

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 racks 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 hang all the winter clothes out on the lines and washed the blankets and whitewashed the cellar and played 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 a 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

Several Schemes 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 150lb., no tax; from 150lb. to 200lb., 15c. annually is demanded; from 200lb. to 270lb., 15c.; for all weights above this figure the tax increases at the rate of 25c. for each 50lb.

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 would 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 torchlight 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 dog, 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 only ring-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 \$30,000 for libraries for its ships. Each "ship" 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 town to town could make sure 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 Mouton, the physician and naturalist who accompanied the Pourquoi-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 anemia 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. Mouton 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 moah aigs by wire, Mr. Lindsey," reported the chef. "These beah 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 those eggs as any other one 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 miss oberderin' no moah aigs," said he. "They ain't no moah aigs. You-all must think we cahliee a hem on this car."

One of the Knox Knocks.

Philander C. Knox, the secretary of state, received one day in his office a bunch of high-browed newspaper correspondents. In the number was William Hooper, 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 Hooper, 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. Hooper, you are the bestor of Washington correspondents."

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

The Raw Recruit.

F. M. King called 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 of fense.—Athleticon 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, Sarconey by name, has been doggedly working over man-carrying kites, of which so much was 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 aeroplanes.

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, says 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 or 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 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 adeck. Abreast of Governor's island he 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 his fondings for home.

When Fish Go to Bed.

Did you know that fish go to bed in the winter? Prof. Dyche, state fish and game warden for Kansas, says: "Sure thing, fish have beds. I have seen them piled up four and five feet 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 Knew.

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? The 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 enjoying their father, Doctor Jackson, on his daily visit to the village postoffice. He had promised them candy, and they struggled 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 Availled 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 man lounging about the stove:

"I'll treat the crowd if the first thing I say Uncle Jake agrees to let me come 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 ax 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 sardines, 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 Saviour. 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 Preserverus. 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 enclosing 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.

ALWAYS MASTER OF FINANCE

How John D. Rockefeller Established His Credit in the Early Days of His Career.

Just because John D. Rockefeller has made more money than he can count without the aid of nine-teen clerks and forty adding machines, a suit of duck as a first installment, to mention a well trained corps of coupon clippers, there are many people who come forward these days with stories to show that John, now famous for his wealth, signs and wits, was once about the cutest person that ever happened when it came to financial strategy.

According to this latest narrative, Rockefeller told a close friend—and that "close" goes both ways—some morning that he wanted to borrow \$5,000 and that he must have it in order to save his business. The friend went down town in the course of his work, and pretty soon met a big banker.

"I wish," said the banker, "if you see Mr. Rockefeller this afternoon, you would tell him that I have found a place to put that \$10,000 which he asked me to loan out for him."

The friend gasped like a goldfish, and proceeded on his way, encountering another of the town's leading bankers.

"By the way," said the banker, "when you see Rockefeller this afternoon, please tell him that I have found a man who wants to borrow that \$10,000."

The friend staggered on, and met a third banker, who repeated what the other two captains of finance had said. Then he went back and found Rockefeller.

"John," he said, in astonishment, "when I left you this morning you told me you had to borrow \$5,000, and all day bankers have been telling me that you asked them to lend out \$10,000 for you."

"Well, well!" smiled Rockefeller, "that's fine! I suppose I may safely assume now that my credit is established in this town. I'll just step out and borrow that \$5,000 I need."—Popular Magazine.

OLD STRUCTURES IN DECAY

Condition of Famous Leaning Towers in Italy Excites Apprehension of Antiquarians.

Reports have been current for some time concerning the safety of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and the Italian papers announce a similar state of things with the Gharisenda of Bologna and the Ghirlandina of Modena.

The former dates from 1110, and the latter from 1224 to 1219. The Tower of Pisa, which is about 177 feet in height, is 14 feet 6 inches beyond the perpendicular. It is accustomed from the base, but diminishes half way up and onward. The inclination is said to be greater today than it was in 1817. This has been marked in later years. But there are other disquieting signs. Some of the stonework of the windows is giving way, and the steps are said to be cracking.

The soil upon which Pisa's Tower was raised, a Paris contemporary points out, is "permeable and friable," and subsoil water is believed to be penetrating beyond the masonry. Architects and other experts are now engaged in a close observation. They fear that below the foundations there are some considerable voids, and they are of opinion that the inclination of the tower has increased since 1869.

The commission appointed to deal with the matter concludes that there is no immediate danger, yet there must be no delay in remedying matters. The Gharisenda is about 161 feet tall. The Ghirlandina is said to be the highest of the towers, being 231 feet. It is slightly inclined toward the Cathedral, which itself is in a feeble state.

When We Meet Our Kind.

"Attendants in European museums look to it that no American may escape meeting his compatriots," a traveler said. "At Mme. Tassard's wax works exhibition the custodian let me wander around alone for an hour, puzzling helplessly over British royalty, but when I got in the neighborhood of Harry Thaw he woke up. How he discovered then that I was an American I do not know; I hadn't said anything. But I coughed, and perhaps that betrayed me. Anyhow, 'That's Harry Thaw,' said he.

