

CLEANEST CITY IN WORLD

Traveler Says That Aix-les-Bains in Southern France, Where It Observes This Distinction

I have found the cleanest city in the world. Very properly, it is the world's oldest watering place, for water means cleanliness. It dates back over twenty centuries. It is a little city of not more than 8,000 inhabitants, though the height of the summer season, when all the world pays tribute to the remarkable efficacy of its salubrious warm baths. For the worn out, overworked American these baths have a peculiar fascination. Year after year the visitors from the United States include men of affairs, many notable in financial, business and professional circles. It is surprising that the rush of overworked Americans to this famous health resort, which has been so long a favorite resting place for titled Europeans, is not much greater. I am writing of Aix-les-Bains, or as it is commonly called, Aix, says John A. Slescher in Lealle's.

Aix is in southern France, near the Swiss border. The snow capped peaks of the Swiss Alps, rising above and all around it, give to the clean little city a picturesque and a seclusion all its own. Two warm springs, gushing from the mountain at the rate of a million gallons daily, form the reason for the existence of Aix. These waters possess radio-activity, and their chemical elements, including chiefly sulphuretted hydrogen, render them most efficacious for gout, rheumatism and similar physical ills. The result of overwork, a sedentary life, lack of exercise and a too liberal diet.

The famous springs of Aix belong to the state. Its center of attraction is the bathing pavilion—a massive granite structure, with an imposing front and lofty wrought iron doors. It stands at the head of one of the principal streets and contains abundant accommodations for all the visitors, and the baths are of the greatest variety. The thermal waters are used only externally. The peculiarity of the bath at Aix is that it combines the douche with massage. I know of no other resort that gives anything exclusively of this kind, and no other springs, I am told, have the same chemical and radio activities that have made the water of Aix so efficacious for over twenty centuries, or since 125 years before the Christian era.

The Ragpicker Bird.

The trumpeter bird is the ragpicker of the woods and swamps of Guiana, where he is always at work at his trade, with his stomach for a pack and his bill for a hook. He performs a useful but most extraordinary service, devouring a perfect multitude of snakes, frogs, scorpions, spiders, lizards, and the like creatures. But this terrible bird can be made perfectly tame. On the Guiana plantations he may be seen fraternizing with the ducks and turkeys, accompanying them in their walks, defending them from their enemies, separating quarrels with the strokes of his bill, sustaining the young and the feeble and waking the echoes with his trumpet while he brings home his flocks at night. The trumpeter is as handsome as he is useful. Noble and haughty in aspect, he raises himself up on his long, yellow gaitered legs and seems to say, "I am the trumpeter, the scourge of the reptile, and the protector of the flocks."

Paul Jones a Strategist.

Probably most of those persons who read the account of the dedication of the Paul Jones statue at Washington think of that daring seafighter as a man of strenuous action, a sort of sea knight. Paul Jones was, indeed, all of that, and he was a great deal more, according to the Boston Transcript. He was a thinker, who thought deeply on naval strategy and naval organization, and so far as our service is concerned, his designation as the "father of the American navy" is correct. Says toward the close of his life, and then under most unfavorable conditions, he never had a chance to put his ideas of strategy into action. The Russian navy, with which he served in the war against the Turks, was a poor school and one unwilling to learn from a great instructor.

The Wisdom of Johnny.

"Mamma," said Johnny, "if you will let me go just this one time, I won't ask for anything to eat."
"All right," said his mother. "Get your hat."
Johnny, perched on the edge of a big chair, became restless as savory odors came from the region of St. Sitchen. At last he blurted out:
"There's lots of pie and cake in this house."
The admonishing face of his mother recalled his promise, and he added:
"But what's that to me?"

Couldn't Be Possible.

"Seems to me your town is overgrown with flies," asserted the visitor in Plunkville.
"Can't be," declared the loyal citizen. "No flies would dare hang around Plunkville with the daily paper full of distribes against them."

Why It Was Hard.

"I want you to understand that I got my money by hard work."
"Why, I thought it was left you by your uncle."
"So it was; but I had hard work getting it away from the lawyers."

