

### REFORM PENAL PLAN

#### CONVICT LEASES ARE ANNULLED BY GEORGIA.

##### Negroes and Whites to Be Segregated Under the New Law—Letter to Be Placed on Special State Farm.

Atlanta, Ga.—Radical and sweeping changes in Georgia's penitentiary system are about to take place. Within a few weeks the last vestige of the convict lease system, which has been in operation in this state for more than 30 years, will have disappeared, and 2,000 convicts will be at work upon the public roads of Georgia in 105 of its 146 counties. Since the completion of the legislation last September under which these changes are to take place, those counties which propose to participate in this opportunity which the state offers them have been, in a measure, preparing themselves to take up this progressive work, notwithstanding that it is all new to many of them, and they will have much to learn, both from observation and experience. Twenty-nine Georgia counties have been using state convicts for road work for the last five years, under the law permitting them to take the short term men, with marked success, and it is a significant fact that not one of these counties is missing from the list of those which have made requisition for convicts under the new law. So valuable have those counties found the use of convicts in the improvement of their public roads that there is not one of them but would like to get more than its allotted share under the new law. It has been definitely and finally determined to place all of the white male convicts upon a special state farm to be purchased for the purpose, a policy which, of course, will eliminate them from public road work. Under the law requiring separation of the races no county wanted white convicts. For this and other reasons the commission decided that it was best to segregate the white men, about 300 in number, upon a farm which will be worked by them for the state. That farm will be purchased by the commission with the approval of the governor. Upon the farm will be placed every white male convict, whether able-bodied or decrepit, sound of limb, and nowhere else in Georgia will there be sent, for the present at least, any white male inmate of the state penitentiary. Upon this farm will be made various products which will be used directly or through the proceeds of their sale for the support and maintenance of the prison department. The foregoing plan provides for definite disposition of the white male convicts. The state will likewise retain the present farm which has been used for a decade or more as part of the penitentiary system, near Milledgeville, in Baldwin county, and there will be sent all white female convicts. Including those convicted of misdemeanors as well as felons, so that there will be no white female convict at work upon any county chain-gang in the state. Any white woman convicted of any crime requiring imprisonment of even one month on the chain-gang will be sent to the state farm at Milledgeville, the same as if she had been convicted of a felony and received a penitentiary sentence. In addition, all negro females convicted of felonies and given penitentiary sentences and all such negro males as are decrepit, invalid, and unfit for road work, will be confined at the farm in Baldwin county. The races and the sexes, will, of course, be strictly separated at this farm, as the law requires it, both in their living quarters and in the work which they will be required to do.

### UNCLE SAM TELLS THE TRUTH.

#### Exploits Good and Bad Points of Coast Island Offered for Lease.

San Francisco.—That Uncle Sam would make a poor real estate agent is indicated by the advertisement for the lease of Santa Barbara island, which the government has just issued. In the bald statement of the attractions of the little island off the coast of California no attempt is made to gloss over its many drawbacks as a place of residence. The advertisement is a request for bids in all its frankness reads as follows: "The island is about forty miles from the mainland, is about one and one-half miles long and one mile wide. The Pacific coast pilot states that there is no water on the island and no grass, but plenty of prickly pear and shrubs. The island rises to an elevation of 547 feet. Landing is at all times difficult and can be effected at only two places. The anchorage is in eight fathoms of water, with clean, sandy bottom, but no good holding ground." Roosevelt Letter Brings \$3.75. New York.—A letter written by Theodore Roosevelt in 1904 to the late Col. William F. Stone sold here the other day for \$3.75, although it contained only 29 words, including the signature. In the same sale a letter of John Quincy Adams brought only eight dollars, while three letters of Ruford B. Hayes sold for \$3, \$1.25 and \$1.50, respectively. Two letters of James A. Garfield brought only \$1.50 apiece.

