

FOUR FLEA POWER OF WATCH

Delicate Little Instrument Whose Balance Wheel Is Driven More Than 3,500 Miles a Year.

Few pieces of machinery show more wonderful features than that of the watch. As a general proposition it may be stated that a watch is the smallest, most delicate instrument of the same number of parts that has ever been devised.

About 175 different pieces of material enter into its construction and upward of 2,000 separate operations are comprised in its manufacture. Certain of the facts connected with its performance are almost incredible when considered as a whole.

A blacksmith strikes several hundred blows on his anvil in a day and as a matter of course is glad when Sunday comes, but the roller jewel of a watch makes every day—and day after day—432,000 impacts against the fork of 157,650,000 blows during the course of a year without stop or rest—or some 3,153,600,000 blows during the space of twenty years, the period for which a watch is usually guaranteed to keep good time.

But the wonder of it does not cease here says the Michigan Manufacturer. It has been calculated that the power that moves the watch is equivalent to only four times the force used in a flea's jump. The watch power is therefore what might be termed the equivalent of a four flea-power. One horse-power would suffice to operate 270,000,000 watches.

Furthermore the balance wheel of a watch is moved by this four flea-power 1.43 inches with each vibration, or 3,558 1/2 miles continuously in one year. Not much oil is required to lubricate the little machine on its 3,500 mile run. It takes only one-tenth of a drop of oil to oil the entire machinery for a year's service.

PAY FOR THE FRENCH NAMES

Fastidious Restaurant Patrons Could Get Same Dishes in "American" for Much Less.

Frank P. Ward, writing for Harper's Weekly, declares that the men who cater to the hunger and thirst of the wealthy in New York make a profit of anything up to 300 per cent. For this condition he blames one class of restaurant patrons whom he describes as "persons who turn up their noses at eggs with grated cheese, 25 cents, but go into ecstasies over omeufs a la reine, \$1—exactly the same dish." To guess a little in the scale, says Mr. Ward, "beef and" establishments are highly profitable; a fact which, as he points out, goes to show that if these can coin money at five and ten cents a "throw," the others can do better.

There is undeniably a deal of sound sense in Mr. Ward's arraignment of ultra-fastidious persons who ecstasically pay 25 cents for food and 75 cents additional for a French name to go with it. The person of that temperament is evidently convinced that grub by a more genteel name would taste as sweet, and is determined to eat it by the other name, cost what it may. Why eat "vittles" when, by merely paying a quadruple price, one may have nouriture? Why, indeed! If French names for Yankee dishes serve best to keep in circulation the money of the final rich, by all means put them up in French—Manchester Union.

He Eats No Corn.

"I am deeply fond of corn on the cob," said the mathematician, "but I haven't eaten any this season."

"What's the matter? It doesn't cost much."

"Well, that all depends upon how you look at it. Take it in the market, it's cheap enough, twenty-five or thirty cents a dozen ears. But I have to eat in restaurants, and there I would have to pay ten cents an ear or \$1.20 a dozen for it. Now, where do you suppose the restaurants get the courage to charge that much for serving hot what costs them only one-fourth that much in the raw state? If the corn were difficult of preparation for the table, if it took much trouble in the cooking or if it required elaborate sauces it would be different. But, corn on the cob is the simplest thing a restaurant can serve, and for one, I don't propose to let them make any profit out of it."

Shakespeare in 1793.

What we wonder, would happen to the London manager nowadays who should dare to put on the stage such a version of a Shakespearean tragedy as was played in Ireland a hundred years ago? Mrs. Earle in her book, "Memoirs and Memories," gives a Dublin play bill in 1793, which is worth quoting.

The play was "the tragedy of Hamlet," originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hayes of Limerick and inserted in Shakespeare's works. The title role is taken by a gentleman who between the acts will perform several solos on the patent bagpipe, which performs two dances at the same time.

Double Action.

Young Hopeful—Father, what is a traitor in politics?

Veteran Politician—A traitor is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other one.