RIGHT USE OF ADJECTIVES

Some Authors Employ Them Lavishly, Others Sparingly but With No Loss of Strength.

Did Cobbett say: "When a man comes to his adjectives, I tremble for him," or did he tremble at the thought of a writer using the word "it"? The only book by Cobbett now on hand is his "Tour in Scotland," in which he says dreadful things against potatoes and about the praise of brose, oatcakes and oatmeal, a book delightful by reason of its vituperation, as when he described the Globe newspaper as "that rumble tumble of filth and beastly ignorance" and Denman as the "dirty bill of indictment drawer" for the Broughams and the Greys. Probably the saying is in Cobbett's English grammar. We were reminded of it by reading about John Walter, the founder of the London Times. That journal was at first printed logographically; that is, a number of words and phrases were cast entire, to save compositors the trouble of collecting type. Thus these phrases were on a single block: "Dreadful robbery," "atrocious outrage," "fearful calamity," "interesting female." There are writers today who always join the same adjective to certain nouns, just as it is easy to fall into the trick of characterizing a person or qualifying a thing by applying three adjectives, as the Irish lady was described in her epitaph as "bland, passionate and deeply religious." They say that Kingslake, writing "The Invasion of the Crimea," worked for a number of hours and left spaces for adjectives. He then rode on horseback, meditated the fitting adjectives, and on his return inserted them. Was it not Daudet who said that the adjective should never be the legitimate wife of the substantive? Look through "Gulliver's Travels," mark the sobriety in the use of words, and note the strength and authority thus gained. Lafcadio Hearn's description of the Windward Islands is as lush as the tropical vegetation; the reader should drop a few adjectives. Poe and Coleridge could work wonders, as when he spoke of the "gorgeous, indolent sun," the "sun so calm and haughty," "mad, naked summer night."—Philly Hale, in Boston Herald.

Says Chinese Are Heroic.

C. H. Chu, evidently a Chinese student of Columbia university, New York, writes the New York Sun to contradict certain statements that have appeared in newspapers since the Titanic disaster, to the effect that among Chinese in similar circumstances the rule is "men first." Mr. Chu asserts that "the teachings of Confucius all favor self-sacrifice, the helping of others than yourself. Confucius says that a man who in peril steals his own life instead of dying under duty's call is less than a man. "There is nothing in Confucianism," continues Mr. Chu, "justifying any man who saves himself by letting a woman or a child lose life."
"The experience in China is that many, many times the noble rule is followed: 'Women and children first.' Sometimes of course the men neglect the higher law, and are severely blamed by the people in general if they do."

New Process for Making Rubber.

In a lecture before the Society of Chemical Industry in London, Prof. W. H. Perkin of Manchester University described a process for the production of rubber in the laboratory which has been widely commented upon in technical and other papers in the United Kingdom.
It was stated by the lecturer that the synthetic production of rubber offers the probability of a profit at a price of 60 cents per pound, with a possibility of its production at 24 cents per pound or less.

There has been rivalry between England and Germany in the effort to make synthetic rubber, and priority of discovery is claimed by each country. It was contended by Professor Perkin that the English had anticipated the Germans by about three months.

A Sea Mowing Machine.

The first sea mowing machine has been launched at San Diego. It will be used for cutting the millions of tons of kelp and seaweed that grow along the coast. A gasoline launch has been fitted with a horizontal jack shaft revolving at right angles to the keel. Two vertical shafts are fitted with four-foot blades that revolve at high speed ten feet below the surface. The mowed kelp floats ashore, is taken out and dried, and later is hauled to a factory to be converted into fertilizer.

Horrid Mamma.

Why is this little girl crying? Because her mamma will not let her put molasses and feathers on the baby's face. What a bad mamma! The little girl who never had a mamma must enjoy herself. Pappa are nicer than mamma. No little girl ever carries a mamma, and perhaps that is why the mamma are so bad to the little girls. Never mind, when mamma goes out of the room slap the horrid baby, and if it cries you can tell your mamma it has the colic.

Wasted Diplomacy.

Mrs. Katcher—Does your husband rage when he gets the bill?
Mrs. Becker—Yes, though I always place them face down just as the waiters do.—Harper's Bazar.

