

THE HARMONICA.

Hundreds of Varieties Are Made and Many Thousands Are Sold Annually.

The harmonica, simple as it might seem to be, is made in hundreds of varieties, counting sizes and styles and their different musical keys. All single harmonicas, including the very cheapest, are produced in seven keys, A to G inclusive. Double harmonicas, with two sets of reeds, are made with the two sides in different keys; and then there are harmonicas three-sided, four-sided, five-sided and six-sided, each side being tuned in a different key. Single harmonicas are also sold in sets of four in as many keys. The key most commonly used is probably C.

The many thousands of harmonicas sold in this country annually are all imported, some from Austria, but by far the greater number from Germany. They are made largely in factories, but still to a considerable extent, either in whole or in part, in homes and often by women; cheap labor enabling the production of them at very low cost. In factories the tuners of harmonicas sit at tables that are partitioned off something like desks in telegraph offices, to give each operator a separate inclosure and avoid confusion with other sound close at hand. The reeds are tuned to those of a correctly tuned harmonica which is used as a guide, the work being done with a file and a knife, with which the several tongues are scraped or filed or cut in whatever degree may be required to bring them into tune.

Harmonicas are sold at all sorts of prices, from five cents up to \$3 or \$4. At prices above 50 cents the harmonica is likely to be double. Double harmonicas of larger size and more elaborate finish range in price up to \$1.50.

Harmonicas with more than two sides begin with the three-sided ones at about \$1.25, and run from that up in price, according to size and quality and number of sides, to those having six sides, in as many keys, and 72 holes, and called concert harmonicas and selling at \$3.50 or more. The harmonica is commonly deemed a toy and is chiefly sold and used as such; but good music can be got out of a good harmonica, and it is more or less used as a musical instrument and played with other instruments or as an accompaniment to the human voice. A stringed instrument could, of course, be tuned to play with a harmonica of any key, but that harmonica might not do to accompany other music, written perhaps in a different key and played upon a piano and not easily transposed. Such and other requirements, as of the voice, are met by the harmonica that can be played in several keys, and the putting up together in a box of four single harmonicas of as many keys is with the same purpose in view.

Of odd harmonicas, other than those that are standard and familiar, there is one kind with a tremolo attachment by means of which a tremolo effect may be given to the notes. There is another kind of harmonica made, with gong bells attached that can be manipulated by the player.

Of harmonica holders, designed to hold the harmonica to a player's lips while he is using his hands to play another instrument at the same time, which would be, most commonly, a guitar, there are at least three kinds; one is an adjustable holder that goes around and rests upon the shoulders, the others being in one way and another attached to and supported upon the player's clothing. And there are also made harmonica pouches, of leather and of chamolite skin, and in various sizes, and having at their opening end framed jaws that snap together as those of pouch pocketbooks do, in which harmonicas may be carried.

ILLUSIONS OF A SOLITARY.

Berie Feeling That Came Over a Lone Hunter Far Up on the Mountains.

Over and over again, says W. J. Stillman in Atlantic, as I sat alone by my camp fire at night, dreaming awake, I have heard a voice from across the lake calling me to come over and fetch it, and one night I rowed my boat in the darkness more than a mile, to find no one. Watching for deer from a treetop one day, in broad sunlight, and looking over a mountain range, along the crest of which were pointed fir and long level ridges of rock in irregular alternation, the eerie feeling suddenly came over me, and the mountain top seemed a city with spires and walls, and I heard bands of music, and then hunting horns, coming down with the wind, and there was a perfect illusion of the sound of a hunting party hurrying down into the valley, which gave me a positive panic, as if I were being pursued and must run. I remember also, on another occasion, a transformation, transfiguration, rather, of the entire landscape in colors such as neither Titian nor Turner ever has shown me. It was a glorification of nature such as I had never conceived, and cannot now comprehend. I had, one evening, when I was lying awake in a troubled state of mind, a vision of a woman's face, utterly unlike anybody I had ever seen, and so beautiful that, with the sheer delight of its beauty, I remained for several days in a state of ecstacy as if it were constantly before me; and I remember it still, after more than 40 years, as more beautiful than any face I ever saw in the flesh, and it was as real while it lasted as any material object could have been, though it was a head without a body, like one of the vignette portraits which used to be so fashionable in my early days.