Young Hopeful—Well, then, what is a man who leaves his party and comes over to yours?

Veteran Politician—A convert, my son—Tit-Bits.

WHY WOMEN GO TO PRISON

Most of Them Err Through Idleness, Unwise Marriages, Ignorance, Youth and Friendliness.

The causes that bring women to prison are seldom of personal or even of direct moral significance. Women seldom use their wits to break the law, nor do most of their crimes demand a quick intelligence. They are in the main the result of a lack of training in trades, inconsidered marriages, ignorance, youth, friendliness, the general unguided condition of girls; non-employment, low wages, overcrowding in tenements, nervous tension and the high-pressure life of the average female factory employe. These and other like causes produce the so-called artificial offenses, such as inebriety, unruliness and minor breaches of the law which are mostly the result of overstrain. It has often been said that the barometer of crime rises as that of prosperity falls, and this is particularly true as regards the crimes of women. The thousands of women factory workers in every manufacturing city are never more than a few days from actual want. Given a period of overproduction or a depression in trade, and the women's prisons fill with these despairing, idle workers. In New England, when the factories are running with a full force of operatives, there is a decided slump in the prison population, for all goes well with even these weaker spirits so long as they earn enough to eat every day and have a place to sleep every night. From "The Care of Women in State Prisons," by Jeanne Robert, in the American Review of Reviews.

MEASURING FISH BY THE EYE

It Is Guesswork and Most Men Go Far Astray as to the Length.

Not every man can measure fish accurately by eye. Many people are apt to make their guess too big, and then there are many who, misled by the tapering head and the diminishing tail end of the fish, are apt to make it too small.

Here was a little bunch of men out fishing for blues, and presently one pulled in a handsome and fair-sized fish. Then somebody started guessing at the length of it and one guessed two feet and another four and still another three feet. Then a man in the boat who was familiar with fishes glanced at this blue and said that he guessed it would measure two feet and a half; whereupon a man in the party who had a tape measure in his pocket got that out and put the tape on the fish; and it actually measured 21 inches.

There was just one man in the boat who could measure a fish accurately by the eye.

A Nautical Christening.

Some years ago a slow sailing vessel, when some 600 miles from Liverpool, picked up a lusty youngster of five years lashed to a mast. The captain took a great liking to him, called him his son and decided that the little chap must be christened—one of the few things which he knew must be attended to in the case of children.

Of course there was no chaplain aboard, so the captain himself undertook the ceremony. He gathered the men about him, and with a mixed knowledge of his duties, he gazed about him and asked whether any one knew just cause why the boy should not be christened. "If there is," he roared, "speak up like a man or forever hold your tongue." Then he suddenly cracked a bottle of wine over his head and christened him. The ocean gulf is now settled down, a steady longshoreman, but he still relates with satisfaction the story of his christening.

Motor Regulations in Japan.

The regulations for motor traffic in Japan are neither long nor complicated. In case of a vehicle being in the street in an unsafe state it is the duty of the police to order it to stop or to allow it to proceed only after defects have been remedied.

Speed is limited to eight miles an hour, save in Yokohama, where the speed limit is six miles. Motors must not race. When cars meet they must slow down. When a motor meets a procession, a funeral or fire engines proceeding to a fire, it must pull up and take another route. Violation of these rules will be followed by fine or imprisonment. The regulations are not quite so Draconic as they appear, for the Japanese streets are very narrow and abound in picturesque and capricious turnings.

To Prolong Life of Needles.

The girl in a small apartment need no longer crowd her rooms with an ungainly sewing machine or else run up long seams by hand. There are fascinating handpower machines that fit into small boxes that can be put out of sight in a bureau drawer when not in use.

Keep on hand a supply of needles in all numbers, as it is most annoying when a needle breaks to have to send to the store before a seam can be finished. Needles can have their life prolonged by rubbing on a whetstone to a new point when blunted.

The finest needle can be easily threaded by holding a white paper on opposite side of the eye to make the hole more prominent.

