As to what?" asked the rugger.

"Why, this morning a woman came in and put her lognette to her eyes and asked me for a 'ref-usc chalice.'"

"Good night! What's that?"

"See—I told you it paid to have an education, I happened to recognize the woman and to know she had just moved here from Boston. So I got her a garbage pail, which was exactly what she wanted."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

All the Same to Her.

That dully in the eyes of childhood is always just as big a man as any in the world was evidenced one day in the West Indianapolis branch library.

A tiny, smiling girl stood at the desk.

"What does your father do?" asked the librarian in an effort to identify her father among the many men of the same name in the city directory.

SNAPSHOTS

We forget the sunlight when we notice the shadow.

The man who is not a friend will never have one.

One may practice economy; and he finds it impossible to hide the fact.

Most of the scolding letters are never written; but more than enough are.

Organize; even people who won't join will give you their moral support.

If certain people only tell the truth it matters not about the uncertain ones.

Never climb a mountain till you come to it—then maybe it won't be there.

Luck usually strikes up an intimate acquaintance with hard work; sometimes not.

Honest poverty ranks as high with some people as dishonest wealth does with some others.

Many a man knows from experience that it is far easier to find a wife than it is to lose her.

If you would become popular with indolent people all you have to do is let them impose on you.

As soon as a sick man gets well he should pay his doctor just to show that he has no ill feelings.

EVOLUTION AND THE NAILS

Probable That in Time They Will Disappear From the Fingers and Toes of Mankind.

The honelike skin on the tips of our fingers is one of the marks left from the time when men walked on all fours, London Tit-Bits says.

The lower animals use their finger and toe coverings for a number of purposes, including climbing, the tearing of food, fighting with their enemies and scratching in the ground.

The farther man got from his original surroundings, when his fingernails served a multitude of purposes for which he now uses other utensils, the less prominent they became. They are, however, still very useful in helping to make the tips of the fingers firm and in picking up small objects, though it is possible that the time may come when, through constant disuse, man may have neither finger nor toe nails.

Evolution along precisely the opposite line—the use of the nails so that they become greatly enlarged—is to be noted in the case of the horse, which now walks on its "fingernails."

Showing Him Up.

A New York lawyer was talking about a corrupt politician.

"We showed him up," he chuckled, "almost as readily as Lotta Golde showed up the profligate old earl."

"How did it come about?" a friend of the family asked, "that Gobbsa Golde's daughter refused Lord Lanceland?"

"Well, you see," another friend of the family answered, "Lotta Golde is slightly deaf, and when the earl proposed to her she thought he was soliciting for a charity drive and so she told him she was very sorry, but she had promised her money in another direction."

Over Their Heads.

Dr. John Finley, the noted poet and educationalist, said at a dinner in New York:

"Whenever I hear new-thought people advocating sex education for children I think of little Tommy Rowe.

"Tommy Rowe came home from school one afternoon and said proudly:

"Teacher learned us a new commandment today."

"Indeed! And what commandment was that?" his mother asked.

"Thou shalt not kick a duckery," said little Tommy Rowe."

Harold Obeyed His Mother.

Harold had been given permission to go to his grandmother's who lived near by. It was nearly noon, and grandma invited Harold to stay to luncheon.

To her mystification he said: "I will if you ask me twice more."

She did so, and Harold enjoyed his luncheon. When his mother called for him later, grandma asked her what he meant.

His mother said: "I told him not to stay to luncheon unless you insisted upon it."

Spontaneous.

Employees of the board of school commissioners were storing some equipment at a school building recently, and with all due regard for fire-prevention rules adopted by the board sometime ago.

One man started to place some material in a corner of the small closet, when his helper interfered.

"Don't you know what the rules say?" he asked. "You shouldn't ever put anything in a closet that's spontaneous."—Indianapolis News.

Doing Well.

"You wouldn't think it, but I've just paid \$5,000 in cash for a house, all made by my own pluck and perseverance."

"Really! What business are you in?"

"I'm a son-in-law."—The Non-Partisan Leader (Minn.).

His Step.

Fond Father—Before I consent to the marriage, I must know this young man's qualifications. Now, has he great strength, endurance? Can he keep on his feet despite entangling influences? Has he balance, poise? Fanette—Oh, yes, daddy! Reggie fox trots divinely!—Life.

