

WORLD'S GREATEST WATERING PLACES

All the shores of all the oceans are bathing places, but there are certain beaches which have been chosen, some by the favored few and more by the merry multitudes, for sports in the surf. These resorts have been dedicated to the bath and they have attained a fame which makes them places of interest the world around.

There are the great French resorts, where in summer you may see the people whom in winter you note driving in Bois or drinking in the cafes. Theirs seems almost a burlesque of bathing, for they appear in as vivid a blaze of color as in as elaborately constructed costumes, and they are as much swayed by the rules of fashion here as in the boxes of the opera in Paris. The French women make the ocean a stage and a theater, where they dress and decorate themselves for purposes of exhibition.

In England there is no carnival of costume. The Briton takes his dip in the surf seriously, as he takes all his pastimes and sports. He is still afflicted with the old-fashioned four-wheeled bathing coach, and men and women bathe in separate groups, except that the prejudice against mixed bathing has been forgotten somewhat at such places as "Merry Margate," "rollicking Ramsgate" and "breezy Broadstairs." But in general, the woman's beach would find himself as much taboo as was the peeper who tried to spy upon Lady Godiva.

The Mediterranean coast is a long succession of bathing beaches, and for centuries sands have left the imprints of their stragglers upon its sands.

The most perfect motor road in all England runs from London to the famous sea resort, Brighton, and that road, though 52 miles of Surrey and Sussex, is at least one real achievement which must be credited to George IV. It was the prince hailed as the most perfect gentleman in Europe who made fashionable Brighton. Once upon a time he made the first visit to his uncle, the duke of Cumberland, at his Brighton residence, and there he caught a glimpse of a pretty young actress sunning herself on the sands. Straightway he became enamored of the place, and literally commanded a city to spring up by the sea.

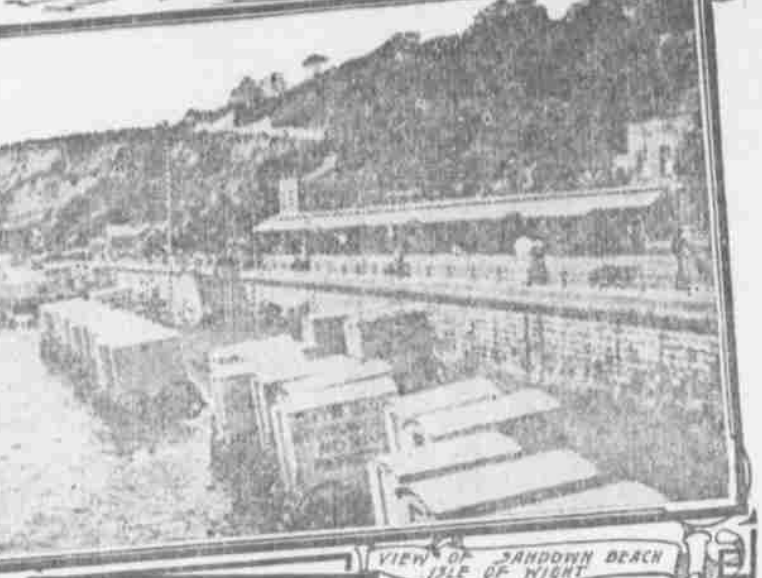
It is over the road that he built that motor meets run from the capital to the famous old ship tavern on the wide sea front esplanade. He built, as his plaything palace, at frightful recklessness of cost, the pavilion, which is the most interesting structure in the city, and it is in the beautiful dome of the building that concerts, heard by 3,000 at a time, are still held.

Hailed as "the queen of the north," and as the "English Riviera," with all the usual attractions of a fashionable resort, Scarborough has also a delightful blending of history, romance and legend. Many of the stately houses of England are in the neighborhood whose owners have played a prominent part in the history of the nation. The ancient castle is a prominent landmark far up and down the coast and the town has two handsome bays.

Most carnival-like of all the bathing places in the world are the French and the Belgian resorts. There are villages, huge clusters of huts and tents and straggling straw hives on the sands. From these three troops the daintily dressed women and the grotesquely attired men. They bathe together in water that moves often than not barely wets their knees. For the women are here to be admired and the men have come to flirt and to ogle. Yes, it is like a carnival. It is a whirlpool of froth and fashion, a kaleidoscope of life and gaiety. This place where the people go into the sea tethered with ropes to shallow pliedly in water of succulent shallowness is a carnival of uproar and extravagance.