BARS OUT RUSSIAN GEESSE

Germany's Blow to a Great Trade Seriously Felt on Both Sides of Border.

Announcement has been made that the German authorities have suspended the importation of live geese from Russia on the ground that there is a considerable amount of disease prevalent in the frontier districts of that country.

Coming, as this prohibition does, immediately prior to the period when imports of live geese increase rapidly the question is serious alike to breeders in Russia, who will have large quantities of birds thrown on their hands; to German goose fatteners, as they will be unable to fill up their pens; for the home production is totally insufficient to meet their requirements, and to housewives in Germany, who will find the already high price of what is an important article of food advance still further and probably be prohibitive. Russians state that there is no justification for this regulation, that it is a trade move in the interests of German dealers to force down prices and as a measure of fiscal protection to German breeders.

Germany imports annually about 3,000,000 live geese, of which seven-eighths come from Russia, where these birds are bred in vast numbers throughout the western and southwestern governments. They are bought from the raisers by traveling dealers, who drive them in huge flocks to the frontier stations, where they are entrained for despatch to Berlin and other cities.

The cars used for this purpose are built in four decks, each car holding about 1,200 birds. Special trains are run in the season, consisting of a dozen to thirty-five cars, in accordance with the supply. As many as 50,000 geese have been known to arrive at Magdeviehof market, Berlin, on a single day.—Westminster Gazette.

PREPARED FOR THE WORST

Music Hall Manager Sells Smelling Salts to Patrons of His "Awful Spectacle."

When it comes to advertising dramatic thrills, consider the manager of a music hall that manager's specialty. Horrors are a piratical barker do their share toward creating goose flesh, but they are not nearly so effective as the youth who offers bottles of smelling salts for rent. Right out in the middle of the sidewalk he stands, thrusting his wobbly wares—stoppered, fortunately—beneath your nose.

"Go in inside!" says he. "Take this—you'll need it; faint without it. Only five cents. Brace you up for the awful spectacle."

You stop; you wonder. What can the awful spectacle be like? The chances are that you had no notion of going to that show or any other show just then, but the prospect of seeing something so blood-curdling that you can't live through it without smelling salts appeals to your imagination. You drop all business and go in.

Woman and Her Check.

She was brisk and full of business as she bustled into the bank, stepped to a desk, indorsed a check and then handed it in at the paying teller's window.

"You see, I've indorsed it and come to the right window the very first time," she said with a beaming smile. "We women are getting to know a little about banking."

"That's very true, indeed, madam," said the teller, "but this check is not signed by any one."

"Well, I just got it from my husband. He's in Chicago. Here's his letter, telling that he is enclosing it." "That's all good enough, madam, but the check itself must be signed." "Here's his name on the letter. Can't you cut it off and paste it on the check?"

It took the teller some time to explain, and he still wonders if she doesn't think he just didn't want her to have the money.

Just Letting Off Steam.

An Englishman living in New Guinea writes to a London paper: "A neighbor of mine, just as everyone was going to bed, began to make night hideous with his shrieks and groans. ... abouting like some midnight roysterer in the chorus of a comic song, and then a blood-curdling wail, as of a dog that bays at the moon. There was nothing particular the matter with the man. In New Guinea we are denied the means of excitement, or the consolations, or the narcotics, or the dissipations, of cultured and civilized men and women, so we must just let ourselves go, and howl and sing and shout, and then howl again. And nobody takes much notice and nobody minds."

Sculptor Receives Decoration.

Albert Jaegers, the sculptor of the Baron von Steuben statue, which was recently presented by the United States to Germany, has been decorated with the Order of the Eagle, fourth class, in recognition of his merit. He was born in Eiberfeld, Germany, in 1858, obtaining his education in the public schools. Without wealth or influential friends he worked away in the face of many discouraging features, until, self-taught in art, he arrived at the point where his creations commanded recognition. He came to this country several years ago to make his home, and he has an attractive place at Suffern, New York.

TOM REED'S STRONG ORATORY

Maine Man Was of the Soil and He Knew the Art of Compression.

