

THE FIRST WATCH AND CLOCK

Working of Earliest Alarm Clock Considered Wonderful—When Second Hand Was Introduced.

Since celebration are the order of the day who not observe the sixth century of the introduction of clocks? It was, we are told, in 1309 that the first clock known to the world was placed in the tower of San Eustorgio, in Milan.

The greatest astonishment and admiration were manifested by crowds who came to see the timepiece. In 1344 a clock was installed in the palace of the nobles at Padua. This was a wonder of mechanism indeed, for besides indicating the hours it showed the course of the sun, the revolutions of the planets, the various phases of the moon, the months and the fetes of the year.

The pride of the evolution from the clock to the watch was 71 years, not so very long all things considered, and the record of the first watch is 1380. A half century later an alarm clock made its appearance. This, we are told, was looked upon by the people of that age as an "uninstrument prodigieux."

The fortunate possessor of this clock was Andrea Alciato, a councillor of Milan. The chronicles have placed on record that this clock sounded a bell at a stated hour, and at the same time a little wax candle was lighted automatically. How this was done we are not told, but it must not be overlooked that until about 70 years ago we had no means of obtaining a light other than the tinderbox, so that the Milanese must have been centuries ahead of us in this respect.

Not much progress was made with the watch until 1740, when the second hand was added.

SHRINE OF VENUS UNCOVERED

Mundane Inducements by Which the Shrine of Cupid's Mother Was Located.

Away in the Mediterranean, at Rantidi, in the southwest corner of the island of Cyprus, untouched by human hands for at least seven centuries before Christ, the spade of the antiquary has uncovered the shrine of Venus, otherwise Paphos, or Aphrodite, or Astarte, whichever you please. As was fitting, the real discoverer was a peasant of pastoral occupation. The account reads like a page from Theocritus:

"One day a shepherd was sitting on one of the ancient stonefields of Rantidi. After playing for a long time on his reed-flute he grew tired of his pastoral life and began to scratch with his long staff one of the stones at his feet. As he did so he saw appearing on the surface of the stone in two regularly chiseled lines most curious signs unknown to him and quite different from the Greek inscriptions lying about in the temple yard of Kouklia, his native home, which he passed every day with his flock."

There the idyl ends. The shepherd began to talk of his discovery, and his reports reached learned ears. Then diplomacy had to be used. In the form of a sumptuous dinner, a bulky packet of tobacco, and much bakshesh. By such mundane inducements was the shrine of Cupid's mother finally located, henceforth, no doubt, to become the chief magnet of Cyprus.

Wasted Effort.

It is said that a California poet was badly handled by his wife because he neglected to support the family.

When they asked for bread he gave them a sonnet, and when they clamored for pie he came across with a madrigal.

Nevertheless, it doesn't seem quite right for his wife to reach over and snatch tufts from his cranium cover and batter his shins with bench-made shoes and crack his slats with a broom handle. That sort of treatment doesn't bring results. A poet with a black eye and a twisted neck and a dented kneecap is no more useful than pot in perfect order.

What the lady should do would be to have her poet hubby pick up some side trade that would promise financial results—as they do in Indiana, where you will find the baker writes poetry, and so do the hairdresser and the motorman and the bartender.

But there is no use attempting to club money out of a poet.

Vaccine for Treatment of Cancer.

Is cancer, the disease which has baffled medical science for over a hundred years, to be conquered at last? Dr. P. K. Gilman of Oakland, professor of surgery in the Philippine Medical School and surgeon in chief of the Philippine General Hospital at Manila, believes he has discovered a vaccine which will stop the ravages of the dread disease.

With this vaccine Doctor Gilman says he has cured twenty cases of cancer in Manila. In his laboratories there he has been working for three years on his discovery and is now ready to give to the world the fruit of his labor. In perfecting this vaccine Doctor Gilman was assisted by Dr. A. F. Coca, pathologist in the bureau of science at Manila—San Francisco Bulletin.

Two Ever True.

The skeleton of a lady at least 600 years old has been discovered in Egypt. In the tomb was also found an ivory hat pin.

There is no more to be said on the subject.—London Express.

ODD FISH FROM SEA DEPTHS

Brought to the Surface by Repairing Government Cables Along the Pacific Coast.

Seattle, Wash.—Strange monsters the like of which have seldom been seen by man were dragged from a depth of 8,500 feet by the crew of the cable ship Burnside when they repaired the Alaska cable off Mount St. Elias last month.

The Burnside is moored at its buoy in Elliott bay after two months of repairing and relaying the cables of the United States army and signal corps system. On board were a score of huge flasks filled with alcohol. In them floated strange shapes which it was hard to believe were once living creatures.

