

Forty Pies a Minute Baked by Machine— Over Fifty-six Hundred Turned Out in a Day

Fifty thousand six hundred pies in each twenty-four hours, or forty every minute, is the astounding record of a Pittsburgh baker. The feat is accomplished with the aid of a machine. It will be advantageous to both the manufacturer and the consumer—to the former because it will lessen the number of operatives and the expenses of conducting the business, and to the latter because the pies can be bought far below their cost at the present day. Another claim is that cleanliness is assumed in the manufacture and that the product is as wholesome as the best "that mother used to make."

Two machines are used by Mr. Louis, the inventor, in his process. In the

part of their course they pass between two sets of burners, which take the piece of the oven.

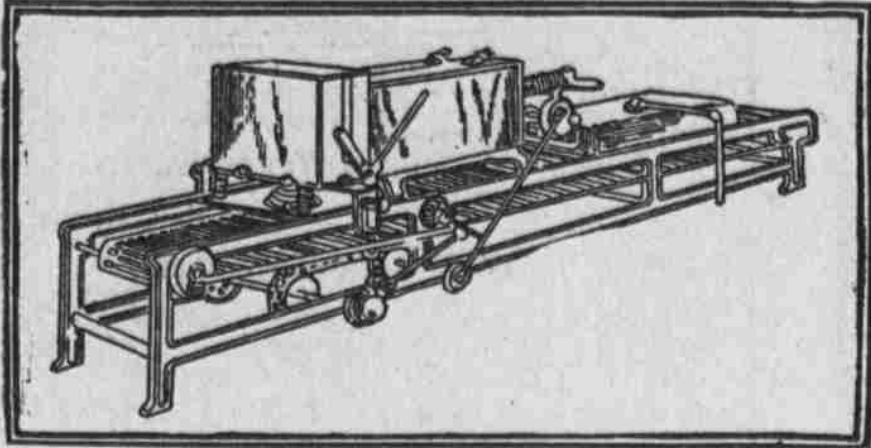
As the moulds pass upward they are opened automatically by a small lever at one end of the machine to permit the pie dough to enter, after which they are closed automatically by another lever to allow the dough to bake and form the crust. This operation is but the work of a second, as the irons are heated to the proper temperature before the dough is permitted to enter the moulds.

The dough itself is contained in a large tank above the machine. A feed pipe runs down and by means of a piston which is connected with the

stands at one end of the machine ready to remove it from the mould. This worker arranges the baked crusts on a large pan within easy reach of another attendant, who feeds them to the second machine. This machine is somewhat similar to the first, as it also has an endless chain to keep the crusts in motion. It has two large reservoirs, one containing the filling and the other the meringue. By a ratchet arrangement enough of the filling and meringue is released from the tanks as the pie passes under them successively. When filled they pass onward under an overhead baker, which gives the top of the meringue a rich brown tint. The pie is completed then, and as it passes out from under the baker it is received by another attendant and set aside, ready for sale.

Besides the three attendants mentioned but three more are required for the complete operation of the machines. One regulates the speed and temperatures of the machines and keeps them in working order; one makes the dough and feeds it to the first machine, and the third feeds the filling and meringue to the second machine. By the methods used at the present time in large bakeries it would require about 100 employees to do the same work.

The inventor is a practical baker with fifteen years' experience in many of the large plants of the country. He has invented several other devices, all of which have proved successful. He got his idea for the pie making machine by watching a street waffle man at work. Seeing how easily the waffles were made, Louis asked himself if pie dough could not be used just as well. That night when he went home he borrowed his wife's waffle irons and began his experiments. It required years of study and labor to bring the machinery to perfection.



The Machine by Which the Pies are Filled and Receive a Top Dressing of Meringue.

first the crust is formed and baked and in the second the filling is put in and covered by a tempting layer of meringue. The first machine is the more interesting of the two. Instead of pie tins moulds like waffle irons are used to form the crust. They are firmly attached to an endless chain stretched out horizontally the full length of the machine. In the lower

machinery that operates the whole affair enough dough is forced down the pipe with each stroke of the piston to fill one of the moulds as it passes under the pipe. By the time another mould passes under the pipe another stroke of the piston forces down enough dough to fill that mould, and so on.

As the crust is baked an attendant

WONDERFUL SUN DIAL MECHANISM SHOWS TIME AT FIFTEEN PLACES.