It was 20 miles to tow over a Kansas prairie and 20 miles home again that the odd-timer from Maine had journeyed to hear Tom Reed make a campaign speech.

"O, Sarah, Sarah," he said, as he gathered up the reins, "we've heard a real Maine man today. And wasn't it good? Did you notice how he said, 'Well,' every time. And he just held the Democratic party up by the tail. I declare for it. I've had such a good time it makes me fairly homesick."

Tom Reed was a Maine man, of the stock and of the soil. He could compress an hour of argument into an epigram with a single sentence; he could demolish a laboriously built position; with a phrase he could turn the tables on the most brilliant grandiloquence. When a brilliant fellow-member ended a peroration by saying, "As for me, I would rather be right than be president," and Tom Reed retorted, "Well, don't worry; you'll never be either," the whole speech became dust, and only Reed's epigram remained.

Now it was Reed's Maine heredity and Maine environment that thus armed him to cope with an opponent. For generations there have been men in every Maine town with a local reputation for saying things pithily, pungently and humorously.

There was uncle Daniel Decker, known for his "dry" savings the whole length of the lower Saco valley from Limington down. "Jim Smith's legs is so durned short," said uncle Daniel, "that when he walks down hill the seat of his pants drags on the ground."

IS SHOCK TO BOTH NATIONS

German Waiter Objects to Newsboys Shouting War With France Has Been Declared.

The German waiter in the Waldorf cafe at luncheon time the other day was very much disturbed as he brought the bill of fare.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "but it is true that war has been declared between Germany and France."

The man who was about to eat hadn't heard of it, and asked how the waiter had got the information.

"Why, those half a dozen young men who call 'Ultra, special ultra,' every other night through the winter in this part of the town were yelling outside about half an hour ago that war had been declared and were selling papers on the strength of it," was the reply. "If they were shouting false news like that there ought to be a way of punishing them, for every German and every Frenchman who heard them must have got a terrible shock."—New York Sun.

Brains and Hair.

A very momentous question has arisen: Does a woman's hair reduce her brain power? Experts are busy disagreeing on the point, which is, of course, the particular function of experts. The principal of a girls' school says that in every case where the younger girls have had their hair cut short their brains have been rendered more capable of sustained effort. A doctor and a schoolmaster, however, scout the idea, perhaps because they have never had upon the tops of their heads a heat-generating mass of hair, intersected with metal instruments and shell-combs. Every woman knows the hot throbbing, distinct from headache, which goes on under the mass of her hair, wherever it is placed, while schoolgirls have either from the top of the scalp, or a wide spreading mass of hair, which is equally hot. We may yet come to a day when small girls will have short hair, just as they wear knickerbocker suits to play in.

Boy Shot Big Eagle.

Ten-year-old Otto Frame, a farmer's boy living seven miles from Michigan City, killed a big baldhead eagle and saved his baby brother from serious injury if not from death last week.

The children were playing alone in the yard, the older members of the family having gone to town when they saw the big bird circling above them. The boy ran into the house and took down his father's shotgun. As he ran back to the yard the eagle swooped down upon the baby. Otto raised the gun and fired both barrels.

The big bird fell dead shot through the breast within a few feet of the little boy. Soon after Otto's father, Chauncey E. Frame, returned. They stretched out the dead eagle. It measured eight feet from wing tip to wing tip.—Chicago Tribune.

Metaphor Resented.

"Did I understand you to say, sir," said Col. Stillwell, "that you regarded that orator's remarks as moonshine?"

"That's what I said," replied the critical person.

"Well, sir, I do not wish to seem captious, but when it comes to comparing that line of talk with a mountain product for whose vigorous qualities I have a large degree of respect, I must say that your efforts to be complimentary, sir, go entirely too far."—Washington Star.

Motive.

"Why do you insist on asking that young man to sing?" "Because," replied Miss Cayenne, "when he's singing he isn't trying to converse."

CIGAR SMOKING IN GERMANY

Business Is Increasing as Kaiser's Subjects Realize Pipe Is Unhandy to Carry.