It would seem that Trouville was discovered about 1830 by two marine painters. Rambling along the Norman coast in search of subjects, they chanced one day upon a humble fishing village at the mouth of the Touques, where the rugged faces and the quaint costumes of the inhabitants made excellent spots for the brush. Forthwith they sought shelter at the sole inn and spread their canvases for prey. In the salon for 1834 some Parisians noticed the new name, Trouville. They also met it in an article by Dumas. When hot weather came they sought it out.

Under the empire, 20 years later, fashion set its seal upon the place. Dieppe had been started by the duchess de Berry and was absorbed by the sects of the Faubourg St. Germain and the Faubourg St. Honoré. Its



shore was trod by the feet of the Forty Immortals, who then only belonged to the Orleans party, and by deposed statesmen. The imperial court had abandoned Dieppe and gone to Biarritz, but that was too far from Paris for the lesser officials and the busy men of the party to follow. And Trouville offered a bathing place within six hours of Paris. So it came about that villas were built and a square foot of sand soon cost as much as a square foot of building ground in Paris itself. Very soon it was the favorite resort of the monde and the demi-monde.

The real life of Trouville, of course, is closed to the merely passing visitor, just as is the case at Cowes and at Newport. The passing caller has not the entrance to the salons and the villas. But he may see that the people change their hotels every hour, he may walk the promenade and the beach, firm and smooth, which slopes so slowly into the sea that the bather must wade far to get into water to his neck, even at high tide, and he may visit the Casino, so close to the sea that the great tide of 1876 almost swept it away.

Dieppe shows a seascape that is called "inexpressibly grand." The visitor seats himself upon the terrace and looks seaward over a glorious and far-reaching expanse. Sometimes it is as calm as a mirror. But the tide never creeps in. It brings waves and foam with it. Often it is turbulent. Sometimes it comes in as a raging plain that lifts itself at last mountain high and thunderously dashes itself upon the shore and flings its salt showers over the spectators. It is splendid for the eye and it gives vigor to the body.

Napoleon played with Josephine, pushing her into the water, and hiding her bathing slippers, to the amusement of the boatmen and the onlooking staff, in their bathing expeditions in 1808 from Bayonne to Biarritz, that bright little corner of France, nestling at the foot of the Pyrenees, overlooking the Bay of Biscay and adjoining the Basque provinces of Spain.

There are memories here of the Empress Eugenie also. On the slope and overhanging the great rocks at the head of the bay are the ruins of the bathing villa, where she and Louis Napoleon spent many happy hours. It was sold, then enlarged and burned in 1903. There are many historical memories here. Gladstone spent weeks here each year. Many battles were fought in the vicinity in the Wellington campaigns and the Spanish provinces adjacent are full of reminiscences of Loyola and Xavier.

Ostend—to the initiated that mound the most beautiful strand to be conceived, as smooth as a billiard table and stretching away many a league. It means also in the summer months a most diverting spectacle, where dandies mope and flirt even with the waves, where bathing, dancing, gaming and music occupy the fashionable world, and where the vast throngs present a gay and cheerful miscellany of faces and costumes.

This most important seaside town on the continent of Europe has its palatial villas, including the summer residence of the king; its sports, polo, golf, tennis, racing, its great annual "bataille de fleurs," its promenades, and around all its beach, a paradise for children, and its bath houses, so great a novelty for Americans. Above all, it has its kiosk, the center of all the gaieties of the season, which gives the visitor who sees it for the first time a most confused impression of marbles and mosaics, brass, copper and gilding, rich hangings, palms and mirrors. The disk or "digue" which is built along the beach is a three-mile promenade, and at night the spectacle seen upon it justifies the saying that Ostend is "the maddest, merriest" city in Europe.

Every country has its seashore resorts, some of them as famous as Biarritz and Brighton. Bray, in County Wicklow, is the Brighton of Ireland. Perhaps Portrush in the Emerald Isle is even more popular. England has Yarmouth and a score of big beaches, aside from those which have been named. There are good beaches in Wales and along the Clyde in Scotland. Spain has San Sebastian across the border from Biarritz. On the Bay of Biscay, also, in Arcachon, nestling among the pines, 40 miles from Bordeaux.