REMINDED HER OF OLD DAYS

Real Old-Fashioned House Cleaning in the City Interesting Because of Its Novelty.

"There's a real old-fashioned house-cleaning going on next door," said the girl who lives on the top floor, "and it's so long since I saw anything approaching it that it seems mighty interesting. People move so much in New York that there doesn't appear to be any more reason for housecleaning. They have rugs instead of carpets and they hang pictures on tacks and leave their curtains up all summer, which no self-respecting woman would do in the old days."
"But next door they are beating carpets and painting shutters and they've hung all the winter clothes out on the lines and washed the blankets and whitewashed the cellar and put the window screens out and played the hose on them, and you can just imagine how clean and cool and shining the house will be when it's all over with. Of course it is not so easy as the new way of hiring housecleaning companies that bring their air brooms and other apparatus that do the job up in twenty-four hours or so, but you cannot convince an old housekeeper that the machine way of cleaning house is better than the old way any more than you could make her believe pure food pickles are equal to the homemade kind."—Press York Press.

TAXED BY PHYSICAL WEIGHT

Novel Scheme of French Town Authorities That Met With Bitter Opposition From the Women.

A small French town in the Pyrenees district has struck a novel way to increase revenue from taxation. The ordinary channels not bringing enough to carry out certain projected improvements, the municipal council decided to place a tax on the physical weight of the citizens, arranging the following scheme: Below 135lb., no tax; from 135lb. to 200lb., 13c. annually is demanded; from 200lb. to 270lb., 13c.; for all weights above this figure the tax increases at the rate of 24c. for each 20lb.

Trouble came when the local authorities tried to collect the tribute. Most of the fat people formed a committee to appeal to the prefect, who represents the federal authority in the district. Thus a stay was gained. But it appears probable that the town could put into execution the new law if it should fight the case in the courts. Most of the opposition came from the women, who held meetings and torch-light processions to signify their opposition to the measure, which struck them harder than their husbands.

Won't Have His Calling Insulted.

There is one sure way to insult a delicatessen storekeeper and turn the honey of his disposition into gall. It can be done by remarking carelessly as you buy his meat balls or fish cakes that you only want them for the cat, anyhow. No delicatessen man with an ounce of dignity can stand that.

"I lost a customer last week by refusing to sell a ring of liverwurst to a woman who was buying it for her dog," said one man in the trade. "She was a good customer, but when she decided that she guessed that ring of wurst would do because she only wanted it for the dog, I said: 'Madam, human beings might feel honored to eat that wurst; it is not for dogs' and I put it back in the case."
"Meat balls composed of the very best beef, veal, eggs, and cracker crumbs are likewise insulted. They will do for the cat. If women must buy these delicacies for their pets, let them, but let them refrain from insulting the storekeeper by telling him so."

Libraries in Navy.

The navy department spends every year \$20,000 for libraries for its ships. Each "ship's" library includes 300 books, mostly technical and more or less expensive on that account. A "crew's" library is usually made up of about five hundred books on fiction and of such character suitable for entertainment.

About one-third of the books are replaced each year. The changes are made upon recommendation of those in charge of the ships, but it has developed that this is not a satisfactory method, as much depends upon the points of view on literature possessed by the responsible persons. So it is proposed to standardize the libraries by making the changes in Washington, applying them generally to all ships. It is further held that this plan would work for economy, effecting a saving of from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year.

Intercity Meal Tickets.

Restaurants where the meal ticket system prevails adopt various devices to attract trade. A New York proprietor recently posted this sign above his desk:
"Meal tickets purchased here good in restaurants in Boston, Baltimore, Washington and Chicago."

Then followed the addresses of the restaurants where the meal tickets would be honored.
"No, I have no interest in those houses," the proprietor said, "but I know the owners, and we concluded that it would be a good plan to exchange tickets so that customers going from Boston to town could make five of a square meal in case work was slack or they got extravagant and spent all their money."

NEED OF FRESH FOOD SHOWN

Scientific Name Given to Disease Which Afflicted Members of Polar Expedition Party.

