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TRAVELING BY ELEPHANT.

Uncomfortable Howdah—Fording Rivers and Passing Through Forests.

There were two elephants at our disposal and myself and the interpreter rode the first, each occupying half of the howdah. The howdah has a peculiar and objectionable habit of nearly succeeding in cutting your legs in two. If you hang your legs outside you may pad the edge as much as you like, but if you are new to the game you will wake in about half an hour from an uneasy doze with the painful conviction that the lower halves of your legs have dropped off, says a writer in the Singapore Press.

On squirting up into a position from which you can view the outside world you will see they are still dangle there, but with an irresponsibility which suggests that they have been frayed through to the last sherd. Abnormal efforts allow you to drag them safely inside and you think it will be better in future to keep them there. The elephant is almost as fine a vehicle to see the surrounding country from as a London bus and there is a considerable element of excitement in his progression. The elephant I rode had a fatal habit when it came to a river bank or bit of rough ground of looking around and picking out what seemed the worst bit he could see.

When one side of a river it seemed as if he was engaged in trying to stand on his head and I could look out of the howdah, although I was lying there-in, and observe the first darting over the stones in the water just under my lord's noble forehead. More than once on these journeys the beast would patiently slouch through the trees and bushes off the track in search of something edible quite regardless of the fact that the branches threatened to sweep howdah and everything else over the stern.

But one of the most peculiar sensations was when they took it into their heads to have a scratch against the telegraph poles. It would be a wonderful line which could withstand the solid work the elephant expects its posts to carry out and when the number two beast leaned too, and the post snapped I could almost see the mild and somewhat indignant surprise reflected from one intelligent face to the other.

BEAR HUNT IN INDIA.

Din Made by Beaters Drives the Quarry to Sportsman's Rifle.

The beaters arrived at camp the following morning. They began to count in twos and threes, then in fives and sixes, and finally in dozens, so that by the time breakfast was over the entire male population of some three villages was grouped about my tent.

With the help of the shikaris fifty of these were selected and each received a slip of paper bearing my signature, for when they came for their wages at the end of the day I did not wish the friends and relatives of the beaters as well as the beaters themselves turning up for payment.

The din these fifty souls succeed in making as they move in a long line up the base and two sides of a wooded nullah shrieking, howling, cackling, setting off firecrackers and beating tumtums, is enough to drive any self-respecting bear out of his senses.

An army of battleshouting devils could hardly create a greater amount of uproar, nor is it at all surprising that the bear should find a pressing engagement elsewhere at the earliest possible moment after finding his nullah thus rudely invaded. It turns down the nullah he encounters the invading army; if he tries to escape by the sides he is met and driven back by beaters already posted. Therefore he does the most natural thing in the world by fleeing up the centre of the nullah, directly away from the oncoming din.

At the top of the cleft stands the sportsman. The undergrowth probably prevents the sportsman seeing the bear or the bear seeing him until they actually meet. Waiting Magazine.

Old French Dial Ring.

"A dial ring," said the curo dealer "A French dial ring of the eighteenth century. You can tell the time with it."

The ring, of gold, was beautifully chased, and where the stone sparkles usually there was set a tiny sundial. "All you have to do," said the dealer, "is to stand in the right way, holding the dial so that the sun strikes it, and a tiny shadow will tell you the hour."

"Such a ring," he continued, "is more a curio than an accurate timepiece. It is only good in the locality it is made for and even there, unless it is set toward the right point of the compass, it will be several hours out of the way."

Knee Breeches at London Opera.

There is no denying the fact that the wearers of knee breeches for evening dress are on the increase. There were counted no fewer than sixteen in the foyer at Covent Garden when "La Boheme" was given. Most of these were black silk, but there was one pair of black velvet.

Braiding to dress trousers will remain in favor next season, either two very narrow braids or one equally narrow alone.

Soft pleated dress shirts are also growing in popularity.

The popular dress tie of the moment is one of soft, hairline cambric, self tied and with the ends slightly enlarged, although not quite to the same extent as the batwing shape.