### MAN AFTER THEIR OWN HEART.

#### Convivial Gentlemen Realized They Had Found a Brother.

Not many days ago two men who had dined not wisely but too well boarded one of the pay-as-you-enter cars at the Grand Central. The car started with a very violent suddenness—so violent that the two convivial gentlemen were thrown off their balance, landing in a heap on top of a very solemn gentleman on one of the seats. This individual had been in the car for some time, and had preserved an austere solemnity of demeanor that was most impressive. At once the two men who had lost their balance became profuse in their apologies to the solemn one. "Oh, m' shoshorry—please 'scuse me," requested one. "Beg pardon—couldn't—hic—help-myself," said the other. The solemn gentleman, who had listened with magisterial severity, now opened his mouth in turn and remarked benignly: "Oh, thashallright. Car shtarted like—hic—rocket—thashallright." For a moment they looked at him dazed; then their expressions changed to delighted surprise. In him they had recognized a brother. And when they got off a few blocks further on, in a region of many cafes, their party consisted of three.—N. Y. Times.

### SPEND MUCH FOR AMUSEMENT.

#### Twenty-Five Millions Are Invested in Parks in This Country.

It costs a lot of money to build and operate an amusement park on a large scale," says Frederic Thompson, in Everybody's. "I suppose that more than \$25,000,000 are invested in these parks in this country. Dreamland on Coney Island cost about \$2,500,000. Riverview Park and the White City in Chicago cost about a million each. Luna park cost \$2,400,000. The total annual expenses, including the cost of rebuilding, of putting in new shows and the operating expenses, average about a million dollars, and the season lasts four months. I spent \$240,000 on one show, of which \$65,000 was for animals, mostly elephants and camels—it was the representation of the Indian durbar—and I lost \$100,000 on it. I charged the loss up to education, and it was worth it. It costs \$5,600 a week to light Luna park, and \$4,500 for the music. The salaries of the free performers, this season are \$2,300 a week. And all of these expenditures, as well as a good many others, go simply to manufacture the carnival spirit."

### Unreasonable Hubby.

In the olden times a woman in the north of Scotland went to visit her husband, who was condemned to be hanged on the following day. The doomed man began to give his instructions to his wife preparatory to bidding her farewell, when she broke in upon the conversation and exclaimed: "By the by, John, whaur will I plant the tatties this year?" The unfortunate man, indignant at the indifference of his wife, exclaimed, angrily: "What need I care whaur ye plant them? I'm not likely to need any o' them." "Hech," replied the woman, turning to the warden with a wag of her head, "our John's huffed because he's gaunt to be hanged the morn," and marched out of the cell.

### Bother of Dressing Up.

Thackeray's crossing sweeper who kept his carriage was not entirely a creation of his imagination. I knew a man who took his stand daily outside a public house, fetched cabs and did odd jobs. His relatives were very well off, indeed; and they persuaded him to go and live with them. After leading a life of luxury for a couple of months he reappeared one day outside the public house. I, knowing his circumstances, asked him why he had left comfort for the cold pavement. "I had to," he said. "I stood it as long as I could, but when they wanted me to dress for dinner every time they had company I chucked it."—Referee.

### Source of the Crop.

The bishop of Richmond told a good story the other day about his father. "He was a farmer," said Dr. Pullenine, "and a nice old gentleman, too. One year he took it into his head to grow flax, so he sowed the seed, and, having a good crop, sent it away to be made into a tablecloth. Some time later when seated at dinner he remarked to a lady near him: 'Do you know, I grew this tablecloth myself.' 'Did you, really?' she answered, with the greatest surprise. 'How ever did you manage it?' 'Well—most mysteriously—if you'll promise not to tell anyone, I'll tell you. I—planted a napkin.'"

### Hanging Him the Lemon.

"Out in Arizona," yawned the pretty girl, "I saw an artesian well drill that had been digging away for weeks and weeks, it reminded me so much of you." "Weally," lisped the young man who never glanced at the clock. "In what way?" "Why, it was such a chronic bore."

### Uncertainties of Fame.

"In Europe it is customary to name streets after great men." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "In some places the compliment is a little bit unsatisfactory owing to the difficulty of forgetting what kind of a street it is going to be."

### WOULD SELL ONE OF HIS LEGS.

#### Unfortunate Kentuckian Says He Is Willing to Make Sacrifice.

New York.—The fame of the Rockefeller institute, where prying hands transfer to utter strangers the most essential parts of the animal economy, has reached Highland Park, Ky., and stirred a man to offer "to part with one (1) leg to relieve a sufferer." The proposition is made in a letter, which says in part: "I need the money and am willing to part with one (1) leg to relief a sufferer if I can but find him." "I have been one continued failure at all attempts in everything from childhood up to 23 years of age, and at last, for the love of a child over whose future I was brooding over, a thought came to me, why not sell one of my legs to the New York wealthy for grafting? So I decided at once to take the lurch and try it on I leg. "I have met about all the failures there are on 2 legs, and I won't have much to avoid on 1 leg and I am anxious to try it, and I really look forward to it, for if I can but change my fortunes and provide as I want too for this child, I'll gladly part with a leg, and go to my grave happy with a peg leg. "My offer is a straight-forward business one. I am in good health and can give good social and Christian reference. I am ready at any moment to make the sacrifice for a reasonable sum."

