

QUEER GRAVITATION FACTS

In Hardly Any Two Places Will Body Fall With Same Speed—Bearing on Rifle Shooting.

A man falling from a three-story building in New Orleans will not fall as fast as he would if he were in New York city. In fact, in hardly any two places will he fall with the same speed. This is because as we go toward the equator the force of gravitation gets less, and consequently the acceleration of a falling body becomes less, and the force of impact is therefore less.

While it does not make very much difference in the injury to a person falling from a height, it does make a difference in other things. Take a rifle and fire it exactly horizontally, and if the gun is 16 feet above the ground, say at New York, the bullet fired from such a rifle will strike the ground in exactly one second after it leaves the rifle. If the bullet has a horizontal velocity of a thousand feet a second it will strike the earth exactly 1,000 feet away. Let us take the same rifle at the same place as at New York, but a foot smaller, say two-thirds smaller. We find that if the gun is placed as before and absolutely horizontal, the bullet will not fall the 16 feet in one second, but will take over one and a half seconds to fall, thus enabling the bullet to be in the air during that length of time. Therefore it will strike the ground 1,500 feet away. Thus it is seen that the range of a rifle is increased as it is taken toward the equator.

Of course there is no place on earth where the force of gravity is two-thirds smaller than at New York, but there are many places where the difference is considerable enough to affect slightly the range of rifles.—Harper's Weekly.

ENGLISH MEALS SHORTENED

Tendency Now Is Toward Decrease of Number of Dishes and Increase in Speed of Service.

When George Ticknor was in England more than seventy years ago he was often amazed at the length of time spent over the two formal meals of the day, breakfast and dinner. It was nothing unusual for the former to last for a couple of hours, while a dinner might start at 8:30 and be protracted till midnight. And the courses were as many and substantial as the meals were lengthy. But times have changed. With regard to dinner recent years have witnessed, says a qualified observer, considerable alteration as to the number of dishes. Formerly a constant subject of complaint with regard to dinner parties was that there were too many courses, but if things go on as they have been going of late, guests will soon begin to complain that they have had no dinner at all, the fashionable modern tendency being to give a very light entree in place of the joint, which now seldom figures on a menu. This and another entree, soup, a little fish, and a very light sweet seem to be considered sufficient dinner for even a large party; and those guests who do not care for the entrees get practically no dinner at all. In addition to this, everything is served at such lightning speed that it is as much as one can do to swallow the few mouthfuls called dinner before one's plate is snatched away.

A Chinese Legend.

One evening when the beautiful Xau Si, daughter of a powerful Chinese mandarin, was assisting at the great feast of lanterns, she was so overcome by the heat that she was obliged to take off her mask. But to expose her face to the eyes of the profane and vulgar was a serious offense against the law; so, holding the mask as closely as possible to her features, she struggled in rapidly to give herself air, and the rapidity of the movement still concealed her. The other ladies present, witnessing this, but not knowing her name, mistook it, and it was once some thousand hands were fluttering some thousand masks. Thus the fan was originated and took the place of the mask.

School Days.

Country schoolmasters have peculiar experiences unlike their city cousins. A rural pedagogue relates that one day he received from a small boy a slip of paper which was supposed to contain an excuse for the nonattendance of the small boy's big brother. He examined the paper, and found thereon the word, "Opatentogotatur." Utterly unable to decipher the puzzle, he appealed to the small boy, who explained that it meant that his brother had been "lapt" at home to go taturing—that is, to dig potatoes!

A Mean Joke.

New Arrival (at Eagle Hotel, Smithville)—What are the prospects for a young lawyer in this burg?
Landlord—Pretty darn good, I should say.
New Arrival (expectantly)—You don't say?
Landlord—I sure do—that is, his prospects are starvin' to death!

Documentary Evidence.

"What shall I say if Algeron proposes to me?" said the confiding young woman.
"Tell him you want time to think it over," replied the worldly wise friend, "and then change your summer residence so that he will have to discuss the matter in writing."