In an address lately given before the Zoological Society of France, Dr. Jacques Liouville, the physician and naturalist who accompanied the Pourquoil-Pas on her antarctic expedition, stated the chief physical troubles with which the crew had to contend were three in number, all, in his opinion, springing from the lack of fresh food. He therefore terms this polar malady "the disease of conserved food." The malady comprised symptoms of scurvy, polar anaemia and severe frost bites or chilblains, which frequently bled constantly. The underlying cause of all the affections is an alteration in the chemical composition of the blood—or "dyscrasia." The heart functioned badly, and the patients suffered from terrible shortness of breath, frequent drowsiness, and oedema of the lower extremities. They were easily exhausted and unable to march, while the slightest movement brought on intense palpitation. However, all these morbid symptoms disappeared within ten days when fresh meat was obtainable, and did not appear again after the fresh wild celery obtained at Tierra del Fuego had been enjoyed for some time. Dr. Liouville took a just pride in the fact that this was the first polar expedition which ever restored all its members to their homes in a state of perfect health. He had three surgical cases to handle. Recovery was highly satisfactory, which he ascribes partly to the entire absence of pathogenic bacteria and partly to the fact that there was not a trace of alcoholism in the patients.—Scientific American.

CHORUS GIRLS WANTED EGGS

Incessant Demand Caused Irritated Chef to Come Forward With Indignant Protest.

The hauling of a theatrical company was in charge of Agent Lindsey, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. He contracted to take complete charge of a good-sized operatic company for three days, furnishing sleeper and meals en route. The contract was a good one, and Mr. Lindsey determined to make the occasion memorable. "I will set the best table you can find in the state," said he to the theatrical agent. "I will guarantee there will not be a single complaint."

So he bought all the steaks and chops and lobsters and shell fish and all that sort of thing that he could find in the market and planted them in an ice box and hired a relay of chefs and undertook to feed those chorus ladies out of slenderness. There were forty persons in the company. At the first luncheon thirty-six of them ordered eggs.

"Got to order moosh aigs by wire, Mr. Lindsey," reported the chef. "These heah chorus girls certainly do have the aig habit."

For dinner that night thirty-eight of the company ordered eggs in some style. The chef wired ahead for more eggs. At breakfast the next morning the entire company of forty wanted eggs, and not one of them wanted them. At luncheon thirty-two demanded more eggs. That night the first pair to reach the diner asked for eggs. The chef walked right in and made the speech: "Nevah mine obderin' no moosh aigs," said he. "They ain't no moosh aigs. You-all must think we cabbies a hen on this car."

One of the Knox Knocks.

Phillander C. Knox, the secretary of state, received one day in his office a bunch of high-browed newspaper correspondents. In the number was William Hooster, who stepped to the front with a copy of his paper in which was one of his dispatches under big, black headlines. The dispatch dealt with the affair of the department of state, and ran along glibly as if the writer had enjoyed the confidence of Mr. Knox regarding the whole matter.

"What do you think of this article?" asked Hooster, exhibiting no modesty as he handed the paper to the secretary of state.

"After looking this over," said Mr. Knox graciously, "I must say, Mr. Hooster, you are the best of Washington correspondents."

At this Hooster took on the aspect of a balloon and looked exceedingly pleased until Knox added softly: "Marv's-nester."—Popular Magazine.

The Raw Remark.

F. M. King enlisted in the Spanish-American war and was sent to Jefferson barracks. He was strolling through the company streets smoking a cigar when an officer approached. King saluted.

"Look here," said the officer, "don't you know better than to salute an officer when you have a cigar in your mouth? How long have you been here?"

"Three days," replied King. "You are excused this time," said the officer, "but don't let me catch you doing that again."

In a short time King met the same officer and walked by without saluting.

"Why didn't you salute?" demanded the officer, stopping him.
"Well, you just told me not to salute when I had a cigar in my mouth," replied the raw recruit.
But he spent three days in the kitchen peeling potatoes for this offense.—Atchison Champion.

KITES TO CARRY AIR SCOUTS

French Military Man Has Devised a Scheme Which Authorities View With Favor.

