

BATTLED OVER PIPE ORGAN

Its Introduction Into Scottish Church, for Which James Watt Was Responsible, Made Trouble.

The current appreciations of James Watt, inventor of the steam engine, have not, so far as we have seen, called forth any protest from the Wee Frees. Yet Watt was responsible for the first pipe organ built in Scotland, and round it raged one of the fiercest controversies in the history of the movement against instrumental music in the Scottish church.

The story of the organ itself was told fully when the instrument was given a year ago to the Glasgow corporation. It was built by Watt in his house in High Street in 1762, and in 1807 found its way into St. Andrew's church, Glasgow. On hearing that the organ was to be played during divine service, the lord provost of the day wrote to Dr. Ritchie, minister of the church, and an enthusiastic abolitionist, "begging to know of him if such was really his case," and adding that, if so, he would consider it his duty to enter a solemn protest against him and the congregation for all damages which might be the consequence. Dr. Ritchie was also held personally responsible for "any breach of the peace which might possibly be occasioned by the innovation he had attempted to introduce."

After being used for one Sunday, the organ was closed by command of the Presbytery; and then the floods of controversy were let loose. The "friends of music" were forcible, if not very polite, in a series of pamphlets. Both sides, of course, quoted Scripture freely; and in a Presbytery minute the writer of the pro-organ pamphlet was convicted of "culpable inaccuracy and a scandalous violation of the truth."

History, so far as we know, does not record what Watt thought of it all.

The old organ is now the property of Glasgow corporation and stands in the Central Hall of the Kelven-Grove galleries.

"Smoked Irishman."

"Shure, there's no man livin' as can smoke me good County Clare brogue without feelin' th' weight o' me hands."

Sergeant James Xavier McGillin, United States marine corps, told this to the wide world as he stepped ashore at Charleston, S. C., recently from the transport which had carried him back from two years in the West Indies. He had a tale to tell, and this is how he told it:

"On the way up," he continued (brogue deleted for the benefit of the typists), "we stopped off at Nassau, in the Bahamas. I was walking along the street when up to me steps one of them natives with a face as black as me old mother's stove.

"'Shure an' 'tis a foine day fer th' Olrish,' says he to me. I makes to slough him, when another marine grabs me by the arm. He'd been there before, this other marine, and he explains it all.

"It seems that a hundred years ago—or maybe it was a thousand—the British sends one of their English regiments of Irishmen to the Bahamas, and the natives learned English from them. Ever since they've talked with a brogue."

Few Town Criers Left.

There are hardly any town criers left in England now. At Wycombe, this post, which has been held by members of one family for 80 years, lapses with the resignation of the present holder. "Oyez! oyez! oyez!" and the ringing of the bell will cease to be heard in the little old town, as it has ceased to be heard in many towns within the last ten years. In rural districts of France, by the way, public proclamations are made by the "garde champetre," a kind of keeper, or village policeman, whose office embraces various functions. Evidently in Shakespeare's day common criers had no great reputation for elocutionary skill, for Hamlet admonishes his players: "Speak the speech . . . trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it . . . I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines."

Large College Attendance.

There were 56,835 students enrolled in a scattering of 11 universities and colleges in the United States, taking figures of registrars for October, according to a statement issued by the Intercollegiate association. The enrollments of the colleges named, which are generally indicative of heavy collegiate attendance, are as follows: University of Michigan, 8,255; New York university, 7,614; Ohio State university, 7,244; University of Wisconsin, 7,087; University of Pennsylvania, 6,846; University of Texas, 3,679; Yale university, 3,461; University of Kansas, 3,305; Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts, 3,283; University of Missouri, 3,116; Pennsylvania State college, 3,003.

A Traveling Shop.

Margaret Fillingham, an English ex-service woman, declares that she simply could not perform indoor duties after her out-of-doors work in the army, so she and a friend bought, first a lawker's license, then a caravan and finally a stock of women's small wares, and now they are traveling from town to town in England, dispensing their wares along the way.

According to Miss Fillingham, they have made a hit. Their rural and small town sisters promise them their patronage and invite them to call regularly.

It seems that a carpenter hit upon the same plan, for they tell of meeting him in their travels, pursuing his trade in the same manner.

HIS UNHAPPY TIME

When Father Pays for Good Things He Has Had.

Shadows Upon Life Are Not Always Caused by Financial Affairs—Health Specialist Occasionally Gets Busy.

Speaking about the influence of money on human happiness, and the fact that the lasting pleasures of life are totally unassociated with money, father is a very good example of the latter premise, writes Glenn M. Farley in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Father's very special health specialist has forbidden him to smoke his pipe before midday, and the pleasure of life has completely vanished from all his forenoon. More than that, father has been a prodigious feeder all his life, with emphasis at the breakfast hour, and the s. h. s. has cut off the breakfast at one full stroke, and permitted him to partake of milk only at that hour. Hence we have a sad, depressed, peevish person masquerading as father, until the stroke of high noon; then there are large eats and much scratching of matches and voluminous clouds of smoke. His mornings are hell, and his afternoons are heaven, says father, and one can well believe him; these clouds and shadows upon life, one observes, have nothing to do with money. But doesn't it pass belief what a little thing can alter the whole color of man's life, and cast him from a condition of comparative pleasure into the slough of despond?