The Origin of Golf. "Who originated golf?" "I suppose Darwin did, when he began looking for the missing link."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

SEA-SERPENT SEASON OPENS.

Sea-Like Creature of Ugly Appearance Eleven Feet Long Is Killed at Chelsea.

Life Guard Martin, while patrolling the beach at Chelsea, N. J., the other day, was startled by the sudden appearance of an ugly-looking sea creature floating up and down with the waves. The monster was about 200 feet from shore, and as it opened its huge mouth, which was encircled with shark-like fangs, it headed directly for the shore. Martin, thinking it was coming after him, ran a short distance away and watched the movements of the animal, which kept on moving shoreward and it was soon on dry sand. Martin then became nery and seizing a club rushed to the animal and dealt it a heavy blow, crushing its head.

Policeman Nash hastened to the spot, and, with the assistance of Martin, pulled the ferocious-looking sea monster further on land. The captors measured the creature and the tape showed it to be 11 feet and 6 inches long. The thickest part of the body measured 19 inches in circumference. It was pale green in color, turning almost to a dirty white. It possessed a pair of flippers or fins, situated near the forward part of the body, like an eel. The tail seemed powerful and was flattened and was broad at the end.

Prof. J. N. Stone, of Columbus, O., who is a delegate to the American Medical association convention at Atlantic City, viewed the creature and said it is not a sea serpent proper but a moray, one of the gigantic eels from the coast of Bermuda or the Azores.

"I have seen a good many," he added, "the largest being seven feet, but this completely outmeasured that one, and is a fine specimen. It is not poisonous, but is dreaded by other denizens of the deep."

This so-called serpent probably came north along the coast in the northeast of last week.

DISCUSS ART NATIONALITY.

Special Debate Started Over Pictures by Adopted British Citizens Shown in American Section.

Frederick Miller, the well-known patron of art, has created considerable discussion by a letter to the London Daily Mail complaining that several Anglo-American artists, such as John S. Sargent, E. A. Abbey, F. D. Millet, and Mark Fisher, had pictures hung in the American section of the Paris exposition instead of the British.

Mr. Miller insisted that, since these artists were adopted citizens of Great Britain, it was poor taste to hang their pictures in the section of another country, especially since it meant a serious loss to the British exhibit.

Sargent, however, declares neither the artists concerned nor the English nor American commission are responsible.

"When we decided to exhibit," said Sargent, "both Abbey and myself naturally expected that our work would appear in the English section, as our negotiations were conducted through the English commission."

"We were informed, however, that the French authorities had made out a list of names, including, besides Abbey's, mine, Millet's and Mark Fisher's, all of whose works they insisted must be shown in the American section."

"The British commission, I understand, formally protested against the exclusion, but the exhibition authorities refused to yield, and hence the confusion."

Sargent can give no reason for the probable motive prompting the action.

WILL WED TO HOLD WORK.

Bachelor School Principals at Holyoke, Mass., Yield Cheerfully to the Board's Ultimatum.

The Holyoke (Mass.) school board does not propose to be accused of discouraging matrimonial advancement. In fact, it has just taken a step that will lead several couples to the altar soon, or the possible grooms will be out of work. A few days ago the members of the board made a tour of the several school buildings to inspect the work and ascertain how the principals and teachers were getting along.

In two buildings there were bachelor principals, while in a third was a young principal fresh from college. After the members of the board had explored the building where one of the bachelors taught and had questioned the principal closely, Committeeman Carmody, who acted as spokesman, said:

"The committee is very well pleased with the way you have carried on the work the past year, but there is one thing that we feel should be impressed upon you, and the position you take in the matter will determine to a considerable extent your continued services here. To be frank with you, it is the wish of the members that you marry. We have decided to make a rule that all principals of grammar schools shall hereafter be married, as we believe better results can be attained."

The two bachelors and the young college graduate are now all engaged and will be reappointed if they carry out their intentions to get married.

Improvement on the Mauser.

An improvement on the Mauser rifle has recently been devised by Capt. Cel. of the Third regiment of Italian sharpshooters, which enables the speed of fire of the gun to be increased to 17 shots in one second and 300 shots in one minute.

Diet to Supersede Medicine.

An English physician writes in the Lancet that he believes the time is approaching when the study of diet will do away with the need for most medical and surgical treatment.

PROVINCE OF LIGURIA.

