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Deaths Of The Week

McNally—Mary Moore McNally, aged 56 years, Nov. 13. Funeral took place Friday with services at 9 o'clock at St. Augustine's Church.

Boland—Thomas F. Boland, Nov. 14, at his home, 256 Parkway. Funeral Friday morning with services at the Cathedral.

Bartels—Josephine Heberger Bartels, aged 29 years, at her home 23 Kappel Pl., Nov. 14. Funeral on Friday morning with services at St. Bridget's Church.

Toner—Mrs. Mary Sears Toner, at her home, 88 S. Fitzhugh St., died on Nov. 15. Funeral Saturday morning with services at nine o'clock at Our Lady of Victory church.

Wiesner—Mrs. Catherine Wiesner, aged 79 years, died on Nov. 14. Funeral Friday morning at 9 o'clock at St. Michael's church.

Gorham—Nov. 14, Lawrence Z. Gorham, aged 23 years, died at his home, 566 Beach Ave. Funeral Thursday morning with services at Holy Cross Church.

Hammerick—Mrs. Elizabeth Spahn Hammerick, aged 52 years, died last Tuesday morning at her home, 16 Laura St. Funeral Friday morning with services at Corpus Christi church.

Knobles—Nov. 13, at her home, 125 Murray St., Miss Margaret A. Knobles died. Funeral Thursday morning with services at Holy Family Church.

Dickes—Mrs. Mary Dickes died on Nov. 11th, at 129 Roseyn St. Funeral took place Tuesday with services at the Cathedral at nine o'clock.

Roesch—Mrs. Chas. B. Roesch, died on Nov. 11th, at her home, 47 Rau St., aged 46 years. Funeral took place Tuesday morning with services at St. Michael's church.

Maseth—Mrs. Barbara Maseth Nov. 11, aged 81 years 127 Maryland St. Funeral took place Tuesday with services at 8:30 o'clock from Holy Rosary church.

Failley—Nov. 11, Mary A. Failley died at her home, 283 Plymouth Ave. Funeral took place Wednesday morning with services at 9 o'clock at Immaculate Conception church.

Madigan—John J. Madigan died Nov. 13 at his home, 1,641 East Ave. Funeral was held Thursday morning with services at St. Mary's church of which he was a life-long member.

Tracy—The funeral of George M. Tracy, who died Nov. 10th, took place last Monday morning with services at Immaculate Conception Church.

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VIVID PICTURES OF TURK ATROCITIES

Eyewitness Tells of the Catastrophe at Smyrna.

MASSACRE SCENE DESCRIBED

Archbishop Blain After His Beard Had Been Extracted Hair by Hair—Church No Protection for Women Who Fled There Hoping to Find Haven of Refuge—Million People Forged into Streets by Fire—Pillaged Day and Night.

An eyewitness of the recent Smyrna catastrophe has written the following letter to his sister, who is a member of the staff of the International Institute for Foreign-Born Women, an active branch of the Young Women's Christian association. The writer is now destitute in Piraeus, to which place he escaped with his children after outwitting and circumventing the Turkish guard.

"From the very first day of the Turkish offensive at Alon Kora-bissar I had a remote idea that the Greeks would not be able to keep the lines of the front unbroken. Nevertheless, I never imagined that my terrible forebodings would be realized so soon. Only five days passed and the Turks, unrestrained, were not giving the least obstacle in their way, descended on the city of Smyrna. No one expected it as the official announcements of the Greek army of Asia Minor issued false reports to quiet the population. Only the wounded who daily were carried from the front told of some hopeless condition there.

"What happened of the city of Smyrna in a few minutes can be described. From the very first days of the offensive the refugees started rushing to the city of Smyrna, fleeing in terror before the sword of the barbarous and fanatical executioner. Women half naked, refugees, children and old men running terror-stricken through the streets.

Forerunners of Calamity.