HOW SALMON ARE CANNED.

Even One of the Small Canneries Handles 10,000 Fish Daily.

Nobody unfamiliar with the Pacific Coast can realize in what enormous numbers salmon are there caught. One dismisses with an incredulous laugh travelers' tales of the salmon jostling one another out of the crowded Fraser River in their haste to get up stream, an Englishman all the time thinking of the Fraser as like a Scotch salmon river.

Though it would take a good many fish to fill a Scotch river so full, yet even then it could not accommodate enough to keep one of the smaller Canadian canneries at work for a season.

At one of these smaller canneries, 10,000 to 12,000 fish can be dealt with in a day in a busy season, and there are canneries, some of enormous capacity, all along the coast in the States as well as in Canada.

Yet, in spite of the multitudes of fish taken there does not seem to be any diminution in the numbers left. The Dominion Government enforces close times strictly, says the Queen, and much is also done in fish hatcheries to protect the young fish till they grow sizeable, salmon may be only netted for a few weeks in July and August.

Even then there is a close time from 6 o'clock every Saturday morning till 6 o'clock on Sunday night. It is a pretty sight on a Sunday, when the sun begins to dip, to see the feet of fishing boats all out on the broad, smooth Fraser River; waiting to cast their nets. The moment the 6 o'clock gun is fired at New Westminster. The fishermen are mostly Japanese.

This is only one fishing ground out of many, and the Steveston canneries on Puget Sound a few miles from ride out of Vancouver City, though the largest in Canada, are by no means the only flourishing businesses of the kind. Steveston is quite a large town, a Chinatown in great part, for Chinamen and native Indians do most of the canning work. The Indian settlements are quite deserted in the summer time, except for a few old women and children, for every man, woman, or girl who can hold a knife is sure of employment at the salmon canneries.

In Vancouver in the canning season it is almost impossible to get a man's face for cooks are generally Chinese, and they like the change of employment, besides, they earn high wages and are sure of being welcomed back again when the salmon has gone down to the sea and the works are shut till next year.

When the fishing boats have taken in their haul they set sail for the Steveston wharves and the salmon is flung out in great heaps—hundreds, thousands of them on the wide floor, men wading in them knee deep, heaping them up conveniently for the machines and the men and women to begin work.

Several kinds of salmon there are and two are easily pointed out. The spring salmon is best in flavor and is the only sort served on British Columbia tables, but it is pale colored and the ignorant public will not buy it, so it is not used for canning. The sockeye is what is canned; it is more abundant, with deep red flesh, and all the fish are of a size.

Some of the spring salmon are larger than others and most of them are larger than the sockeye, but their spring salmon vary in age and sockeyes are all just 4 years old.

MODERNIZED SUN-DIAL.

Ancient Method of Telling Time Is Useful Still.

It seems odd to read in "Engineering" that the modern man of business in his week-end retreat, as well as the owner of a country estate, with his motor cars, wants to know the time with greater certainty than clocks and watches can give it, and to find there recommended to start— a sun-dial! Hundreds of modern reproductions of the various forms of old sun-dials have, says the writer, been set up partly for use and partly for ornament, but their usefulness is materially reduced by the difficulty of setting such dials with sufficient accuracy, and by the cumbersome, arithmetical figuring entailed before Greenwich time is found. The heliometer recently exhibited at the Royal Society's soiree, overcomes these difficulties. A simple operation of leveling sets the instrument, which indicates Greenwich time with a direct simplicity only approached by a perfectly-regulated clock.

"The idea is, that the heliometer shall serve as a standard of reference for correcting clocks and watches at convenient intervals—say once or twice a week—and the experience of the last two years proves that when once the clocks and watches have had their regular set in accordance with the heliometer observations, their indications of time may be relied on for the few days which may elapse between the observations.

Peruvian Sand Dunes.

The crescent-shaped sand dunes which move in thousands across the desert of Islay, near La Joya, Peru, have been investigated by Astronomer S. I. Bailey, who found the points of a crescent to be 160 feet apart, while the convex side measured 477 feet, and the greatest width was more than 100 feet. The estimated weight was 8000 tons, yet it was carried 125 feet a year by the prevailing south winds.

