

Time Telling in Stone Age - and Now.

A Record of Cumulative Invention, More Marvelous Than Any Fairy Tale—How Stars and Passing Hours Were Finally Confined in Tiny Silver Casket, To Later Become Modern Watch.

What do we mean when we say "two o'clock"? Why "two o'clock" any more than "thirty-two o'clock" or "two hundred and eighty-seven o'clock"? What are hours, anyway, and why do we begin to number them in the middle of the night and then begin all over again as soon as we have counted up to twelve? Why do we mark the passage of time with such odd divisions as minutes of sixty seconds, hours of sixty minutes, days of twenty-four hours, weeks of seven days and months of twenty-eight, twenty-nine and thirty-one days?

Where do we get such strange words as Monday or November and what do they mean? The old lady who wondered how "they ever found out the names of the stars" might well wonder how "they" ever learned the names of the days and the months. Being a loyal American she might be shocked to learn that our Independence Day comes in a month named after a Roman Emperor. She might also be surprised to learn that her cook has her "afternoon off" on a day dedicated to the God of Thunder.

Mark Twain's Prophecy

Did you know that Mark Twain, the least superstitious of men, firmly believed and frequently prophesied that, having arrived on this earth in the year that Halley's comet was observed in 1835, his life would come to a close when the comet next made its appearance in 1910, and that his prophecy was fulfilled?

Have you ever realized how vitally mankind has been influenced by the movement of the sun, the moon and the stars since the very beginning of time? How did the caveman ever know what time it was?

Have you ever stopped to wonder how time-telling in the complex affairs of our modern civilization if humanity were suddenly deprived of all artificial means of telling time?

These and hundreds of other questions are answered and innumerable interesting and curious facts are given in a remarkable new book entitled "Time Telling Through the Ages"—an interpretative history of time-telling since the dawn of civilization—now being published by Doubleday, Page & Company. This work constitutes a gift to the public and a large preliminary edition is now being distributed to public libraries throughout the country and in other ways that will make it easily accessible to readers everywhere.

"As I have read the pages of this book," writes Dr. Frank Crane, the noted newspaper editor, "I have received as never before how fascinating is the romance of mankind's time-telling, how surprising, even to



POCKET WATCH SHADOW EARLIEST TIME DEVICE

together are all the threads of this universe. What a compact, correlated, baffling mechanism is this world!

A Pocket Universe

"For my little watch, just a small silver spot upon my wrist, is the child of what remote ancestors, the product of what long and struggling evolution! It is a microcosm—a universe in miniature. We trace here the long undulating line of the genesis of the timepiece. From moving shadow, down through the sundial, the clepsidra or 'water-thief,' the sandglass, the discovery of the law of the pendulum, the construction of the first rude clock-mechanism, the secret of the 'escapement,' the hatching of the 'Nuremberg Egg,' the making of a useful time-piece out of a mechanical toy and a scientific curiosity, the growth of watchmaking in France, Switzerland and England and the advent of Yankee ingenuity in the business.

"You who love the strange and unusual may well peruse these pages, for they unfold the curious tale of cumulative invention, a much more marvelous story than any fairy tale or the doing of antique kings. The 'Nuremberg Egg' is not more interesting than the record of how the stars and the passing hours were



THE NUREMBERG EGG FATHER OF MODERN WATCH

through long ages of experiment, finally confined in a tiny silver casket, and given, not to some prince for a fabulous sum, but to Everyman and for a dollar. To comprehend that compact mechanism is to grasp the scheme of things entire—history, and the dreams of men, evolution with its upward urge, the intricacies of mathematics, the mysteries of astronomy and the ordered interplay of all the wide labors of men."

Gift to the Public

Not only is the story in the book one of fascinating human-interest but the story of the book—of how it came to be produced—is, in its way equally interesting.

Ordinarily, people expect to receive gifts on their birthdays, not give them. In this case, however, one of the officials of a great manufacturing concern which was approaching its twenty-fifth anniversary, suggested to his associates that they might celebrate the occasion by giving instead of inviting gifts.

After long deliberation it was decided to make a gift that would be of educational value not alone to the entire watch and clock industry of which the manufacturer was a part and to the hundreds of thousands directly or indirectly engaged in the industry, but to the general public as well—a gift of knowledge



THE NUREMBERG EGG FATHER OF MODERN WATCH

and taking research, of a mountain of individual pieces of information. The dramatic and fascinating story which resulted is perhaps less a study of time-telling or of time itself than of man in his relation to both.