While the enthusiastic airmen have succeeded in putting France far ahead of all other countries in the way of military aeronautics, one captain, Saconney by name, has been doggedly working over man-carrying kites, of which so much has once expected, but which have been put in the shade by the more showily performing aeroplanes.

A short time ago he made an ascension out at sea, carried up by a series of kites that were towed by a man of war. He claims that it is a simple matter to make observations and that it is much easier to regain the ship than if he tried to come down from an excursion by aeroplane.

His latest adaptation, and one that has made military authorities take notice, is a combination of automobile and kite.

His outfit consists of an automobile with a windlass that is operated by the motor, a trailing truck carrying the kites folded up and a squad of 20 men. The train can attain a speed of about 16 miles an hour.

The speed of the motor to some extent makes up for lack of wind, and ascensions are safe where they would be dangerous under ordinary conditions. The big kites make reconnoitering easier than from an aeroplane, and the apparatus is much handier to put together.

LIKES OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE

Belgian Consul at Boston Refuses to Make Changes in His Picturesque Abode.

E. S. Mansfield, the Belgian consul, has an old-fashioned house which has existed for at least a hundred years, and which he has refused to have fitted either with gas or electricity.

It is like a breath of another century, they say the friends who visit it, but they admire even more the rare and ancient garden which leads from it. In itself the garden is complete and after the style of the early European gardens of America's colonial ones. The old paintings which hang in the house always evoke the most praise of all. They are Spanish, Dutch, Flemish, Italian, French and English works, and they add to the aged aspect of the home.

Whenever guests who know the modern activity of Mr. Mansfield first become acquainted with his house, they are surprised that it should appear so opposite to the owner. They ask Mr. Mansfield of it and he answers: "I like the contrast."—Boston Traveler.

Pigeon Brought Luck.

It is one of the pet beliefs of the fishing fleet folk that when a white bird flies aboard a ship at sea good luck is bound to follow. And if a white bird happens to fly aboard a brand-new craft it insures the vessel with all kinds of joy forever. Out on Georges, recently, a little pigeon fluttered down on the deck of the good ship Mary, perching on the wheel box. Result, good luck. Although Captain Whalen's boat struck mighty hard weather it came through without a scratch and landed 130,000 pounds of fish, mostly hake and cusk, which is pretty nearly the record catch for a maiden trip. The pigeon looked as if it had had some pretty hard luck itself before it fell in with the Mary, however. One of its wings was badly torn, as if a gull or a hawk had taken a piece out of it. The men aboard took good care of the pigeon, giving it plenty of food, although they made no attempt to confine it to any one part of the vessel. The bird made friends with every one, especially the cook, and refused to eat except out of the men's hands. As the Mary came up the harbor the bird was deck abreas of Governor's island and suddenly took wing and flew away. The men said it looked to them as if the bird had recognized his surroundings in the inner harbor and had flown for home.

When Fish Go to Bed.

Did you know that fish go to bed in the winter? Prof. Dyer, state fish and game warden for Kansas, says: "Bere thing, fish have beds. I have seen them filled up four and five fish deep for a space at least 3 by 10 feet. Usually they find a place below a log or some kind of an obstruction in a stream where there is an eddy. They can maintain their positions there without much effort. I don't know whether they sleep or not, but fish will spend most of a winter in that way."

"When the water gets extremely cold the fish become sluggish. They can move around a little, but they lose all their alertness. They can even be caught by hand. All you need to do is to cut a hole in the ice after it has been frozen over for some time. Some fish will come to the hole for air. It is an easy matter to slip your hand under the fish slowly and you may lift him clear of the water before he makes a wiggle."

Good Excuse.

It was on the sleeping-car.
"Say, mister," said the man in the upper berth to the occupant of the lower, "quit that music, will you? What do you think this is, a concert hall? Do rest of us want to sleep."
"Why, the car is so stuffy," said the warbler, "I was only humming a little air."
It was then that he was hit with a Pullman pillow, remaining unconscious for seven hours.—Harper's Weekly.

PROBLEM THAT PUZZLED HIM

Bobby Didn't Understand How He Could Get Candy for Three With "One Money."

