

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 in this "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 Kinglake, 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 in striking contrast—the style is as lush as the tropical vegetation; the reader should don colored spectacles. Yet with a few adjectives Poe and Coleridge could work wonders, and Walt Whitman was often fortunate, as when he spoke of the "gorgeous, indolent sun," the sun "so calm and baughty," "mad, naked summer night."—Philly Hiale, 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. Pappas are nicer than mamma. No little girl ever marries a mamma, and perhaps that is why the mamma is so bad to the little girl. 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.

Wanted Diplomacy

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

FOUND A SACRED LAKE

GOLDEN ORNAMENTS RECOVERED FROM QUATAVITA SHOWN.

Treasures That Were Thrown into the Water by Indians of Colombia, in Their Religious Rites, Before the Spanish Conquest.

Scores of antiquarians and others interested in the races that inhabited the American continent before the coming of the white man visited the assembly room at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel to see the relics recently taken from the sacred lake of Quatavita, near Bogota, Colombia, and brought to New York by Mr. Hartley Knowles of London, the New York Herald reports.

The story of the finding of the relics, which consist of gold ornaments, emeralds and pottery, reads like a romance. Ever since the Spaniards conquered the Indian race that inhabited the fertile plateau in Colombia efforts have been made to recover treasures sunk in the lake each year by the Indians as a religious rite. Spaniards undertook the task, but draining the lake was too difficult for them. Another determined attempt was made in 1823 by Capt. Charles Stuart Cochrane, an Englishman, but it ended in failure. In 1900 a British corporation was formed, and it tunneled the mountains and drained the lake. It has now begun to mine the relics buried deep in the mud.

Lake Quatavita is almost in the center of the Great Andean plateau that was the home of the Chibch kingdom, composed of Indians who lived by agriculture and who had a civilized form of government. One of their cities, Usaquen, is said to have had more than a million inhabitants.

The Chibchas paid homage to two gods. The sun was the beneficent deity, and the antithesis of the sun or evil spirit they believed was a huge serpent, which lived in the center of lake Quatavita and which when angered brought storms, drought and all the other evils which sometimes afflict an agricultural population. Therefore, though they hated the serpent, they pretended to worship him and sought to propitiate his wrath by gifts.

Four temples to the serpent stood on the bank of the lake, which was only a mile across, but very deep. Once a year a great feast was given the serpent deity. The chief ceremony consisted of casting gold ornaments and other precious objects into the center of the lake, where the god could get them. The exact center was found by stretching two hide ropes in the form of a cross, from the four temples. Rafts were then propelled toward the center of the lake, amid the din of musical instruments and the cheering of the multitude. One raft was occupied by the ruler, whose body was covered with gold dust. When the precious objects were dumped overboard the ruler himself jumped into the lake and washed off the gold.

The first Spaniards to visit the country witnessed these ceremonies, and the practice gave rise to the Spaniard legend of El Dorado.

Skipper's Good-By

The captain of one of the "crack" American liners used to say that his wife was always the last person he spoke to on leaving port and the first on returning. In a sense, though not in the one understood by most of those who heard him make the statement, this was perfectly true, says the Liverpool Mercury. His house was on the banks of the Mersey, and he never passed it without "speaking" it by means of the ship's whistle. For the occasions he had a special code, which none of the crew, who all knew of the practice, could understand. One has under his control a powerful siren, on which he blows three terrific whistles as a signal to his wife. At night they are sufficient to wake her from her first sleep. Another captain, who retired not long since, had a certain whistle for goodby when he was dropping down the Mersey, and another for "all well" as he was coming up, and he invariably blew one or the other when passing a point to which his thoughts often turned when he was on the trackless deep. Both of these signals were well understood, not only by his wife and children, but by many of his friends.

Must Master the Iron Clubs

The true secret of successful golf is accurate iron play. A man cannot be a really first-class player unless he is more or less a master of all manner of iron clubs. Deadly accurate approaching will make up for many defects in wooden club play, and, in consequence, it is the iron clubs above any other with which a player should practice. I am not going to say that it is necessary for a player to be a complete master of every class of iron shot and to have intimate knowledge of the correct way of playing them, but I will say that it is absolutely necessary for a player who is anxious to attain any great measure of success to have a good command of his iron clubs.—Harold H. Hilton, in the Outlook Magazine.

