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**OVERCOMING DIPHTHERIA**

**The Introduction of Antitoxin Has Saved Life.**  
**HORSES USED IN TEST**  
 Death Rate Reduced From 50 to 10 Per Cent.—Why the Healing Serum Is Costly—Process of Manufacture—Objections Believed to Have Been Met.

A dozen years ago diphtheria was one of the most terrible maladies of childhood and of those who developed it fully 50 per cent died. Today the mortality is rather less than 10 per cent, and each year it sinks a bit more. For all this saving of lives humanity has to thank the men who devised and perfected diphtheria antitoxin says the New York Sun in about 50 per cent of all cases the blood produces enough antitoxin to overcome all of the toxin liberated by the bacilli. This explains the fact that before the present method of treatment was adopted 50 per cent of all patients recovered. In the other 50 per cent, the toxins overcome the antitoxins. In other words, half of all human beings who acquire diphtheria have a natural disposition to recover from it, while the other half have a natural disposition to die of it.

It is evident, however, that if we can help out the latter half by increasing their store of antitoxin artificially, we can aid them very much in their battle with the toxins and so give them a chance to win. Antitoxin is generated on a large scale in horses and injected into the veins of human patients to help out the antitoxin produced by their own blood.

The process of immunizing horses is elaborate and costly, and to this fact, as we shall see later on, is due the present high price of diphtheria antitoxin. First of all the bacteriologist in charge of the work must procure a good culture of virulent diphtheria germs.

This he gets from some human patient's throat, but before it is fit for use he must rid it of all other varieties of germs. To do this requires skill and time, but it can be done, and the result is always a strain of healthy and vigorous diphtheria bacilli.

These bacilli, when grown in some appropriate medium, produce toxin just as copiously as if they were growing in a human throat. As a rule, some sort of bouillon is the medium employed.

After the bacilli have been growing in it for four or five days it becomes thoroughly saturated with toxin. Then, by an appropriate device, the bacilli are killed and strained off, and the result is a strong solution of toxin in bouillon.

It is this bouillon which is employed in immunizing horses. A strong, healthy animal is chosen and enough of the bouillon to kill a guinea pig is injected into its blood. This is not enough to kill or even seriously inconvenience the horse, but all the same its blood begins forming antitoxin to fight the injected toxin. In three days enough antitoxin has been formed to overcome all of the toxin. Next day more bouillon is injected and this time the dose is larger. And so it goes, and so it forms enough antitoxin to overcome this larger dose of toxin, with very little difficulty.

Four days later a still larger dose is injected. After that, for six months, the process is repeated—always with larger and larger doses. By the end of the six months the horse is able to stand a dose of toxin which at the start would have killed it in a few hours.

**FACE ROCKS OF NATURE.**

**Specimen Profiles in the California Mountains.**  
 All outdoors is a puzzle picture, like those made for sharpening children's wits. Clouds pile themselves into fantastic shapes and cast weird shadows on the ground. Trees and shrubs mimic things of animal kind, and rocks assume forms so foreign to their substance that it seems as if only the hand of a master artist could have made them so.

There are many people in the world like Wordsworth's Peter Bell. A primrose by the river's brim A yellow primrose was to him, And it was nothing more.

To Peter Bell a rock's a rock, a tree's a tree, a cloud's a cloud, and it is nothing more. However, we are not all Peter Bells, and if we go to Mount Tamalpais we find some astonishing modellings by nature. Of these the most familiar are the Velled Prophecies and the Old Lady of Tamalpais. On a ragged cliff so high that the sequoias of Mill Valley seem like stunted shrubs, the bowknob of Tamalpais has a narrow ribbon and the Golden Gate but a shiny streak sits the Velled Prophecies of Tamalpais. Immovable insatiable sphinx-like, the faces of the sequoias is turned ever toward San Francisco, and only the winds from the ocean may gather from her lips the secrets of the future.

A few minutes' walk from the tavern of Tamalpais on the trail that circles the crest of the mountain brings us to the old lady that guards the path where it narrows on a rocky, sheer-walled ledge. The profile is perfect.

But Tamalpais has not the only collection of nature sculpture in California. There is the George Washington peak, about thirty-five miles northwest of Los Angeles, in the Santa Susana Mountains. A chiseled monument could hardly bear truer likeness to George Washington than does this rock.

With Squaw Rock comes a romance. A chief's daughter loved a white hunter. He died. She returned to her father's wigwam. The chief turned her out and she found a resting place in Russian River. When the Indian women went next day to the river for water they saw engraved on the rock where the river's course turns sharply the features of the chief's daughter. The Great Spirit had fashioned a marker for her grave.