END OF CANAL WOES

Social Lines Drawn Closely by Women Along Ditch.

Lack of Fellowship and Something to Do Was Seed of Trouble—Tangle Soon Straightened Out by Work.

Chicago.—There is a woman stopping at the Blackstone just now who is given credit for having done more to help in the digging of the Panama canal than any other member of her own sex and most of the other. Her name is Miss Helen Varick Boswell, she comes from New York and she is the chairman of the industrial and social conditions department of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Miss Boswell is the woman sent by ex-President Roosevelt to Panama some three years ago with a roving commission to set to rights the women of the canal zone. Something was wrong and Mr. Roosevelt, who then was President Roosevelt, and President Taft, who then was secretary of war, were nearing their wits' ends.

The government had built pretty little white and green cottages with screened-in galleries and they had fitted them throughout with the latest style in mission furniture. The men at the zone were putting aside more money than they had been able to save in years in the states and from a man's point of view there was no apparent reason why the American women who had followed their husbands into the zone should not be content. But they were not, and the spirit of unrest grew until it took on proportions of sufficient size to affect the work on the canal.

The president and the secretary of war put their heads together and determined to send a woman from the states with the rather unusual commission to find where lay the trouble with her transplanted sisters. The woman was Miss Boswell.

What Miss Boswell found was a row of 17 towns of varying sizes stretched along the canal from Cristobal on the Atlantic to Ancon on the Pacific. She found 1,200 women far from familiar haunts and all the things that had meant life set down in an existence where the line of social exclusion was more tightly drawn than in the flourishing cities of the states. The mood of discontent was producing a baneful unhappiness which was elongating life the length of the ditch. Miss Boswell visited all of the 17 towns.

"For two months I did nothing but ride up and down the canal until I felt eligible to the brotherhood of diggers," she said recently. "Believe me, the men at the canal were just as anxious as the heads of the government for the untangling of the tangle."

"I had not visited the district long by the way, I was a guest of a Chicago woman, Mrs. Lorin C. Collins—until I realized that the lack of social fellowship and something to do was the seed. Gradually the lines of exclusiveness had been drawn so tightly that Newport itself had been outdistanced. There were the 'ladies of the army' and the 'ladies of the judiciary' and the other women, all far from home, set in an ideal socialistic community—you see, the government owns all the houses—but hedged about with the conventions of the centuries."

"With the help of the head officers, I held receptions in the men's clubhouses along the route. It was something new, and every woman responded to the invitation. The ice—and it was verily—had been broken, and in less than two months the 'ladies of the army' and the 'ladies of the judiciary' and the 'other ladies' were working with might and main to better the school conditions and otherwise make canal life worth living. They had found themselves and each other."

"When I left at the end of two months there were eight women's clubs with departments in working order."

"In a short time the club women had founded libraries in all of the towns and traveling art galleries were making their way around the schools. Recently the educational department of the Cristobal Woman's club raised \$300 and founded a full fledged playground for the native children—a ground filled with all the modern conveniences of a city's place of public play. Within a short time another will be founded at Ancon."

"The clubs joined in to the canal zone federation of which Mrs. Collins consented to become the first president—and they have sent delegates to the last two general federation meetings in the states."

Prize Chicken Has Appendicitis.

Bloomington, Pa.—His prize winning Plymouth Rock cockerel falling ill, and with home remedies unable to bring it around, Boyd Johnson of Rupert, Columbia county, called in a veterinarian, who decided the chicken had appendicitis and accordingly etherized it and removed the bird's appendix. It will recover.

Photograph Good Fog Horn.

Port Townsend.—H. L. Tibbals, Jr., manager of the Union wharf, is using a photograph to help pilots bring their vessels to the landing. It was highly successful. The warning the other day consisted of the strains of "Has Any One Here Been Kelley?"

AMERICAN WIFE IS SELFISH

So Says Spouse of Mayor of Tokyo, Who Has Decided Views on Married Life.

New York.—"The Japanese wife thinks first of her duty toward her family, the American wife of her duty toward herself."