A Chaser

The Inquisitive Old Woman—Guard, why did the train stop before we came to the station? The Guard—Ran over a pig, mem. The Inquisitive Old Woman—What was it on the line? The Guard—No—oh, no; we chased it up the embankment!

ANCIENT ROME'S WINES

NEARLY FIFTY KINDS KNOWN TO ITS INHABITANTS.

Several Varieties, Made With Salt Water, Were Considered Medicinal, and Not Intoxicating—Murrhina Given Those to Be Tortured.

Nearly 50 kinds of wine were known to the ancient Romans, including several varieties used for medicinal purposes. Falernian was a home wine, resembling the modern Madera, and was not commonly used until it was ten years old. After it was twenty years old it affected the drinker unfavorably, causing headache.

Other wines were foreign. China, also called Arisuan, of which there were three varieties—austrere, sweet and intermediate—and the Lesbian, considered to be the diuretic, were of this kind. Some wines were named after their color, as white, dark, and red. The white were thought to be the thinnest and least heating; the dark colored and sweet the most nourishing; the red the most heating.

Certain wines named Myndian, Hailparrasian, Rhodian and Coan, were made with salt water. They were considered not to be intoxicating, but to promote digestion. Two wines, Knidian and Adrian, were also medicinal. Mustum was a term applied to wine newly made, or the fresh juice of the grape. Protogum was the juice which runs from the grapes, without pressing. Mulum was a mixture of wine and honey. Sapa was mustum bottled down to a third. Defrutum was mustum reduced to half and Carenum was the same reduced to a third. Passum was a sweet wine, prepared from grapes that had been dried in the sun. Passum creticum, also a sweet wine, is believed to have been the same as the wine which our forefathers called Malmsey, the wine in which the duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV, elected to be drowned.

A wine called Murrhina has a curious history. The Greeks had a wine of this kind which consisted of pure wine perfumed with odorous substances. The Romans had a wine similarly named, which is supposed to have been wine mingled with myrrh. It was administered to those who were about to suffer torture in order to intoxicate them, and to remove the sense of suffering.

These ancient wines retained their place probably to the end of the Middle Ages, but there is no reliable evidence bearing upon this point. Very slowly the names, rather than the wines, changed generally. The ancient wines, even those in use in Shakespeare's time, seem to have been less charged with alcohol than the wines of the present day. Even Malmsey, the strongest of them, contained only about 12 per cent. of spirit, and Sack a little more than half that amount.—The Ideal Grocer.

Story of an African Romance

A romance born under unusual circumstances culminated at the altar, in the marriage of Miss Olive MacLeod and Charles Lindsay Temple, chief secretary of Northern Nigeria. It was while returning from Wadai, in the heart of Central Africa, whither she had journeyed to place a cross on the grave of her former fiance, Lieut. Boyd Alexander, a noted explorer, who was murdered at that place by natives in 1910, that she met and was successfully wooed by her future husband. During this trip Miss MacLeod covered nearly 4,000 miles, through regions where the natives, although nominally friendly, are uncertain in temper. For four months she was in territory hitherto unknown to British travelers, and for six months had never before been seen. A woman friend and her husband were the only other white members of the expedition. They were in almost constant danger lest the natives turn against them, and on one occasion one of the wilder tribes seriously debated the proposition of taking the women prisoners. The party managed to escape while the parley was going on.

Aviation and Insurance

Aviation risks have been accepted by certain German life and accident insurance companies, but the results have not been encouraging. The conditions attending such insurance have consequently, been made more restrictive.

The rates for aeronauts who use craft lighter than air have recently been increased, while in the case of craft heavier than air insurance against death seems to have been declined altogether.

A Swiss insurance company doing accident business in Germany has recently abandoned policies for airmen and air craft altogether, for even after raising its original rates business was found to be unprofitable. One company which had early ventured into aviation insurance against death recently paid a claim of nearly \$12,000 in addition to a policy covering the aeroplane, which was destroyed.

Four Simple Ways to Health

Keep your physical being in good condition, through (1) cheerful and loving and faithful thinking, and (2) a very moderate amount of the plainest and most nourishing food thoroughly masticated, and (3) plenty of outdoor activity and a moderate amount of full breathing exercises, and (4) plenty of pure water, to be drunk the first thing in the morning, the last thing at night, and between meals.—Nauticus.