Mr. A. von Reiger, president of the town council of Dresden, Germany, who is at the Ebbitt, is also a manufacturer of cigars.

"The cigar business in Germany is on the increase," said he. "In my factory if I do not turn out 20,000 a day I consider business very poor. Germans, long famed for their variety and quality of pipes, are taking to cigars. In former days a German was always pictured with a stem of beer and a big curved-stemmed pipe. Now the cigar has taken the latter's place."

"The main reason for the change is the fact that pipes are unhandy to carry around. They take up a lot of space in one's pocket, and a bucket of tobacco takes up some more. Germans are outdoor people, and the cigarette is too mild for them. A man who is in the open all the time likes a strong smoke, and the more he is out of doors the stronger he wants it. Cigars can be carried easily, and they give even more satisfaction than the pipe. Hence the change."

"My," he continued, "but your American prices are high! No wonder a man is not considered rich unless he is the possessor of \$1,000,000. Why, in Germany if a man has 1,000,000 marks, which is something more than \$200,000 in American money, he is considered phenomenally rich. It is a shame we can't ship footstuffs across the ocean to you without paying duty."—Washington Post.

RAINBOW IS A BACK NUMBER

It Is Put Out of the Running by the Varied Coloring in Men's Socks.

"The rainbow isn't in it now with the socks worn by men," said, between stations, an elevated railroad guard to his neighbor on the platform, and he continued:

"Just glance in there, will you, and let your eye range along at the men's feet. Purple, green, yellow, blue, red, gray, pink and black socks, and socks of one color with spots of another, and socks with stripes in 'em and cross-bars and socks of various colors mixed, and I'll bet with all those colors that knock heck out of the rainbow you see that one pair there with no color in 'em plainest of all? Sure, it's that pair of white socks, the only pair in the car; and you might travel here day after day and not see another pair."

"They tell me, and I can just remember a little of it myself, that there was a time when men didn't wear anything but white socks. White socks, and maybe some gray, and then they came to black, but who'd have thought they'd ever come to this? I tell you—and he broke off to yell: "Empty-ump stree—t! Empty-ump stree—t!"

"The rainbow's a back number now," he added.

Passing of the Spare Room.

Fifty years ago nearly every house in New York City had one or more guest chambers. Today half her inhabitants rise at an unusual hour to permit their beds to be turned into parlor furniture or piano fortes. If Cousin Mary or Cousin John realized all this as, of course, no one who has not lived in a great city can really realize it, they would understand better just why they had not been invited to visit Tom's folks. It is not because Tom and his wife wish to slight Mary and her husband that they have not invited them to visit them in the city, but because positively the city cousins have not enough room in their tiny apartment for even so much as a canary bird. On the other hand, John and his wife probably have a great twelve-room house in the country, a house whose latch-string is known to be always hanging out.—Woman's Home Companion.

Woman's Relative Value.

Once at the table of Sir James Knowles, editor of the Nineteenth century, the talk ran on the relative physical and mental value of women. Turning to Sir Ray Lankester, the aged prime minister (Mr. Gladstone) said: "I am of the opinion that the relative value of a man and a woman, is in all classes of society about the same as it was in my grandfather's time in Jamaica. When they wanted to buy a negro they gave one hundred and twenty pounds for a man and eighty pounds for a woman, and," he added, "that is a fair measure of their relative values the world over."

A Blind Baroness.

A short time ago the Baroness von Kranichfeld (Miriam Gardner) an English woman, died in Bucharest. The baroness, who was one of the queen of Roumania's personal friends, was writing a poem one day when a mist suddenly spread over her eyes, and she thus became, in her fiftieth year, totally blind. In spite of her age, however, the baroness attended an English school to learn the alphabet and the use of the typewriter, and in the end triumphed over her affliction to the extent of being able to make her own clothes and hats without any aid whatever.

No Cause for Diffidence.

"Eve—Are you a bashful man?" "Adam—I'm not certain, but there is no reason why a man should be afraid to look his own rib in the eye."

