

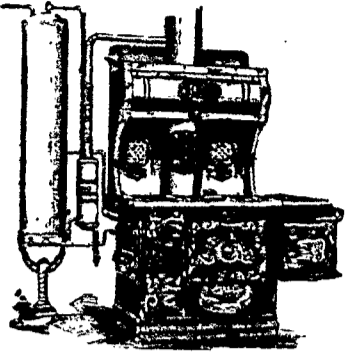
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The First Canning

[A Fairy Story with a Proverb.]

Centuries ago in the heart of a very prosperous country lived a poor farmer's daughter, who toiled from early morning until sunset. Her father and mother died when she was a slip of a girl, and to keep from starving she had done the work of a man. She rose at the peep of dawn to gather her morning's produce, and by a o'clock she had harnessed her one poor horse to a solitary tumbledown wagon and was always first in the village with her vegetables and fruits.

One year, when there had been a great plenty, Meg this was the girl's name, noticed that morning after morning a green worm slid off the radishes as she dug them up. It dropped from the beautiful ripe tomatoes as she plucked them. Sometimes she encountered it in the orchard among the apples and peaches and pears. At last one day she caught one of these strange visitors and was about to tread him under foot when a voice arrested her.

"Do not kill me," it said, "many will come in my place. I am the advance guard of a great army, and I warn you to gather what you can this year, or my people will come hungry and they will leave a famine behind them."

"But I have more fruit and more vegetables than I can use, how can I keep them for a whole year without rotting?" asked Meg, scarcely able to believe what she heard.

"Speak to the Old Woman by the Well, she can tell you."

So saying, he slipped away, and Meg, after a day's hard work, went down to the little hut by the well, which was avoided by the villagers because the Old Woman was supposed to be a witch.

She found her bending over a strange brew on her fire. It had a pungent sweet odor, the air was full of it and it aroused her on her fire. It had a pungent, sweet odor, the air was full of it and it aroused Meg's hunger.

The Old Woman added to her guest, but went on stirring.

"What is that?" asked Meg, curiously.

"Jam," replied the Old Woman.

"Taste it."

"I never heard of Jam before," said Meg drawing back.

"Didn't you? It's good."

"What's it made of?" asked Meg.

"These are peaches, you can use blackberries or currants, or raspberries or apples, anything. But what do you want?"

"To learn your secrets," said Meg.

"There will be a famine next year," "Then come." She led the way and Meg found herself in a room lined with jars of stone and glass, filled with fruit and vegetables, preserved in their natural color.

"If you were rich," she said, "you should not know my secrets, but make haste and lay in your harvest. Do not leave it for the birds to peck at. Work now, that you may play hereafter."

Her keen old face beamed with such genuine good will that Meg went home with a light heart, though she had to work now harder than ever.

The famine came, and the worm had foretold, and the king of the country did not know which way to turn to save his starving subjects. At last he issued a proclamation that whosoever could provide his people with food for the space of a week, until help came from his neighbors, should enjoy every benefit in his kingdom and be raised to the highest rank in his court.

Then the Old Woman at the Well said "It is our time." And she took from a chest strewn with sweet smelling herbs a gown of shimmering satin.

"Loosen your braided locks," she said to Meg, and the farmer's girl's wealth of golden hair fell in a bright shower. She put on the gown, and straightway forgot that she had ever labored in the fields.

"Now go your way to the castle, and tell the king of your treasure," said the old woman, and taking the trailing skirt over her arm, Meg went like a deer up the hillside. They saw her coming and sent a retinue to meet her, while the king received her as if she were a royal princess.

THE HUNGARIAN CHEMIST

A Recent Discovery Said to Make Roads Durable and Germ Proof.