CLEANEST CITY IN WORLD

Traveler Says That Aix-les-Bains in Southern France, Well Deserves 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 this number is quadrupled during 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 Leslie'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 picturesqueness 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 quarrelers 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, conceded 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. Save 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 the kitchen. 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 overrun with flies," asserted the visitor in Pleasantville.

"Can't be," declared the loyal citizen. "No flies would dare hang around Pleasantville with the daily paper full of diatribes 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."

CANNOT RELY ON JOHN

WIFE FINDS "STRONG RIGHT ARM" THEORY WRONG.

She Thought He Would Rid Her Path of All Annoyances, Great and Small, but She Knows Better Now.

When I married my John, I firmly expected to lean upon his strong right arm, having always heard that that was what a strong right arm was for. And I firmly expected him to rid my path of the small annoyances of life, as well as to be a haven of refuge in the vaster perplexities. In a word, I expected him to combine the roles of solicitous lover and provident husband. When our honeymoon was over we moved into an apartment. Our landlady had an apartment under us. As she would not give us enough heat, I went to my John about it. John, of course, would see that I had enough heat. But did I really need more heat? The house seemed comfortable to him. (He was out of it all day.) He sort of hated to get into an argument with a lady. We liked the apartment, didn't we, and if we insisted upon more heat, it might strain our relations with the landlady, which would be unpleasant, as we were living in the same house, wouldn't it?

After surviving several bad colds, I gave John a long, sneaking look, took the matter into my own hands, made the landlady give us a written release, and moved out of the apartment.

At first when I went out with John to mingle with our best restaurant classes I sat back like a fat little parasite, lazily enjoying having a man look after me, even to ordering my food. But John always confused the order. I got lobster Newburg when I wanted lobster salad. John never noticed which waiter was serving us—John never could catch the head waiter's eye—we were always having to wait for salt or for bread while the dinner cooled. As ordering meals was in my daily housekeeping routine, I soon took over the ordering and John sat back like the fat little parasite.

Upon another occasion when I tried to lean on John's strong right arm we barely escaped arrest. We were on a Pullman car with an impertinent porter. I mentioned his impertinence to John, expecting John to issue a reprimand. But John knocked the porter down. There was a dreadful commotion. Ladies screamed and the conductor came rushing up. John wanted to knock the conductor down. The conductor objected and threatened to have us arrested at the next station. After some pleading and arguing I calmed John, pacified the conductor, tipped the porter and secured peace.

When we bought our home we decided to have some of the trees cut down. I showed the tree chopper the trees that were to be sacrificed, but he sent his son to do the job before we had moved out, and the son lost his instructions and cut down every tree in the front yard. In tears I went to my John, but John said: "Now, dearie, you are the mistress of this house. I don't want to butt in."

Gradually my own right arm has grown a little stronger. I don't regret it. I don't even consider that it would be fair to John to do too much home leaning on his strong right arm. He has a good deal to worry him downtown. All that I regret or consider is that, possibly, a good deal of waste went into the forming of my romantic illusions.

He Made an Enemy

Governor Eberhart of Minnesota, during an address told the following story of his own experience:

"Once while traveling through my state I was noticing in particular the great amount of waste that was going on about me. During the afternoon I went into the dining car, which was crowded, so I sat down near one end of the car, opposite a fleshy lady, who, I thought, weighed at least 250 pounds.

"As I looked past the lady through the car window, not noticing her particularly, I was impressed by the vast amount of farm machinery that was unsheltered and exposed to the weather, and could not help but remark: 'What a waste!' "The lady opposite me faced me squarely and said: 'Mister, you just mind your own business.'—Philadelphia Star.

Habit to Be Avoided

The habit of ridiculing everything and everybody is one that every woman should avoid. We always find in others what we look for. It is such a mistake to cultivate the habit of looking for the grotesque or the ridiculous. It makes one's face on such hard, unpleasant, cynical lines. There are those persons to whom one dreams to introduce one's friends, for one is sure these friends will come under the merciless and scorching light of ridicule. The worst of it is, these unfair, self-appointed critics are usually more open to ridicule themselves than their victims.

Neutrality

"What do you think of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy?" "Haven't heard of it and don't care anything about it," replied Mr. Hiram Wright, the local boss. "Neither one of 'em has any pull in my ward."—Washington Star.