But nature is versatile. Her rock pictures are not all alike. The caves of La Jolla are a style of art unique, distinctive. Looking out from within out of these great caves the entrance forms a perfect silhouette of a woman, tall stately, in trailing robes. Unlike the people of the mountain, this figure does not play at hide and seek. Perhaps she is the image of constancy, this White Lady of La Jolla—Sunset Magazine.

**Indian Medicine Man.**  
 Ernest Thompson Seton was talking about the Indian medicine man the other day.  
 "Did you ever notice," said he, "that the Indian doctor's two prime remedies are to-day the prime remedies of the most advanced medical science? They are massage and the vapor bath. The early explorers all ridiculed these two features of the medicine man's treatment as much as they did any of the rest, but enlightened physicians have adopted them now of course, the medical men practiced all sorts of fraud and deception. But they were shrewd judges of character, and that was the reason of their holding the positions they did. Here is an example of it:  
 "Running Deer and Lame Dog had a quarrel. It was smoothed over and forgotten. A year afterward Running Deer was found dead one morning in his tepee. The medicine man retired and remained invisible for two days. Then he called a council.  
 "When all were seated in order, he said, 'I have fasted and had visions, and knowledge has been granted to me. You see this knife. There are three spots of blood on this side the blade, three on the other side. I wipe off the blood; this side is clean, this side is clean. I put the knife behind me, so, in the council fire. Each man shall stand in turn. When the blood spots come back on the blade, that man will be the guilty one.'  
 "'Storm Cloud, stand up. No blood comes on the blade. Storm Cloud, stand down; you are not guilty.'  
 "'Blue Buffalo, stand up. No blood comes on the blade. Blue Buffalo, stand down; you are not guilty.'  
 "'Lame Dog, stand up. See, the blood comes back on the blade. Lame Dog is guilty.'  
 "Confronted by this supernatural proof of his guilt, Lame Dog broke down and confessed, and was thus brought to justice through shrewd judgment and a simple trick of sleight of hand."

**"Uncle" Russell Sage.**  
 The wasteful "bills" and "bears" of Wall Street, who generally live fast and exhaust their capital of cash and vitality in self-indulgence, are fond of jeering at "Uncle Russell" and calling him "miser" and other opprobrious names. The "accommodation" he affords them when in a "deal" fails to excite their gratitude, especially since they know he always gets back his money with good interest, while they often lose theirs. They are hardly just. If they had imitated their "uncle's" moderation they might hope perhaps to live and prosper as long as he. Whatever may be said of Mr. Sage's strong grip on the dollar, the figure of his last birthday clearly demonstrates the excellence of some points of his character.—Baltimore Sun.

**RISK OF NIGHT BANKING**

**Limitations Necessarily Placed on Customers.**  
**DIRECT BUSINESS ONLY**  
 A Haven of Refuge To Swell Restaurant Keepers Who Make money After Banking Hours—Every Transaction Scrutinized With Special Watchfulness.

Night banking seems now to be an established fact in New York, which in its business as well as in its pleasure, is gradually losing all sense of the curfew. The sight of brilliantly lighted counting houses with men within taking in and paying out money at all hours of the night quickly ceased to be a novelty. In fact, night banks are rapidly becoming a matter of fact as are the brilliantly lighted evening schools, which no doubt, had an uncanny look to the New Yorker of a previous generation, when the only other brilliant thing at night was the apothecary's shop, which itself closed early and relied on the ever-present "Night Bell" for late attacks of indigestion, says the New York Post. Of course, the owl wagon was in evidence for the belated appetite. But now, only the country cousin regards as strange the night bank, and the New Yorker long ago has classed along with the all-night restaurants, all-night dentists, late barber shops, and perpetual drug stores an institution which will minister to his late financial distress.

Three of these night banks are already in existence—one in Fifth Avenue, where the fashionable congregates at late hours; a second on Sixth Avenue, on the edge of the theatre belt, and the third located appropriately on Times Square—that strange little twenty-four-hour community where there is pretty nearly everything all the time except sleep. The others are immediately projected—one downtown for late newspaper workers; the other in middle Broadway.

And in this ministrations to those who wish to be wakeful, the night banks of New York are but another step in the progress against all that pertains to sleep part of a great night system which threatens physique, and makes young men look old in their early thirties. But the banks are not responsible. It is the night life which is responsible for the bank. If huge business is being transacted all around the bank, it means large sums of money taken in over the cashier's counter. And what is to be done with these sums—shall they be left in the little shop which does a large business between the end of ordinary banking hours and 7 P. M.? No—there are burglars and night fires even in New York. And the cashier of the bar, restaurant, or theatre is not too anxious to keep in his little safe several thousands of dollars which have come in since eight o'clock at night. To these, the night bank is a way out, and so in the early evening the small storekeeper who could not leave his shop before coming in to leave his money, or the servant who could not leave her mistress during the day drops in to buy a draft on Ireland or what-not place where the old folks are. And later come the theatre and restaurant men, glad to deposit and so be rid of the huge night receipts of their concerns. Possibly, this facility makes for calmer sleep for those who are thus freed from responsibility.

