

HOME OF FREAK VEGETABLE

Evidently Some Peculiarity in the Soil of Atlanta That Produces Them in Profusion.

There must be a dash of Arabian magic sprinkled somehow through Atlanta's soil. How else can we account for those fantastically well-nigh romantic vegetables that present themselves in the gardens hereabout regularly year after year, and bob up in the cook's market basket as amazingly as a troll or even a demon?

Turnips shaped like a shotgun or cabbage bearing a marked resemblance to the dainty Queen Wilhelmina came once or twice in a decadent phenomena might be allowed to pass with a word of casual interest. But the fact is that in Atlanta such prodigies have taken a fixed place in the year's calendar. Observant persons will recall that not a season of the 12 months has passed without its untroubling beet or dumfounding onion. Only recently there transpired in the western stretches of the city a pumpkin sweet potato that looked enough like a goose to lay eggs. It given half an opportunity had the average housewife beheld it she would probably have gone into a duck fit, and so the cautious grocery man into whose possession it came thoughtfully presented it to the Journal.

That you is a wonderful thing, but not a whit more so than the shoe-shaped radish which drifted into the Journal office last May, or the horse-like squash which followed in June, or the pea pod which turned up a fortnight later as a graphic imitation of an old woman smoking a pipe. These oddities give the city a distinction which has not been sufficiently noted. Other cities have gardens, but where else on the wonder-working old earth do vegetables grow like these? Jack's beanstalk or the apples of the Hesperides are their only peers.—Atlanta Journal.

FEELS GRATEFUL TO DOCTOR

Baltimore Man Shows Proper Appreciation of Treatment Accorded Him by Physician.

"When a man in comfortable circumstances is taken ill a long way from home he expects to have to pay the piper," said P. S. Snyder of Baltimore at the Raleigh, according to the Washington Post.

"Some years ago I was traveling in western New York, looking into the fruit situation, orchard products being my business, when I was taken suddenly ill in the village of Pen Yan, and was laid up there for some time. A local physician was called and devoted his time and talents to me for ten days, after which I left the town as well as ever I was. Before departing, however, I asked the doctor for my bill, and I almost had a relapse when I was told by him that for the ten or fifteen visits he made to me his charge was only \$7.50. It was so unusual to get treated so honestly that I kept the doctor's name permanently on the tablet of my memory and every year he gets the first and best watermelon that come to Baltimore. At Christmas time he receives the choicest oysters that the Baltimore market can supply, and in other ways I try to let him know that I appreciated the way he took care of me and his moderate charge."

Poor Grade of Parents.

A rather cute method of getting rid of their six children was adopted by a Blaugourie (Scotland) laborer and his wife. The man left his home recently and several days later his wife and family went to Dundee, where the wife by her own labors managed to maintain them for a time. Getting tired, however, she applied for relief for herself and family and obtained an order for the poorhouse. Handing over the youngest child to the oldest daughter, she told her to take the whole family to the poorhouse gate and ring the bell. The child did so and they were taken into the institution, with the result that the whole family became chargeable to the parish. Husband and wife were meantime enjoying themselves, free from incumbrances. The husband was, however, apprehended as he was leaving work and will be tried for non-support of his family.

Cause of Divorce.

Miss Ella M. Hanz, an inspector of workhouses in Ohio, said at the Washington meeting of the American Federation of Labor, that sending girls out into the world unprepared for any of life's vicissitudes was the primary reason for the wide prevalence of the divorce actions. This might have been controverted, she said, if the education of these girls had been along technical rather than classical lines, girls are not educated along domestic lines, and children are being turned out by the thousands not equipped for life's battles. She declared that the wonderful advance of the nation in industrial work makes it necessary that girls have industrial education.

English Corporation Farms.

The corporation farms, it was reported at a town council meeting yesterday, had proved a source of considerable profit. The hop season has generally been very poor, but the corporation picked 81 pockets of hops of the quantity, which it is hoped will be disposed of for about £1,000. The council also ordered bullocks 150 being kept on the farms. Beef has been making good prices and the rate payers are benefited by £750 made in this way.—Tonbridge Wells correspondent.—London Daily Mail.