This is Madame Yenkie Ozaki's version of "The East is East and West is West," she declared at the Hotel Astor, where she is staying with her husband, the Mayor of Tokyo.

"First of all, the Japanese woman always is a wife," said Madame Ozaki. "Before she is married she is not a woman, but a girl. With us all the young girls are looked after by their mothers and fathers. They are all carefully provided with husbands."

"But Americans do not believe persons should marry unless they are in love." It was suggested. Mme. Ozaki frowned a bit.

"This love, is a very transient thing," she said, rather impatiently. "It is not a sensible reason for marriage. It is to pick out good men for their daughters. If you adopted that method here you would not have so many divorces."

"That is because the wife is not all the time thinking of herself and what is due to her."

"I do not believe that divorce should be impossible. One wrong in our system is the fact that the laws are not equal for men and women. Either man get a divorce for cruelty or unfaithfulness or desertion."

"But the injustice is that by our law the children always belong to the father, and no matter how bad he is, the wife cannot take them away from him when she leaves him. So the wives will suffer almost anything rather than ask for separation."

"We do not have women's clubs, but we have societies. We have a great patriotic society for women, and a society for the study of sanitation and health, and the society for the promotion of education."

"Have we any suffragettes? No. Our women have done nothing with that movement. We have many women workers for better education, but not for politics."

"As for myself, I think unmarried women who own property should have the right to vote, but I do not think they should hold office or appear on the public platform. I do not think it would be womanly or refined."

WOMEN CARRY BISQUE DOLLS

Latest Fad Among Fashionable Set of Paris Is to Take "Babies" to Entertainments.

New York.—Fashionable women will carry dolls about with them this winter.

The fad is an importation from Paris, where for a month women have been carrying large bisque dolls in the salons at social occasions and on the streets in automobiles.

The first importations of dolls to enable American women to copy the curious Parisian fad arrived here ten days ago. They were brought over by three fashionable Fifth avenue establishments the heads of which believed they could start the style in the country. Since that time several hundred dolls have been sold to women of social note in this city, who when buying them stated that they intended to further the fashion of dolls for grown-up people.

The dolls—all girl "babies"—are sold at from \$65 to \$125 each. They are eighteen inches high and are dressed in the latest Parisian clothes of the finest materials.

The establishments keeping them make extra clothes at prices ranging upward from \$25. The only difference between these dolls for grown-up women and those for children is that the Parisian dolls are manufactured of the finest bisque, with composition bodies and joints so made as not to creak when moved.

OLD PARIS LANDMARK TO GO

Tavern Famous During the Reign of Terror Is Being Demolished—Built Many Years Ago.

Paris.—One of the most interesting features of Old Paris is now being demolished—the ancient house at the Rue Saint-Florentin and the Rue Saint-Honore, which became famous during the Reign of Terror.

It was built in the seventeenth century, and was first used as a tavern under the name of the Holy Ghost. Here a curious assemblage saw the carts with the victims of Marat, Robespierre and Danton pass to the guillotine.

The guillotine stood where the obelisk of Luxor now is in the Place de la Concorde. The house of Robespierre still exists not far from the former tavern.

Girl's Scalp Grafted On.

Philadelphia.—A wonderful example of the wonders of modern medical science was shown recently in the case of Miss Jennie Lucas, who was discharged "cured" from the Roosevelt hospital after being there nearly three months. Miss Lucas, who was a shift worker, had her hair caught in one of the big rollers and her scalp literally torn from her head. When she recovered from the shock grafts were taken from her arm from time to time and finally the scalp became fixed and her hair continued to grow. The process was slow but sure. It is said to be the only case of the kind on record.

TAKE PROPER REST

Children Should Be Taught Art of Idleness, Says Savant.

Dr. Amelia M. Fendler Declares People of Today Know Nothing of Relaxation—Vacations Are Foolishly Arranged.