Aiming to Reproduce Famous Timepiece at Glamis Castle, Scotland, Peter Hamilton of Baltimore Has Far Outdone the Model He Selected.

The romantic and picturesque sun dial is coming to its own once more. Dial making is again an industry re-vealed in by members of the arts and crafts cycle, says the Los Angeles Times.

It was in days when interest in sun dials was lowest that Peter Hamilton of Baltimore conceived and executed the design for a dial unlike any other of which we have any knowledge and which is now one of the attractions of the celebrated Druid Hill park in that city.

This dial, beautiful from an architectural standpoint, is also a mathematical wonder, for it registers the time at fifteen places, each far distant from one another. From its fifteen faces can be read the hours at Rio Janeiro, Sitka, Jeddo, Jerusalem, Fernando Po, Cape Cod, Baltimore, Pitcairn's Island, Honolulu, London, Cape Town and San Francisco. The equatorial and polar planes, the latter with the motto "Sine umbra nihil," make up the fifteen faces of this peculiar dial.

That he had constructed a wholly original sun dial of which there is no duplicate, is a fact which surprised Mr. Hamilton, for he believed while constructing it that he was reproducing in essential points the famous dial at Glamis castle, in Scotland, which is undoubtedly the finest in the world.

There are over eight dials in all on this famed timepiece, each of its twenty-four faces having from three to four dials each. This dial is certainly three centuries old, as it appears in a print of the castle, behind which it stands, previous to the year 1690, and was named in Earl Patrick's book of record of a date previous to 1695.

It was from a description of the Glamis sun dial, which is over twenty-one feet high and handsomely carved that Mr. Hamilton drew the plans for the dial which now stands in Druid Hill park. Never having seen even a photograph of the Glamis dial, Mr. Hamilton had only verbal descriptions to work upon and he concluded that the many faces of the Glamis dial must speak the time at various points. But the Glamis dial tells only Scotland time. Thus Mr. Hamilton's work is not a copy in any sense, but is original with him.

It was in 1875 that Mr. Hamilton constructed his unique dial of sandstone. It stood in his yard for a number of years. In 1892 he presented it to the city of Baltimore. It was first placed in one of the smaller parks and afterward removed to Druid Hill park, near the Eutaw place entrance. As time had begun to wear away some of the inscriptions, the park commission recently spent \$500 to cover the surface with bronze plates and engrave them. This has been done under Mr. Hamilton's supervision and the dial now bids fair to stand for centuries, a picturesque monument to its maker.

Tarkington's Boomerang.

Both Tarkington has among his curios in his New York city apartment a boomerang. A magazine editor said of the odd weapon the other day: "I do not believe that a native can handle a boomerang so that it will re-

turn to the precise spot it started from." "I believe it," said Tarkington. "Why, a magazine writer can do the very same thing with his manuscript if he incloses a stamped envelope."

Russia—1905.
A red haze hung over the mountain. The hail in the valley was still. A lone woman wept o'er a baby that had died.

And the grain lay unground at the mill. A plow in the half-cloven furrow. A forge that was smokeless and dead. While over it all hung the stillness, a pall. And the haze o'er the mountain, blood red.

And over and over and over. By village and farmhouse and hill. A haze, bloody red, all the landscape o'erspread. And the valleys deserted and still. The earth at the harvest unbroken. And lone vigil kept by a woman who wept.

With a babe at her bosom unweaned. Then down from the mountain a horseman dashed, plumed and sworded and mailed. Nor heard he the moan of the woman alone.

Nor saw he the grain all unfallen: "To arms!" for the battle was bloody; "To arms!" for the columns were thinning. And over the land rang his brazen command. For his horse wore the wings of the wind.

Then fatherless lads from their hovels went shouldering ponderous guns. And old men and gray tottered weakly away. To find the rude graves of their sons; For country is higher than kindred. And what is the glory of sod Unwet by the flood of its yeomen's red blood?

And war—is it not more than God? So women with babes at their bosoms Gazed out o'er the furrows untilled. Through the haze resting red like the blood that was shed. In a far away struggle unweiled. And eyes that are swollen and anguished Glistened in silent appeal: "Oh, God of the Poor, does thy mercy endure?"

When thy monarchs know naught but of steel? And over and over and over. By village and hamlet and hill. The haze resting red, like the blood that is shed. But the hail in the valley is still. The earth at the seedtime unbroken. The fields at the harvest uncleaned. And a lone vigil kept by a woman who wept.

With a babe at her bosom unweaned. —J. W. Foley in New York Times.