THE ORIGINAL ATHLETIC GIRL

Farm Not College Graduate. Was the Type Depicted by Reminiscent Old-Timer.

"The late William Bristol," said a Rochester lawyer, "was one of the founders of the Republican party. Mr. Bristol at 88 was a mine of history."

"He had a keen sense of humor, too. Once I asked him if he didn't marvel at the changes brought about by modern times—that the glorious college girl, for instance, with her swimming and jumping and basket ball and other athletic attainments."

"He said that the athletic girl wasn't a novelty. She was a re-creation. He said that in his youth when a young fellow asked to marry a farmer's daughter the farmer would pat the brown cheek of his broad-shouldered, six-foot girl and say gruffly: 'It ain't everybody I'd trust my little wood violet to. But, thar, take her, Bill. But ye must take good keer of her. She's been raised kinder tender. Three acres a day, recollect, is all I ever ast my little birdie to plow, and an acre of corn a day is all she's used to hoin'.' She kin do light work, such as diggin' postholes and killin' hogs, but she ain't used to reg'lar farm work, and you musn't expect too much of her. It's hard for her old pappy to give his little sunshine up, he'll have to split his own wood and dig his own laters now."

"You don't want to say anything like that, for if you do they'll be likely to think it over some more and end up by trying somebody else, takin' a blower, maybe, who can't really do the work half as well as you could, but who's got self-confidence enough to say he can."

"You don't know what you can do till you try. Some men try and fail, but an astonishing number rise to occasions, develop strength or ability that others might never have thought them to possess."

SELDOM CRITICIZE THE MEN

Some Reasons Advanced for the Silence of Women Where Sterner Sex is Concerned.

"In regard to the men, on the other hand, women are absolutely silent," says Inez Haynes Gillmore, in Success Magazine. "It may be that they discuss their masters among themselves, but if they do, it is in whispers and under a vow of secrecy. Whether this silence be through prudence, through fear, through chivalry, or because they have not formulated their opinions, nobody knows. But it is so profound that the men have leaped fatuously to the conclusion that women have no opinion in regard to men or, more fatuously still, that there is nothing about men for women to criticize. The women, themselves, are just beginning to be conscious of their own tongue-tied condition. Elizabeth Robins, one of the few women earth-writers who has dared to approach this subject, says: 'If I were a man, and cared to know the world I lived in, I think it would make me a shade uneasy, the weight of that silence of half the world.'"

THE CENTER OF THE EARTH

How the Zuni Indians Have Marked the Supposed Spot by a Crude Shrine.

In the Zuni cosmogony, the earth is conceived of as flat, and shaped like a pancake. Being a chosen people of the gods they were commanded early in their tribal career to go to the exact center of the world, and there build their homes, and one of the most interesting legends of the people relates the story of their wanderings in search of the middle place, and tells how they knew it when they reached it. It is about 200 yards south of their village in western New Mexico, 35 miles south of Gallup, on the Santa Fe route. It is marked by a crude shrine, built like a bake oven, out of flat stones. Two large removable flagstones close the entrance, which faces the rising sun.

On the top are a number of concretionary formations, known to the Indians as thunder stones. In the interior are large numbers of feather tufted prayer sticks, and several earware vessels filled with sacred meal. Numerous ceremonial dances, in the nature of rainmaking rites, are performed around this holy place.

Importance of the Cache.

Men whose business takes them into the wilds have to be very careful about their supplies. It is of vital necessity that they should be able to obtain provisions when required, and that these should not be too far away.

The Canadian dominion government surveyors, who were running the fourteenth base line, located a "cache" on the McLean river, a tributary of the Athabasca. The supplies were taken in during the winter, when the swamps were frozen, and placed on a platform solidly built of logs, about ten feet above the ground, so as to be out of the reach of bears and other animals. The deprivations of "caches" which their unfortunate makers thought secure have resulted in more than one terrible tragedy by starvation in those trackless wilds.—The Wide World.

Why He Knew.