MANDARIN AND HIS BUTTON

He Must Be Studious and Able to Earn Insignia of the Higher Grades.

It will be interesting to note what effect the Chinese revolutionary movement will have upon the status of the mandarin, who with his gorgeous dress, the glittering button signifying his rank and his combined powers of authority has always been an extraordinary figure to the western eye. Heretofore, however, the mandarin's life has not been all ease and glitter, nor has their power been unlimited.

It has always been the custom to promote them from the ranks of the people after the passing of severe examinations. A man may win the rank of mandarin of the ninth, or lowest rank, continuing the while at his trade, say of mason or carpenter. Above that rank he may become an official, but is allowed only the salary that he may earn at his trade.

As a matter of fact the mandarins generally enrich themselves from the fees which they exact from suitors, but in accordance with the doctrine of the Emperor Kanghi, the mandarins are supposed to make the bringing of lawsuits as unwillful as possible. Kanghi said:

"It is well that all men should have a wholesome fear of the tribunals. I desire that all having recourse to the magistrates may be treated mercifully, so that all may dread to appear before them. Let all good citizens settle their disputes like brothers, submitting to the arbitration of the elders and mayors of the commune. Let all obstinate suitors be crushed by the judges, for such is their desert."

When the student has won the silver button, the mark of the ninth grade of mandarins, he may persevere and make himself by hard study and ability, a mandarin of the first class. As he passes up the scale his insignia are as follows: Ninth and eighth classes of mandarin, a button of silver; seventh class, a gold button; sixth class, a bone button; fifth class, a crystal button; fourth class, a dark blue button; third class, a light blue button; second class, a light coral button; first class, a dark coral button.

This button is about the size of a pigeon's egg and is worn on the top of the hat on ceremonial occasions.—Harper's Weekly.

A Study in Still Life

A pair of large, travel-worn brogans, with feet inside, reposed on a chair which stood in the open entrance to one of the senate galleries during the drowsy afternoon hours of Senator Smoot's three-day speech on the metal tariff a fortnight or so ago. It was a perfect study in still life and visible from certain precincts of the senate floor. One of the punctilious senators on the Republican side viewed the spectacle for a time and then summoned one of the young men of the corps of floor officials.

"Those feet probably belong to one of the doorkeepers," he said. "Better tell him to remove them from the chair, but do it as politely as you can, as he may be one of our old soldier employes. There is no need to hurt the feelings of the old chap."

Here is the note which a page handed to the offending doorkeeper a few moments later—after first walking him up:

"Doorkeeper of the Blank Gallery: Dear Sir—if you are sleepy we will send up a bed; if you are sick we will send you home. Please shift your feet so the senators can get air."—Washington Star.

Hiram Decidedly Old

The second oldest schooner in the United States is now tied up at Red Beach, nine miles from Calais, her home port. She is the Hiram, and she was built 12 years later than the famous old Polly. Her keel was laid down at Biddeford in 1819, and since she was launched the little two-masted schooner has led a strenuous life up and down the Atlantic coast. Although the vessel has been repaired time and again, she still has her original keel and bottom, which are in good condition. She is 69.5 feet long, has a gross tonnage of 67 tons, and carried a crew of three. For many years after she was built the Hiram was commanded by members of the Cook family, of that city, and she is now owned by Elmer McDonald of Red Beach.

Japanese Using More Milk

The habit of using milk has greatly increased among the Japanese in recent years, yet the average amount of milk consumed by each Japanese is still far below that of the European or American. The total amount of milk produced in Tokio Prefecture during the year 1911 was 26,635 koku and the total amount of daily consumption was over 127 koku, which means that each person consumed on an average only 0.1 g a day, which will hardly bear comparison with the four or five go of the average daily consumption per person in Europe or America.—Tokio Asahi.

The Beauty of a Minnow

Never was seen more exquisite colors than shimmer along the sides of the common shiner (Notropis cornutus). It is pale olive-green above, just a sunny brook color, this is bordered at the sides by a line of iridescent blue-purple, while the shining silver scales on the sides below, flash and glimmer with the changing hues of the rainbow. The minnows are darker than the shiners; the hatched dace develop little tubercles on the head during the breeding season, which are lost later.