### CUSPIDORS FOR "BIG INJUNS."

#### Bureau at Washington Provides Sanitary Measures for Red Men.

Guthrie, Okla.—Great White Father, heep big fool. Give big Injun thing in which to spit. Why don't he give war chief fire water? Ugh! Thus Chief Man afraid of the Soap spoke in reference to the edict of the bureau of Indian affairs that the noble red man must cease expectorating wherever and whenever he so desires, and instead thereof confine himself to the use of government provided cuspidors. The Indian affairs experts believe that tuberculosis is doing as much to make the Indian extinct as the rifles of the pioneers and bows and arrows of the aborigines did to put the buffalo on the almost forgotten list. The government has outlined a plan of sanitation among the tribesmen. In the olden days, when the Indian was permitted to roam the forest primeval in peace and a feathery head-dress, he managed to avoid consumption, but since the conquest of the plains and the advent of houses and clothes, lo, the poor Indian, has been veritably up against it in the arduous task of keeping clean. Especially is this true as to his expectoration, and as a result tuberculosis has been playing havoc with the rapidly thinning race.

### LAND A 400-POUND FISH.

#### Anglers, with Tree for Rod, Have Sport with Sturgeon.

Spokane, Wash.—Four sturgeon, the largest being ten feet two inches in length and weighing 400 pounds, were caught by Gustave Patten, Frank Vincent and S. C. Wamsley of Ho, Idaho, in Snake river, near the mouth of Red Bird creek, southeast of Spokane. A two-horse team was required to haul the 1,110-pound catch to town. The men used 600 feet of heavy rope as a line, the rod being a tree. A steel hook was baited with a large eel and weighted with 20 pounds of lead. To permit the fish to play on the line the shore end was fastened to a tree, which swayed with every movement of the sturgeon in their endeavors to get away. The fishermen say they had the most difficulty in landing the smallest fish, which was six feet in length and weighed 200 pounds. It fought and lashed the water for almost an hour before it was brought to the river bank. These are the largest fish caught in the Snake river this season, where students of Iszaak Walton have been busy for months.

### OLD TIME "LAZY LIST" FOUND.

#### Tardy and Inattentive Scholars Formerly Publicly Punished.

Berkshire, Mass.—The town of Great Barrington lately came into possession by purchase from the estate of the late Henry C. Warner of a bound volume of town reports for the years 1866 and 1868, inclusive. The annual school reports for the years 1872-73 to 1877-78, inclusive, contain much information that is omitted from the school committees' reports of more recent years. One of the chief things in this line was called "The Lazy List." The reports usually embodied rolls of honor, lists of star pupils and the lazy list. The latter embraces the names of scholars who were often tardy, but not necessarily the names of those who lacked diligence after reaching the school room. The report for 1872 contains 12 names. The lazy list went out of existence in 1878.

### New Color for Hat Each Day in Week.

New York.—All you need to do in the future to tell the day of the week is to look at the "lid" of the properly groomed man. If the scheme of a Broadway haberdasher is adopted. The colors of hats for each day in the week are: Monday, purple; Tuesday, a creepy shade of green; Wednesday, a riotous blue; Thursday, light brown; Friday, dark brown; Saturday, a slate color; Sunday, a rainbow effect.

