

STARTING A WAR.

Tiny Sparks Have Often Kindled Monster Conflagrations.

CONFLICTS BORN OF TRIFLES

A Broken Teapot and a Stolen Bucket Cost Years of Carnage and Hundreds of Thousands of Lives—Paul Kruger and the Great Boer Uprising.

The history of warfare contains numerous examples of conflicts that have originated through trifling causes, says the London Globe. For instance, Turkey in the past suffered greatly in a war with Venice. When the Venetian ambassador was asked by the Turkish grand vizier to ratify a treaty by swearing in the Moslem fashion upon his beard and the beard of the prophet he declined because, as he said, "the Venetians wear no beards."

This remark was too much for the Turk, who retorted angrily, "Nor do monkeys!" an exclamation which caused the other to tear up the treaty and retire from the conference. The sequel was a sanguinary conflict in which fell 30,000 Christians and four times that number of Turks.

But the Turks were not the only ones to use blows instead of arguments on the slightest provocation. The emperors of China have ever been famous in this direction, the record instance being a war 250 years ago which began through the smashing of a teapot. This indispensable household article was looked upon by its owner, a high dignitary of the court, as a priceless treasure, and consequently it accompanied the great man on his journeys.

It so happened that when he was traveling through the lawless provinces in the northwest of China some of his retinue were intercepted by a band of robbers, who found the teapot among the baggage and indignantly flung it to the ground and broke it. The matter was reported to the emperor, who was so indignant at his favorite's loss that he sent out a punitive force, and a long war began which resulted in the death of 500,000 men.

A conflict over a teapot, even a valuable one, seems almost out of the range of possibility until one recalls that a bucket was once the innocent cause of a terrible war. Nine hundred years ago a party of soldiers of Modena stole a bucket, apparently as a practical joke, from a public well in Bologna and refused to restore it. Fights thereupon took place between the soldiers of the rival states and started a war which devastated a large part of Europe.

The cash value of that bucket was only a few shillings, but wars have often been waged concerning things that represented little from a monetary point of view. An excellent illustration is afforded by Algeria, which came into the possession of France through a disagreement over a petty debt. The bey of Algiers demanded immediate payment through the French consul, who asked for time to pay and in reply was beaten and thrown into prison.

A couple of days later a conflict was begun that continued for twenty years, during which time more than 500,000 lives were sacrificed. Such a calamity was surely unnecessary for so paltry a cause, and the same remark is equally applicable to other wars.

In 1870 the Transvaal was declared a crown colony, and the salaries of officials, both Dutch and British, were cut down. Among the number so treated was a certain Paul Kruger, whose salary was reduced by £50 per annum. The loss of the money annoyed the Dutchman, who raised the standard of revolt. As a consequence there followed the Majuba Hill fight, years of agitation, the Jameson raid and finally the great war which cost Britain £20,000,000 and the lives of 25,000 of her sons.

But the most curious war ever waged over a little matter occurred in the sixteenth century. It was carried on single handed for about six years between a bankrupt grocer of Berlin and the elector of Saxony. The immediate cause of the quarrel was the arresting of two of the tradesmen's horses in the elector's territory, he being a subject of the elector of Brandenburg.

Falling to get redress, he adopted what was then a perfectly legal expedient and declared formal war on the realm of Saxony. The declaration was accepted in due form, and the war began. The grocer burned farms and even villages, employed mercenaries after the fashion of the times and made himself the terror of the district. He finally was influenced to stop hostilities by Luther, but was betrayed to a further act of hostility by treachery and, being captured, suffered death on the wheel.

Not Much of a Game. "I can't for the life of me understand why anybody should wish to play chess."

Have a heart that never hardens, a temper that never tires and a touch that never hurts.—Charles Dickens

REBUKED AN EMPEROR.

Gluck Didn't Like the Way Joseph II. Sang His Music.

Gluck, the composer, was not of the sort of men of whom courtiers are made. One day he attended at the court at Vienna a concert at which the Emperor Joseph II. and one of his archdukes sang a fragment from one of Gluck's compositions. Naturally enough, the imperial artists glanced at the composer to see how he was impressed by the honor they were doing him. They were shocked to observe that he was making a series of extraordinary and significant grimaces. The emperor stopped and inquired whether he and the archduke were not singing the bit according to Gluck's idea of how it should be done.

"My idea" exclaimed Gluck. "Why, sire, I am the poorest walker in the world, but I would vastly rather take a walk of six leagues than be forced to hear a composition of my own interpreted in such a way as that."

Joseph II. was brave enough to take no notice of the criticism, but the court was quite convinced that if such a reproach had been addressed to the Czar Nicholas the composer would have prosecuted his musical studies from that time forth under the unfavorable surroundings of the Siberian mines.

GUARDING A SECRET.

The Number of Persons Who May Share It With Safety.

In the realm of the multiplication table, where, for example, two and two can be relied on to make exactly four, reckoning is easy, but when you leave the field of abstract numbers and deal with persons strange results sometimes appear. Such a case is described in Lady Dorothy Nevill's book, "Under Five Reigns."

With regard to the number of persons who may safely be trusted with a secret, there is no proverbial authority for believing it to exceed two. We are told in several languages that "the secret of two is God's secret, the secret of three is all the world's," and the Spaniards say, "What three know all the world knows."

A gentleman who had gained possession of a valuable commercial secret confided it to a friend who appreciated its value. A short time afterward this friend came to ask permission to communicate it, under oath of eternal secrecy, to a friend of his who would be likely to assist in utilizing the secret to the best advantage.

"Let me see," said the original possessor of the secret, making a chalk mark on a board at hand. "I know the particulars. That makes one." "One," agreed his friend. "You know them," continued he, making another mark by the side of the one already made. "That makes two." "Two!" cried the other. "Well, and if you tell your friend, that will be—making a third mark." "Three," said the other. "No," was the reply—"111."—Life.

