

HONOR CLAIMED BY IRISHMEN

Many Firm in Belief That St. Brendan the Navigator First Reached the Western World.

Irishmen have long contended that their own St. Brendan the Navigator in his voyages of the sixth century was the first to bring back accounts of the land beyond the western edge of the world, and the enthusiasts of the Celtic revival insist that there is more literary support for the legendary discoveries of the hero than can be mustered in support of the claim that Lief Ericson's Vinland is identical with the New England coast. Although the midwived and rat-gnawed Lismore manuscript was first brought to light nearly a century ago there have never been more than meager notices of it until the recent translation made at Oxford. No description of the Island of Brendan is contained in the Book of Lismore except its attributes as an earthly paradise, "an land odorless, flower-smooth, blessed. A land many-melodious, musical, shouting for joy, un-mournful." There is, however, a passage describing their welcome which has been seized by the claimants as an Irish discovery of these shores as a contributory evidence that Brendan reached at least one of the outlying islands of the West Indies. Unfortunately for the purpose of controversy, the chronicle omits any further reference to the island of Brendan, and gives no account of the voyage back.

INCOME FROM THE CURIOUS

City Astronomer With Miniature Telescope Reaped His Harvest on Rainy Nights.

"By all the rules of common sense a rainy night ought to put staid astronomers out of business," said the man, "yet the most venturesome of the guild are out in every storm. Up on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street I often meet an astronomer whom torrents could not keep indoors. In starlight or pitch darkness he is at his post. Often I have wondered what good it did him to endanger his own health and the efficiency of his telescope by standing out in a pouring rain, but the other night I loitered in a doorway long enough to find out. The rain fell in a steady drizzle and thick clouds veiled the sky, yet the astronomer pointed the end of his telescope at that point in the heavens where the evening star was supposed to shine and invited passers-by to look at it. Two men did look.

"What was the sense in this wasting time and money on a night like this," I asked. "What could they see?"

"Just try it yourself and find out," said the astronomer.

"And so I looked. Of course, I could not see anything, but the man got my nickel."

"Curiously to see what is at the end of a telescope on a cloudy night gives me lots of customers," the astronomer said.—New York Times.

An Incentive. "Now, my boy," said the head of the firm, "you will attend strictly to your duties. I will do something fine for you. I want you to always ask, when you answer the telephone, who is before you let it be known whether I am here or not, and always be careful, when the people come here, to find out who they are and what they want before you come into the private office to learn whether I wish to see them or not."

"Yes, sir," replied the new office boy. "I understand. I had to do that where I worked before."

"Very well. See that you make no mistakes, and, as I have said, I will do something nice for you."

"What are you going to do for me if I give satisfaction—raise me wages?"

"Well, I can't promise that, exactly, but I'll bring you the score cards of the ball games and let you make an album of them if you tend to business properly. I never miss a game."

Ancient Church Custom. At the Parish Church, Chard, Somerset, the other morning, at the conclusion of the hymn before the sermon, Prebendary Farrer remained standing at the entrance to the chancel while a sergeant of police marched through the center aisle carrying one of the curious old borough maces and an official looking document, which he duly presented to the vicar, and without waiting for it to be opened returned to the west entrance. The vicar then entered the pulpit, opened the envelope, read the contents to himself and proceeded with the sermon. This document was the official notification given to the vicar that the town council had elected a churchwarden for the ensuing year—a privilege which, according to an ancient custom, the council possess.—London Daily Mail.

Woman's Peculiar Wish. "As to the humors of medicine," said Dr. Ben Truvato reminiscingly, "there is an old story about a woman who had an abdominal tumor which was found to weigh over eighty pounds after its removal, while the patient herself scaled only some sixty-four pounds. When she was recovering from the anæsthetic she is said to have remarked faintly to the surgeon that she might die happy if she was sure that he would save the growth. This is a remarkable an instance of wit and humor in our professional archives as I can recall at the moment."—New York Medical Journal.

TO MEASURE THE INTELLECT

Scientists Have Invented Machine Which Does the Work With Mathematical Accuracy.