The Hungarian chemist, Brun, says he has discovered a liquid chemical compound which renders certain kinds of matter proof against the effects of time. He asserts that it doubles the density of nearly every kind of stone, and renders it water-proof. It imparts to all metals qualities which defy oxygen and rust. It is also a germicide of hitherto unequalled powers. The professor says that while traveling in Greece some twenty-five years ago he noticed that the ruins in stones of ruins which were known to be over 2,000 years old was as hard, fresh and tenacious as if it had been made only a year. He secured a piece of the mortar and has been working on it ever since until now, when he says, he has discovered the secret. The compound is a yellow liquid, which the professor has christened "sorena." He describes the following experiments: a piece of ordinary and easily breakable slag after immersion in "sorena" defied the full blow of a hammer. There was the same effect on ordinary bricks and a block of red jarrah wood. All three were then immersed in water for a long time. When taken out and weighed with delicate scales the presence of a single particle of added moisture could not be detected. Two pieces of steel submitted to an ammonia test equal to five years exposure to the air emerged from the bath as they entered it. An ordinary table knife which had lain open five months did not show the slightest stain. Professor Brun asserts that he will be able to make roads dust, germ and water proof, thus giving a commercial value to hundreds of millions of tons of slag which is now useless to the mining and smelting districts. His discovery will, at the very least, says, double the life of metals exposed to the air, such as in bridges, railroads, vessels and tanks.

UTILIZING THE HIGHEST LAKE

Is a Source of Motive Power for the Peruvian Railway.

Lake Titicaca, the largest lake in Peru and the highest navigable lake in the world, will shortly be utilized as a gigantic power generator to supply motive force for the Southern railway of Peru, and probably also to provide electricity for lighting and other purposes in the Republic.

M. Emilio Guarini, a well known electrical engineer, who has been commissioned by the Peruvian Government to estimate the resources of the lake, has returned to London from his mission full of enthusiasm.

At present the Southern railway of Peru consumes on the average about 140 tons of coal a day. The cost of this by the time it has been transported to the place of use, has amounted to \$2 a ton. This means an average expenditure of \$280 a day, or \$102,200 a year for motive power on the railways.

The interest on the capital necessary for the installation of electric power would, according to M. Guarini, fall far below this sum, and in addition the electrical supply could be used for other purposes.

The Physician's Right to Kill. Discussing an article by Dr. I. Agresti in "La Revue" (Paris).

A. Agresti writes, in "Italia Moderna" (Rome), on "The Right of Homicide"—in other words, the expediency of physicians practicing euthanasia, hurrying the demise of hopelessly afflicted patients.

The Italian writer thinks the world would become ridiculous if every one were reduced to normal—as Lombroso would have it, "if there were not some deformed that would permit us to appreciate beauty; if there were not some assassin to teach us the value of life, and some genius to tell of its joys and its sorrows. That which counts in society, and lends ever to count more, is the individual." But when the human organism is hopelessly deranged, and death must ensue shortly, there come the right and the duty to prevent too atrocious suffering. Euthanasia is self would choose the quick or end, but all administer the dose that prolong the life and the suffering.

But when shall the decision for euthanasia be made, and by whom—the patient, the doctor, the family? Who knows when death is certain? Come soon? Many difficult questions arise. This writer thinks the physician should be judge, with a consultation, perhaps furnished by the municipality, and not always the same persons. The family should be consulted, not as to when, but as to the willingness and advisability. The patient might be consulted as to the administration of the last sacrament, but often his true state is concealed from him, and his merciful ending might be also.

As to the how, Signor Agresti would put it all in the hands of the physician. "He should put the patient into the eternal sleep without saying to any one: I come for this. His action should be sudden and mysterious, like death, and, like death, beneficent."—Review of Reviews.

Wear on Wooden Pavements.

In provincial towns in England the crocotted soft wood pavement has a life of from twelve to fifteen years and hard woods from fifteen to eighteen years. At St. Pancras, London where there is a traffic of 411,212 tons per yard of width per annum the greatest wear of the Australian wood tarrah was 0.18 inch, or less than one-fifth of an inch each year.

TEXAS AS ORANGE STATE

Claims That California Has Three Freezes to One on the Gulf.