How Tommy Reckoned.
Teacher—Now, Tommy, if I give you five apples and you eat two, how many will you have left?
Tommy (aged 6)—Five.

Teacher—No; if you eat two, you would have only three left, wouldn't you?
Tommy—No, ma'am; I'd have five—three outside and two inside.

General Plays Santa Claus and Lives

Slides Down Chimney Into Boudoir of French Woman Who Saves Him from Soldiers Who Are in Pursuit.

The husband came in and told his story. He had held high command in the French army, was a man of character and ability, with extraordinary linguistic acquirements. He had thrown himself into the outbreak of the Commune as a soldier, had been given an important point to defend on a barricade. The fight was long and terrible, and when nearly all the defenders were killed or wounded, and the ammunition was exhausted, the few survivors escaped as best they could. The "General" managed to get on to some roofs and to escape down a chimney into a private apartment. There he found himself in the bedroom of a lady who was dressing. "Sauvez-vous, madame!" he cried. She, poor soul, terrified at this strange apparition, who with torn clothes, covered with soot, and with darker stains upon him, stood suppliant before her,

WOULDN'T TEND THE DOORS.

Railroad Was Run Through Barn, but There the Line Was Drawn.

Last spring while the survey for the Northern Seaport railroad from La Grange, Me., to Searsport, Me., was being made some of the youths in Stockton Springs, a small town in Waldo county, thought they would jolly some of the farmers. They equipped themselves with a camera tripod and an old telescope and started out.

They reached Prospect and hunted up a good old man and inquired if they could survey his ground. He was excited at once, and asked numberless questions and wanted them to tell him "for sure" if the road would go over his land.

The mock surveyors assured him they could tell him with certainty, after a few moments' work, and then they erected the tripod and apparently became absorbed in work of marking off a line of stakes, the farmer watching them with interest. In a short time they pretended to discover that the road would go right through the barn, so the old man was told. He considered a moment and then said slowly:

"But there's only one door in it."
"Well," they replied, "couldn't you knock off the planking on the other side and put in another door?"
The man brightened up at once, and replied: "Yes, I suppose I could, but I'll tell you right now you'll have to keep a man to shut them doors after the trains, for I can't be bothered all the time with them."

Sheriff Holt's Afterthought.
The late Ralph T. Holt of Keene, N. H., who served many terms as sheriff of the county, had a habit of using the words "By the way" before addressing a person or commencing a conversation.

One morning in the sixties, in opening a session of the court, the sheriff arose from his seat and in his usual dignified manner proceeded according to the custom by repeating the following: "Hear, ye. Hear, ye. All ye who have anything to do with the court of common pleas, come forward and you shall be heard according to law."

At this point he sat down and remained seated for nearly a minute, then suddenly springing to his feet and looking fixedly at the judge, he exclaimed: "By the way, God save the state."

SCENE OF RECENT DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS IN ITALY



THE EARTHQUAKE IN CALABRIA.

Region Long Noted for Frequent and Destructive Shocks.

The latest news regarding the earthquake in Calabria shows it to have been more disastrous than was at first supposed. It appears to have extended throughout all the three Italian provinces which are now called by that name. Hardly a town or village but suffered to some extent. A shock of equal violence if experienced by a great city probably would cause a vast destruction of life and property. Calabria is mainly an agricultural region, but loss of life seems, nevertheless, to have run far up into the hundreds, and that of the property to have been on a proportionate scale.

Calabria has long been a region of frequent and destructive earthquakes. In one year, 1783, there were 949 distinct shocks. They continued to take place throughout the last century as during preceding ones, shocks in 1835, in 1856, in 1870 and in 1881 devastating large sections and causing thousands of deaths. It might be thought that a country in which life and property were held upon so insecure a tenure would come to be regarded as unfit for human habitation, and would, therefore, be depopulated. Probably, however, there cannot be pointed out a single extensive region on earth which, after once being well populated, has lost its inhabitants because it was subject to great natural calamities. There are regions where terrible floods and storms are of frequent occurrence, but they are not less thickly settled on that account. Vesuvius has repeatedly belched forth oceans of liquid fire and mountains of rock and ashes, and laid waste all the surrounding country, yet there never has been a time when villages did not nestle at its foot and when the shepherd did not tend his flocks, and the husbandman train his vines almost up to its crater. Men will live anywhere they can get a subsistence, hoping that the natural calamities of the past will not be repeated, and if they are, that they, at least, will not be among the sufferers.