The mild-mannered man was so well informed about past, present and future dates of suffragist meetings that some one ventured the opinion that his wife must be one of the chief supporters of the cause.

"You're away off there," said another. "That chap isn't even married. He's a hotel clerk, and has had to add suffragist meetings to his church, theater and political calendar for the benefit of women travelers. Out of town women who want to be up with the procession place those meetings at the head of New York's attractions. They haven't time to look up dates for themselves, so the accommodating clerks keep tabs for them."

Oh, That There Were Others.

They knew that she lived abroad for a couple of years, they said. Why did she never speak of it?

"I used to once in a while," she answered, "but not any more after I met the two Brooklyn girls who had traveled all over the world. They cured me. It was 'When I was in China,' or 'When I was in Japan,' or 'When I went through the Hack for east,' or 'When I took a sail down the Red sea,' until they just about bored me to death. I said to myself then that I would ever after spare my friends, and I have kept my word."

An Indiscreet Memory.

The hostess—Don't you think, Col. Broadside is quite a wonderful old man? Look at him. He is as straight and slender as an arrow, and he has the most wonderful memory.

The lady of Dubious Age—I think he's an atrocious old bore. He remembers when everybody was born.

THE SELF-DEPRECIATORY MAN

Few Chances Come to One Who Distracts Himself, Under a Humble Title, His Neighbor.

"Henry," said Uncle Hiram to his hopeful young nephew, "I could not advise anybody to distract himself continually blowing his own horn. We live in a time when we do that, and we are apt to think of them that do that as all they can do, blow."

"On the other hand, Henry, never belittle yourself, never be self-deprecatory. Don't have a poor opinion of yourself, but if you do have such an opinion don't express it. The man who blows his own horn may seldom be taken at his own valuation, but the self-deprecatory man almost invariably is."

"So never run yourself down, or speak doubtfully of your own ability. If the boss is thinking of advancing you and he should say to you some day: 'Henry, we are thinking of trying you on this thing. Do you think you could handle this job?' you don't want to say: 'Well, I haven't had much experience yet in that way, and I really don't know whether I could do that or not.'"

"You don't want to say anything like that, for if you do they'll be likely to think it over some more and end up by trying somebody else, takin' a blower, maybe, who can't really do the work half as well as you could, but who's got self-confidence enough to say he can."

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BOTHWELL AND QUEEN MARY

Document, Had It Been Made Public, Would Have Changed Course of Three Lives.

Dunrobin castle, in Scotland, was the scene of a discovery a few years ago of a document relating to Mary Queen of Scots, which had it seen the light when poor Mary Stuart was about to commit the crowning act of folly in marrying Bothwell, would have changed the whole aftercourse of her life. The document was the original dispensation granted by the Vatican to Lady Jane Gordon to enable her to marry her cousin, the earl of Bothwell. When the latter wanted to expose his sovereignty he declared his union with Lady Jane Gordon null and void on the ground of their relationship and obtained a divorce. The assumption is that Lady Bothwell was only too glad to get rid of the aristocratic blackguard she called her husband, for she must have had the dispensation, the production of which would have made her marriage valid and prevented Mary's taking place. That she had it is proved by its being found in the charter room at Dunrobin, where it had lain for three centuries, and whither she doubtless brought it on her second marriage in 1573 to Alexander, earl of Sutherland, ancestor of the dukes of Sutherland.

NOT ALWAYS IN A MAJORITY

Superfluous Women "Conspicuous by Their Absence" in Many Cities of England.

According to the estimates of the census statisticians the superfluous women for whom the delegates to the national conference of women workers at Southsea tried to plan a happy future numbered 1,214,558 at the middle of the present year.

The problem of the superfluous woman by no means troubles every town in Devonport, for instance, there are 381 women for every 1,000 men, in Barrow-in-Furness 325, and in Rhondda only 225, while the feminine element is in a minority in other important centers of industry—the city of London, Southwark, Woolwich, Poplar, Stepney, West Ham, etc., etc.

Free from Sin.