Balls of red hair which looked like touselled human heads proved upon dissection to be a strange kind of deep water crab. Flesh colored round ragges were found clinging to the cable by minute tentacles. One creature is shaped like the diablo toy, narrow in the middle with big concave white disks at either end by which it catches hold of any object. The sailors on board the Burnside have named it the spool.

Another strange marine creature is shaped like an octopus but has at least two dozen tentacles instead of eight. Many octopuses were found clinging to the cable, but they were thought too common to preserve. Whole sections of the cable pulled up for inspection were found covered several feet deep with strange plants and animal life. Seaweed, black instead of green, sponges and sea urchins predominated.

Probably the strangest creature found on the cable was a flesh colored fish not more than four feet long which was found enveloped in the tentacles of a young octopus. When brought to the surface its body was swollen like a balloon. Dr. J. E. Maloney, the ship's surgeon, who examined it, said he believed the fish was choked by the hold of the octopus.

The section of the cable upon which all this strange life was found had been down ten years at a depth of a mile and a half. The specimens which have been preserved and which are now on board the Burnside are to be handed over to the Smithsonian institution for scientific study.

MAN WORE WIFE'S LINGERIE

For Economy's Sake Penurious Chicagoan Donned Spouse's Underwear—Sunglister Man.

Chicago.—One of the most remarkable instances of penuriousness recorded in a court document came to light the other day, when a deputy clerk of the superior court, engaged in filing papers in a divorce suit, came across the case of Mrs. Carrie Elizabeth Ferman against Christian F. Ferman.

Here is a sentence from the bill which only explains the case, in part: "The defendant was of such an economical turn of mind that he at times insisted on wearing the underwear of your oratrix."

Judge Dupuy heard the suit and in questioning Mrs. Ferman she said that her husband was so stingy that he deprived her and her young daughter, Mertie, of sufficient food and clothing.

The parties to the suit are well-known in certain South side circles. Since the wife obtained her decree of divorce she has married one of the department managers in a large stock yards packing concern, while the defendant ex-husband has betaken himself to California.

One of the woman's chief distinctions is her beauty, and it is said that her husband, jealous of her charms, concluded that the safest plan to prevent her displaying them was to deprive her of attractive clothing and to subject her to menial occupation in their home.

When Mrs. Ferman related her story in court she said that her husband frequently plucked her, leaving her arms black and blue for days at a time. On some occasions her fine muslin underwear to save himself the expense of buying garments for his own use. She explained, too, that she was enabled to procure clothing only after she rented two of the rooms in their home to outsiders.

3,000 WILL VISIT SCOTLAND

Gigantic Party of Americans Making Elaborate Plans for 1911 Tour of Caledonia.

London.—Charles D. Douglas of Washington is at present in Edinburgh making arrangements for an organized tour of representative Scotsmen in the United States and Canada through Scotland next summer. The idea originated sometime ago among a number of leading Americans, and it appears to have met with a speedy response. It is expected that the party will be made up of about 3,000 persons from the United States and 1,000 from Canada. A letter of welcome had already been sent by the inter-lord provost of Glasgow to the international committee of the Scots of America, who are making the arrangements for the shipping of the party to Scotland. Edinburgh and Inverness also will be visited, and trips will be made through the Burns and Scott counties. So far as arrangements have been made by Mr. Douglas the party will remain in Scotland about ten days.

Mileage of Blood Circulation.

The mileage of the blood circulation reveals some astonishing facts. It has just been calculated for instance that assuming the heart to beat sixty-nine times a minute at ordinary pressure the blood goes at the rate of 206 yards in a minute, or nine miles an hour, 327 miles a day and 80,000 miles a year. If a man 84 years old could have but one single blood corpuscle floating in his blood all his life, it would have traveled in that time nearly 7,000,000 miles.

Would Not Stray Far.

A traveling clergyman was holding services at the church in a little town in Maine situated up near the Canadian line. At the close of his sermon he offered to pray for any relatives of those present who might be in distant lands, and a lean, lanky lumberman rose in the rear of the church and requested prayer for his brother who had been missing for over two weeks.

"I don't know just where my brother is, parson," he said, "but I don't believe that it's worth while to pray any further south than Bangor."

THE INBORN TALENT DEFINED

It is Something Entirely Distinct from the Material of Our Experiences.