"I thanked him and passed on. At my heels came the guide. He followed me to the staircase. 'Crippen's down stairs,' he said. Three steps further along he halted me again. 'And Guitan,' he announced.

"The trio of my fellow countrymen excited no thrill of patriotic pride, but the custodian had done his part."

Why We Have No Parks.

There can never be in the United States a real Paris of America until we shall get ranks and orders of nobility, and that will only be when our republic shall develop into a grand imperial nation. Under a newly acquired emperor a titled class would follow as a matter of course, and the easiest way to get it would be to sell the titles. Ten million dollars would buy a dukedom, \$5,000,000 the title of count, and \$1,000,000 that of baron.

In the beginning of old world nobility titles were granted by the sovereign for eminent services, but when such a system is started in a great country like ours the simplest way would be to establish an aristocracy of wealth.

Until then our great metropolitan cities will never be more than mere centers of business and capital.—New Orleans Picayune.

ARMY STYLES NEW TO HER

Conscientious Laundress Meant Well, but Her First Efforts Utterly Failed to Please.

At the army post a new laundry had been installed and the management was specially anxious to please and advised that mending would be included in the work.

The major was equally willing to be pleased and sent, among other things, a suit of duck as a first installment. The army officer's washable coats have buttons, but these are not sewed on. Instead, small eyelets are worked in the coat and the shanks of the regulation buttons are pushed through these holes, being held in place by brass rings on the other side. Before being laundered these buttons and rings are removed, to be put in place again after the wash. When the major's coat was returned from the new laundry the eyelets had been carefully sewed up and a bright brass button had been sewed firmly over each. Also the seams of the major's riding breeches, which open from just above the knees to just below, to admit of adjustment over the knees, had been sewed up so tightly that it took the major's wife half a day to rip them. The earnest and conscientious laundress thereupon received a course of special instruction pertaining to the requirements of the U. S. A.

FINE LINEN 6,000 YEARS OLD

Fruits of the Looms of Ancient Times Have Defied the Passing of the Centuries.

In one of the apartments at University college, London, Professor Flinders Petrie has placed on exhibition some remarkably interesting antiquities unearthed at Tarkhan, Heliopolis and Memphis under the auspices of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt.

The great cemetery of Tarkhan, which occupied a mile of desert 40 miles south of Cairo and which dates from the earliest historic age until the race of the pyramid builders, has proved to be exceedingly prolific in antiquities.

What has struck Professor Petrie is the extraordinary preservation of the woodwork and clothing unearthed from these places of interment of long ago.

A great sheet of linen which is placed on exhibition is as fresh and as firm as when cut from the original length—and it is some 6,000 years old. So, likewise, with the woodwork, which in but few instances, shows signs of decay. Here are boxes that serve their purpose as funeral caskets, built of planks of acacia and abritum wood, and as firm and secure as when lowered into the bosom of the earth in dim antiquity.

Milk Saved the Auto.

A farmer named Richter, of Millwood, in Westchester county, N. Y., sacrificed a load of milk the other day to save a new touring car, in which two women were riding, from being destroyed by fire. The engine of the car began to spit flames. Finally it took fire. The occupants then abandoned it for fear the gasoline tank might explode. Richter came driving along with several cans of milk. With him was his eighteen-year-old son. He alighted from the wagon, and setting a ten-quart can filled with milk threw the contents over the flames. The floor of the car was safe and burning briskly. He saw he would have to waste several more cans of milk to save the auto.

"Come, hand me these cans quickly," he said to his son. He emptied them over the auto as fast as he could. The flames were checked, but not until nearly one hundred and fifty quarts of milk had been sacrificed. The owner of the car asked him what the milk was worth. Richter fixed his loss at seven dollars, but the lady gave him twenty-five dollars, saying, "You deserve all this, if not more."

How Hot is Lava?

To ascertain the temperature of lava as it is emitted from a volcano has baffled many scientists. The Roman academy has just published the results of the investigations made by Giovanni Platania during the eruption of Etna last year.

The eruption began September 10 and the scientist was unable to approach the mountain for ten days, when one crater was still in action. He camped as near as he could to this crater, close to a stream of lava flowing about a yard a second.

Using the new "telescope pyrometer," he got temperatures for the surface of the lava flow of all the way from 1,040 to 1,420 degrees.

A second series of observations, taken at a distance of a dozen feet, gave figures as high as 1,500 degrees. The estimates are that the incandescent lava, as it comes directly from the crater, has a temperature not less than 1,300 degrees.

Unforeseen Complication.

Jimpeon, in London, had rung up a well known shop in Paris by telephone to communicate an order on behalf of Mrs. Jimpeon. After waiting two hours for the connection to be made, he entered the booth and began. Two minutes later he emerged.

"Say, mister," said he to the attendant, "can't you put me on a line that'll translate what I have to say to French? I can't make that darned lachance on the other end of the line understand a word I say."—Harper's Weekly.