Interesting Rivalry and Lack of Progress Shown by the Coast Towns of Italy.

The Italian towns stretching along the coast of the Mediterranean sea eastward to Nice and southward to Pisa belong to the province of Liguria. They form a sinuous, snake-like chain at the base of the Apennines, and are so nearly one straggling settlement that it is difficult for the casual observer to mark their boundaries. From this condition it would be natural to suppose that they would share in common their interests and their industries, which united efforts would increase their progress and their power. Absolutely the contrary state of things is the case, with one notable exception. Patriotism binds them together to defend Liguria and see that her well-known dignity is upheld; but when there is no war against an outsider to keep them busy they war among themselves in a petty fashion, just to keep in practice a proper feeling and condition of hostility.

This war among themselves, says the New York Sun, is not carried on by ball and bullet, but by tongue and trade. An industry that is respected and flourishes in one place is looked down upon and avoided in the next, each village proudly proclaiming superiority on account of its particular occupation, and not on account of the particular quality of that occupation. In some cases the natural advantages of the country account for this (a good fishing ground making good fishermen, or a good quarry ground making good quarrymen), but in other instances the reason cannot be traced except to the mountainous nature of the coast that reared individual clans in its narrow, deep valleys, who, migrating to the serpentine-like shore that connects them in its stretch of hundreds of miles, have not overcome their ancient spirit of rivalry.

The towns from Genoa southward to Pisa illustrate this. Genoa is the great commercial port. Though its people build palaces and picture galleries, their thoughts are chiefly with their shipping, their business projects and their breakwaters. It was in this atmosphere that Columbus breathed his desire and his plan, which, after all, was wholly in behalf of the extension of commerce.

By coach from Genoa it is but a few hours' drive to Nervi. The way lies amid dense lemon groves dotted with villas, that in their setting of green foliage remind one of tropical birds, due to the brilliant frescoes that adorn their external walls. In Nervi everything is easy-going and unbusinesslike. The inhabitants devote their time to visitors, but the catering is done in such an unpretentious fashion that it is the chief charm of the place to the English, Russians and Germans who occupy in winter the hotel on the high, rocky coast promenade. At the fitting in summer of these sojourners the Sardinians and Neapolitans crowd to take their place.

The next link in this chain of towns is Rapallo, which scorns and dislikes to have strangers at its hearth, as it is too busy with its olive oil trade to be disturbed.

Following the curve of the sea comes Zoagli, whose people manufacture satin in their individual homes, and, in their turn, wish to have nothing to do with visitors or the olive oil trade.

Adjoining Zoagli is Chiavari, where the building of ships and the making of light chairs is the employment, while in the next town, San Margherita, the men are coral fishermen and the women lacemakers. This last-named place is full of romantic love, which can be easily traced to the stories told round the candle light, when the women busy with their needles and shuttles listen to the adventures of the fishing season off the coast of Sardinia and Africa.

Spezia, one of the best harbors in Europe, brags of the royal dock yards and hill fortifications, and Via Reggio of its forests and pine trees that conquer its opponents, not with shell and blast, but with balm and soft breath, for which Byron and Shelley have made it immortal.

Carrara and its quarries are world-renowned. It is not difficult to understand that the 5,000 men who block out these immaculate shafts of stone feel responsible for the glory that has come and comes to the statuary, of which their crude work is the beginning and foundation. They feel that they are greatly more important to the world than if they were merely a chair, satin or lacemaker, or a fisherman or a trader in olive oil, and they are not at all disturbed by the knowledge that the chair and lacemaker and the fisherman and the trader, each individually thinks himself in turn the topmost of the lot.

Intermarriage, due to these conditions, proves a serious question. A woman choosing for herself a mate outside of her place of birth loses caste with her own and with her husband's people; consequently, when such a marriage happens, which is seldom, the couple are forced away from their old moorings into a larger town at a distance, where the feeling of such prejudice is unknown.

The strength and antagonism which exists in this belt of Liguria marks and distinguishes the people, who are an energetic race of narrow and forceful natures, whose local prejudices are highly developed, and show marked individuality in their undertakings, though they make no progress in their work, for they are satisfied with themselves and what they do.

Fish in Honolulu.

According to the Hawaiian Gazette, there are ordinarily from 30 to 40 varieties of fish in the Honolulu market. A large percentage of the natives make their living by fishing.