The inborn talent is something distinct from the material of our experience and the technical use we make of that material. Just what it is proves rather baffling to define. But at least it includes several different elements: First, the art of really seeing—the artist's eye, which looks through and beyond the mere outward material aspect and sees the vision of some great, unappreciated picture. Secondly, a fine instinct for the value of words—a gift that is something quite different from mere richness of vocabulary on the one hand, and the possession of style on the other. Vocabulary may be increased at will by patiently memorizing a dictionary, and style is a matter of cadence and sound sequence—it is quite possible to write rather sad trash in an impeccable style. But a sense of the value of words, an instinct for finding within the limits of our spoken language, the precise word and phrase that will as nearly as possible convey a thought that is perhaps bigger or subtler than any spoken words—this indeed stamps the possessor as having the inborn talent. And lastly, it includes the possession of ideas, as distinct from knowledge. You may know a vast number of useful facts—such as that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points—but such knowledge no more constitutes the inborn talent than such a definition constitutes literature. But ideas—big vital ideas—of the compelling sort that force themselves into written words, in the face of obstacles and disappointments and the inertia of public indifference, are the very essence of the creative spirit, the golden hallmark of the inborn talent.—The Bookman.

MADE A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT

Row of Tempting Pies Attracted Musical Students to the Boarding House 'Round the Corner.

Pie, the national dish, has been the subject lately of pure food investigations, fumigation and of an eating contest, in which the champion pie belt of the world was won. But still more recently, in Boston, it was used as an especially clever advertisement. In a certain kitchen window in a certain apartment house that backed up against a certain court, around three sides of which lived certain musical students and other people who dined at restaurants—in this kitchen window was displayed each day a row of tempting pies.

The crust was flaky and delicately brown. Coating through fancy little pricks in its top was juice so rich and plentiful that the mouth watered at the sight. Occasionally a faint pie odor would float across the court and drive the restaurant frequenters wild with longing. Day after day that kitchen window was pie-filled. Then some student asked the owner of the window if she took boarders. "No," she replied, with the self-possession of one who had been awaiting the query, "but those pies are made by a friend of mine on the next street. No doubt she could board you." And she did.—Boston Herald.

THE STRAIN WAS ALL MENTAL

Instance of Persons Who Will Work Only When They Are Being Constantly "Kept After."

Some persons will not work without being "kept after" in the most literal sense of the word. A writer in the Popular Magazine tells a story of Rear Admiral E. H. C. Lettice, whose custom it was to make a daily inspection of the navy-yard at New York. One morning he arrived at seven o'clock, which was late for him. Later in the same day he saw two laborers sitting on a fence, taking life easy. He halted in front of them with the remark, "Pleasant weather today."

The two loafers saluted respectfully—very respectfully. "Working today?" he inquired. "Working today?" he inquired. They said they were. He walked a little beyond them, and stood perfectly still with his back toward them. After several embarrassing minutes, the two laborers shuffled off the fence, and picking up a heavy rusty iron beam which happened to be lying on the ground near them, went down one of the streets between the shops, and turned the corner.

A few minutes later the admiral appeared round the corner, and stood still. The laborers picked up the beam and proceeded on their aimless way, again turning the nearest corner. But they could not escape, for Lettice was on their trail. He kept up the performance of following them round the corners until he had seen them carry that heavy beam all over the yard, which covers many city blocks. Finally he asked them: "Where are you taking that beam?" "Nowhere particular," confessed one of the loafers.

"Take it back where you found it," the admiral commanded, "and then quit working here. The strain's too great on you."

THE BLACK HAND AND CARUSO

Famous Tenor Tells How the Society Made Him the Object of Its Solicitous Attentions.

Enrico Caruso has been telling the English newspapers more details of how it happened that the Black Hand made him an object of its solicitous attentions during the opera season in New York. He is inclined to believe that there would never have been any trouble at all if it hadn't been for the fact that he has an especially clever nature. According to Caruso, the Black Hand would not have been tempted to bother him if it hadn't been for an Italian barber in New York. The barber shaved the singer frequently and well and Caruso was pleased with his work. So when he heard the barber one day deploring the lack of sufficient cash to enable him to take a trip back to Italy to see old friends once more Caruso delighted the man by making him a present of \$500.

"I wish I had never done it," says Caruso. "My Italian barber was so overcome with delight that he singled all the hair off one side of my head and cut half my chin off that morning. Then he went away and told the newspaper men all about it. Next day I got fifty letters each asking me for \$500. Next week I got twice the number and several threatening letters from the writers of the first batch. And a few days afterward the Black Hand people tried to blackmail me. It's very hard work being charitable."

The Ugly Chap.

The custodian of the quaint old institution known as St. Mary's hospital, Chichestor, which has been visited by many royalties, is an old soldier, who, among his treasurers, gives a prominent place upon the wall to a picture of Lieutenant General Sir R. S. Baden-Powell. The general is depicted mounted on a fiery steed, waving a huge sword over his head as he leads his men to battle.