New York.—"To my mind children should be taught the art of idleness." This is the opinion of Dr. Amelia M. Fendler, who for the past few years has been connected with the women's and children's department in the Mount Sinai hospital, and has made a special study of New York people. Dr. Fendler must know the secret of idleness, for she is calm, quiet, unruffled and apparently never tired.

"I don't believe that one person out of ten in this city knows what real idleness is, and how very necessary to health it becomes," said Dr. Fendler. "Their one great idea is to make money and seek pleasure. They never have a moment's rest or grant such a thing to another person."

"They are continually on the go from morning until night, and when they can find no pleasure ready-made they invent them. Their brains are always in a whirl of excitement and they have what might be termed New Yorkitis."

"In any other community they would be termed insane, and the pity is that wherever they go they take this restlessness with them and convert even a placid country cow into a nervous, restless animal."

"Idleness should hold a great place in the life of every man, woman and child. It is the one quality needed to repair the damage done to the human machine called man by the continuous wearing of business and domestic life."

"To my mind, children should be taught the art of idleness. By no means do I mean laziness, but idleness, which in its analysis means nothing more or less than relaxation, rest, including a pleasant dreaminess of mind, shutting out the hurry and worry of the world."

"Men and women lose sight of the beauty and poetry of life, because they are always too busy to see it. What causes a nervous breakdown? Too much work and too little idleness. A man can do more work if he will idle a little than he can otherwise accomplish."

"When a woman wants to rest in New York she goes to see a friend and talks for three or four hours. Yet talking is one of the hardest kinds of work. The man resorts to a different sort of so-called idleness. He is tired and fagged; a friend comes to the office. 'Come out and have a drink and rest a minute,' and out they go, and sit and talk, talk, talk, while they drink."

"Vacations are foolishly arranged. A man works fifty weeks out of the year and has two weeks to rest. By the time the vacation comes he is so nervous from the long strain that he cannot dismiss business from his mind, and he immediately goes to a place where he can have his papers, see the ticker and be in telegraphic communication with his office."

"In Berlin every one has two hours in the day in which to rest. This is the most sane distribution of the working hours and time that I have ever heard of. As a result you have a sane, healthy-minded, energetic people. In America, the same thing might be accomplished by a better arrangement and distribution of vacation time and the two last days of the week, Saturday and Sunday, devoted to rest. Surely something ought to be done, if not with the present with the future generation, and every mother should make an attempt to teach her children the art of idling."

ALLIGATOR PAID BLOOD DEBT

Saurian Nursed Grudge for Twenty-Four Hours Then Kills Two That Had Hurt Him.

New York.—Alligators are supposed to have the most rudimentary instinctive nerve apparatus of the entire reptilian family, but Mary Jane, the largest saurian but one in the Bronx park zoo, nursed a grudge for 24 hours and then deliberately killed Texas and Mississippi, the objects of her grudge.

The other day all the alligators and crocodiles were removed from the outside tanks of the reptile house, and while Mary Jane was lassoed and bound the two other alligators went after Mississippi almost choked her. Her front leg on the right side and Texas lacerated her hind leg on the same side before the attacking force was driven off. The next day she started to get her revenge, and killed Texas first, without much trouble.

When she got around to Mississippi, who had been attacking her fiancé, Mary Jane opened her capacious mouth, grabbed Mississippi by the neck and held on until her enemy was dead. In vain keepers pounded her with rods, and only when Mississippi was dead did she loosen her hold, swim to the edge of the tank, climb out and sprawl on the wet pavement.

Village Is Sliding Away.

Paris.—The village of Tillet, picturesque situated on the side of a hill near Ferte sous Jouarre (Seine et Marne), is perceptibly slipping down toward the River Marne. The inhabitants are reluctantly leaving their houses, and the authorities are taking measures to prevent a catastrophe.

TO MARK NAPOLEON'S HOMES

Conqueror of Europe Moved from House to House as His Income Gradually Increased.

Paris.—Each of the houses in Paris where Napoleon Bonaparte dwelt when he was a young, struggling soldier is to be marked with a tablet suitably inscribed.