HOW DIVERS ARE TRAINED.

Schools in England—How Science Has Helped Them to Work in the Sea.

The Admiralty trains divers, and every British warship carries at least one representative of the craft and frequently more. There are training schools at Portsmouth, Devonport and Sheerness.

One of the difficulties with which divers have to contend is probably not realized by a landsman, namely, that the greater the depth the greater is the pressure of water on the man's body, and the greater the labor and exhaustion of working. The naval authorities limit their men to a depth of 120 feet. The greatest depth to which a man has descended is said by Siebeck to have been 204 feet, and the pressure at that depth was extraordinary, namely, 13.832 pounds to the square inch. One wonders how any human being could stand it. Twelve fathoms, or about seventy feet, would be enough for most men. The ears and nose would probably begin to bleed and the pressure on the head would be very serious. A practiced diver can, of course, descend much deeper without such unpleasant sensations.

His dress is more than a hundred pounds. It is of tanned bull and rubber and made in one piece with a big opening at the neck. The helmet is of copper and screws on to the shoulders so tightly that the water cannot penetrate the joint. Air is pumped down to him by a pipe made of canvas and rubber and outlet valves which only open outwardly, are placed at convenient places to permit the vitiated air to escape. These valves are extremely important, as by them the diver can regulate his supply of air.

In addition to this pipe the diver has a lifeline enabling him to communicate with his assistants above water. This was formerly done by a series of conical tags or jerks on the line, but the method is being superseded as a means of communication by the telephone, the wires being conveyed by the lifeline. He therefore presses the button and talks as if he were in the city.

Another great improvement is the use of the electric lamp though, in some West Indian waters a diver can see clearly for some distance. In other waters, again, the darkness is intense twenty or thirty feet down. The weight of the dress is extraordinary, and it is necessary to enable the diver to maintain his stability. His helmet weighs considerably over a quarter of a hundred weight, and his boots taken together amount as much while if they are not sufficient he claps lead upon his shoulders.

PAVED WITH BUFFALO SKULLS.

Wealth Thrown Away by Early Bone Hunters of Kansas Prairies.

Though comparatively few people know it, there was a day when Seneca street on the west side was paved with Buffalo skulls and horns, and many a horse has been snugged by the crooked horns which stuck up through the road in muddy times. For a long time in an early day all travelers by wagon to the West avoided this street on this account.

In the light of subsequent values this was the most expensive pavement on earth. A pair of buffalo horns and the head of an animal of that breed would easily bring \$400. Thousands of them were thrown away in an early day, and it happened that Seneca street was the dumping ground for them.

When the first settlers struck this part of the country farming was virtually impossible, and mighty little of it was done at the start. One of the first things the newcomers learned was that he could sell buffalo horns in Wichita, and as the prairies were covered with them he loaded up his wagon with the only crop in sight and drove in. Everybody did it.

When Senator Hemenway of Indiana who had a claim in Harper county in those days, begins to talk about his Kansas experience the first thing he recounts is that he hauled buffalo bones to Wichita. Nearly all the newcomers believed they could sell skulls and horns, too, so they brought them along with the rest of the bones. But there was no market quotations on skulls and horns, and the city authorities made the newcomers take them out of town on their return trips. Some one started dumping at Seneca street then a country road and section line and everybody followed his example.

It is a singular thing, but no old settler seems to remember what was given for a load of buffalo bones in those days. About the only man who seemed to put a value on the skull and horns at that date was Father Bliss, an ancient character who lived in a queer little house which stood on the corner of First and Main streets. A peculiarity of the house was that it had a curved roof like a house boat. Father Bliss had a weakness for collecting the larger Buffalo heads and piling them on his roof, much to the amusement of the citizens.

The buffalo bones were collected here by the ton and shipped to New England and made into buttons and like articles. This trade followed the heavy transactions in hides and robes which wiped out the American bison. It was a commercialism which took everything even his bones, for profit, but stupid as commercialism usually is, threw away the heads, which are now the most valuable.