Remarkable Picture

In planning the illustrations for the book, an artistic novelty was decided upon and the camera was called into play for a series of daring experiments in photographic illustration. Fifteen historical positions were worked out, models were secured, costumes and settings prepared and the result was a series of illustrations that are generally conceded to be unprecedented in the aid of photographic art.

The First Watch

The world had to wait six hundred years for the next really great happening in time-telling. In 1511, one Peter Henlein, an obscure mechanic of Nuremberg, produced a bulbous monstrosity known as a "Nuremberg Egg"—which was the first mechanical pocket timepiece ever made. From this "egg" have been hatched all of the millions of watches produced since that day.

It was later in the same century on horseback with him.



A MODERN WATCH FACTORY OUTPUT 20,000 A DAY

stood absorbed in the great cathedral at Pisa watching a hanging lamp sway to and fro in the breeze. There was something about the swaying of that lamp that fascinated him and, timing the movement by his pulse, he finally discovered what it was. Sometimes it moved but slightly and sometimes it swung through a wide arc, but he noticed that the swing was always accomplished in exactly the same time, regardless of its length. This discovery was to revolutionize clock construction, for it led to the use of the pendulum. Now-a-days we call this principle "isochronism," which means unequal arcs in equal time.

The pioneer who introduced the clock industry into America more than two centuries later bore no resemblance whatever to the Italian youth in the beautiful old-world cathedral. It was a "whittin' and whitin'" Yankee, one Eli Terry, a Connecticut carpenter who had that honor. He carved clock wheels out of wood in his own home and then, mounting his horse with a clock lashed on either side of the saddle, he went about the country peddling his wares, some of which are ticking at this very moment. He was not a very heroic figure perhaps, but he was a mighty pioneer and the clock industry of America rode in on horseback with him.

His neighbors, however, shook their heads at him when he hired Seth Thomas to help him and proceeded to turn out more and more clocks.

"You are losing your mind, Eli," they told him in solemn warning. "The first thing you know the country will be so full of clocks that there will be no market for them. You are getting reckless and ruining your own business."

When the American watch industry came along in its turn half a century later, it met the same doleful predictions. A watch worker returning to his home town on a visit was asked by his neighbors what he was doing.

"I am working," said he "for a company which makes seven complete watches a day."

"Great, was the merriment at this reply."

"Why, one incredulous friend exclaimed, 'even if you could make that many where on earth' could you sell seven watches a day?'"

This incident occurred in 1858—within the lifetime of men now living. Today, one single company among the many now engaged in watch manufacturing, is turning out watches at the rate of twenty thousand every working day, and alone has produced more than sixty million timepieces in the short period of twenty-five years.

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon
A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by **ADELE GARRISON**

CHAPTER 588.

WHY DICKY'S INQUIRY ABOUT MADGE'S WRIST WATCH GAVE HIM JOY AND HER SADNESS.

"Don't you ever take that wrist watch off, Madge?"

Dicky's tone was lazily amused. I had impatiently expressed a wish for a serviceable, inexpensive, leather strapped wrist watch one day



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The weak, soft, flabby-minded—those who are deficient in vigor and vital force—have ever had to succumb to the humiliation of being ruthlessly shoved aside by their stronger rivals. A clear, ruddy complexion; bright eyes; hardened muscles; and a well knit-together body, of elastic shape and sway, constitute a trump card in any game—whether of love or business.

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my return from Lillian Underwood's and my entrance into the secret service as one of her assistants. There was a reason for this which made my heart throb apprehensively at Dicky's question.

"Only when I have my hands in water," I returned lightly.

"And you sleep in it, too, I've noticed," Dicky said. "What's the use of that, when you can't see the time unless you use a flashlight or turn on the electric light?"

"I keep a flashlight under my pillow, you know," I explained nervously—how I wished Dicky would talk of anything else! "And I like to have it on my arm." I finished lamely.

"You're a funny little thing," Dicky looked at me speculatively. "Just a kid in some things. Who would ever have thought you'd care for anything like this so much? But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll exchange it for one with a luminous dial. Then you can tell what time it is no matter how dark the room."

"But I don't want any other kind," I said faintly, trying to get my wits together to combat this unexpected danger to one of Lillian's cherished plans.

"What nonsense!" Dicky, impetuous, masterful, crossed over to me, put out his hand to examine the watch. "It shouldn't be damaged at all, you've had it so short a time. Just let me take it down today, and I'll bring you the other one tonight."