"I, influenced by this pain-stricken exodus, decided to send my wife and children to Greece on a boat that was going to take the employees of the Bank of Athens from Smyrna. I thought best to leave our most valuable things in the house of my mother-in-law for safety. I left my home carrying a few necessary things. At last my beautiful dear home! It was decreed that I should not see it any more. We go on to Kria Vrissi when turning to Baginabane. (The Turkish quarter). I see it all red with fuzes. The sight was an ominous one and I knew it was the forerunner of calamity. We walk to the Houtko Han to reach the quay, when I hear the loud whistles of the boats which were at the port whistling in honor of the entrance of the Turk into the city of Smyrna. At the Maltese quarter I see two Turks running with bare swords. 'Korkma! (don't be afraid)' they tell us. The occupation took place at eleven in the morning and I found myself with my wife and babies in the very midst of it. We ran to the Bank of Athens, which was under French protection, where we stay. Under the windows of the bank is the great Perivolo (note: a walled square with the church in the center) of the Metropole, Agia Photini, where were sheltered nearly three thousand refugees from the different parts of the interior.

"It is about 2:30 p. m. when from the window of the bank I see three Turks on horseback with naked swords shouting: 'Korkmalin, its yok! (don't be afraid; it is nothing). In the meantime one of the newspapers issued a proclamation of Kemal by which he threatened with penalty of death any one who would touch the Christians. It was the first share spread out for the poor Christians. Armed with a copy of the proclamation I risk going out to see what has become of father. I find him well, and at 4:30 I turn to go back to the bank. On the way I notice a suspicious movement of groups of Turks armed to the teeth. Passing through Megalesi (terrors) I see that the Turkish soldiers have blockaded the whole quarter, breaking and looting the shops. They notice me and rush for me. I take refuge in 'Santa Maria (Italian cathedral).

City Like a Desert.

"The city is like a desert. All the shops are closed. In the meantime many families, barefooted women, bleeding, with hair blowing in the wind, rush in and beg the protection of Santa Maria. The work of pillage, massacre and outrage had started—oh, terror, agony, desperation! Not one man was left in Al Konstantino, Morkatia and Agia Paraskevi (three Greek quarters). Groups of Turks, yelling, start from Basmahane to Al Konstantino and the Armenian quarter, where they start the terrible work of massacre. The bodies of the Christians are piled in the streets by hundreds. Not one Armenian was left; not one. The Armenian was killed only because he was an Armenian, and was killed by the civilized Turks who undertook to keep order in the city in absence of the regular army. I was shut up in the Italian church. I beg an Italian friend to accompany me to the Bank of Athens. He refuses. I am a Greek, you see, and there is no mercy for the Greeks. In the evening a group of French sol-

diers pass on the way to guard the different French institutions. I follow it and I reach the bank, where my family was in great anxiety, thinking I had been killed. There we had moments of agony, terror and desperation. At the entrance of Agia Photini were placed Turkish guards, not letting anyone come out. In the same day our archbishop is arrested and killed in the most barbarous way after they had pulled out one by one the hairs of his beard. The shots are as many as if it were a time of great battle.

Pillaged Day and Night.

"The shops under the bank are broken and pillaged day and night. You must know, sister, that the martial law was proclaimed, but that was only for the Christians, you understand. The Turks were left unmolested in their terrible work of massacre and pillage.

"I remained in the bank four days. What I saw at this time was terrible, inconceivable. I saw Turkish civilians barefooted, killing Armenians and Greeks only because they did not stop at their first order. From the first night rooms of agony and terror were heard from the Perivolo of Agia Photini that was under the bank's windows. It was the screams of the poor refugees whose husbands had been taken away to massacre. The Turks entered the Perivolo at night and after robbing the wretched women of their scant belongings satisfied their animal and barbarous instincts on them. Those four days were like twenty years to me and they were forty mortal wounds to my heart. Four whole days the poor Greek refugees did not have food. The Turkish soldiers sold them 25 drams of bread for half a lire.