It was a charming summer morning. Bobby, aged five; Seth, aged four, and Jennie, aged three, were escorting their father, Doctor Jackson, on his daily visit to the village postoffice. He had promised them candy, and they straggled along in great content.

Opposite the telephone office the procession was suddenly brought to a stop by the operator, who appeared in the door and beckoned the doctor imperatively.

"Hey, doc! You're wanted over at Clifton right away!" he cried. "I tried to get you at the house, and your wife said you were on your way downtown. You've got to hurry!"

The doctor turned about hurriedly, but the three pleading faces made him hesitate. He thrust his hand into his pocket, found no pennies. So he selected a nickel, and placed it in Bobby's hand.

"Now, Bobby, papa must hurry. You take this and get the candy. Get some for Seth and Jennie, too, you know. And be sure to go right back home after you get it."

Bobby, who had not yet learned that there were coins of larger value than the penny, took the nickel without much enthusiasm, and the children proceeded to the candy shop. Here Bobby took his seat upon an upturned box and let his chin fall upon his breast. A telltale sob betrayed his state of mind to the clerk. "Why, Bob," exclaimed the sympathetic clerk, "I never knew you to cry! What's the matter?"

Bobby showed the nickel that had been shut tight in his warm little fist.

"Papa told me to get candy for all of us," he gulped, "and I can't! Seth and I can't have any. I've only got"—another sob—"one money!"—Youth's Companion.

CANTANKEROUS TO THE LAST

Not Even Praise of His Own Handiwork Availed to Soften Old "Uncle Jake."

"Uncle Jake" was one of the characters of Bunbury. He was as deaf as a post—when he wanted to be—and as contrary as a bundle of sticks. One of his neighbors came into his yard one day and said, "Uncle Jake, I'd like to borrow your wagon this morning; mine is having a spring mended."

"You'll have to speak louder," rejoined Uncle Jake. "I don't hear very well, and I don't like to lend my wagon, anyhow!"

The old man was an expert maker of axe handles—an occupation in which there is more art than the unskilled would suppose—and these handles he left at the village store to be sold on commission.

One snowy day as Uncle Jake came stamping up the steps of the store, another old fellow who was known as Uncle Horace remarked to the men lounging about the store:

"I'll treat the crowd if I don't make Uncle Jake agree to the first thing I say to him when he comes in."

"Don't be rash, Uncle Horace!" called out the storekeeper. "That never happened yet, and it ain't likely to!"

But Uncle Horace merely grinned and picked up one of Uncle Jake's axe-helves. The door opened and in came Uncle Jake.

"Jake," said Uncle Horace, running his fingers up and down the smooth wood, "this is a mighty good axe handle."

"No, it ain't," replied Uncle Jake at once. "I can't make good handles, but that one you've got is the kind people want. They don't know no better!"

And Uncle Horace treated the company to several crackers and cheese.—Youth's Companion.

Lords in the Making.

Allan Dawson, a New York editor, says he was in London when the question of making 500 new lords was agitating England, and that he happened to be in the press gallery of the house of commons when the subject was under discussion.

"It was an exciting time," said Dawson. "A list of names was under consideration. I listened until the house had disposed of three and had elected their titles. The first man decided upon was General Booth of the Salvation army. It was set forth that his title was to be Lord Savens. The next was Mr. Patterson, the big baggage and express man of London, and his title was to be Lord Deliverus. The third was Mr. Pink, who owns the largest jam factory in England. They fixed his title as Lord Preservans. Then I came away."—Saturday Evening Post.

Clay Had Campaign Banners.

Jerome Carter Hooper, president of the Dorchester (Mass.) Historical society, at the next regular meeting of that society will present a banner which was carried by the adherents of Henry Clay through the New England states at the time of Mr. Clay's candidacy for president of the United States. It is thought to be the only one in existence.

Twenty-seven states are represented, the stars encircling the portrait of Henry Clay. Within the circle are the words, "National Currency and Protection." In the four corners of the banner are the words agriculture, commerce, manufacture and encouragement. The flag is said to have been carried by enthusiastic followers of Clay in Worcester and Roxbury in 1844.