But there are limitations in night banking, just as there are limitations in day business—you can get a photograph taken at night, but it will be by artificial light, and not exactly the real day-time likeness. So there is a difference between day and night banking—for there are dangers in night banking not common to the daytime. The night bank, therefore, as a general rule, limits its transactions to its actual customers—cashes checks for its depositors when they present them in person, but withdraws its daytime cordiality to third parties who want checks cashed at night, and becomes very chary of accepting paper for others than the owners of the cash. And there is reason for this conservative attitude toward those outside of its family of depositors. There is the fear of the "stopped check," truly the night banker's bete noir. For the stopped check loves the night better than the day.

This and other difficulties probably explain why the banks joined the long procession of night industries so late in the game. And even now, because of these pitfalls, night banking remains far more conservative than its parent, which starts to the old-school hours. Every night transaction is scrutinized with special watchfulness, probably because the old middleage suspicion of night with its robber bands and its Turpins, has not been entirely dispelled even by day-like glare of the electric light and the increase in the city watch. Night still has about it a reminiscence of the marauder.

On the authority of the post we have it that "civilized men cannot live without cooks." No doubt they will be the next to raise their price 20 per cent.

**SAHARA GROWING DRYER.**

**French Observer Says the Oasis Are Fast Disappearing.**  
 C. F. Gautier, a French explorer is authority for the statement that the Sahara is continuously becoming drier to such an extent that the oases are perceptibly drying up and will disappear altogether in a relatively short time. He quotes historical records and physical signs to show that springs were at one time much more plentiful than now, and that the extent of the patches where vegetation flourishes were much greater even 50 to 100 years ago.

As the climate of the region has undergone no change in perhaps thousands of years, he believes that the disappearance of the water must be due to purely mechanical causes. He considers that it is due to the continual advance of the great sand masses to the north, thus forming an impermeable barrier against the watershed of the Atlas Mountains.—New York Sun.

**Cost of a London Muddy Day**  
 It has been calculated that the cost of a muddy day in London is something like \$25,000. This is not surprising, says Tit-Bits, when one remembers that no fewer than 32 tons of mud are carried about from place to place on the wheels of carts, and carriages and horses' hoofs. After a wet day the dry mud brushed from people's clothing amounts to 15 tons, and a very similar amount is shaken out of the door mats. City mud, however, has its good points. The shoeblack increases his earnings in the muddy weather, and new silk hats and dresses and boots and shoes are each and all the direct outcome of its destructive qualities.

**Canada's Lord Day Act.**  
 Canada's Lord's Day Act, provides that it shall be unlawful on Sunday to engage in any public game or contest for gain, or to be present at any performance or public meeting, elsewhere than in a church, at which a fee is charged, or to run, conduct or convey any excursion on which passengers are conveyed for hire or to advertise any performance, or to bring into Canada for sale or distribution or to sell or distribute on "the Lord's Day" any foreign newspaper or publication classified as a newspaper.

**Various Species of Roses.**  
 There are 200 species of roses in existence, though perhaps not more than 50 clearly defined families. Of these families two are of American birth. There are thousands of varieties, however, and of these our enterprising rose growers have contributed by far the largest proportion. The eagerly sought black rose is still unproduced, though a New York florist has a dark-red one which in some lights has the appearance of black velvet.

**Keeps the Careless in Tow.**  
 One of the pillars of the New York City ordinances is a traffic policeman stationed at Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street. He loses no opportunity of making war on persons who drop banana peels in the street. He pounces upon the offender and orders him to pick up the slippery menace to life and limb and to carry it to a receptacle for waste on the sidewalk.

**The Antique Craze.**  
 "The Great Western Railway Company," says the London Chronicle, demolished two quaint, old, semi-detached houses and a number of ancient cottages at Newbury preparatory to building a new station. The contractor has sold some thousands of the old tiles for shipment to America, there to be used in erecting "old world" houses."

**Harvest Worked By Ants**  
 The grounds about Loyola College, New Orleans, are infested by swarms of ants. They have driven all of the mocking birds and other useful or melodious feathered tribes of the air away. They climb the trees where nests are and so torment the mother birds, when brooding, that the nests are abandoned.

**Color Analysis.**  
 By subjecting minerals containing various metals to the spark of a high-tension induction coil characteristic colors are imparted to the spark by the different metals. It is not the heat that produces these colors but centrifugal force, which, like radio-active matter, puts the corpuscles of the molecule in motion.