A visitor who was recently shown over the hospital was taken afterward into the custodian's lodge and, while examining picture postcards, was struck by the warlike picture. "Who's that ugly chap with the sword?" he inquired. The custodian explained that it was the great "B. P.," and added that that celebrity would not feel flattered to hear such a description of himself. When the visitor had gone the custodian went to look at his signature in the visitor's book. It was "R. S. B. Baden-Powell."—M. A. P.

Family Affection in France.

What is the best love? A parent's love, answers M. Sargeret; and the answer is the same in M. Louis Delon's "Le Meilleur Amour." It would probably be the same from the lips of nine out of every dozen Frenchmen, if they spoke sincerely; for in this land, where love-marrriages are rare, the love of heart and home, the devotion to offspring, the adoration of children for their parents, are stronger than elsewhere. The real forces of the heart break out there far more frequently, far more potently, than in the system of menages a trois which inspires the literature of the Boulevard.

A Sly Suggestion.

They had reached the outer portals of the front door and were there going through the process of parting, very lingeringly.

WHEN MISSISSIPPI WAS LOW

Steamboat Captain Who Once Waded Ahead to Find the Most Likely Channel.

Steamboat men who have been contending with low water in the upper Mississippi river the past summer should consult with the more ancient mariners in the Mississippi for pointers on the movement of boats on low water and then start out to restore navigation on the stream.

Capt. William Kelly, secretary of the Mississippi and Ohio River Pilots' society, says this is the first season since 1856 this personal knowledge that steamboats have ceased to run during the open season.

In the summer of 1856, Mr. Kelly says, he was piloting the steamer Stella Whipple when the water was four inches lower than it is now. The boat was towing two barges down the stream, but got stuck on the crossing at Robinson's rocks, 14 miles below St. Paul.

Captain Kelly says he waded into the river ahead of the boat to locate the best place to drop anchor and pull the boat over the bar. The water was ten inches deep, and the best channel was located by wading, and Captain Kelly returned to the boat without wetting a stitch of his clothing.

The method of pulling the boats over shoal crossings was to carry the anchor out in a yawl ahead of the steamer, drop it to the bottom of the river and pull the boat over by a line attached to the anchor and to the captain of the boat.

When all was ready the passengers were transferred to the barges to lighten the boat. The run was then made without difficulty till the next crossing was reached, when the anchor and captain process of pulling the boat over might be repeated.—St. Louis Republic.

BOTTLE FLOATED ACROSS SEA

Picked Up in the Azores Three Years After Being Cast Adrift Off Carolina Coast.

Floating sluggishly at the mercy of the waves for over three years a pilot bottle containing the address of William H. Windolph, this city, traveled across the Atlantic ocean and was finally picked up off the eastern coast of the Azores about five weeks ago.

The wayward travels of the little bottle are most mysterious. It crossed the Atlantic or at least reached the other shore; whether currents or winds took it miles in detour before it reached its destination is a subject of conjecture.

On January 27, 1907, Mr. Windolph on his way to Tampa and Key West passed down the coast of the Carolinas in a Merchants and Miners steamship, the Merrimac. Off North Carolina in an idle moment he put his card within a whisky bottle and pushing in the cork against the rail of the vessel tossed it overboard. Until it disappeared from sight in the green waves Mr. Windolph watched the tiny adventurer, never thinking to hear from it again.

Three and one-half years after the card had been sent out on the sea a strange letter came to him from the fishing firm of Manuel Vasconcelles & Co., Spain. Within the envelope was the same card which he had sent out, unstained by the water, uninjured after his long voyage.

With the card was a letter stating that it had been picked up in a whisky bottle off the eastern coast of the Azores, in the province of Praia, by one of the crew of the fishing smack D. Carlos, DeLousa, captain. The letter was in excellent English, but from the style had evidently been written by an educated Spaniard. It did not state the exact date of the finding of the bottle.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Foodmakers' Tricks.

They adulterate barley meal with oatmeal and oats with chaff. They put metallic silver in candies and glucose in jellies and preserves. "Foreign cream" cheeses are made of American skimmed milk. Artificially colored alcohol—alcohol is a food—conveys its wicked nourishment in bottles labeled "choice Canadian whisky." The household flavoring extracts are tinted with coal tar dyes. Egg custard powders appear dried without eggs. One and a half pounds, and brands of condensed milk are found 30 per cent short of their labeled contents. In "spring water" are microbes of disease. Nut shells and fruit pits are fed into the pepper grinder. Straychine is put in gin, lead chromate in coffee and atropine in castor oil. These things still go on, as the pure food officials in Washington testify. Underweighting, misbranding and adulterating are ancient customs of the foodmakers known of yore. But there is an observable difference between the olden and the modern methods of dealing with the evils. In federal, state and municipal offices is lodged the definite evidence upon specific cases, and there is a record of convictions. The old tricks are varied with new "dodges" of the law. But the subtleties are no longer permanent shelters.—New York Times.