MUSIC AS CURATIVE AGENT

Singing Teaches Correct Breathing and Lively Waltzes Have Good Effects on Melancholia Patients.

Two English physicians of prominence have recently asserted that the exercise given to the lungs in singing is valuable in the prevention and cure of diseases of those organs. They consider that increased professional recognition should be extended to this special therapeutic agency, as advisable in cases where pulmonary consumption is feared.

Singing involves correct nasal breathing, and this means that the air admitted to the lungs is practically germ free, and also the adequate development of the upper portions of the respiratory passages. Another effect is the maintenance of the elasticity and proper expansion of the chest. The necessary breathing exercises mean increased functional activity of the lungs. Then, there is the improved oxygenation of the blood, which singing necessarily promotes.

As we know, most singers and also those musicians who perform on wind instruments are a healthy looking lot. Not many years from now music will be recognized as a most valuable curative agent, especially in cases of insanity or moribidity. What tired, overwrought, distressed man or woman does not know the value of music? How many beautiful stories could be told of the power of music to sustain and restrain?

One of the greatest scientists living has testified that he was once kept from thoughts of despair and suicide by suddenly hearing in the next house someone playing Rubenstein's Melody in F.

In the Croydon Mental hospital, London, waltz music—particularly the bright, musical comedy pieces—is used in effecting a cure for melancholia patients.

WOMAN'S LONG BUGGY RIDE

Mrs. Sarah Conner With Four Children Drives 900 Miles in Six Weeks.

A strenuous overland journey has just been completed by Mrs. Sarah Conner and her four small children, who after a trip in a dilapidated buggy of 900 miles have arrived at Wheeler, S. D., their destination.

Mrs. Conner and her children commenced their journey at Moose Jaw, Canada, following the death of her husband, who left them in a destitute condition. Their nearest relative resided at Wheeler, in South Dakota.

A span of ponies were hitched to a single seated top buggy, which contained the mother and her four children, one a girl of eleven, a boy of nine, a girl of seven and a baby of eighteen months. In the old buggy were piled the worldly possessions of the family.

The journey required six weeks' time. Some days they were unable to travel more than fifteen miles. The two older children and part of the time three of them walked while the mother drove. The ponies had only such grazing as they could find along the road and were without grain the entire trip. They were exhausted at the end of the journey.—Sioux Falls correspondence, Minneapolis Journal.

Real Angel of Death.

Most of us are familiar with the beautiful and artistic conception of French, wherein a young sculptor who is plying his magic chisel upon a block of stone and summoning from the snowy depths of the marble the dream face of his soul's idea, is gently touched by the wistful-eyed Angel of Death and the skillful arm forever stayed. The whole creation is marvellously beautiful and the world is better for its birth. Nevertheless, it is allegorical and misleading.

The real Angel of Death in the case of the thin-faced sculptor was not a sad-visaged maiden of classical profile. In all probability it was a minute, rod-like organism floating amid motes of dust and known to scientists as the "bacteria tuberculosis." The writer does not want to be a shatterer of ideals, but the sooner such poetic notions of death are done away with, and the mass of the people educated in a common sense way to the dangers of dust and bacteria, the better it will be for humanity in general.—J. G. Ogden in October Popular Mechanics.

Treatment.

"Hum, yes," said His Majesty, "I'm languid—out of sorts. Nothing seems to interest me."

"In that case," said the court physician, "I should recommend an imbroglie."

Then the war clouds began to get busy and the diplomats hunted up their umbrellas.

"Now," said the monarch, "I feel like a fighting cock. Good old family physician!"—Puck.

An Aggravation.

"I wish," said Mr. Growber, "that Mr. Jabber wouldn't use that phrase, 'well, to make a long story short.'"

"Why?"

"It invariably serves merely to make the story that many words longer."

Gruesome Revenge.

"You invite a great many people whom you don't really like to accompany you on your private yachts?" "Yes," replied the cynical streamer, "I enjoy watching 'em get seasick."