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## FORTUNES IN IDEAS

### Simple Little Things That Haven't Been Invented.

### VARIOUS SUGGESTIONS.

Some of Them Likely to Bring Millions to the Persons Who Work Them Out—The Non-Refrilling Bottle One of Them—Devices Needed in Everyday Life.

There are lots of chances for inventors still. It is an old saying that the simplest devices are the ones which prove most profitable to their originators. The field is not yet exhausted, says the New York Sun.

For instance, it is asserted that the genius who conceives a process for loading coal on ocean going steamships which will effect a saving of one-half a cent a ton over the present methods employed can get a check for \$1,000,000 for his idea the minute he is ready to demonstrate the practicability of his plan.

But, valuable as would be such an idea, it is a question whether it would bring a larger price than a method of treating straw hats to prevent them from changing color with the weather.

There is also a demand in the American household as well as in large canning establishments for an effective and rapidly working device for sealing cans. Fully fifty patents have been granted for contrivances aimed to meet this want, but the ideal has not yet been reached.

A typewriter that will do its work without the present nerve racking clicking and clacking would bring a good return to the inventor and would bring as great a boon to humanity as a speechless barber.

In the airship field there is ample opportunity for fortune making, and the submarine boat can still be improved upon profitably. A flying machine that will go up and come down and a submarine that will go down and come up at the pleasure of the operator are mighty to be desired and would be of vast financial value.

The genius who contrives a motor actuated solely by the rays of the sun or the waves of the sea, and of practical use, is assured of a fortune and a niche in the Hall of Fame.

Shoe manufacturers have long sought a neat and durable substitute for leather, and they are willing to pay handsomely the man who solves this riddle for them.

Millions of dollars await the man who invents a substitute for coal. One of the biggest bills of the world of civilization is its fuel bill. Cut this down a trifle a year by any new means and a fortune surpassing Rockefeller's will be the award.

A device that will entirely obliterate the grating mechanical sounds of the talking machines will find a dozen bidders with certified checks waiting to purchase it.

The man who devises a method of cleaning a ship's bottom without docking it will never have to work another day in his life and can take a trip abroad in his own private yacht if he desires to do so.

It is estimated that millions of dollars are locked up in waste of various kinds from factories. Any scheme that will effectually utilize this waste and save the millions will fill the coffers of the inventor with coin.

Probably five hundred patents have been secured on non-reusable boxes and five times as many on non-refillable bottles, but no one of these meets all the requirements. The inventor of the perfect thing in either of these classes will live on the fat of the land for the rest of his days.

Automatic chicken pickers and oyster shuckers are in demand.

One of the ideas upon which the inventor may exercise his ability with profitable results if he is successful is an automatic gas cock that will shut off the flow as soon as the gas is extinguished.

There is a self-sharpening paper cutter which keeps its blade on edge through the very process of cutting paper. There is a tidy \$100,000 waiting for the man who can apply the same principle to scissors and shears.

A pen that will not corrode, a pin that will not dull, a gasoline for automobiles that will not smell, an ink that will not evaporate, coloring matter for light dress goods that will not fade, a self-lubricating sewing machine, an automatically puncture closing pneumatic tire for bicycles and automobiles, a perfect smoke consumer, a device for accurately timing camera exposures, a typewriter key that will not clog, and hundreds of other schemes that will add to the comfort and economy of living, are all waiting to be brought to that stage of perfection that will make them serviceable.

No Pleading a Woman.  
 "You were once so sunny and bright," he said, complainingly, "a regular ray of sunshine. What has changed you?"

"Yes," replied she, "I suppose I am what might be termed an x-ray or sunshine, but it is your constantly coming home cross that has spoiled my cheerfulness."

"Well!" exclaimed he, angrily, "if it is a woman's place to dispel her husband's gloom, isn't it the husband's business to furnish something for her to dispel?"

And he strode angrily away to his work, grumbling at the unreasonable nature of womankind.