"Can't You Guess?"

It was a very real terror that now confronted me. There was no time for half-measures. I despised myself for the subterfuge I was about to use, but there was no help for it.

I reached up my arms, deftly avoiding Dicky's grasp at the watch, and put them tightly around his neck.

"Dicky, dear," I said softly, "can't you guess why I don't want the watch changed?"

His face softened as he bent it to mine and kissed me.

"Suppose you tell me," he half-whispered. Dicky is the most susceptible person to coaxing tenderness I've ever known. I have often wished I could be the cuddly, petting kind of a wife his temperament demands.

"Because you put it on my wrist yourself that day, don't you remember? And you hadn't brought me a gift for a long time before. It was sort of a red letter day for me. I couldn't bear the thought of any other watch, even another you yourself would get me."

Dicky laughed, but there was infinite tenderness in the laughter. There was also surrender.

"All right, have it your own way,"

he said. "I'll try not to have my gifts so rare after this. I have been neglectful, sweetheart; but it isn't because I don't love you, you know that, don't you?"

At What Cost?

He bent back my head, looked into my eyes before he kissed me. And I forced myself to answer his loving illustration, although it was torture to meet his eyes.

Never had I so thoroughly loathed myself as when I told Dicky I couldn't bear the thought of any other wrist watch on my arm. Even as I said the words, the metal of the watch I wore seemed to my excited imagination to be branding the falsehood into my shrinking flesh.

For the watch upon my arm wasn't the one Dicky had given me at all. That reposed safely in a locked box in Lillian's house waiting for my next trip to the city to reclaim it. I could yet hear Lillian's exclamation of pleasure when she noticed that I was wearing the convenient leather-cased contrivance.

"What luck she had said, when she had maneuvered a few minutes for us alone together away from the rest just before I left the house. "I was wondering how best you could conceal this paper."

She held in her hand the tiny envelope of thinnest texture which I had just seen when my father's letter to me enclosed it to Lillian. That it was a most important document, he had warned us, in a code known only to four men in the country. And the envelope had been written in invisible ink, disclosed only upon Lillian's secret test and addressed to Allen Drake, the mysterious man whom I had feared was on the track of my father.

"You must never let this leave your person," she had said. "Not even I can guess how much depends upon it. And I don't care to keep it here for the next few days. Just now it is safer with you."

She had taken from a box a wrist watch, seemingly a counterpart of my own, but with a specially designed back, containing much more room than the ordinary watch. This she had pried open, deposited the paper within and closed; the watch again carefully.

"I'll keep the other one here for you," she had said, dismissing the whole thing abruptly as was her custom. "Remember, no one else must touch that watch."

I had obeyed her, but oh! at what cost to my self-respect, and my love for Dicky.

(To be continued)

Admiral Benson Denies Feeling Against British

WASHINGTON, May 6.—Denying that he had any feeling against the British, Rear Admiral Benson declared before the senate naval investigating committee today that he had been done a grave injustice through Rear Admiral Sims' interpretation of instructions received before going aboard.

Admiral Benson said he could not recall whether in his final instructions to Admiral Sims he had said "don't let the British pull the wool over your eyes; we would as soon fight them as the Germans," but added that, if he had used such language, it was for the purpose of impressing upon the admiral that the United States was still a neutral.

The witness told the committee that he had not only cautioned Admiral Sims on that occasion, but twice during the war not to let his friendship for the British unduly influence him.

A negro was trying to saddle a mule when a bystander asked, "Did that mule ever kick you?"

"No, sah; but he kicks sometimes whar 'se jes' been."—Successful Farming.

TREATY UP TO HUNGARIANS

PARIS, May 5.—The allies' reply to the objections of the Hungarian peace delegation to the terms of the peace treaty handed Hungary's representatives in January was delivered to the secretary of the Hungarian mission of Versailles today. The Hungarians are given ten days, dating from tomorrow, in which to accept or reject the treaty.

A covering letter accompanying the reply begins by saying that the allied and associated powers, while hoping that Hungary will become in the future an element of stability and

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peace in Europe, can not forget Hungary's share of responsibility in provoking the world war.

The letter points out that stenographic conditions in Central Europe are such that it would be impossible to make the present frontiers of Hungary coincide with her ethnic limits and that the result of negotiations in the detached territories could not be far different from the result arrived at by the supreme council after minute study of the peoples and their aspirations.

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