Among the many excuses for drinking one of the most convincing is that noted by Lord John Russell in the journal kept of his youthful travels in Spain. When visiting Plasencia he met a convivial ecclesiastic who expressed his astonishment that a scion of the aristocracy noted throughout Europe for their drinking prowess should prove so moderate in his potations. Lord John retorted that he had no desire to reach the six bottle standard set by some of his peers. His boon companion proceeded to rebuke him for his departure from such tradition aptly concluded by remarking that "even on religious grounds you are wrong. For he who drinks well always well. He who abstains will sin not. And he who sins not shall be saved."

Achieved Her Ambition.

Mary Ann had been Mrs. Gunther's clerk and had left her service to marry Pat Mahone. A year later Mrs. Gunther heard that Mary Ann had not only become a widow, but was for the second time a joyful bride. It was therefore with a sense of shocked surprise that she met her former landlady in the street one day clad in the deepest and darkest of widows' weeds.

"Why, Mary Ann?" exclaimed the lady, "I am sorry to see this—I thought that you were happily married again."

"This time, I am," responded Mary Ann with great cheerfulness, "and the present husband is a fine man. But you see 'twas this way: When Pat died, I couldn't, but I says to myself, if ever I can I will—and now I am!"

Before the Drug Act.

"Before we had governmental inspection of drugs," said a chemist of Washington, "queer things used to happen. Here is one."

A Washington man was taken violently ill, and his wife got him a box of nux pills. He took three and recovered. The remainder of the box was put away in a damp closet.

Drawbacks in Politics.

"Do you advise me to take up diplomacy as a career?" asked the young man who is politically ambitious.

"I don't believe I should," answered Senator Borah; "the silence imposed is likely to spoil the statesman's form as a popular lecturer."

PROPER CARE OF OLD GLASS

A Little Ammonia in Water is Good—Potato Skins Excellent to Clean Decanters.

Antique glass which does not become more dim and sparkle less may be made to shine and sparkle once more if it is washed in water to which a little ammonia has been added.

Soap-suds spell ruin to crystal ware, while drying it with a duster only serves to dim it more. After having rinsed and left it to soak in ammonia water, using a soft brush if the glass is out into facets and the dirt has caught in the squares the article should be placed in a box and covered with sawdust. After an hour it will be found that the wood dust has dried the glass and given it a bright luster.

The old-fashioned cut crystal decanters which are so much used nowadays become almost hopelessly discolored when they have held old port or any wine which leaves a deposit. To clean them an old-fashioned remedy is that of finely chopped potato skins with which the decanter should be filled, and a cork inserted in the mouth in place of the stopper. This should be left for three days for the skins to ferment, when it should be well shaken, emptied and rinsed with clear water. The decanter should either be reversed and left to drain for a day or two or may be dried more expeditiously at the side of the stove.

MIRACLE NOT TO BE DENIED

Rabbi Engaged Laugh on Skeptic Who Had Thought to Put Him "In a Hole."

A story is told of Rabbi M. H. H. who is well known on the East side. A recently arrived skeptic and cynic came to see him once with a casual intention to put the rabbi and skeptic man "in a hole." He called on the rabbi at his residence on Eddy street and begged to be healed and consoled.

"I suffer," said the skeptic, "from two maladies. I have a great weakness. I cannot tell the truth, and that hurts my soul terribly. And I have lost the sense of taste in my mouth, something is wrong with my tongue."

Mr. Widwitz studied the man a moment, seemed to be perplexed, and said: "Come again to-morrow. It is a difficult case. I shall have to refer upon it. If God wills, I shall be able to help you."

When the patient returned next day the rabbi brought forth a pill he had prepared, told the doubly afflicted man to open his mouth and showed it in. "The pill was of considerable size. Scarcely had the patient allowed it to dissolve somewhat in his mouth than he began to spit, with an expression of the greatest disgust and exclaimed: "What do you mean? That's tar and sulphur and kerosene you gave me. Do you want to poison me?"

"Well, what are you making so much noise about?" laughed the rabbi, with great heartiness. "Hasn't God performed a miracle? You have told the truth, it is really tar and sulphur and kerosene. And you have actually recovered the sense of taste in your mouth!"—New York Press.