No matter how much a man loves a woman she thinks he ought to love her more.

STEEL, PAST AND PRESENT.

In the Good Old Days Every Gentleman Carried a Sword.

Not many men carry a knife these days, and if they do it is usually only a small penknife, a two-bladed affair, with a silver or pearl handle, one blade for sharpening pencils and for cleaning the nails, and the other for cutting fruit. The big jackknife with an edge like a razor is seldom seen these days. Men now are strenuous and do not sit down to write and talk politics as once was the popular pastime.

Fashions have changed greatly concerning this matter of carrying steel, says the Boston Globe. Once upon a time he was a gentleman who had a sword by his side. It was a hard blow to some of the gentry of old Salem when fashion decreed that they must give up their favorite blades. Hawthorne, in his picture of Salem, mentions swords as part of the correct costume of many gentlemen. And there are eyes of today, some interesting specimens of swords worn in old New England and now contained in the collection of the Essex institute.

If one is at all interested in swords and knives there are some specimens in Salem which will engage his attention for as long a period as his time will allow. In the Peabody museum are some of the most curious knives in the world, the sacrificial blades of African savages, several blades of the Stanley expedition. They are most curious—many of them have irregularly shaped arms from their chief blade. Then there are some remarkable swords from Japan. A ceremonial sword is about 14 feet long, and one waits by the dozen, aren't even very likely two men had to handle it. In contrast with this monster sword are tiny swords, so slender that the American would consider them paper cutters but to the Japanese were deadly weapons, for they were used for thrusting into the skull, and a stab in the brain is as fatal as a stab in the heart.

A blade that is likely to interest many a man is the Chinese razor. This razor is shaped like an American razor, except that it is much shorter but it never was concealed and however its Chinese owner ever managed to get a shave with it is more than an ordinary observer can understand. It looks as if it might cut butter, but not bread.

SPARKING DISTANCES IN OIL.

That of the Olive Shows Lowest Insulating Power.

A large number of various oils have been examined with respect to their dielectric strength by E. Jona, the famous electrician of Germany. The charges were derived from an alternating current transformer, yielding voltages as high as 160,000. The oils differ greatly in their insulating powers, but the curves indicating the relation between voltage and maximum sparking distance all tend to become straight lines at voltages higher than 80,000.

Natural olive oil shows the lowest insulating power. Benzol and fused paraffine are at the other extreme, and of these benzol only shows a slight increase of sparking distance for the higher voltages. It begins at 44 centimeters, and only rises to 47 centimeters at a voltage of 160,000. The sparking distances in air show a very much greater increase with voltage than those in any liquid, but they also tend to a straight curve at the higher voltages.

All desiccated oils show a smaller change of sparking distances with the voltage than the corresponding oils do in their ordinary state. Toluol, xylol, and solution of colophony in xylol have nearly the same insulating power as benzol; but the modern vaseline oils used for transformers closely approach them. Benzol is, in any case, too dangerous on account of its inflammability.

To Determine the Age of Pewter.

It has been truly said that "no hard-and-fast dogmatic propositions can be accepted" as regards the age and makers of pewter. At least nine tenths of the pewter of today is without a mark of any description, so that the only way to determine the period to which it belongs is to study the history of pewter and then to arrange the dominant facts in the proper chronological order. For example:

"Straight or slightly curved lines preceded swelling curves; flat, undorned lids came before domed tops with knobs or crests; few and simple moldings were the forerunners of many and elaborate ones.

"A vessel with the lower part of the handle attached directly to the body is older than the one having a handle connected with it by an intervening peg or strut. The Scottish 'quagh' differs from the porringer, often incorrectly called a bleeding vessel in that the former is rounded-bottomed, the latter flat, and the handles or lugs were always plain, not pierced or otherwise ornamented.

"The older a plate is the broader the brim and the heavier the metal from which it is made." This returns chiefly to large plates."

Motor Cars for Ammunition.