A machine has been perfected by which one's mental character can be determined and his intelligence measured with something of the accuracy that scales determine the weight of coal or chocolate grams. The apparatus consists of a revolving mirror, the axis of which is horizontal and which can be turned at any required speed by a handle and belt gearing. The speed at which the axis is rotating at any instant is shown by a special indicator.

The mirror revolves in a dark box having windows of colored glass directly above and below the mirror. Outside each window is a screen of white paper fixed at an angle of 45 degrees to the plane of the glass and illuminated by an electric lamp.

A beam of diffuse light thus passes through the colored glass of the window and impinges on the mirror. As the mirror revolves the colored reflection beam passes over an aperture in the side of the box, against which the eye of the person being tested is placed. When the reflection beam has passed over the aperture the color impulse on the retina ceases until the mirror has reached the position in which it reflects the next colored beam of light into the eye.

The experiments of Shelford Bidwell and of others have shown that the sensation of a color persists for a short time after the external impulse has ceased. If the duration of this persistence is equal to the time interval between two successive impulses from the revolving mirror the color will appear to be continuous.

MANY LIVING IN THE PAST

By No Means All the People One Meets May Be Looked Upon as Contemporaries.

It is a mistake to suppose that all whom you meet are your contemporaries. Even in your own household, or at least in your circle of acquaintances, you will find some who live in the tenth and some who live in the twenty-fifth century. I have one clerical friend who distinctly belongs to the pliocene epoch or to that of old red sandstone; he is as fixed, fossilized and flattened as petrified fish. Another friend was born some 200 years before his time; he is continually going about with millennial feelings and he will be dead many a year before anyone understands him.

For that matter, you have only to cross the line from the United States to Mexico to drop back 500 years; one would not be surprised to meet Christopher Columbus any day in the streets of Guadalajara. As you go from Notre Dame de Paris to the chamber of deputies, you climb up the steps of a chivalry. Lump together Chicago, Pez, Rothenberg, Ravenna and Lisbon, and the incongruities of time in your mixture are greater than those of space.

"The Irishman who spoke of the so-called nineteenth century," writes Zangwill, "was severely logical. The nineteenth century has not yet dawned for the bulk of our planet. The common reckoning of time, so that it is the same date, within 12 hours, all over its surface, is fantastic. There are in fact a bewildering diversity of dates."—Dr. Frank Crane.

Old-Time English Household.

Sir Richard Newdigate, a seventeenth century Warwickshire (Eng.) squire, whose papers were published some years ago by one of his descendants, ruled his servants by a system of fines. The value at which he rated domestic crimes is shown by such entries in his diary as "Nan Newton, for breaking a teapot, 2s. 6d. (sixty cents); Richard Knight, for pride and slighting, 2s. 6d.; William Hetherington, for not being ready to go to church three Sundays, 18d. (thirty-six cents); Thomas Birdall, for being at Nuneston from morning till night, 6s. (\$1.20). Cook, dead drunk, 10s. (\$2.40)." As his cook's wages were only 28 (\$40) a year, she paid pretty dearly for her lapse from sobriety. Sir Richard had a system of rewards as well as penalties. "To my three daughters," he writes, "because they came to prayers, 8s." And "to Tom Cooper, who worked hard after he broke his head, 2s. 6d."

Photographic Postcards.

Sending little love messages or snapshots of love songs by postcard to be translated by your sweetheart's phonograph is the latest development in the picture postcard craze. On the back of the postcard is a small record resembling the regular disc records used on some machines. It is a very thin film pasted on the card and containing some phrase of tender sentiment or a bit of some popular music. The card has a hole in it so that it may be placed on the machine and when this is done the needle makes the card talk and the one to whom it was sent gets the message. The idea was born in Germany, but the foreign buyers of the American stores this winter are said to have bought up about all the German makers could turn out.

Evidently He Didn't Want It.

"I hear there was an election at your club yesterday."

"There was, and I am going to contest it and demand a recount."

"You are? Why, who was declared elected?"

"I was."