Other and not so "advanced" countries have also their summer exodus to the shore. Tunis, for instance, has a number of popular resorts. What Brighton is to the Englishman, and what Dieppe is to the Frenchman, that Rades is to the Tunisian. La Marsa is said to resemble Trouville. Bathing is an indulgence that is proper at any hour of the day. Those who bathe do so special dress, but enter the water exactly as they were at the moment they decided to bathe. Then they stretch out on the sands to dry. At these Tunisian watering places such amusements as tennis, shrugging and cafe concerts, as well as sand castle building by the children, are well known.

Finally America, not forgetting the Philippines. The list is a very long one. Palm Beach, where in February the "water's fine," and indeed, the whole Florida coast, the resorts in California, the gulf coast beaches, the almost endless succession of bathing places on the Atlantic coast. What a list there is of them. Narragansett Pier, which has become the polo headquarters of the nation; Asbury Park, with its Founder Bradley and its annual baby parade reviewed by Titania and her court, and Atlantic City, with its board walk, its famous piers, and a bathing hour that begins one might think at dawn and lasts till dark—the boundless ocean sand, shelling to the eternal surf—no wonder that those who come from the interior to see the sea for the first time have no trouble understanding its fascinations.

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL

Vast Sum Which We Spend on Peanuts

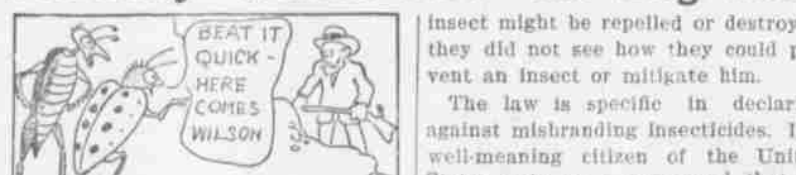


THE person who buys a nickel's worth of peanuts to munch at the ball game, to feed the squirrels in the park or to gladden the hearts of children at home, scarcely realizes that he has contributed to an industry that last year formed a million-dollar crop, and which placed on the market in various forms, reached the enormous sum of \$26,000,000. But it is a fact, according to Washington statisticians.

This little seductive nut—a resolution to "eat just one" is soon forgotten—whose birthplace is America, was, until comparatively recently, unappreciated either as to the "money in them" or as a really nutritious product. Today the peanut plays an important part in pleasure, from the swell dinner party to the ever-present democracy of the circus, ball game or picnic. After all, what is a ball game, picnic or a circus without the peanut accompaniment?

By far the largest part of the crop is consumed from the peanut stand, the little whistle sign of the roaster being the signal for the average youngster to suggest to dad or ma that some of them would be very acceptable, and the paternal or maternal parent's willingness—nine times out of ten—to invest. Yet there are millions of bushels that go to the fattening of hogs throughout the south, the feeding of poultry, while the vines, often cured as hay, feed thousands of head of cattle, and even old Mother Earth is nourished by the

Secretary Wilson Now the Bug Man



WASHINGTON—Added to his already manifold duties, James Wilson, the secretary of agriculture, is now made by congress the chief bug inspector of the United States. It came about with the passage of a law identical with the pure food and drug act, but covering all insecticides and fungicides. The enforcement of the law, as in the pure food law, is vested in a commission consisting of the secretary of the treasury, the secretary of commerce and labor and the secretary of agriculture. But the two cabinet officers first named are sort of commissioners emeritus. The real work comes down to the secretary of agriculture.

The bug commission has appointed the legal officers of the three departments, R. E. Cabell, commissioner of internal revenue; Charles Early, solicitor of the department of commerce and labor, and George P. McCabe, solicitor of the department of agriculture, as a subcommittee to look after the legal enforcement of the law. This subcommittee is up against a hard problem already. The law defines an insecticide as a compound for "preventing, destroying, mitigating or repelling" any insect. The law officers, after due consultation, admitted that while they understood how an

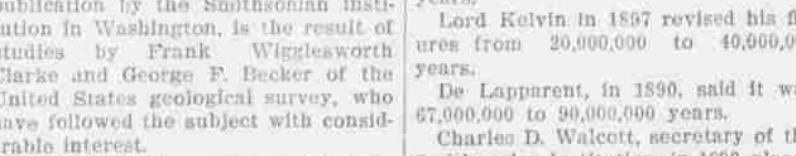
insect might be repelled or destroyed, they did not see how they could prevent an insect or mitigate him. The law is specific in declaring against misbranding insecticides. If a well-meaning citizen of the United States puts up a compound that he says will rid a house of, say, bugs, within a specified length of time, there seems no way to determine whether the compound is misbranded, unless the secretary of agriculture goes to the premises and holds a stop-watch on the roaches, to see whether they mitigate or vacate within the time limit.

