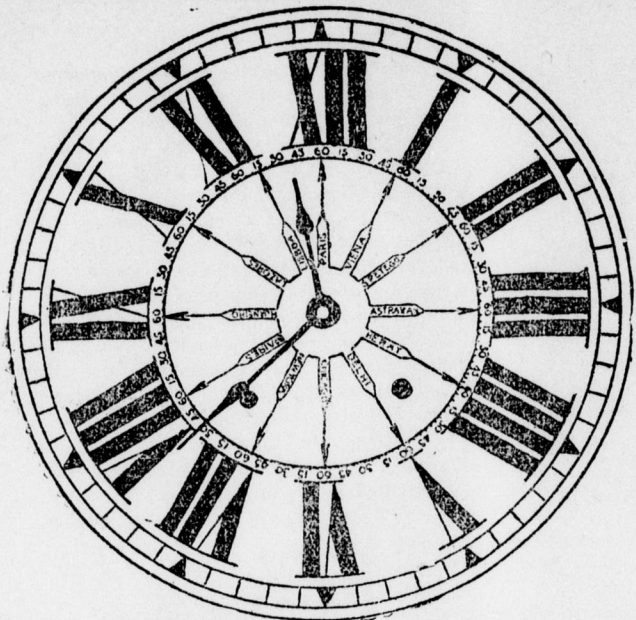


**Tells the World's Time**  
 Remarkable Clock Invented by a  
 Panama Official.

General Carlos Alban, Military Governor of the Department of Panama, Colombia, is very proud of a clock that

the exact hour in all the principal cities in the world at the same time. The hour hand does not revolve independently, but is permanently attached to the dial, which turns with it. By a very simple arrangement the clock is made to show the time in Paris, Vienna and other centres, as well as in Panama. Arrows are drawn upon the dial, with the names of different cities, so placed as to indicate the exact difference in time between these places



TELLS THE TIME ALL OVER THE WORLD.

stands in his reception room in the city of Panama. The difference between this clock and those usually seen is that it indicates

and Panama. As the dial revolves the arrows indicate the hour and minute in a dozen cities, while the black hand gives Panama time.

**First of Our Free Schools.**

To celebrate the establishment in Hampton, Va., of the first free school on American soil the citizens of that historic town arranged an elaborate program for February 12, when the new Syms-Eaton Academy, the large modern public school which has just been completed, was dedicated in honor

tan, and now Elizabeth City County, Virginia, a tract of 200 acres of land and the milk from eight cows for the purpose of endowing a free school in which the youth of that day, resident of the county, might receive a free education. One month later Thomas Eaton, another philanthropist of the period, "patented" 2570 acres of land at the head of Back River, which he decreed should be devoted to the school fund already established by Benjamin Syms. That was the modest beginning of the greatest public school system in the world, and to the memory of these



AMERICA'S FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL.  
 (The Syms-Eaton Schoolhouse as it appeared from 1842 to 1861.)

of the two Virginians who first made possible the free education of all classes in this country. Nearly 300 years ago—as far back as 1634, to be specific—Benjamin Syms willed to the parish of "Kiquotam (later Kecough-

public spirited men a monument has just been erected in Hampton in the shape of the large and completely equipped public school referred to, which has been named the Syms-Eaton Academy.

**The McKinley Monument.**

The mound where the body of William McKinley will eventually lie and above which will be reared the memorial of the people of the United States, is in the farthest section of Westlawn Cem-

etery, Canton, Ohio. Without a question, it is the most beautiful spot in the cemetery. Senator Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, one of the trustees of the McKinley National Memorial Association, which is raising the funds for the memorial tomb, said, when he first beheld it, that it was "the finest spot out of doors in all the world." The mound rises in a gentle slope about seventy-five feet from the little stream that lies at its feet, and curves in a similar graceful sweep to the east. A carriage road lies at its base at the edge of the water, and another one mounts the hill and circles it at the back. It is proposed to use about five acres of the mound—its very best part, in fact—which will give ample room for the stately tomb that will be erected there,



MOUND ON WHICH THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO MCKINLEY WILL BE ERRECTED.

etery, Canton, Ohio. Without a question, it is the most beautiful spot in the cemetery. Senator Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, one of the trustees of the McKinley National Memorial Association, which is raising the funds for the memorial tomb,

and for the spread of greensward to relieve and soften it. Until the memorial tomb is built the body of William McKinley will lie in the public receiving vault, where it was placed on September 18, the day of the funeral.