**Dogs Have Motor Heart.**  
 English veterinary surgeons have discovered a new disease in dogs—motor heart. It appears that dogs are very fond of riding in motor cars, but that their hearts can't stand it. So their owners must either cure this appetite or expect early bereavement.

**Gipsies Cleverness.**  
 A caravan of about fifty gipsies arrived at Maubeuge, near Paris, to the great alarm of the inhabitants. The police decided to arrest them all. On the following day the gipsies asked for the morning papers to see what they were accused of.

**Holidays in Mexico.**  
 Mexico is pretty well fixed in the matter of holidays, there being 131 each year. There are 51 Sundays, 52 saints' days, 15 feast days, three holy days, three national holidays and six family feast days.

**TRAITS OF FIGHTING BULLS.**

**Easily Managed When Massed Together—Some Have the Evil Eye.**  
 In Spain accidents to bull fighters are of frequent occurrence, and it is interesting to see the hero of many fights swing into the chapel attached to the bull ring and kneel; before the effigy of the Virgin Mary before entering the arena.

Bull fighting is the national pastime. Boys play at it in the gutters, and there are bull fights for amateurs all over the country, at which only two-year-old bulls are used, and young and old descend into the arena. Astonishing is the enthusiasm, says the Nineteenth Century.

Interesting, too, is the psychology of bulls. When herded together they are docile enough, and it is a picturesque sight to see the bulls brought into the paddock, prior to the fight, through the streets of the city when all are sleeping. A cow trained to the business, with a bell around her neck, is all that is necessary, and the bulls follow quietly behind her.

In the pits where the bulls are reared men on horses manage them quite easily so long as they are massed together. Three bulls in the ring together would be useless for a fight, but each bull separately will fight to the death.

Bulls literally see red. Were it not that a bull will always dash at anything red the men in the ring would have no chance whatever. Occasionally bulls have what is called the evil eye, and remain indifferent to the red caps extended to them, and then the list of casualties is generally high. Sometimes a bull which has shown prodigious power and fight is pardoned by the populace. A cow, kept for the purpose, is sent into the arena, and at sight of her the bull forgets men and the fury of the battle and gently trots behind to the paddock, as meek as any heifer.

Many are the curiosities about bulls, which sometimes refuse to attack a particular horse, and when a man is down, motionless, disdain even to paw him. Some bulls make instinctively for one man, and will chase him all around the ring, leaping the barrier if he vaults over it, and if he falls will kneel upon his body and graze him to shreds. There is no mercy in bulls, and none is shown to them.

**50,000 Persons in Skyscraper.**  
 Wherever the fame of the New York skyscraper has spread some vague idea of the enormous capacity of these colossal structures must have been formed, but it is not improbable that few persons living right in the metropolis have ever made a careful study of the activities of these commercial centers.

Perhaps there are those who would laugh to scorn the statement that a single building in New York is entered daily by 50,000 persons, or as many as the entire population of Harrisburg, Pa., or other similar cities of the United States, like Houston, Texas, Akron, Ohio, Lincoln, Neb., and more than there are persons in cities of the size of Montgomery, Ala.

Wherever such a statement may be discredited it is necessary only to point out the fact that an accurate count was made one day by F. T. H. Bacon, superintendent of the Park Row Syndicate building, one of the most conspicuous of the New York skyscrapers, of every person who entered the elevators in that edifice. It was a simple matter to station guards at every entrance to the building and give each person entering a ticket, which ticket was taken up by the elevator drivers.

At the close of the day these tickets were counted and it was found that something more than 50,000 persons had ridden on the elevators that day. This is said to exceed the number of fares collected by the entire street car system of Nashville, Tenn., in a single day, this information coming from a former superintendent of the trolley service of that city who was subsequently employed as one of the agents of the Park Row skyscraper.—Success Magazine.

**Allen Mortals.**  
 Think for a moment of the narrow limits of our knowledge! Sixteen planet of ours; of what infinitesimal more or less, are picking up a living, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, on this pretty planet of ours; of what infinitesimal proportion can you really unveil the secrets and gauge the virtues and the happiness? How many people do you know intimately enough to say whether their lot is, on the whole, enviable or the reverse? Every human being is a foreign kingdom to every other. We make a short excursion into their minds; we touch at a port here and there; and we say glibly that we know them intimately. We know not how many dark corners are carefully hidden away from all strangers, and what vast provinces have never been reached in our most daring travels. How then, can we judge one another? Such utter ignorance of our neighbor's thoughts and motives should make us wondrous charitable.

Burbank has developed a new poppy. But he will never become entirely popular until he introduces a prettier and more fragrant rag-weed for the vacant lots.

Our loads lift us up to strength.