## WHEN MEN ARE SHIPWRECKED

### That's the Time They Really Can Eat Their Boots.

Shipwrecked persons have been kept alive on the most repugnant and unwholesome of foods. Probably the hardest fare that six strong men and a boy of 15 ever kept alive on was the daily menu of the Windover's survivors, who were cast up on the Irish coast near Kilsagg not long ago. They lived sixteen days on stewed rope yarn.

When they took the ship's small boat they had water enough for a month but only a small amount of provisions. These lasted four days, after having nothing at all to eat for the following two days they tried toiling lengths of tarred hemp rope to pulp and swallowing it.

They had a keg of paraffin wax, which they boiled to add to the nourishment. The sickness they experienced as a result of the diet, says What-to-Eat, was only temporary and they landed in comparatively good health.

Capt. Maboly of the foundered steamer Gwallor and his second officer created a record less than two years ago by living for seventeen days on boot leather and a pint of water a day each.

Of course no teeth can tear cowhide boots, but they have to be cut up and shredded with a knife and the shreds chewed and swallowed. Boiling, even when possible, it is said, does no good, but takes from the nourishment of the boots. A few ounces of leather being very hard to digest, stay the stomach for fifteen or twenty hours.

A diet of boots and shoes is one of the commonest of last resource foods, and though it is hard for a well-fed person to imagine that any one could masticate and digest the leather, a pair of long sea boots will keep a man alive for a fortnight if he has a little water.

Two men who went to a small island off the Irish coast not long ago kept themselves going for ten days on a diet probably worse than this. They landed in a boat which was smashed by a wave on their trying to re-launch her, and they were kept on the bare rock island without food.

Fortunately there was a spring on the island, but nothing in the way of sea gulls, which they could catch, and nothing with which to make fire.

The best known and most useful of starvation diets for wrecked or castaway people, however, is that of barnacles. Three Englishmen and a crew of Lascars who had been forced to abandon the sailing vessel North Star a few months ago kept themselves going for more than a week on barnacles, and only two of the crew died.

The worst of this diet is that the barnacles give one internal cramps and cause an insufferable thirst, but they do nourish the frame. You have to reach under the vessel's side and pull them off, taking care not to leave the best half of them sticking to the planks.

**Hindu Plague Town.**  
 The ruined houses and temples which form the town encircle a great mass of rock that rises a sheer 300 feet above it, says the London Globe. This rock is crowned with an ancient fort, and with still more ancient temples, the summit being reached from the town by a great flight of worn and sun-beaten steps, cut in the face of the rock ornamented with carved archways and porches. The temples on the summit are Jain and Brahmin, and the great red stone fort was built by the mighty Mogul Emperor, Akbar the Wise. But all is now decay and desolation. In equal ruin lie the carved wonders of Jain, priests and pious Brahmin, with the inlaid marbles and arabesques of the Mogul emperors. Here the only inhabitants are the mangey hyena and the fierce panther, and perhaps some starving wretch, who having exhausted the generosity of his caste fellows has crawled up from the ruined town below to crouch in some dark recess and to die alone. It is but early March, but the heat is intense, already the blazing sun of an Indian summer beats down with a force that is not soon forgotten, while from the sun-beaten surface of the rock there seems to leap the fiery breath of 1,000 years of fierce sunshine and hot winds. Far down below the flat-topped roofs of the ruined houses shimmer and tremble in a haze of heat. Away on all sides the horizon stretches like a petrified sea, mile after mile of arid stony hills and barren plains, across which smoldering pillars of hot air and dust whirl in a mad dance mocking the empty fields and the withered trees, while the whole landscape trembles in intolerable glare. Down in the narrow stone-paved streets of the town miserable wretches who have never known the meaning of a good meal, mutter and stumble along in dimness misery. The air here is like a furnace; the minute shops, little dark stone recesses blackened with the smoke and toll of centuries, are mostly deserted, and if some poor wretch with the glazed eye of cholera or the crouching attitude and fetid breath of plague lies down in the gutter to die, the only interested spectators will be the great heavy-winged birds of prey, vulture-like, that with gorged clumsiness circle and wheel in a sky that is at once cloudless and colorless.