The biological survey has issued an informal statement already, saying that the law is remiss in that it does not include rats among the insects to be prevented. An effort is being made to see whether the law officers are willing to consider rats as insects.

Dr. Henshaw of the biological survey and Prof. Crittenden of the bureau of entomology are going to call to their aid the legal advice of Judge Pugh of the police court. Judge Pugh, while assistant district attorney some years ago, established a reputation in the police court by arguing that, legally, a top-rabbit rabbit was a chicken within the meaning of the act. If anybody can prove a sewer rat to be a centipede Judge Pugh is the man, it is believed.

When congress passed the law it omitted one rather essential point. It did not make any appropriation for enforcing it. This hampers the enforcement of any law somewhat.

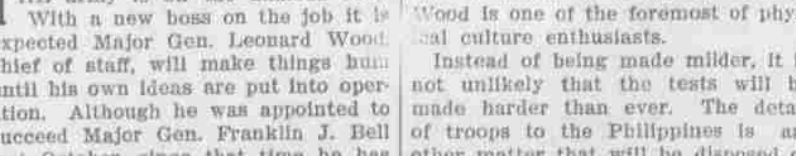
How Old Mother Earth Hides Her Age



OLD MOTHER EARTH, like femininity through all time, but with her far greater success than most of her sex, has defied man to learn her age. Scientists still admit their defeat. Their latest estimate credits her with "not above 70,000,000 years, or below 55,000,000 years." This estimate, given official sanction through publication by the Smithsonian institution in Washington, is the result of studies by Frank Wigglesworth Clarke and George F. Becker of the United States geological survey, who have followed the subject with considerable interest.

Prof. Clarke, in a paper entitled "A Preliminary Study of Chemical Denudation," presents a review of all the available data not only for the United States, but for the world of the proposition from a chemical point of view. Dr. Becker, on the other hand, discusses the question in a paper on "The

General Wood May Stir Up the Army



THE army is on the anxious seat. With a new boss on the job it is expected Major Gen. Leonard Wood, chief of staff, will make things hum until his own ideas are put into operation. Although he was appointed to succeed Major Gen. Franklin I. Bell in October, since that time he has been on a trip to Argentina to the centennial celebration, and has only lately returned to Washington.

In the meantime many important questions have been piling up awaiting his decision. Just what effect the personality of the new chief of staff will have on the army is a matter of much moment to the officers who know something of his strenuous ca-

POLICEWOMAN IS A SPHINX NOT QUITE THE SAME THING.

Miss Adams, Secretary to Chicago's Chief, Will Not Talk of Office While He Is Away.

Chicago.—Miss Kate Adams, secretary to Le Roy T. Steward, chief of police, because actual head of the department the other day when the chief set forth on a week's vacation trip, and for the first time in history 3,000 bluecoats fell under the rule of a



woman. Assistant Chief Schnettler is, of course, officially the acting chief, but Miss Adams is carrying on the work Chief Steward does when he is in the city.

Keen, alert and purposeful, Miss Adams took the helm and, directed smoothly the routine of the busiest police department in the world. The observations she has made in the months since her appointment as Chief Steward's "confidential man" have prepared Miss Adams to step into the chief's official shoes. Those of the "pavement pounders" who had not been advised of the chief's vacation plans never suspected the king was gone and a queen was reigning.

Miss Adams stepped in as acting chief at a time when the police department was grappling with one of the most puzzling death mysteries in its annals, therefore it hasn't been an easy matter to see her.

Miss Adams has a way of not answering questions, but it is such a charming way that the baffled interviewer only smiles back at her—and asks another. One question which Miss Adams dodged was the one: "How does it feel to be chief of police?" It was a direct question. But the answer came like this: "Why, how should I know?" That didn't sound at all direct, but Miss Adams asserted that she was not able to answer it more directly, even after it was put in number of different forms.

A FOREMOST YACHTWOMAN

Mrs. Goelet, Who Lately Excited Jealousy in German Court Circles, Bears This Distinction.