However, these little breaks in the regular habit of the individual seem to be hygienically necessary. A man may, of course, mistreat himself shamefully, and still contrive to be up and around; but nobody cares to barely drag out an existence. Consider how many hales of tobacco father must have absorbed in perhaps forty years of uninterrupted pipe pulling! The health sharp comes along and tells him that he has enough surplus nicotine in his system to start a tobacco factory. And besides this there are about the same number of years given over to the indulgence of a farmland's appetite without the farmland's exercise. Father will put away a meal that would make a f. h. jealous, and then ride down town and sit in an office chair all day! He will stand this for 30 or 40 years and then complain that he is not feeling just right, and he wonders what is the matter with him!

When we come to consider father we recognize, at once, that he ought to have a guardian. There is where the very special health specialist comes in. He steps in and takes father's breakfast and his pipe away from him, and it is stand-off if he does not also take his lunch and his dinner away from him before his rigorous course is completed. And when all is done, father is either stepping high, like a blind horse, and feeling his oats, or the boys around the office are chipping in to buy him a wreath. It is a long chance, but he has to take it. Having enjoyed his own flat-headed and entirely erroneous way for 40 years, it is high time somebody was stepping in and telling him what to do. The great mistake, with most human beings, is that their parents stop spanking them too early in life.

Not African Golf.

Of course, Pittsburghers, being everything that is good and clever in the pastime of the links, know what "African golf" means. But did they ever hear of "Mississippi marbles"? That's a new name for craps; we have it on the authority of a flock of negroes arraigned before Magistrate Simpson charged with toying with the elusive and aggravating little cubes.

"We were only playing 'Mississippi marbles,'" pleaded one of the prisoners in extenuation.

"'Mississippi marbles'? What's that?" asked the puzzled magistrate.

"Why—why, jes' craps," explained the spokesman.

"I've learned something," said the court, "but just the same you fellows are too big, too old, to play marbles, a kid's game; so I'll fine you each \$10." —New York Times.

Ancient Town Rearises.

Dedeagatch derives its name from a monastic community of derelicts belonging to the Dede sect, who settled there in the fifteenth century, soon after the capture of Constantinople. This little town, which but a few years ago, was a hamlet composed of fishermen's huts, has now quite eclipsed the Homeric Enos in commercial importance. Railway construction gave enhanced value to an unsafe harbor, and made more accessible a large neighboring forest of the valiant oaks from which we get our best tanning materials. It is supposed to occupy the site of ancient Zene, the place to which, according to classical poets, the woods followed Orpheus when set in motion by his wondrous music.

Much Room in British Guiana.

Of the total area of British Guiana, 57,777,280 acres, only 108,352 acres were under cultivation in 1918, an increase of 50,033 acres since 1913. The population is a little more than three to each square mile.

Parlor Soldier.

"He likes to dress up in uniform and go to parties and balls in military splendor, but he has never really smelled powder."

"Oh, yes, he has! The violet tinted kind."

CHURCH SMALL BUT FAMOUS

Brent Tor, on Coast of Devonshire, England, Has Been Prominent Landmark for Centuries.

Brent Tor is a little bit of a stone church built high on the frowning cliffs of the wild North Devonshire coast in England. The church is so little that a Devonshire yokel with a keen sense of humor is said to have inscribed this cryptic warning, which puzzled many a simple-minded Devonshire farmer: "If you get into the second aisle of Brent Tor, you will never get out again." There is no second aisle in the wee church at all.

Brent Tor was built centuries ago by a man who was lost among the steep cliffs and rushing waters of the wild North Devon coast. The fog mists enveloped him. In his anguish as the roar and spray of the cold Atlantic assailed him he vowed solemnly that if he ever came safely out of the fog without pitching into the growling ocean he would build a church where he landed. Brent Tor was the result.

The good folk 'round about Devonshire tell how the devil tried to hamper the building of the little church. At last St. Michael de la Rupe, to whom it was dedicated, grew weary of having the devil interfere with the proceedings and heaved a great mass of cliff at his satanic majesty. There was no further trouble.

A peculiarity of Brent Tor is the fact that it can be seen from all directions—it is a veritable landmark. Before it toss the restless waves of the Atlantic ocean and behind it slope the undulating Devonshire moors.

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WALLACE BLDG.

Beginning of Life Insurance.

Life insurance grew out of marine insurance, for merchants sending goods by sea in early times usually accompanied the ship themselves, and were liable to capture by pirates, especially by the Moorish and Turkish pirates who then infested the Mediterranean sea. In order to provide the necessary ransom for their release, if captured, it became the practice of traveling merchants to pay a premium to certain individuals, called underwriters, who guaranteed the payment of the ransom in the event of the merchants being caught. The practice was gradually extended to insuring the lives, first of mariners and then of other persons, the underwriters agreeing, in return for a certain premium, to pay a fixed amount if the person insured died within a certain time. Out of this was evolved the various forms of contracts of life insurance in use today.

In Buying Your Clothing Consider The Burglar



When an experienced burglar enters a house, he takes his time before he takes anything else. If he chooses with care without cost, why shouldn't you, since you have to pay for what you take?

Taking your time is second only to visiting the right house when the time comes.

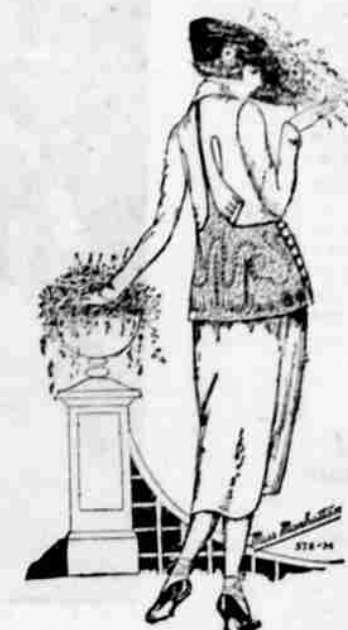
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