EXPERIENCE AS A MONITOR

Statesman Wise When He Said He Had No Surer Light to Guide His Feet.

Its worth is manifold, the burnt child being said to first test it by dreading the fire. Pleasanter associations multiply, however, with enlarged chances for the test. A certain statesman once intimated he had no surer light to guide his feet than "the lamp of experience." But the tendency is either to discredit that source for enlightenment or neglect replenishing to keep it properly aglow. Moreover, there is natural aversion to living over again an unhappy past that prompts the familiar plea: "Let bygones be bygones." So say we all, provided that the warning voice of abandonment compels the abandonment of old discredited means and measures for what by that same monitor is proved to make for civic righteousness.

The light of experience may be lurking in its revival of tender memories, which changeable years only serve to dim with the mist of tears. Returning graduates, even at four-score, feel forgetful of crow feet and furrows while recounting the successes and reverses of student life together. Surviving veterans of the Civil War love at intervals to fancy themselves around the old camp fires, if not caring to fight the old battles again as their final fight draws near with the grim foe who spares neither chief nor private in the ranks, till the last on either side is gone. Moreover, pulses may throb with such depth of joyousness as when brethren and sisters in Christ are met to tell each other what it is from happy experience to have him as their elder brother evermore.—Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

STOPPED PLAY FOR THAT DAY

Horse Liked the Flavor of the Baseball and Proceeded to Make a Light Lunch.

Four urchins were playing ball on upper Park avenue, while not far off stood an ice wagon with two sleepy-looking horses attached to it. By chance the ball rolled down the gutter toward the ice wagon. It slowed up almost under the feet of one of the horses and the animal seeing an unusual object on the pavement before him, lowered his head, snuffed at it and before the youngsters could snatch it away had it between his teeth and was munching it with lazy relish, for it was stuffed with something that the ordinary baseball is not.

"Here, you, gi' me dat ball!" shouted one of the boys, tugging away at the big horse's bridle.

"Yes, drop dat ball, you!" chorused the other three. But the horse, unheeding, munched on dreamily.

"Say, mister," pleaded one of the boys, as the man in charge of the wagon appeared, "make him give us our ball, won't yer. He's eatin' it."

"Ah, gwan and git out of the way," was the response, as the man stepped into the wagon.

"He's got our ball, I tell yer!" cried the boys.

But the iceman only gathered up the reins and drove away, the horse still munching, while the four boys lined up on the curb looked after the departing wagon in silent consternation.—New York Press.

War on the Fly.

The fight to suppress the fly and mosquito may be and should be conducted simultaneously. Each insect can be eliminated only by clearing away the breeding places. It must be borne in mind, however, that the conditions conducive to the breeding of the two insects are not identical. Animal or vegetable tissue is necessary to the breeding of the fly, and any such tissue, however small, will furnish a hatchery for flies. A single female housefly will deposit on a bit of decaying flesh—a fish head, the entrails of a chicken or even a dead rat or mouse—a cluster of eggs so small as to be almost invisible to the unassisted eye, but this single cluster will hatch more than 100 flies. A hundred flies will deposit eggs in such a broodery left exposed in summer time for a few hours. Every backyard cesspool or closet that is not continuously and literally treated with lime or ashes will turn loose swarms of flies and so will every stable that is not carefully looked after. Screens should be kept on the outer doors of every house.

Public Drinking Cup.

Dangers that lurk in public drinking cups—soon to be banished from New York by order of the board of health—are shown effectively by some recent tests at Chicago's municipal laboratory. Guinea pigs inoculated with germs from public drinking vessels sickened quickly and one died. "The tests showed conclusively," said Dr. F. O. Tomney, who is in charge of the laboratory, "that there is grave danger to the public through the use of common cups in public places. About two dozen pigs were inoculated and all show signs of developing disease. The pig that died was inoculated with diphtheria germs taken from a drinking cup, and lived only twelve hours."

Not Diplomatic.

"Absentmindedness would never do in diplomacy," said W. J. Cave, chief clerk of the department of state in Washington.