Berlin.—Mrs. Robert Goelet, who has excited the jealousy of German court circles because Kaiser Wilhelm snubbed his own courtiers in order to dine with the noted American woman on her yacht, the Nahma, at the Kiel regatta, is perhaps the foremost yachtswoman of the world and has long been a favorite of the German



emperor. When her husband died 11 years ago, Mrs. Goelet was left a fortune, and the Nahma has flown her colors in many seas since that time. The Kaiser has been a frequent visitor at Mrs. Goelet's yacht during her attendance at the Kiel regatta since 1901, and even exchanged visits with the charming American when they were in Italian waters in 1904. Mrs. Goelet is a social leader in New York and Newport. She is one of the very few feminine members of the New York Yacht club. The Nahma is especially well known at Kiel, Cannes, San Sebastian and Monte Carlo. She was held up by Turkey as a suspicious craft in 1903, but the sultan made amends by giving Mrs. Goelet a decoration.

Value of Seaweed. California has been first in the field to recognize the value of seaweed. San Francisco ships annually to China \$100,000 worth. This article is a good winter food for oxen, sheep and pigs. In bad times in Ireland it forms a staple food for the pauper and the west coast. Some of the beneficent preparations in use today from seaweed are iodine and bromine, from which we get acid and the iodides of sodium, mercury, potassium, magnesium and calcium. From seaweed also are extracted coloring matters.

Watch Found After Four Years. London.—In a turpentine barrel in Park farm has been found a watch lost four years ago by Cor Wright, a Londoner, while shooting over the preserves of Col. Barely at Hanworth hall, near Great Yarmouth. It was tarnished, but appeared as good as ever.

Seeking Comfort. "I've got a long way to go and I'm not used to travel," said the applicant at the railway ticket office. "I want to be just as comfortable as I can, regardless of expense."

"Parlor car?" "No. I don't care for parlor fixtures."

"Sleeper?" "No. I want to stay awake and watch the scenery."

"Then what do you want?" "Well, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, I wish you'd put me up in one of those refrigerator cars I've read so much about."

Different Values. "There's a big difference in men," I judge so, by studying the various rates for which Pittsburg councilmen were bought."

Even with a square deal some of us are bound to get poor hands.

King George's Stamps.

The story is going round that when George V. named his private secretary to take the place occupied by Lord Knollys under Edward VII, the king asked him, familiarly: "What should be the opening of my reign?" "Your majesty," was the response, "all rests in the same way."

"And how is that?" "With the creation of a new postage stamp."

When Bears Break In

They Swipe the Butter and Coffee and Smash Things Just for Fun.

"Bear fur has been so low in price the last few years that I have not tried to catch them if they would let my traps alone and keep out of mischief," writes a New Brunswick trapper in Pur News. "But they quite often break into the traps and then I have to kill them whether the fur is good or not."

The tile is most sanitary. Of all the materials used in bathrooms and kitchens for walls, floors and even for ceilings, the only perfect one is the tile. The rest are merely makeshifts made necessary on account of expense usually.

The tile is absolutely smooth and non-absorbent; in consequence it is very easily cleaned with soap and water.

A core or sanitary base should be used where the walls and floor join to prevent the accumulation of dust which may become a breeding ground for germs. Door and window trims of tile may also be used.

While tile may be obtained in practically all colors, there is no color that gives the idea of cleanliness as pure white does. As people realize the advantages of tiling in both the kitchen and bathroom it is coming into more and more general use, and the economizing is done on something else. One of the great advantages of tile in the kitchen is that being vitrified, even hot grease cannot be absorbed, but is wiped off as easily as off a plate.

said, soon appear, and, of course, it will bear the effigy of George V. in profile, but turned in the opposite direction to that of Edward VII.

The postoffice has these established customs. One of these is that two kings, one following the other, must not face in the same direction.

Domestic Difficulty. Old Lady (turning to neighbor during last act of tragedy)—Eh, Mister, but them 'Amlets' ad a deal o' trouble in their family!—Punct.

No Trouble—
A Saucer,
A little Cream,
and
Post Toasties
right from the box.

Breakfast in a minute, and you have a meal as delightful as it is wholesome.

Post Toasties are crisp and flavory—golden-brown, fluffy bits that almost melt in the mouth.

"The Memory Lingers"
POSTUM CEREAL CO. LTD.,
Battle Creek, Mich.