"On the fourth day I decided to take my family to a safer shelter. As I am connected with the Standard Commercial Trading corporation, I decided to take shelter in its warehouse. On the 10th of September I leave the bank as the Turkish guard would not let me stay any more, and I was afraid that it was going to be discovered that I served in the Greek army. On the same day great flames covered the horizon. It was September 13, 3:30 p. m. In the Perivolo of the Armenian church were gathered about 2,500 men, women and children. Armed Turks surrounded the whole block and fire was started from the four corners of the church. Moans and screams of terror were heard for miles and the smell of burning human flesh filled the atmosphere. The fire spread through all the Armenian quarter; at the same time fires started in sixteen different points of Smyrna. The Turks, after they have pillaged all the Greek and Armenian houses and shops, are now burning the city of Smyrna after they burned Koukloukka. The devouring element helped by the strong wind continues its destructive work. No human power can stop it. Our sweet, beautiful Smyrna, our fondest bride is burned by the Turks, whom the French call 'civilized'. The fire engines protect only the Turkish quarters, which are not touched.

Million People in Streets.

"The fire continues. I, with my family, am shut up in the Standard. But there is a fear that we are going to be burned alive and the director orders the building to be evacuated. Nearly one million people are in the streets. The flames surround us. Fortunately the wind changes and the fire spares our shelter of the Standard Trading corporation. I decide to return to it, but how? The Turkish guard, taking advantage of the absence of the director, sells entrance for 25 lire a person.

"There is an order of Kemal by which departure is not allowed to men from seventeen to forty-five. I belong to the class. The Turks run around looking for the Christians. They arrest all the men and take them away. The martyrdom they suffer is terrific. On September 22 the Turkish guard of the corporation betrayed our hiding place and the Turks came and gathered every man in the warehouse, myself included. I presented an English paper of no value that I had in my pocket, telling the brute who caught me that I was an American citizen and that was my passport. He believed it and let me go.

"Through a French certificate that my brother-in-law possessed I was able to embark on a French boat with my family for Syria, to which the boat was bound. There we were not accepted as refugees and they sent us to Tinos. Now I am writing to you from on board the boat going to Piraeus, where I go to get work. I do not know what became of father and Evangelos."

MUCH USED TIN

Japanese Factories Will Make It Into Toys for American Children.

Christmas toys from Japan being unloaded at Seattle are said to include novelties made from tin which has crossed the Pacific many times. The tin cans originally are used in shipping case oil to China, then refilled with soy bean and other vegetable oils and reshipped back to the United States.

These cans, emptied into tank cars in Puget Sound ports, were then purchased by agents of Japanese toy factories, flattened out, baled and sent back to the Orient as low-rate ballast cargo. Once in the toy shops of Japan the much used tin was quickly made over into very attractive, amusing mechanical playthings for boys and girls of America.

Japan, while almost self-sustaining in all her world-wide commerce, lacks for manufacturing purposes three essentials—wood, iron and tin.

ROCHESTER TRUST and Safe Deposit COMPANY. Announces the installation of an additional supply of SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES in its fire and burglar proof vaults, renting at two popular prices 3 and 5 dollars per year.

GIANT TREE ON LONG ISLAND

Experts Say Sycamore Is Nearly Four Hundred Years Old and Good for Century More.

"Old Sycamore," the giant on the place of James Hill at Wheatley, L. I., which recently won the "biggest tree on Long Island" contest conducted by Normal Taylor of Brooklyn Botanic gardens, was born only 57 years after Columbus landed at San Salvador, in 1492. It was eighty years old when Hendrick Hudson first saw Long Island in 1620.

This is the opinion of Mr. Taylor and other experts who have examined the giant sycamore, the New York world states. Its age is estimated between 800 and 400 years, more likely the latter, it is said. The trunk near the ground is 24 feet in circumference and some of the limbs, half way up, even, are larger than the trunks of many trees which claim to be patriarchs.

The height of "Old Sycamore" has not been ascertained, but it towers over the landscape in lordly fashion. Mr. Hill says that 50 years ago the place was used by the county butcher as his home. His beef, when slaughtered, was hung on chains from "Old Sycamore's" limbs. One of the chains was there when Mr. Hill bought the place.