HIS TEETH WERE HIS OWN.

And Yet the Facts in the Case Were Rather Out of the Ordinary.

Four or five traveling men around the hotel stove had been talking about teeth, when one of them got up, and, saying "good-night," went off to bed, reports the Washington Star.

"Did you notice what fine teeth that party had?" said a man from St. Louis. "He won't acknowledge they are false, or rather he insists that they are his own, and yet he doesn't quite tell the truth. My brother is a dentist in Kansas City, and this man lives there, and my brother does his work for him. Not that he tells me anything, but merely as an incident, for everybody who knows the man knows the circumstances. His teeth are his own, and at the same time they are false. You don't understand, so I'll explain. He always had unusually fine teeth, but about five years ago they showed signs of Riggs' disease, an affection which causes the gums to recede from the roots, leaving them exposed some distance down from the enameled surface. In aggravated cases or where the person is very sensitive, the disease is very painful, and it is almost impossible to relieve it. To cure it is practically impossible, for the gums will not grow back again. This man was of the sensitive kind, and although physicians and dentists tried their skill on him they could do nothing, and he suffered so that at last he told my brother to extract every tooth in his mouth and put false ones in for him. As nothing else could be done, my brother followed instructions and pulled every tooth. They were all in perfect condition, and as my brother looked them over, regretting that his patient was forced to give them up, a novel idea occurred to him, which he at once told to the other man, who agreed to it willingly. This was that instead of making artificial teeth, as was the usual custom, these same teeth be used exactly as if they were artificial. My brother, who is a first-class dentist always, was more than ordinarily careful on this job, and when he had mounted the teeth in a plate measured to a half's breadth and slipped them into his patient's mouth they fitted as if they had grown there, as it were, and now there isn't one man in a thousand can tell they are false, if, indeed, false they are. At the same time there isn't any more Riggs' disease to trouble him."

THE SHADOW OF A KING.

Empty Show of Power of the Bey of Tunis and Other Titled Heads of the Orient.

The man who was a sovereign and is a figurehead is always pitiful to see. Under the British empire many princes still retain an empty show of power. In the colonies of France the fiction is almost disregarded. A visit to his highness Ali, bey of Tunis, is like a visit to an extinct volcano. Decrees are still issued in his name, but he is scarcely apprised of them beforehand. You may spend weeks in Tunisia, says Mr. Herbert Vivian, a traveler of experience, and remain unconvinced of the bey's existence. Should you nevertheless chance to be near the Italian railway station of Tunis on a Monday morning, you may witness the arrival of a portly old gentleman, who hurries into a ramshackle medieval carriage, with a bagged escurcheon on the door, and drives off as fast as his pair of white mules can carry him.

He has come to pay the visit which he is required to make on the French officials who may have instructions for him. Under no circumstances will they pay him the compliment of a visit, even when they are living in their summer quarter, hard by his palace.

The only occasion when you may hope to come in contact with the bey of Tunis is during the days of Bairam, the Moslem holiday which follows the fast of Ramadan. Then he holds a public reception. Like his father, he wears a semblance of a European costume. His face is benevolent, but weak, and by no means intelligent. He seems scarcely to take in the compliments of the French president, clumsily translated to him by Gen. Valensi.

"Hamdou Allah (God be praised), I am well," is his constant refrain. The resident, as the chief French official is called, remarks that his highness wore a fur coat on his drive, and trusts that his highness did not feel cold.

"No, Hamdou Allah, I did not feel cold. It was my son who compelled me to wrap myself up," and a faint smile plays upon the expressionless lips. Poor boy! His attention often wanders, and you realize that he is thinking of the contents he must excite among his compatriots.

Fighting Hall with Artillery.

In Styria and in the country around Brescia, in northern Italy, the vineyards are protected against hailstorms in a most warlike manner. About three years ago Burgomaster Moritz Stiger, of Styria, invented a small cannon, having a funnel fixed upon its mouth, which was discharged at the clouds when hail threatened to fall. The charge used was two or three ounces of black powder, and the effect produced was the prevention of the formation of hail. Now a new style of breech-loading, rapid-fire gun has been substituted for Stiger's pattern of cannon, and these guns are being placed at 800 stations in the neighborhood of Brescia for the protection of the vineyards. The vortex of air shot from the gun rises about a mile and a quarter from the ground, and its whistling sound is heard for a quarter of a minute after the discharge.