Texas is a mighty big state, and her people are doing all they can to persuade Northerners to settle where there is room and to spare. Recent Texas newspapers report the arrival at Houston and Galveston of thousands of home-seekers. In Houston such visitors are greeted with roses, each home seeker receiving one, the product of the home gardens in mid-winter. It is claimed that hundreds of these prospective settlers had sold their farms in the North and stood ready to buy in the Lone Star State. "They prefer working a ten-acre tract that will produce as much as twice that acreage in the North, and putting the rest in their pockets." Meanwhile attention is called to the growth of the orange industry in the Texas coast country from the Sabine to the Rio Grande. It is claimed that the California orange district has three frosts and freezes to one in the Texas coast country, and that the quality of the Texas yield is the best.

This Ever Happens to You?

"Here, girl," called out the man in the restaurant, sharply, glaring at the little waitress from over the top of his menu, "aren't you going to take my order today? I've been waiting here for about ten minutes to give my orders to somebody."

The girl, hustled over to his table, "What will you have?" she inquired. The man continued to look at the sheet of food quotations.

"Hum," he grunted, apologetically. "I have not decided what I want yet. 'I'll be back in just a minute,' said the girl. "You can be pickin' out what you want." And away she went. The man scowled after her and then went at the job of picking out enough things for a meal. It was some minutes before the girl got back, but the man didn't say anything. It's embarrassing sometimes not to have your order ready.

Fishing By Telephone.

Consul Louis Goldschmidt, of Nantes, France, makes the report that a new method of fishing has just been invented in Norway. A microphone, the role of which consists in amplifying submarine sounds, is shut up in a chain, water-tight steel box and kept in constant communication by metallic wires with a telephonic receiver installed on the fishing boat. It is stated that with this apparatus the fisherman is always informed of the approach of fish. Moreover, it is said that each kind of fish gives in the instrument a particular sound. Thus the arrival of herring is signaled by a sort of whistling; the codfish announces its arrival in the neighborhood by a sort of grunting.

What He Needed.

Supt. McLaren, of San Francisco's system of public parks, was inspecting the work of restoring Union Square to its former beauty, now that the little St. Francis has been removed.

"I'm for hevia, this an out; it's a bum little bush," remarked a gardener with a brogue.

"Which one?" inquired McLaren. "You don't mean this beautiful little Scotch heather? All it needs is more water, and it will grow as tall as you are."

"You're not very tall yourself, Mr. McLaren."

"Not extraordinarily so."

"I say, Mr. McLaren," reflected the gardener, thoughtfully, "did you ever try water yourself?"

The Ideal Listener.

An attentive listener is a joy, but an inattentive one is a trial to the soul. Listen with your eyes, your whole face, your heart and your mind and you will achieve a triumph. Look directly at the person talking to you and never allow your gaze to be deflected to other things which may be happening about you, for this at once shows lack of genuine interest in what is being said to you, and naturally gives offense.

Italian Villa Habit.

It is impossible for the Italians to get away from their villa habit. In Italy every little shanty you meet on the roadside is villa something or other, the smaller the shanty the longer the name. Down in Grand-street you come across the grandiose names of Villa Penza, Villa Gordinolo, Villa Mercaroni above the massiest of small places, where they dish you up spaghetti for the sum of ten cents with a small glass of wine for five.

Japanese Sleeve Dog.

The Japanese spaniel, or sleeve dog of Japan, is one of the long-eared varieties which is much admired. They have been bred to accommodate and many discouragements have been met with in their introduction. They have large heads, with big dark eyes set wide apart and very full. Their little tails curl up over their backs like feather dusters. One pound is the true sleeve-dog weight.

Names of Provinces.

Names of Chinese provinces have a personal interpretation, the same as Indian names. For example, the Kansuh province signifies Sweet-Sedate, while Chih Li translated, reads Direct Rule, and An-Hwei means Peace-Glory.

Not a Bark.

"Then you don't have any dog watch on this crazy," inquired the anxious passenger, according to a writer in Life. "No, this is a dog boat."

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