Trials to test the ammunition carrying capabilities of motor cars in war time have recently been going on between Berlin and Kiel. According to report, three cars transported altogether 51 tons of munition, and this is considered to be satisfactory.

COLLEGE GIRLS CARELESS.

The Matron Moans Over the Things That Are Left Behind.

"My troubles begin with vacation," said the matron in a girls' college. "Don't talk to me about the carelessness of boys—they aren't in it with the girls. Maybe it is because we expect more of the girls. Here's my experience; judge for yourself: The first crowd got off on the special, which left at 7 P. M. Before 8 next morning I had telegrams galore. Jewelled fraternity pins, lace waists, a princess gown left hanging in a closet, a diamond ring and an opal necklace were a few of the things telegraphed for. One student left five shirt waists, her new gymnasium shoes and all of her small things—a washcloth, toothbrush, soap cup, whiskbroom, and never even wrote for them—forgot she ever had them, I guess."

"Do you know, I don't believe ten girls in the whole college had more than two-thirds of their belongings. They all left all their toilet articles. I think college life makes girls careless and slipshod. I asked the dean if one of the girls was very wealthy. 'Why, no, I don't think so—they are comfortably fixed, I believe, but not rich. What made you ask?'

"What made me ask? That girl left six almost new pairs of shoes, two bats, all her towels, curtains, shoe bags (they all have those), two silver spoons, a lot of books, a beautifully carved sandalwood box and expedition. They are most curious—not set them in her trunk, she said. Do you wonder I thought her family must be rich?"

"Sweaters, hot water cags, handkerchiefs by the dozen, aren't even written for. One girl did write for her Bible she had forgotten and needed very much. When they leave their valuable things we send them C. O. them paper cutters but to the Japanese were deadly weapons, for they were used for thrusting into the skull, and a stab in the brain is as fatal as a stab in the heart. It's a grand harvest for the maids. They find more than they can carry away. After a while they stop taking powder, shoe polish, black, brown and white bottles, which hasel camphor, alcohol and tonics—never heard of so many kinds of tonic. They look with scorn on nail brushes and tooth powders. They really have more towels, handkerchiefs and washcloths than they can carry away. It seems an awful waste to me to have good things go in the trash hampers when I know all the mothers aren't rich and many have denied themselves to send their daughters to college."

WORK TREATMENT IN DISEASE.

Successful With the Mentally Affected and Alcoholics.

Some interesting experiments conducted at the State Institution at Mauer Oehling have completely demonstrated the great value of work as a means of healing in various forms of chronic illness, especially in mental and nervous disorders, alcoholism and epilepsy.

Under the supervision of Dr. Starlinger, the chief of the institution, no less than 54 per cent of the patients are engaged in some kind of occupation. The majority are employed in farm, dairy and garden work, while others turn their attention to mechanical trades, including the production of a newspaper, which is printed and also largely written by the inmates.

It has been found that the mentally-affected and those suffering from alcoholism make the most willing and efficient workers. Work has a quieting influence and renders the patients much more satisfied.

The favorable effect on their physical condition is shown from the fact that the number of deaths from tuberculosis has steadily decreased since the introduction of the work treatment, although the number of patients has constantly increased.

One other good effect of the work treatment is that the general public are found to lose much of their dread of asylums when they see the patients engaged in some useful occupation.

Some Japanese Proverbs.

Speak of a man, and his shadow comes.
A tongue of three inches can kill a man of six feet.
The fly finds the sore spot.
A small-minded man looks at the sky through a reed.

A woman to rule is as for a hen to crow in the morning.
Good doctoring needs not half from marvels.

Love flies with the red petticoat (only unmarried girls wear this garment.)
If you hate a man let him live. Many words, little sense.
To be over polite is to be rude.
The doctor cannot cure himself. Hell's torments are measured by money.

There are thorns on all roses. Inquire seven times before you believe a report.

He is a clever man who can preach a short sermon.
Treat every old man as thy father. A man who lends money to a friend will never more see his friend nor his money.

Thine own heart makes the world. The poet at home sees the whole world. The throne of the gods is on the brow of a righteous man.—The Heaperian.