As long as human nature remains what it is, and southern Italy continues to be one of the most fertile spots in Europe, Calabria will not want inhabitants.

Calabria is by no means the only region in which earthquakes are frequent and deadly. Japan is specially subject to them. In 1888 630 shocks took place there. During the succeeding six months 3,000 minor shocks almost completely suspended business in a large section and caused 1,000 deaths. A great earthquake belt extends through the lands along the Mediterranean, the Azores, the West Indies, Central America, the Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, India, Persia and Asia Minor. What causes earthquakes to take place in these regions more frequently than in other parts of the earth and what causes them to take place at all, are equally matters of conjecture. In the present state of scientific knowledge there are perhaps no other destructive natural phenomena whose approach is so wholly impossible to predict or whose effects are so hard to escape.

AFTER THE REAL WRONGDOER.

Gratifying Efforts to Reach the "Big Fellows" in Crime.

It is gratifying to hear that investigators have at last turned their attention to the men "higher up." The tendency has too often been to devote inquiries to the small fry sinners and to rest satisfied with the punishment of these for crimes against society. Traced to a definite conclusion, it will generally be found that the little fellows who prove such convenient scapegoats are really only the tools in the hands of men of higher standing and "unassailable respectability," who have actually profited most by the wrongdoing. The big fellow plans the crookedness and turns it over to the less conspicuous individual to execute, reaping the lion's share of the pecuniary benefits and escaping the taint of actual participation. The more of this crew dragged into the limelight and punished the less we shall hear of extensive frauds and wholesale grafting.—Baltimore Herald.

AMERICAN MINISTER IN DANGER.

S. R. Gummere at Tangiers, Forced to Take Refuge in City. Samuel R. Gummere, American minister to Morocco, who was compelled to abandon the legation in the suburbs of Tangiers and take refuge in the city by reason of a battle between Raisuli, the bandit, and insurgent tribes, is a member of an old and prominent family of Trenton, N. J. He is a brother of Justice William S. Gummere of the state supreme court. He was appointed to the consular service in 1895 and was promoted



ed to his present place for his efforts in securing the release of Ion Perdicaris, who was kidnaped by Bandit Raisuli.

SEPARATED FOR FIFTY YEARS.

Long-Parted Brothers Meet at G. A. R. National Encampment.

Three brothers, Rev. S. B. Taggart, M. R. Taggart and David Taggart, had not met for fifty years until the G. A. R. encampment in Denver. David Taggart and M. R. Taggart are veterans of the civil war. At the beginning of the war they enlisted in different Pennsylvania regiments. They went through the war, fighting battle after battle, but never meeting each other. During that time Rev. S. B. Taggart was attending Princeton Theological seminary. At the close of the war the brothers became widely separated. The theological student returned to the old home, M. R. Taggart remained in the south and David Taggart drifted to Kansas and located near Olathe. They met at the Union depot in Denver and after fifty years recognized each other at sight. David Taggart is 72, M. R. Taggart 67 and S. B. Taggart 74 years old. M. R. Taggart is a merchant at Pittsburg, Pa. David Taggart is a retired farmer living near Olathe, Kan., and Rev. S. B. Taggart's home is at Alton, Ill. The other two are now visiting David.

AT HEAD OF POSTAL CLERKS.

Arthur Donoghue of Chicago Again Elected President.

Arthur Donoghue, who has been re-elected president of the National Association of Postal Clerks, has been



employed in the registry division at the Chicago postoffice for more than twelve years. He is 35 years old.

To Publish Old-time Wills.

North Carolina's secretary of state is preparing abstracts of the 4,000 wills in his office, and the work is very heavy. Up to 1773 the law required wills to be filed there, though nearly all are for the years between 1700 and 1750, very few being found dated since the last-named year. These wills cover vast areas of land, not only in North Carolina, but what is now Tennessee. The abstracts are on cards, and will be printed. They will show the location of the lands, and also the names of the persons who devised them and those to whom they were devised. The decision to make this extensive publication is a recent one.—Washington Post.

East Indians to Enter Cornell.

Word has been received at the Cornell college of agriculture from the director of the department of land records, Bengal, India, that the Indian government would send four students this fall to Cornell to take special work in agriculture. These students are graduates of the University of Calcutta and have also taken postgraduate work in the Sibpur Engineering college, so they will be graduate students at Cornell. It is believed they are the first to be sent to any college in the United States by the government of India.