MAINEST KIND OF A JOKE

Maine's Idea of Humor Meant a Few Distracted Moments for Mothers.

A man, the good man living in an apartment house on the East side, on the street passed a crowd. On a very good, probably, will not joke the other day on two young women, each the proud possessor of a first-born babe about a month old.

The two first-born profiles were out on the porch of the apartment house the other afternoon. The two mothers, in the way they do, many apartment houses being built only by a small railing. The two kids came along and shifted the two kids. Then the mothers took their offspring out for an airing. Each youngster was all done up in new quilts and netting and stuff, and neither mother noticed the stuff and neither mother noticed the change until one of them stopped at the house of her mother on another street. She ran to the phone to notify the police, but in her excitement called the fire department. It was just awful! As both babies were comparatively new, she didn't even recognize the one she had cared along as belonging to her neighbor, and she couldn't think for the life of her where she could have mislaid her own child. O, it was terrible while the excitement was at the height, but the two little dears have been traded back now and all is well once more.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ON HIS WAY TO CINCINNATI

German, Now to the Country, Made Fun for Passengers, But It Was No Joke to Him.

"I shall not soon forget my difficult time with the English language," said Heinrich. "When I first arrived in this country I was going to Cincinnati. I spoke not one word of English and they put me on a second class train. It was summer and I had a very heavy overcoat, steamer rug and great big valises. I had no idea how far it was to Cincinnati, but judging by my own country, thought I was having a long ride. I began when we had been riding for an hour, to think each station must be Cincinnati. I would arise, get all my belongings together and say to the conductor: 'Cincinnati?' I suppose that he tried to tell me how far it was, but of course, I did not understand him. You can imagine how fun it was that a lot of the other passengers, for I got up at every station all day and night, and far for the second day, with all my heavy bundles, O, so warm, tired and perplexed, and called out: 'Cincinnati!' The other passengers began saying to me after a few stations: 'I know neither the country nor the customs, nor why they called at me, and why we did not reach Cincinnati.'"

Natural Ventilation.

In cold weather, warm rooms through the proximity of walls and the leakage around doors and windows is much greater than is usually supposed. In some experiments by Arthur H. Little of Boston, a room of 615 cubic feet was in the second story of an ordinary clapboarded frame dwelling and the interior walls and ceilings were plastered and papered, the single window made as tight as possibly by putty, and the inner door was fitted with weather strips. Even in this room, natural causes made almost two complete changes of air an hour, as shown by tests of the carbonic acid. It would be interesting to know how the rate changes with the differences between outside and inside temperature, and what difference gives an ordinary "tight" family living room safe ventilation.

The Chocolate Eating Nations.

A Frenchman who has visited this country recently expressed amazement at the great amount of chocolate consumed by us. He had thought the Parisians, of all people on the face of the earth, excelled in the eating of chocolate, but here he found the custom of eating things with chocolate so prevalent that he said the people of his city had something in the line to learn from us. He did not know perhaps that while we take our chocolate lightly and for its own sake quite as much as French people do, we also approve of it in our diet for the nutritious qualities it possesses.

The Day of Petty Tyranny.

Early Methodist preachers had reason to deplore the power of the almighty landlord. Charles Wesley himself landed. For he was summoned and fined £10 (£50) and heavy costs—not for firing ricks or uprooting hedges, but for walking across a field to address an audience. Here is the record: "Goler versus Wesley; damages, £10; costs taxed, £9 16s 8d. July 29th, 1739. Received of Mr. Wesley, 19 pounds, 16 shillings and eight pence for damages and costs in their cause.—William Gaston, attorney for the plaintiff."

Russell Sage's Great Luck.

When Norcross blew himself up in Russell Sage's office, Jay Gould jumped into a carriage with a gentleman, who told this to the New York Press, and rushed to Mr. Sage's residence to congratulate him on his lucky escape from death. Uncle Russell met the carriage at the curb and, as Mr. Gould shook his hand and spoke of his good fortune, Mr. Sage coolly remarked: "Yes, I was pretty lucky. I had on these old clothes instead of my new suit." The clothes were a sight to be imagined.