"I know an absentminded senator who went to a cabinet officer's dinner and apologized profusely for the poorness of the spread."

LIVE IN COMPLETE ISOLATION

Outside World Practically Unknown to the Dwellers in the Land of Moab.

Most travelers who visit the Holy Land content themselves with a visit to that restricted part west of Jordan. The mountainous regions of Moab, as seen by them from Jerusalem, are lost in the purple haze that constantly hangs over them, and the great stretches beyond are covered in mystery. This is true partly because of the fewer historical incidents connected with the eastern regions, but mainly on account of the great abyss of the Jordan valley that has always acted as a barrier. Few who descend into the valley, 1,300 feet below sea level, undertake to climb the hills beyond, which rise to a height of 3,000 feet. The most striking thing about Moab has always been its isolation. However much connected by race and vicinity with their western kinsmen, the dwellers in Eastern Palestine have always been distinct and their lands have never been occupied by the nations on the west except through acts of aggression and conquest.

Even today this isolation is still felt. In giving an idea of their knowledge of present day geography, one of them remarked: "There are only four seas in the world, two of which are the Dead sea and the Sea of Galilee." Both of these are in sight of their own hills.—Christian Herald.

JEW IN PLACE OF POWER

As Governor of Egypt, Sir Matthew Nathan Would Occupy Position Once Held by Joseph.

Should Sir Matthew Nathan, former governor of Natal, be appointed to succeed Sid Eldon Gorst as governor of Egypt, history will have taken one of those curious turns that set agog the discerners of signs and omens, for this appointment that is pending would place in supreme administrative control of Egypt the second Jew in four thousand years.

Sir Matthew Nathan would be the successor to Joseph of his race in the administration of a country that in the time of Pharaoh, who befriended Joseph, was the granary of the world, and in these later days is becoming one of the most significant countries of modern times.

Those who con the sacred scriptures for cues for the turns history may make will seize upon this incident as fulfilling one or another prediction or fancied prediction of the past, and much may be built upon it. In fact, it will be but a coincidence, but one of unusual interest, however. The practical import will be that Sir Matthew Nathan is reckoned a fine administrator and worthy of all honor.

The Offense Defined.

General Craft, an attorney of Terre Haute, Ind., was once called into a jewelry store in that town to settle a dispute.

"See here, General," explained the proprietor, "if I take a watch from Mr. Smith here, and make repairs that cost me ten cents and then keep it hanging up for a week and charge him six dollars when he comes to get it, what percentage do I make? We have been figuring for half an hour and only get up to 900 per cent, and that is but a dollar, so we decided to leave it to you."

"Well," said the General gravely, "you must know that it is a fact, and it has been demonstrated by calculating machines, that at certain points in progressive numbers the law governing them changes. In your case the law would change long before it reached the six dollars, and would run out of percentage and into what is known and designated as larceny."

Smokers' Articles on View.

An exhibition of smokers' articles now occupies one of the permanent exhibition halls of Vienna. Modern methods of making cigars and cigarettes are shown by expert men and women, and in hundreds of booths every imaginable smokers' requirement, useful and ornamental, may be found. Among the curiosities are the long pipe, once the companion of Archduke Franz Karl, father of the present emperor; an artistically carved meerschaum pipe which was colored by Archduke Ferdinand d'Este, father of the heir apparent; snuff boxes once used by Napoleon I. and Andreas Hofer and the original draft of the edict published in 1831, in which "tobacco smoking" is spoken of as "a nuisance and an insult to decency," punishable by a heavy fine.

Thirst for Knowledge.

Stringent laws prevent the serving of liquor even in dining cars on trains in North Dakota, but the waiters have exact knowledge of the state boundary lines, according to the St. Louis Mirror. They had been rolling through that interminable state a long time, when the W. C. T. U. delegate from the east came into the car for her dinner. Casting her eye out of the window upon a somewhat changed landscape, she remarked to the waiter: "Are we still in North Dakota?" "No, ma'am," answered George alertly, with a hospitable grin, "what'll you drink, ma'am?"