During the past 105 or 120 years after the forest was cut away, soil from neighboring hills was washed down and filled around the tree to a depth of 15 feet. This was verified six years ago, Mr. Hill says, when a tree expert gave "Old Sycamore" the first doctoring of its life. The tree is said to be in splendid condition and good for a century or so more.

FOLLOWED SEA FIFTY YEARS

Retired Commander Has Many Stories of Adventure Accumulated During Half Century on Ocean.

Capt. J. W. Christie, formerly commander of the White Star Dominion under Canada, has retired after sailing the seas for 51 years. Captain Christie first went to sea when only ten years old and during the next half century participated in many interesting experiences. In 1877, while still an apprentice, he served on the old sailor Seaforth, when that vessel was employed to carry the famous Hudson's Hope from India to the Dardanelles at the time of the Russo-Turkish war. The fleet of transports reached their destination, and landing native troops to occupy Cyprus, they found the Turks entrenched close to the beach and were forced to commence debarkation under fire. The youthful apprentice was given charge of a spirited horse, and mounted on its bare back swam his steed toward the beach and the Turks. The animal, according to the captain's account of the affair, reared shore well ahead of all competitors and then, despite the earnest efforts of its rider, dashed headlong toward the Turkish lines. Pull as he might, nothing would check the beast's ardor, until one of many bullets from the entrenched enemy struck it and turned it again toward the sea. The apprentice regained his ship in safety, none the worse for his unusual experience, but with a strong and lasting distaste for international complications.

GREAT LAKES THINGS APART

Writer Complains, With Reason, That Wonderful Bodies of Water Are Not Appreciated.

Statistics can never make people understand the Great Lakes. That it is 300 miles down Lake Michigan from Chicago to Manistique means little; that 600 feet of water is not an unusual depth; that the tonnage which goes through the locks at Sauff Ste. Marie makes the annual tonnage of the Suez canal seem insignificant—these things mean little in themselves. Try another: No equal area of water that rolls floats as much shipping in a year as does the Detroit river. That falls flat, too. The beauty of the Great Lakes cannot be compared to that of any other water in the world and carry meaning. Harold Titus writes in 'Everybody's'. They are things apart, an influence, a background for important cultural factors that are beyond statistics. There is no locality more American in America than the Great Lakes. The romance of exploration is largely forgotten by America as a whole; the Grand communities, once so picturesque, are thinning out, railroads have driven the trading hooker off this fresh water; fishing, for the most part, is today as efficient and commonplace as most forms of business; the great fleets of freighters go up and down, up and down, hardly noticed, rarely thought of, except by those directly interested in shipping. And yet the Great Lakes have their place in our civilization, and in time that place will be recognized and talked about and respected and the lakes themselves will be studied and appreciated and understood.

Surely, Inalienable Right.

Almost any child will do in a pinch. Old John Sisters of Richmond, in the days of long ago, was one of those "shifless" individuals, too trifling for words and of no value to himself or anybody else. His wife kept a railroad boarding house, and tolerated him about the place as a sort of safety valve for her temper and used him as an errand boy to run to the grocery. One afternoon, when it was about time to start the cooking for the evening meal, she could not find either him or the hired girl. At last she discovered them in the woodshed hugging and kissing to beat the band. The girl fled and left him to face the music alone.

"Here you are," cried his indignant wife, "mooning and spooning around with that young hussy, and me working the skin off my fingers to keep your worthless body and soul together! Now, ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Humph!" retorted old John, "I guess a man's got a right to some privilege in his own home, ain't he?" —Indianapolis News.

Leaderless Orchestras.

There must be no despotism of leadership, not even in art, is the decree of the soviets. So in Moscow they have concerts given by orchestras without conductors. The soviet papers insist that the performances were just as good; and, what is more, the dignity of the performers was safeguarded by the absence of the conductor, with his baton, a symbol of tyranny, intolerable to free men.

The soviet press adds that these performances constitute the musical as well as the political ideal.