The First Society of Authors.

A society for the protection of authors was founded as long ago as 1735. Authors themselves were not members of the society, which was instituted for their benefit by noblemen and gentlemen, who subscribed 2 guineas annually in addition to an entrance fee of 10 guineas.

Their purpose, as defined by themselves, was "to assist authors in the publication and to secure to them the entire profits of their own works"—that is to say, they published books, but took no fees for doing so. They were amateurs, however, engaged in trade in competition with professionals, and their enterprise was unsuccessful. The society was wound up in 1749, and the balance in hand (£20 12s.) was presented to the Foundling hospital.—London Author.

Fled From Death.

We questioned the applicant for a position as laundress. "Are you married?" we asked. "No, sir; I's a widow." "Ah—and your husband is dead?" "Yassuh—he's sho' daid." "How did he meet his death?" "Meet it? Laws, man, he didn't meet it! Dey had ter chase him two mile fo' dey all could ketch him an' put de rope rou' his neck."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Had Foresight.

"That man Mehtable married has a lot of foresight," said Farmer Corn-tassel. "He looked kind of worried and scared at the weddin'," replied his wife. "That's what makes me think he has foresight."—Washington Star.

Routine Resumed.

Master—So you have friendly doings with your brother's people once more? Pat—Yis, sir. His family and our'n do be scrappin' again as if they'd never bin parted.—Harper's Bazar.

His Part.

Little Hazel—Papa, what did you say to mamma when you made up your mind you wanted to marry her? Mr. Meek—I said, "Yes, dear."—Cassell's Journal.

Home is the seminary of all other institutions.—Chapin.

MOTOR AND DYNAMO.

Different in Function, Yet Almost Identical in Construction.

It is a very common error to confuse a motor with a dynamo, and but very few, outside of electrical engineering circles, can explain the difference between these two machines. The newspaper man writes about the "dynamo" burning out and setting the street car on fire or tells of the giant "motors" whirling at tremendous speed in the power house, and very few realize that a mistake has been made.

To explain in the simplest language, a dynamo is a machine driven by mechanical energy, which converts that mechanical energy into electricity, another form of energy. A motor is a machine that takes the electrical energy generated by the dynamo and converts it back again into mechanical energy. And, curiously enough, the two machines are almost identical in their construction. Indeed, some dynamos can be operated as motors and some motors as dynamos without any change whatever.

Going a little into detail, a dynamo or a generator, as it is now more commonly called by electrical men, is a machine consisting of what is called an armature which is made to revolve between the poles of a magnet or group of magnets. The armature contains a great many loops of wire, which cut the lines of magnetic force which flow from one magnet pole to that of opposite polarity. Although no one can see how it is done, it is nevertheless true that this simple process causes a current of electricity to flow through the wire of the armature, which may be led out of the latter through suitable sliding contacts or brushes and sent out through the conducting wires of a circuit which may extend many miles. The current is supposed, for convenience, to flow out over one wire and back over the other, keeping up a continuous flow through the armature and outside circuit.

There you have the dynamo. To operate the dynamo mechanical energy such as that of a steam engine or water wheel is required. The more current you take out of the armature the harder it is to turn.

Now, if you take a machine similar to a dynamo away out somewhere on the line and connect its terminals to the two wires of the circuit the current which is being generated by the dynamo flows through the armature of this second machine, and, lo and behold, the armature begins to spin. There you have the motor, which is nothing more than a dynamo running backward and using up current instead of producing it. Put a pulley on the shaft of the motor and you get mechanical power again, which is what you started out with. That is why motors are so economical and convenient where mechanical power is required. Great dynamos in a power station generate current in vast quantities, which is sent out over the lines to be used up in motors of all types and sizes from a thirty-second of a horsepower up to a thousand horsepower, as desired. Now, when you want to operate a sewing machine by power you buy a little motor to do it. A few years ago it would have been necessary for you to put in a boiler and steam engine.—Electrical News Bulletin.

Rose Leaves and Brown Sugar.

You took rose leaves—fresh rose leaves—and mixed them with brown sugar. Then you wrapped them in a leaf from a grapevine and buried the whole business in the ground. You let them stay for three days. At the end of that time you dug them up and ate them, ate them with rapture known only to those who have eaten this particular delicacy. For to the natural fragrance of the rose leaves and the nourishing and delicious properties of the brown sugar that interval of three days in the warm earth had added a new quality. A mysterious alchemy had been at work and transformed the mixture into something exquisite, a dish to be envied by great kings and sultans. It had about it odors of the east, savors of Arabia the Blest.—E. L. Pearson in "The Believing Years."

A Cardinal's Hat.

The famous red hat that is a part of the insignia of a cardinal is round with a low crown and a wide, stiff brim, from the inside of which hang fifteen tassels, attached in a triangle. The red hat is used but twice, once when the cardinal receives it from the hands of the pope himself and after death, when it is put upon the cardinal's catafalque and afterward hung up in his titular church at Rome or the cathedral of his diocese.

Suspicious.

"How about this fare?" demanded the stranger in New York. "I haven't overcharged you, sir," declared the cabman. "I know you haven't. And why haven't you? What sort of a deep game are you up to? Answer me, now."—Washington Herald.

When Art Failed.

"And so your young wife serves you as a model. How flattering! She must be immensely pleased." "Well, she was at first, but when we had a spat and I painted her as the goddess of war she went home to mother."—Fliegende Blätter.

Safe.

"Is there any safe way to tell the edible from the poisonous mushrooms?" "Yes—don't eat any of them."—Exchange.

There is not a moment without some duty.—Clervo.

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