MAINE'S WOODCHUCK MAN.

Like the Animal He Goes to Sleep Every Fall and Sleeps on Until Spring.

"If I don't wake up before the bluebirds come," said Cyrus Brown on the evening of December 13, 1899, "burn a match under my nose and stick a needle in my arms. I want to be out in the woods by the time the sap gets to running."

Mr. Brown is known locally as the "woodchuck man," so called because he has slept continuously through the winter months for the past 11 years, beginning his long nap before the middle of December and coming out about March 20. He is nearly 70 years old, and until he was hit in the head by a falling limb while working in the woods in the winter of 1888 he had been a very robust man. He was felling logs on a lot some distance from camp, and when he did not come in to supper men went out and found him lying senseless under a fallen limb, with a scalp wound on the top of his head.

After lying in a comatose condition for three days he was wrapped in warm blankets and put in a hoghead filled with straw, to be carried 50 miles to the nearest railroad station. Everybody expected that he would be dead when he reached home, but there was no apparent change in his condition. He remained in a deathlike sleep all winter. About once a week he took half a pint of brandy and four raw eggs, and then fell asleep again as if it was the only thing for him to do. The doctors who visited him tried many experiments in the hope of waking him up, but without any success.

Meantime his body had turned to a chalky white color and his temperature had fallen to near the freezing point. One doctor who had come on from New Brunswick to see him told his family that he was dead beyond question, and that this faint agitation that could be felt over his heart was no more than a reflex action of the muscles. A coffin was ordered and the burial robes were made ready, when his body heat began to go up. It rose two or three degrees during the day and fell back a degree or less in the night, but, though the gain was small, it was in the right direction, so the family postponed the funeral and waited.

After the animal heat in his body had reached 70 degrees pulsations were felt in his wrists and his chest rose and fell from 12 to 15 times an hour, indicating that respiration had set in. The coffin was put out of sight, and on March 21 the sick man opened his eyes and called for food. He ate a hearty meal, slept three days longer and then got up and went about his work as if nothing had happened. Every year since then he has dropped off to sleep at the beginning of settled cold weather and has not awakened until the early spring birds come north. In the warm weather he seems as active and vigorous as he ever was, although his memory has failed of late, and at times he complains of headaches. The doctors give no name to the malady, but say that it is due to a torpid condition of the body which is allied to the hibernation of animals. For want of a better title the people have named him the woodchuck man.

RUBBER DAY.

A Function of Which the Title Is in These Days Somewhat Misleading.

The other day was "Rubber day" in Wheeling, W. Va., says the Chicago Record—hundreds of pounds of old rubber being collected and turned over to the King's Daughters, the proceeds to be applied to the building fund of the King's Daughters' day nursery.

Several years ago the women of the Fourth Street Methodist church conceived the idea of renting a house and providing nurses for the small children of women who are compelled to go out to work during the day. For a nominal sum babies of all ages up to five years are taken care of, and the popularity of the enterprise has been proven by the need of a new building, the house of ten rooms being filled every day, and there are more applicants who cannot be accommodated.

The women wanted to increase the building fund, and a "rubber day" was suggested. Advertisements were inserted in the newspapers announcing that certain stores would provide barrels into which persons could deposit rubber goods of any character for the building fund of the day nursery.

The school children were interested and barrels were provided at all the schools. For a week every boy and girl in town had been gathering rubber for the day nursery.

When the collection closed it was found that tons of rubber of every description, from bicycle tires, rubber shoes, rubber coats, balls, even down to rubber bands, had found its way into the barrels. The women expect at least \$1,000 will be realized.

The rubber has been contracted for by a Cleveland concern. In their enthusiasm many pairs of rubber shoes that had seen but little wear were thrown into the barrels by the passers-by. It was a great success, and an old iron and rag day is in contemplation.

To Cultivate Nettles.

The fact that nettle fiber has of late been found to produce the finest tissues obtainable from any vegetable source has led to a project in Germany to introduce the cultivation of nettles in the Kamerun region of Africa. If the experiment is successful the enterprise will be undertaken on a large scale in connection with the weaving industries.

BACHELOR GIRL OF 1900.

She Refuses to Howl with Fear in Presence of the Self-Respecting Burglar.