The Old Story.

Cleopatra dissolved the pearl. "You will never give that ring to another girl!" she cried. Herewith Antony assured her she was the first he ever kissed.

NO WONDER THEY LAUGHED

Visiting Russian, Ignorant of English, Had Made Comic Mistake in Copying Address.

A Russian gentleman tells a funny story of his first encounter with the English language.

The day after his arrival in London he made a call on a friend in Park Lane, and on leaving inscribed in his notebook what he supposed to be the correct address.

The next day, desiring to go to the same place, he called a cabman and pointed to the address he had written down. The cabman looked him over, cracked his whip, and drove away without him.

This experience being repeated with two or three other cabmen, the Russian turned indignantly to the police, with no better results. One officer would laugh, another would tap his head and make a motion intimating the revolution of a wheel, and so on.

Finally, the poor foreigner gave it up, and with a great deal of difficulty, recalling the landmarks which he had observed the day before, found his way to his friend's house. Arrived there, and in company with one who could understand him he delivered himself of a severe condemnation of the cabmen and the police of London for their impertinence and discourtesy.

His friend asked for a look at the mirth-provoking address, and the mystery was solved. This was the entry: "Ring the Bell."

The Russian had with great care copied, character for character, the legend on the gatepost, supposing that it indicated the house and street.

NEW YORK POLITICIAN'S SHREWD SCHEME

To Insure Coal Going to Proper Place.

Perhaps no one man in town knows more rich men—and more poor ones—than does "Dick" Butler, politician and head of the Longshoremen's union, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. Nor is there anyone who is more sternly practical in his methods of giving charity. Mr. Butler would not hesitate to have a wife-beating bum "corrected" by a corps of his hardy dock-wallopers, nor would he permit that beaten wife to need any necessity of the aid and comfort during her husband's period of convalescence. Except that he doesn't always go about his philanthropy in the ruffled fashion of most givers.

"How can we give this coal to those who need it and make sure that we are not being imposed upon?" Robert Fulton Cutting once asked of Butler. Cutting was the head of an informal organization to whose custody had been entrusted 10,000 tons of coal, contributed to the poor of New York by President Baer of the Reading railway.

"Do you really want to know how to get that coal to those who need it?" Butler asked.

Mr. Cutting assured him that such was his desire.

"Just wreck that coal train somewhere on Eighth avenue," said Butler, "and then put none but wooden-legged men on guard. I'll promise you that every kernel of coal gets to a rusty stove."

His Brood Diminished.

A little group of commuters on the New York, New Haven & Hartford road have discovered a new gambling game with a fun attachment, says the New York Tribune. Three of the party board the train at one station and keep the place and a deck of cards ready for the fourth, who gets on five minutes later. Mr. Fourtman has lately developed the chicken raising habit and takes up valuable time telling his friends about his wonderful incubators. The latest with him is an incubator, and he smiled broadly when he reported the first crop. "Fifty alive and doing well—not so bad for a novice," was his self-satisfied report. Daily since then losses have been spoken of and his friends now gamble on the size of the brood. He was greeted a day or two ago on entering the train with: "How many?" "Nineteen—that's all," and the man who took No. 18, being nearest, got the pool.

Construction Principles Alike.

Herr Knauth, the architect in charge of the Cathedral of Strasburg, has shown that the principles of construction followed by the great cathedral builders of former times are identical with those used by the builders of the Egyptian Pyramids, and are based on triangulation. The same simple geometrical figure underlies all these constructions. More than this, Herr Knauth traces the architectural principle in the formation of crystals, and lays down this formula: "The laws of proportion in medieval architecture are the geometrical laws of crystallization."

Still Going On.

"I tell you, Dobbleigh," said Harkaway, as he put down a medieval history, "we ought to be glad we live in these enlightened days instead of in old times, when fellows were broken on the wheel. Gee! that must have been awful!" "There's nothing particularly ancient about that," retorted Dobbleigh. "I went broke on my wheels last month—cost me \$400 for new tires."—Harper's Weekly.