Getting Even.

—So you insist on breaking off the engagement? —Ehe—Most decidedly. What do you take me for? —He—O, about forty. Better think it over; it may be your last chance. —Stray Stories.

Good Real Estate "Ad."

When Senator Dolliver was in Macon recently, in the course of an interview with the Republican, he said: "Here's something I noticed in your state which I have never seen anywhere else. In driving from the ancient town of Palmyra last Sunday, over to Hannibal, I observed from the city limits of one town to the other, every 30 feet, on each side of the road, a young fruit tree. These trees are set out and maintained at the expense of the county. The idea struck me at the best thing I had run across in 10 years. All along the beautiful highway these growing fruit trees beamed welcome to the stranger as clearly as if the word hospitality were written on every fence post. And that was not all—it was a magnificent real estate advertisement."—Macon (Ga.) Republican.

FITZGERALD WAS A TALKER

Boston's Mayor Also Had the Reputation of Doing the Fitt-About Stunt.

"Well, this certainly looks like old times," remarked Representative James E. Mann of Illinois as he observed Mayor John F. Fitzgerald of Boston in a corridor of the capitol surrounded by newspaper correspondents.

"Right," obtained in Representative Roberts of Massachusetts, as he joined the group and shook hands. "Still talking, Fitz?"

When Mayor Fitzgerald was a member of the house in 1894 he was the youngest member of that body. Incidentally, he was the most energetic, and he had the reputation of being able to get more newspaper space than any other member of congress. "Fitzgerald's visit," said a member of the house, "reminds me of the days when he was a member here. He was the most remarkably busy man I have ever seen in congress. He always had something on tap that made good newspaper copy, and when the correspondents were in a bad way for news they always could count upon Fitzgerald to give them something worth while."

"The present mayor of Boston was the greatest hustler I have ever seen. I remember a story he told me once about the way he kept his constituents guessing as to his whereabouts. He would deliver a corking good speech in the afternoon, hustle down to the station and catch the through train for Boston, and the next morning he would be back home getting first hand information as to how his remarks were received in his district."

"Jumping back and forth between Washington and Boston was quite an ordinary journey for him as for the members who go back and forth between Baltimore and Washington every day."—Washington Times.

PEW WASN'T WHITEWASHED

Lad Saves the Family Reputation by Dropping His Only Cent in the Collection Box.

Years ago there was a great meeting of a certain religious denomination in Chicago. Among many important matters considered by them was the condition of their benevolent enterprises. It appeared from carefully compiled statistics from missions of all kinds, that the members of the denomination in the northern states during the preceding year had paid only 38 cents per capita.

An eloquent and humorous brother discussed the subject before a large congregation. He said that the fact shown by statistics reminded him of a rich but penurious man in Wisconsin who was never known to contribute anything either for missions or local church expenses. He had a little boy who had just donned his first pair of trousers, and was as proud of his pockets as a peacock is of its tail.

The little fellow had noticed that many people in the church dropped money into the contribution boxes, and decided that he would do so, too. He became the lordly owner of a cent. On Sunday his father and mother took him to church. As usual, a collection was taken, but neither of his parents gave anything.

The boy became excited, jumped off the seat, and ran his hand down into one of his precious pockets, got hold of the only cent he had, and proudly dropped it into the contribution box. As the collector passed to the next he heard the little boy say to his father: "Well, if it hadn't been for me, this pew would have been whitewashed this morning."—Youth's Companion.

He Knew the Requirements.

Uncle Silas, in his youth, had been "fond of the society of the opposite sex," to use his own words, and the timidity of his 23-year-old nephew was a great trial to him. "What's the matter of you, Rod, that you stick at home Sunday evenings?" he demanded plainly, after many unavailing hints. "Why don't you go calling on some of your young lady friends, boy?"

"Oh, I don't care about it," said Rodney, turning a lively crimson. "They wouldn't find me interesting." "Wouldn't?" "puffed Uncle Silas. "Well, I should like to be told why they wouldn't. You've got a good black suit and a new straw hat, and you've got a pair of legs that could take you to the candy shop on Saturday night, and enough pockets to put a box or two in. I should like to know what your you need to make 'em find you interesting."—Youth's Companion.

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