The wits are saying that the authorities will have to order these tablets by the hundreds. Dozens of Parisians will say to you as proudly as seriously:

"He who conquered Europe once lived under the roof which is mine now."

The fact is Napoleon accommodated his dwelling to his purse. When he first came to Paris he lived in the military school. There he had to climb 173 steps to his garret. A room scarcely large enough sheltered the future emperor for a time at 5 Quai Conti.

Then he took a small apartment in Rue de Nevers, only a few yards from the Tuileries palace, where he was to shine in all his glory.

In 1792, Napoleon moved to Hotel Metz, on Rue du Mail, but the humblest apartment in the hotel was the best he could afford. At that period the man who was to topple thrones took his meals at a little cafe in Rue des Petites-Peres, arranging to pay 20 cents a day.

Napoleon's next home was in Rue Montmorency. His slowly increasing income enabled him to rent a suite of three rooms there. One was occupied by his brother Louis, who was to become king of Holland; another by Junot, in whose wildest dreams he could not have foreseen himself a marshal of France and duke of Abrantes.

In 1795 Napoleon went to live in the more fashionable Rue de la Michodiere, and from there to Hotel Mirabeau in the Impasse du Dauphin. The Hotel Colonnade saw his last bachelor days, and when he married Josephine he bought a small house in Rue des Chantiers.

PARROTS KEEP HORSE BUSY

Contradictory Commands Given by Escaped Birds Worry Beast Caged on Ship's Deck.

New York.—When the Panama steamer Zamapa, from Santa Maria, Colon, and Jamaica, came up the bay the other day, the bluest object aboard was a rainbow colored parrot, Pedro by name, which was stewing the deck with chips hewn from his cage, at the same time swearing in Spanish. This parrot and a rascal friend were responsible for an unusual disquieting incident during the voyage.

About two o'clock one morning there was a tremendous commotion on the main deck at where a Chilean horse stood in an improvised stall. Raucous exclamations in Spanish filled the air. Steward James Watson hurried on deck and found Pedro out of his cage and the other parrot also loose, having been released by Pedro.

On each side of the stall of the unhappy horse sat a bird. Pedro was loudly bawling "Giddap!" in Spanish, while the green villain rasped "Whoa!" in the same tongue. The perplexity of the horse was manifest. He jumped alternately back and forth, varying the performance by jumping up and down when the orders came too fast for execution.

It took Steward Watson two hours, with the help of some of the sailors, to get the miscreants back in their cages.

GAZE AT UNDRAPED STATUE

Many Washington People Admire Reproduction of Miss Natalie Barney—Police Offended.

Washington.—Reposing in the garden of Mrs. Albert Clifford Barney's residence, 551 North Sheridan circle, is a marble nymph, cold and chaste, with a form worthy of Diana and an utter lack of drapery.

Mrs. Barney's lovely daughter, Miss Natalie, was the model, posing in the altogether for her sister, Miss Laura Alice, at the latter's studio, 2 Rue de Vienna, Paris. The sculptress sister evidently sent the statue here to adorn the interior of her mother's house, but Mrs. Barney is in Paris and her servants are leaving the nymph in the garden, where it is admired by the throngs who gather daily to gaze upon its unadorned loveliness. It seems too large to enter the house by either door, or windows, which may account for its sojourning in the open air.

The police have notified Mrs. Barney's representative that the statue must be draped or removed from public view.

PREFERS TO REMAIN "DEAD"

Pennsylvania Man Returns With Fortune After Thirty Years—Need Not Divide.

York, Pa.—Declared legally dead by the court of Philadelphia, after an absence of years, Henry B. Robins, a former Yorker, appeared here.

Robins enjoyed the amusement of his friends, who in his absence of 30 years had come to regard him as not only legally but actually dead. As long as he is not the latter, Mr. Robins, now fifty years of age, says he will make no effort to have himself declared legally resurrected.

He has made a fortune in the fruit business in South America, and is content with the distribution already made among his children of an estate here, in which he had a share.