## MAKING A DEWPOND

### An Old Method of Securing Water Even in a Drought.

There is still in England at least one wandering gang of men who will construct for the modern farmer a pond which in any situation in a sufficiently dry soil will always contain water—more in the heat of summer than during winter rains.

According to an account given by G. Hubbard in Boston Post, this water is not derived from springs or rain fall, and is speedily lost if even the smallest rivulet is allowed to flow into the pond.

The gang of dewpond makers commences operations by following out the earth for a space far in excess of the apparent requirements of the proposed pond. They then thickly cover the whole of the hollow with a coating of dry straw. The straw in turn is covered by a layer of well chosen, finely puddled clay, and the upper surface of the clay is then closely strawed with stones.

Care has been taken that the margin of the straw is effectively protected by clay. The pond will gradually become filled with water the more rapidly the larger it is, even though no rain may fall. If such a structure is situated on the summit of a down, during the warmth of a summer day the earth will have stored a considerable amount of heat, while the pond, protected from this heat by the non-conductivity of the straw, is at the same time chilled by the process of evaporation from the puddled clay.

The consequence is that during the night the moisture of the comparatively warm air is condensed on the surface of the cold clay. As the condensation during the night is in excess of the evaporation during the day, the pond becomes, night by night, gradually filled. Theoretically, we may observe that during the day, the air being comparatively charged with moisture, evaporation is necessarily less than the precipitation during the night. In practice it is found that the pond will constantly yield a supply of the purest water.

The dewpond will cease to attract the dew if the layer of straw should get wet, as it then becomes of the same temperature as the surrounding earth, and ceases to act as a non-conductor of heat. This practically always occurs if a spring is allowed to flow into the pond or if the layer of clay (technically called the crust) is pierced.

**The Glasgow Way.**  
 If a child uses his pocket knife to cut the bark off a tree, or carve his name on a mahogany table, the knife is taken away from him, says the Glasgow Star. This removes the temptation to mischief, deprives him of the object with which damage was done and punishes him by keeping from him that with which he could have much innocent amusement. Glasgow applies this method to automobilists who offend. The penalty is imposed upon the machine and not the man. The automobile is seized and locked up for from 10 days upward, according to the gravity or frequency of the offense. The owner is thus deprived of that which he was not using rationally, and the public is saved the risk of having a dangerous machine in the hands of a thoughtless person.

If a man were caught lifting the dust of the Lachine rapids at the rate of 40 miles an hour in the spring and had his \$10,000 auto. taken away from him and kept all through the long summer months he would be likely to exercise greater care next season. It really looks as though the Glasgow bailiffs had discovered how to make the punishment fit the crime.

## Result of High Collars.

That high collars tend to produce nervous headaches among both men and women is the most recent discovery of a well known Viennese physician, says the Pall Mall Gazette. Quite accidentally the doctor's attention was directed to the very high and very tight style of collar worn by a patient who was always complaining of headaches and giddiness. The collar was laid aside, thus removing the compression of the neck, and the patient's headaches and giddiness disappeared. Struck by this result the doctor paid particular attention to the kind of collars worn by his "headache patients," and in very many instances the change to lower and easier fitting collars brought immediate relief. In the case of women wearing high stiff neckbands it was found that doing away with these had a similarly beneficial result. The doctor declares that nobody with any tendency to headache should wear high collars.

## A Prophetic Lullaby.

Miss Howe, a missionary from Japan, gave a series of talks to the woman's rights clubs of America on "Japan, From a Resident's Viewpoint." Among her tales of the Japanese people were many concerning the recent war.

"Shortly after the preparations for war with Russia had been made," she said, "the little Japanese boys began singing the sweetest lullaby-like song I ever heard. That song was heard everywhere, and remembering our own fondness of popular airs, I ventured to ask what this exquisite, crooning little 'hush-my-baby' tune might be. It was 'Bring your warships over here, and we'll smash 'em!'"