**The First Dog of the Land.**

At Oyster Bay Jack was simply the yellow dog of the Roosevelt family. Now he is Jack Roosevelt, the first dog in the land. He has no pedigree, but the White House is his playground, and the East Room, the Blue Room, the diplomatic room, and, in fact, every corner of the White House, even the Cabinet room, receive daily visits. He seems to feel the importance of his position. He is reserved—painfully so—dignified and distant. He obeys only the commands of the Roosevelt children and Pinkney, the White House steward. He has the greatest contempt for the policemen and ushers, and never has been known to make friends

with one of the many persons who daily seek his confidence and the permission to pat his head. In appearance Jack is anything but prepossessing. Once in a while he accompanies Miss Alice Roosevelt when she goes for a drive, but he is not over fond of driving, and generally bolts when her carriage comes round.—New York Herald.

Of every three persons in Berlin, Germany, one has a savings-bank account; or, more accurately, ten of every twenty-seven.

Some men ought to take a day off and get acquainted with themselves.

**NEW PORTO RICO EMBLEM.**

Coat of Arms Recently Decided Upon by the Committee.

The coat of arms adopted for Porto Rico is a departure from the style followed by the different States of the United States, and was decided upon after long discussion by the committee.



PORTO RICAN COAT OF ARMS.

The old seal of Porto Rico, granted by Spain about the middle of the sixteenth century, presented three leading features, a rock in the ocean, the lamb of St. John and design of the Spanish flag and castle. The shape of the shield was retained, and also the rock, after being remodeled as to copy, with some exaggeration, the contour of the island as it appears to the voyager before entering the harbor of San Juan. Behind the rock is shown the rising sun.

The choice of a crest presented a difficulty. No heraldic animal was suggested as having a peculiar local significance except the gamecock, whose present popularity the Government is trying to suppress. No suitable tree was suggested. The bust of Columbus was considered, but it was regarded as lacking in artistic effect. One of his caravels was found to make a striking effect above the shield, and it was adopted.

Concerning a motto the committee decided that Spanish was out of the question, but English was such an unknown tongue that Latin was chosen. Many mottoes were submitted, but the successful suggestion came from a Washington woman, and almost simultaneously from Dr. David J. Hill, Assistant Secretary of States. It is from Ovid: "Prospera lux oritur," which, translated, means: "A happy day is dawning."

**ELECTRIC EXERCISER.**

A Pair of Dumb-bells Connected With a Battery.

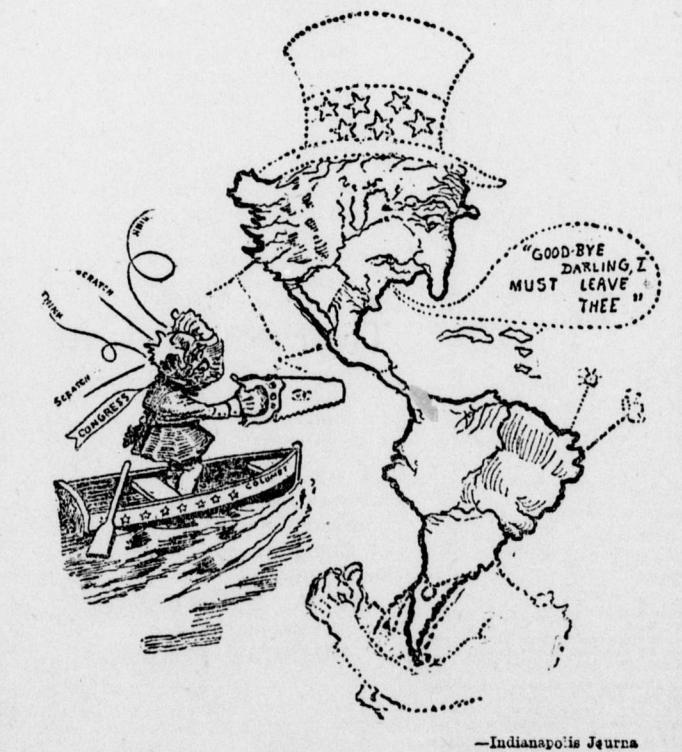
In the accompanying picture is shown a novelty in apparatus for the exercise of the muscles, combining the application of the electric current with the handling of Indian clubs or dumb-