"If you want a name for the bachelor girl," said the woman who knew, "I advise you to call her Victory Anno Domini. She is typical of the age, and is going to do as she pleases, no matter how she does it, nor what it is. She may want broiled ham for her breakfast."

"She has the ham and the fire. Skewer, toasting fork, broiling rack are all conspicuously absent. Does she therefore go without her tit-bit? You know not a letter in her book if you think so. The uses of a hairpin have long been exalted by mere men. To the hairpin she has added a hat-pin. Upon the tip of her longest, strongest, most prized in windy weather, she cooks her meat as deftly as a statesman cooks a tariff bill."

"She is as inconsiderate of the self-respecting burglar as her age is of folk who take themselves too seriously. When the burglar comes in at dead of night she does not sit up and howl, any more than the world howls at the arrival of mighty reformers. She sits up all right, but it is merely to tell the knight of the jimmie that he has made a mistake in his vocation of his latchkey, and, either way, is guilty of very bad taste."

"Sometimes she makes a direct attack; more commonly a flank movement by talking to her cat. The burglar, poor man, seldom gets nearer than the entry. A bachelor girl apartment is bound to have an entry. The professional enterer has no trouble at all with the lock. It is when he gets inside that he loses himself and his courage in the maddening tangle of hangings and bamboo poles and swinging tinkly things. Terror lurks in the unknown—not infrequently he flies in fear lest his dark lantern touch off some infernal machine, masquerading as an ornament."

"Meanly and the puritans objected to bear baiting, not because it hurt the bears, but because it pleased the people. When the bachelor girl smokes it is not because she cares for tobacco, but because smoking displeases some people whom she likes to astound. She does not mean, of course, to do anything wrong or unladylike—she only feels that she must live up to her liberty—which those people would restrict if they could. You see at bottom the bachelor girl is the most feminine thing in the world."

"A chafing dish supper is a sort of Modder river to Victory Anno Domini, since it is there she achieves the most notable triumph of ways over means."

"A chafing dish, you know, is a fetish which rewards only the votaries who give it single-minded devotion. The bachelor girl is too facile to be single-minded. What with lectures, art, literature, keeping up with the playhouses, thinking out her frocks and sympathizing with budding genius, is it any wonder she forgets sometimes that Newburg lobster requires a dash of sherry, or that a Welsh rarebit cannot make up with beer for a lack of cayenne."

"But what of it? When chafing dish victims take their lives in their hands, she smiles at them, fully persuaded that nothing really matters so long as her appearance is unconventional enough to be distinctly artistic. I do not say she is wrong. The longer I live the more reason I see in the Berkeleyan contention, that there are no things, only the names of things. The bachelor girl is a sort of unconscious hypnotist, whose power is rooted in her victorious faith in herself."

ROUGH RIDER WAYS.

New Zealanders, Australians and Canadians Are Like Our American Horsemen.

The Swagger Guards and the splendid Lancers in South Africa have already become part of the dirtiest army in the world, says Julian Ralph, in Collier's Weekly. The dirtiest because there's no such thing as keeping clean. We live in dust, eat dust, drink dust, breathe dust, and dust coats us all from head to foot. Hundreds of one-time dandies have long since ceased to shave, and, until we came to the Modder river, a man who washed all over was sure to boast of it and be pointed out to the others. The officers without swords and without stars are like their men as two peas; in fact, we are like an army of dustmen with no difference among us except that. Lord Methuen and Gen. Pole-Carew are still as tidy as if they were at home. But they are generals and ought to be marked men in every way. As I walk through the camp I notice more and more men in soft slouch hats. They have lost their helmets in battle or worn them out; but the wonder is that in an old-world army they are allowed to make such a departure. Finally, who are the most admired of all the soldiers? Who are the heroes in their comrades' eyes? Why, the New Zealanders, Australians and Canadians. And what do they look like? So like American scouts and rough riders that my heart warms every time I see them. They ride as our boys do, on their horse, as if each man was a part of his steed. They carry their guns any way they please. They wear their slouch hats as they like—turned up, turned down, or caught up at one side. It is said that the sword has gone forever from the field of war.

Well, the polished brass and the pipe clay have gone from the British army for the time being, and I shall not wonder if the leather harness drops off Tommy's back before we are through. Some Europeans laughed at us for just such innovations, but we do not laugh back. We applaud for the changes that are brought about by common sense.