GOOD APPLE BUTTER

Snitzing Party Period Is Now a Thing of the Past.

Modern Methods of Manufacture Have Robbed Pennsylvania Farmers of Delightful Frolic Held in the Fall.

Garfield, Pa.—During September and October of each year all roads in Berks county lead to the cider and apple butter mills, for this is the season when everybody has more apples than he needs for winter use. There is no farming community in Berks county today that does not have its community cider mill, where farmers can take their apples in the morning and return with the cider a few hours later, but there are only two or three places in this great agricultural county where the farmer can so readily turn his fruit into nice, fresh apple butter.

Marvelous as it appears to grandmothers who used to sit in the old farmhouse kitchen with her little Barlow knife, peeling the rinds of the red cheeked apples, paring them next morning in the barrel-sized copper kettle to be cooked into apple butter, it still appears more marvelous to the mother of twenty-five years ago, to whom the apple butter party was "the time of the year." She can hardly realize today that those good old times are passing away.

"What a change!" says mother. "Today we pick the apples; tomorrow father starts for the cider mill at 6 o'clock. The apples are shoveled into a grinding machine, ground into pomace and shoveled to one of the latest style hydraulic presses, from which the juice is extracted in a very few minutes, ready for the apple butter cooking, under the same roof. The cider is then cooked and boiled in large barrel-shaped receptacles, the steam running through copper coils that nicely fit in barrels."

The sweet apples the farmer just brings along from the tree and there is no snitzing party on the farm beforehand. They are brought entire, and are first nicely washed, then placed in a barrel, cooked by steam until they form a thin, mushy paste. Then they are placed in a copper sieve-like instrument, over which is operated a rubber lever which separates the skin from the apples, cores and seeds, so nothing but pure apple juice goes into the apple butter. This nicely sieved pulp and the boiling cider are placed together in another barrel, the spices are added, and within forty-five minutes the steam that runs through another set of copper coils will have accomplished the trick and the apple butter will be ready to pour into the farmer's milk cans or crocks in which he usually hauls it home.

The first apple butter cooking factory in Berks county was installed by ex-County Treasurer David W. Mogel and today he and his son, John F. Mogel, make cider and cook apple butter four days each week for the farmers of the community, and each Saturday cook it for themselves, to sell to other folks. When the farmer gets his apples turned into cider he pays only a cent a gallon. For apple butter he pays fifteen cents extra per gallon, and while it takes four gallons of cider for a gallon of apple butter, the only outlay in cash is the nineteen cents a gallon, except what he pays for the spices. For every barrel of cider he needs two bushels of nice sweet apples. The ordinary cooking for a family consists of two barrels of cider and four bushels of apples, and the result is twenty gallons of apple butter.

If the farmer preferred to sell the apple butter he can realize from sixty cents to one dollar a gallon—twice as much as he could get for the apple butter that was made during the "snitzing party" period. The Mogels have made as high as \$8,000 gallons of cider and 4,000 gallons of apple butter in a season. The high mark for one day was 123 barrels of cider and 240 gallons of apple butter. During the busy season they work day and night.

COULDN'T MISS HIS TRAIN

"Kind" Friends Make Sure That Jersey Man Awakens in Time to Catch Train.

New York.—Anxious to take the 4:35 train from Washington, N. J., Thomas James decided to sleep over night in the store where he is a clerk and be awakened by an alarm clock. The other clerks decided to have fun with him.

At 1 a. m. James was awakened by a loud ringing. There was the clock ticking peacefully by his side, with the alarm hand pointing three hours ahead. He found the source of the sound under a large pan. Fifteen minutes afterward he was re-awakened similarly. Another clock was under another pan. The performance was repeated three times more. Then James decided to abandon the place to the alarm clocks. He walked the streets until train time.

Human Life Chemical Feasible

Vienna.—Mexico's consul in Tientsin reports that Prof. Herrera, a Mexican scientist, has succeeded in forming a human embryo by chemical combination.