ACTS ON THE MUSCLES WHILE IN MOTION

bells. The inventor claims that the application of electricity to the body and muscles while exercising with the clubs or dumb-bells will be found of great advantage, in that the current acts on the muscles while in motion, and thus tends to compensate for the weariness

**A POPULAR SONG ILLUSTRATED.**



produced by the vigorous handling of the exercising devices. The apparatus comprises an induction coil and battery contained in a case secured to the body by a belt, with wires leading to the clubs for connection with the metallic tubes forming the grips or handles. The wires are of sufficient length to permit the free use of the apparatus, and variations in the strength of the current are obtained by adjusting the sliding cord of the induction coil, which adapts the exerciser for the use of children or adults. The patent on this device has been granted to Alfred Olson.

**WHEELED CRUTCHES.**

Combination Rolling and Walking Chair For Invalids.

Professor Eulenberg, of the University of Berlin, has invented a very ingenious combination rolling and walking chair for invalids, as shown in the accompanying illustration. The crutches are provided with spring bearings, and



WHEELED CRUTCH.

can be adjusted so as to fit any person. The same is the case with the guide-bar. The whole mechanism of the combination chair is very simple, and



WHEELED CRUTCH AS CHAIR.

the walking chair can easily be changed into a rolling chair whenever the patient desires so. All wheels have india rubber tires; the bars are of steel, and the seat of rush braids.

**Economy in Gloves.**

"Men pride themselves on their superior economy," says a well known young Washington matron, "but it is without good grounds. Take gloves, for instance. You buy more gloves in a year than I do, and you are not well-gloved half the time. You put a pair on when you buy them and get the fingers twisted. As a result, they never look well, there is a strain on the seams, they rip, and in a few weeks they are thrown aside, soiled and spoiled. Now, take your first lesson in glove economy. Buy good gloves and have them fitted on by the clerk. It is the first fitting that counts. After that they will go on all right.

"Never wear the same pair two days in succession. Straighten them out at night and give them a rest for a day. Four times a year gather up your gloves and have them cleaned and pressed for fifteen cents a pair. You will find that your glove bill will be cut in two. But always get good gloves. I bought a pair of reindeer driving gloves in London four years ago, and paid a guinea for them. They are still serviceable. When they are soiled I put them in a basin and wash them with soap and water, and they dry out as good as ever."—Washington Post.

**DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON**

**SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.**

**Subject: Every Man Has a Lion to Fight—When Contending Against an Evil Habit You Stand in an Immense Circle of Sympathy—Clouds of Witnesses.**

WASHINGTON, D. C.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is full of inspiring thoughts for those who find life a struggle, and shows that we have many celestial sympathizers; texts, Hebrews xii, 1, "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses;" I Corinthians xv, 57, "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus."

Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis pass or through the Mont Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world, the Amphitheatre. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count forty elevations or galleries, as we shall see fit to call them, in which sat the Senators, the kings and the 25,000 excited spectators. At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food until, frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor wretch, with his sword aloft, and are condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women and children, orators and Senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence. The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword with firm grip into his right hand. The 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. He hears the door at the side of the arena crack open. Out charges a lion, and a starving lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena; then rallying his wasted strength he comes up with fiercer eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke until the monster is laid on his feet, and the 25,000 clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

Sometimes the audience came to see a race; sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs up as an appeal that the vanquished be spared, and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

To one of the Roman amphitheatrical audiences of 100,000 people Paul refers when he says, "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." The direct reference in the last passage is made to a race; but elsewhere having discussed that, I take now Paul's favorite idea of the Christian life as a combat.

The fact is that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor, through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul! Your lion is the passion for strong drink, and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay, that is not the weapon. With one horrible roar he will seize the bottle, and then he will reach for your life. Take this weapon, sharp and keen—reach up and get it from God's armory—the sword of the Spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer!

But why specify when every man and woman has a lion to fight? If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out, for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on.

The Trajan celebration, where 10,000 gladiators fought and 11,000 wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as the which at this moment goes on in many a soul. The combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roaring lion of hell.