IN AN ICELAND FARM HOUSE

Primitive Simplicity Marks Dwellings of the Residents of the Far North.

The guest room contained a narrow bed, a big round table and an organ made in Brattleboro, Vt. Our host produced the usual box of snuff, and with it a box of good cigars.

The host and hostess then showed us all over the house. It is a turf structure and is typical of the older farm houses, with narrow, dark, windowless corridors, winding in labyrinthian maze from room to room. One passageway leads to a large open mound where a fire is made to smoke meat and fish, and incidentally the whole house and everything in it. Another passage leads to another kitchen with a modern stove. The walls are all of turf, as is the roof, with just enough driftwood in the roof to make a framework to hold it in place. Very steep stairs lead up to the badstofa, or sleeping apartment. The badstofa frequently forms the sitting and common work room of the family, especially in winter, as well as the sleeping room of the entire household.

Bunks built into the walls extend around the room and are often filled with seaweed or feathers, over which is thrown a fold or two of wadmal and a thick coverlet of elderdown. The floors are sometimes covered with boards, but more often consist of damp earth. From the ceiling are suspended numerous articles of domestic economy, while large chests containing clothing and valuables are scattered throughout the house.

"HIPPO" DOESN'T LIKE SAND

When Resident of New York "Zoo" Went for a Swim He Found the Ballast Heavy.

Although he is the son of the accomplished Mrs. Murphy, the acknowledged queen of hippopotamus row, in the Zoo in Central park, and in view of his lineage certainly should know better, Pete, the only hippopotamus in the Bronx park, recently tried to convert a pile of sand into a nourishing repast. The consequences of this culinary error were distressing.

Some small thought moving in his big head told him that if the sand looked so well it must be good to eat, and he attacked it voraciously. When he rolled into his tank he found that he would not stir, being too heavily ballasted with his light luncheon. This luncheon while it had suspended entirely his powers of locomotion had not affected his vocal cords, and he bellowed lustily for help. Keepers turned off the water in the tank and were rejoiced to see that Pete could just manage to rise and go his way.

Dr. W. Reed Blair decided that Pete's gourmandizing would not prove serious, but after the suffering Pete went through the keepers said it would be safe to let the residue of the sand pile remain in the yard.—New York Herald.

A Cure for Nerves.

This is the age of nerves, therefore let us endeavor to take things as easy as possible or as consistent with circumstances. We should not worry over trifles—this is what most women do. We should try to keep our minds free from unkind or uncharitable or discontented thoughts. Such emotions cause wrinkles and sallowness, and some say that ill-temper is one of the causes of indigestion. I think every woman should find time for a little reading and a little needlework every day. In the old days, when there was less going about and women read and sewed more there was no talk of nervousness.

Now, there is another great aid in giving a woman a feeling of comfort and well being and that is the fact of being nicely dressed—not expensively, but dressed with care and in a becoming style.

It is right for a woman to wish to look well in the sight of others, and if she allows herself to drift into carelessness or to look a dowdy, she does not care to go out, and, as a natural consequence, her health and spirits suffer. A well-made costume, a neat, becoming hat and good boots will make all the difference.

Universal Race Congress.

In the official call for the first universal race congress, suggested by Prof. Felix Adler, at Elmhurst, in July, 1908, the president, Lord Weardale, says: "Great is the historic pride of London. Great also are its manifold tragedies of squalor and poverty. This varied story, will be distinguished in the summer of 1911 (July 26-29), by an episode both brilliant and unexampled. In London will assemble mankind in council. Representatives of all human groups will come from the four quarters, and lands that know the Pole star and regions that lie under the southern cross will meet each other in friendly intercourse, in the first Universal Race congress. The official congress languages will be English, German, Italian and French, though an oriental tongue may now and then announce the soul of Asia."

The Model.

"I'd gladly lend you ten dollars, Jones," said Marrow, "but really I'm busted. We've just moved out into the country and I've had to buy a machine."

"Really? Runabout or touring-car?" asked Jones.

"Neither," said Marrow. "Motoring."—Harper's Weekly.