## REGULATING LEMON SUPPLY

### Where They Come From—How to Obtain a Valuable Resource in Olden Days.

Our lemon supplies are mostly garnered by Sicilian growers, says the London Daily Mail. The Messina and Palermo crops begin in November and sometimes last through the whole year, so that the same ship may bring the last cases of the old crop and the first of the new. Next to Sicily we depend upon Naples and the Neapolitan crop, which begins in the early spring, usually lasts until October but this year, again, Neapolitan lemons have lasted only until the beginning of September. Then comes Italy again, with Malaga, Murcia and Cartagena lemons, and the groves of Lisbon, practically complete the tale of our supplies.

California has, during the last thirty years, supplied some portion of the American demand, but the United States is not independent of the lemon groves of Europe, and it is the largest consumer of European lemons, with Great Britain a good second.

The confectioners take their share, though most of their supplies come in the form of pickled lemons and citrate of lime. The Messina lemons, having the most acidity, are the best for the purposes of the manufacture of citrate of lime, and it is in Messina that the lemons whose products are wanted by the confectioners are dealt with.

The pulp is there turned into powdered citrate of lime, as it is more convenient to export than the concentrated lemon juice from which the manufacturers derive their citrate of lime; and the rinds are put in brine and sent over to England to be turned into that adjunct to Christmas cheer, candied peel.

The essence of lemon is squeezed out of the peel by hand, Sicilian girls stand with a pile of peel cut into quarters at their side and before them is a sponge. That is all their apparatus. The squeeze each quarter of the rind and a jet of essence issues forth and is soaked up by the sponge. Then the sponge is squeezed out the costly essence is bottled, but thousands of lemons are necessary to fill a tiny vial.

The lemon tree is a frail plant and not so hardy as the orange. It is so used to the genial kindness of the sun that a nip or frost is fatal to it. One hour of frost on January 30 last year almost destroyed the Neapolitan crop, and though many of the trees recovered enough strength to put forth fresh leaves this year, they had not the strength to bear fruit, but by having rested they will be all the better next year, so that the crop of 1907 may be expected to reach a high level of abundance and quality. Last year, too, the fragrant lemon groves of the French Riviera were "definitely nipped in the bud." The valleys showed the black and leafless skeletons of trees that should have been in leaf and blossom and many of these, shrivelled past recovery, had to be uprooted.

The Neapolitan lemons are the finest of all and come when they are most wanted and other crops are over. But artifice and no nature regulates their maturity. In certain districts in Italy, particularly in Majori, they are grown on estates which once belonged to the ancient nobility of the land who in restless political times lived on their estates outside the city and cultivated lemon groves as part of the elegance of their pleasure gardens.

Here the trees are not allowed to grow beyond six or seven feet in height and the ripening fruit is artificially retarded by the trees being covered with white paper, supported on poles, so that when they ought naturally to be ripe they are kept immature and the terrace where they grow are cool and dark even in the sunny days of early summer. But in May the rushes are thrown aside and the sun pours down on the trees to ripen the fruit just at the time when the English and American summer demand is at its height. Thus the Naples lemons escape the danger of a glut and fetch highest prices when fresh lemons are most wanted.

## Future of Electricity.

Time was—and the youngest of us remember it—when electricity was regarded as an aristocratic luxury. To-day it is a democratic necessity. It produces the only artificial illumination which possesses the attribute of purity, cleanliness, convenience, beauty, and safety. It provides in a perfect form radiant and invisible heat. It is rapidly supplanting the old means of traction, while the extensive developments which are taking place in its application to factory power purposes proclaim the beginning of an era of greater industrial activity and prosperity.—Electrical Bulletin.

## Record in Bread Making.

An Erdington baker, Herbert Prosser, has distinguished himself by facing against time in the converting of a field of wheat into loaves. The on the field was purchased by Mr. Prosser, and cut, thrashed, winnowed, and baked by machinery. From the time that the last of the corn was gathered to the moment of its withdrawal from the oven in the shape of loaves, only three and a half hours elapsed. This Mr. Prosser claims, is a world's record. Five years ago a similar feat was performed but subsequent seasons have not been dry enough to allow of its repetition.

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