Holy Family.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary Anselm Bernard Haberer, a Knipper, who died Monday at her home at 592 Jay street, took place Thursday morning from her Park home at 8:30 o'clock and at 9 o'clock from this church. Burial of 5, Anselm B. Haberer and two sisters, Miss Pauline Haberer etery. Solemn requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. D. Laurentis, assisted by Rev. Peter Erras of Coldwater as deacon, and Rev. Edward Schied as subdeacon. The mass was sung by the children of Holy Family Church.

Two of a Kind.

"Good morning, sir," said the landlord to the new tenant. "Just called to see if it would be convenient to pay your month's rent."

"Do you know, landlord, that none of the doors in this house will shut?"

"New house, new house; you know it takes time for it to settle."

"Ah! then there's a pair of us, I'm a new tenant; it takes time for me to settle, too. Good morning. Call again."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Improved Airplane.

The newest idea for airplane wheels is to mount upon the periphery of each wheel a number of little wheels. This arrangement, says the Popular Science Monthly, helps to retard the forward motion of the flying machine on making a landing. The little wheels, brought successively into position by the force of impact, tend to check the plane and bring it to a quick and smooth stop.

Quite Different.

"I understand you called me a worthless loafer."

"I did not."

"What did you say about me, then?"

"I merely remarked to a mutual acquaintance of ours that in the gentle art of killing time you had no superior."

"Well, that's different."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Manhattan Losing Its Population.

The city of New York is losing its population on account of the high rents demanded. This is shown by the great increase in the number of commutation tickets which have been sold in the past few months to points on Long Island.

St. Mary's Church.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary Anselm Bernard Haberer, a musician, died on Wednesday evening at his home at 44 Raines place Thursday morning from her Park home at 8:30 o'clock and at 9 o'clock from this church. Burial of 5, Anselm B. Haberer and two sisters, Miss Pauline Haberer etery. Solemn requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. D. Laurentis, assisted by Rev. Peter Erras of Coldwater as deacon, and Rev. Edward Schied as subdeacon. The mass was sung by the children of Holy Family Church.

The funeral of William Ritz of 267 Benton street took place Wednesday morning at 8:45 from his home and at 9 o'clock from this church. Requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. John Boppel. A delegation from Knights of St. John, Commandery 25, of this Church, attended. The bearers were Peter Eberle, Leo Katzenberger, Frank Kaib, Albert Schmitt, Joseph Hohman and Joseph Vogt. Interment was made in Holy Sepulcher cemetery.

R. B. I. Fall Term Opening

Will take place Tuesday, September 6th. New classes will be started in all courses. You may register on that day or any day before that time. We should be glad to have you call for detailed information. Our new catalogue will be mailed to you upon request. Rochester Business Institute, 172 Clinton avenue south. Adv.

Health Preserves for the Home

We have the "Hover Special" vacuum cleaners. These cleaners are fully guaranteed as to workmanship, durability and cleaning efficiency. The prices at which these cleaners are being sold and the liberal payment terms offered place these health conserving devices within the reach of people of modest means. If you would only see under the microscope the health-destroyers that the broom sets loose upon the members of the household you would give the vacuum cleaner question the consideration it deserves.

LET US SEND YOU ONE ON TRIAL. You will not be obligated in any way and we will thank you for having tried the cleaner should you desire to return it.

Rochester Gas & Electric Corporation Main 3960

C&B DAILY BETWEEN BUFFALO & CLEVELAND

3 MAGNIFICENT STEAMERS 3

The Great Ship "SEANDEE" - "CITY OF ERIE" - "CITY OF BUFFALO"

BUFFALO - Daily, May 1st to Nov. 15th - CLEVELAND

Leave Buffalo - 9:00 P. M. | Arrive Cleveland - 9:00 P. M.
 Arrive Cleveland - 7:00 A. M. | Leave Buffalo - 7:00 A. M.

Connections at Cleveland for Cedar Point, Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Detroit and other points. Railroad tickets reading between Buffalo and Cleveland are good for transportation on our steamer. Ask your ticket agent or tourist agency for tickets via C. & B. Line. New Tourist Automobile Rate—\$10.00 Round Trip, with 1 day return limit, for cars not exceeding 12 inch wheelsbase.

Beautifully colored sectional graphic chart of The Great Ship "SEANDEE" sent on receipt of 5c cent. Also ask for our 2-page pictorial and descriptive booklet free.

The Cleveland & Buffalo Trade Company
 Cleveland, Ohio

FARE \$ 5.56

"SEANDEE"
 —the largest and most costly passenger steamer on inland waters of the world. Sleeping capacity, 1500 passengers.

Book or Job Printing of any kind
 The Catholic Journal Company
 470 Main Street East,