Men think, when they contend against an evil habit, that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the centre of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak and then says, "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through I will show you that you fight in an arena, around which circle in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages, and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheatre, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius or Augustus or the reigning king. So in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our King, our Jesus. On His head are many crowns. The Roman emperor got his place by cold blooded conquests, but our King hath come to His place by the broken hearts healed and the tears wiped away and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat, but our King's sympathies are all with us—may, unheard of, condescension! I see Him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting until all up and down His voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of My power!"

They gave to the men in the arena in the olden time food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our King has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are one of His bone, flesh of His flesh, blood of His blood. In all the anguish of our heart The Man of Sorrows have a part.

Once in the ancient amphitheatre a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword and with his other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said: "That was not fair. The lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame! shame!" at such meanness. But the King in this case is our brother, and He will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing

out of more lions than we can meet. He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The King is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us. "Blessed are they who put their trust in Him."

I look again and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth he preached, and so he died, the night before swinging from the bedpost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who is that army of 60,000? They are the Theban legion who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array, 884,000, who perished for Christ in the persecutions of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group, Felicitas, of Rome, and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. Another was whipped to death by thorns; another was flung from a rock; another was beheaded. At last the mother became a martyr. There they are together, a family group in heaven! Yonder is John Bradford, who said in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord to-night." Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed as he died, "If I had ten heads, they should all fall off for Christ!" The great throng of the martyrs! They had not lead poured down their throats; horses were fastened to their hands and other horses to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out by red-hot pincers; they were sewed up in the skins of animals and then thrown to the dogs; they were doused with combustibles and set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes had been in the world, could be set at proper distances they would make the night all the world over bright as noonday! And now they sit yonder in the martyrs' gallery.

For them the fires of persecution have gone out; the swords are sheathed and the mob is banished. Now they watch us with an all observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume; the floods cannot drown; the lions cannot devour. Courage! here in the arena!"

What? Are they all looking? This hour we answer back the salutation they give and cry, "Hail, sons and daughters of the fire!" I look again and I see another gallery—that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in companionship of those who are of like mind. There is Albert Barnes and around him the presbytery who tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder are Lyman Beecher and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all, there are John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought that they would have knelt together? There are George Whitefield and the ministers who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there the band of missionaries, David Abel, talking of China redeemed; and John Scudder, of India saved; and David Brainerd, of the aborigines evangelized; and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for the heathen look heaven violence! All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs! Do we in Christ's cause suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweated in tropics. Do we get fatigued? They fainted, with none to care for them but the angels. Are we persecuted? They were unmathematized, as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the lions I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed:

Must you be carried to the skies  
 On flowery beds of ease  
 While others fought to win the prize  
 Or sailed through bloody seas?  
 Toplady shouts in his old hymn:  
 Your harps, ye trembling saints,  
 Down from the willows take;  
 Loud to the praise of love divine  
 Bid every string awake!  
 While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in words a little varied:  
 A charge to keep you have,  
 A God to glorify,  
 A never dying soul to save  
 And fit it for the sky!

I look again and I see the gallery of our departed. Many of them in the other galleries we have heard of, but they are new. Oh, how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children—do they look with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle of life? They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven, they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay, I see them rising up and leaning over and waving before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion they expect the King to call us, saying, "Come up higher!"

Between the hot struggles in the arena I wipe the sweat from my brow and stand on tiptoe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous handshaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery, crying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and you shall have a crown!"

But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and the joy of the scene! Gallery of the King! Gallery of apostles! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! O majestic circles of light and love! Throngs, throngs, throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe? Myriads of eyes beaming on us! Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again? How shall we ever become discouraged again? How shall we ever feel lonely again? With God for us and angels for us and prophets and apostles for us and the great souls of the ages for us and our glorified kindred for us—shall we give up the fight and die? No, Son of God, who didst die to save us! No, ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us! No, ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us! No, ye loved ones, whose arms are outstretched to receive us! No; we will never surrender!

Sure I must fight if I must reign,  
 Be faithful to my Lord,  
 And bear the cross, endure the pain,  
 Supported by Thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war  
 Shall conquer though they die;  
 They see the triumph from afar  
 And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise  
 And all things armies shine  
 In robes of victory through the skies,  
 The glory shall be Thine.  
 My hearers, shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier dying in the hospital rose up in bed the last moment and cried: "Here, here, the combatant's sword and with his other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said: "That was not fair. The lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame! shame!" at such meanness. But the King in this case is our brother, and He will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing

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