### KNEW HIMSELF TO BE A POET.

#### Whittier Came Early to Recognition of His Genius.

John Greenleaf Whittier used to declare that at a very early age he knew himself to be a real poet, and would often relate, writes Mrs. Abbey J. Woodman in her "Reminiscences of Whittier's Life at Oak Knoll," an amusing experience when he was a student at the Haverhill academy. Mrs. Woodman gives it in Mr. Whittier's own words: "There is but little doubt that at the age of 29 I felt myself to be a real poet, somewhat unknown to fame, but sufficiently acknowledged as such by the committee directing the dedication of the new academy for them to invite me to read an original poem on that occasion. "Robert Dunsmore, an old Scotch farmer in Windham, and a writer of rhyme and doggerel verse, was also invited to do the same. The honor of leading the procession which marched through the streets of Haverhill to the new academy was given to the two poets. "I often laugh when I recall the scene to memory. The hale old Scotchman, short and plethoric, his uncertain step and bearing slightly exhilarated by a generous draught of old Scotch whisky before we started, was somewhat of a contrast to me, a rather tall and slender Quaker lad, in Quaker hat and coat, and half frightened out of my wits by the honor heaped upon me. "However, we delivered our poems all right; and I am thinking that must have been the time when I was dubbed 'The Quaker Poet.'—Youth's Companion.

### WORLD'S MOST EXCLUSIVE CLUB.

#### English Joy That There Is One Door Riches Won't Unlock.

The Royal Yacht Squadron is probably the most exclusive club in existence, says the Gentlewoman, and wonderful to relate in this plutocratic age money is quite powerless to unlock the charmed portals of the castle. One or two millionaires with splendid yachts have tried in vain to pass the ordeal of the prodigious ballot, while men of no fortune or only just enough to defray the upkeep of a small yacht have been elected without an idea of a blackball. The only apparent qualification is that the candidate must possess a yacht of his own; but there are other qualifications much more difficult of attainment by the man of money, and it is just here that the question of blackballing comes in. It must be owned, rather refreshingly. For really one had almost said that there is no social "holy of holies" into which he who is rich cannot penetrate, until one recalls the pleasant circle of gentlemen who go to make up the Royal Yacht Squadron. There is, one remembers gratefully, just one institution left to which the mystic words "I am rich" do not have the effect of an "open sesame."

### Nice Work for Hubby.

"I was calling on a friend to-day," said a woman, "when she showed me some beautifully embroidered pillow tops. The work on one of them was particularly fine. It represented a bunch of roses and each flower was shaded. When I had admired the different pieces my friend said: 'Who do you think did that?' "Why," I answered, "your daughter. I suppose." "No," she said, "it's my husband. He is not fond of reading, and when he finishes his newspaper in the evening he takes up embroidery to pass the time."

### Camels and Campbells.

An Irishman and a Scotchman were discussing the horrors of living in a prohibition state, when the Irishman remarked: "Sure, an' you might get used to it after awhile. Ye know they say a camel can go eight days without drinkin'." "Hoot, mon!" retorted the other. "It's little ye know about the Campbells when ye say that. There is no one o' them could go eight hours w/out a drop o' something." "Which ended the discussion."

### A Formal Occasion.

"At my wife's earnest persuasion," said Mr. Meekton, "I went to the kitchen and notified the cook that she would be expected to interest herself in various household reforms." "And with what result?" "She listened with apparent interest and then went ahead and did as she chose. She treated me as if I were a regular notification committee."

### Facts in the Case.

"See here," said the tailor, as he headed the young man off, "do you cross the street every time you see me to keep from paying that bill you owe me?" "I should say not," replied the y. m. "Then why do you do it?" asked the knight of the tape. "To keep you from asking for M." answered the other.

### Legal Language.

"Your act," stated the lawyer, "is declared to be deliberate, intentional, willful, obstinate, evil, anarchistic, wanton, malicious, autoarctic and menacing." "Golly," faltered the teamster who had blocked traffic for a few moments, "better lemme go to jail, boss. You can't clear me of all that."—Kansas City Journal.

### DECLARES LORD OWNED FARM.

#### Tenant Refuses to Leave, Saying He Has Been Forbidden.

Noblesville, Ind.—Because Layton Randall, a tenant on the Scott Lester farm, near this city, believed that the Lord owned the place, he was ejected under peculiar conditions the other day by officers from this city. "When the authorities reached the farm Randall and his family, which consists of ten children, had not made the least preparation to leave the place, notwithstanding the fact that they had been served with legal notice last September that they must give peaceable possession of the farm not later than Saturday. An attempt was made last year to eject Randall, but the latter declined to go for the reason, he said, that the Lord had forbidden his leaving the place. The reason was such an unusual one that it took Lester by surprise and by the time he had recovered from his astonishment it was too late to serve legal notice on Randall to vacate the farm, and as a result he was permitted to remain another year. Proceedings were begun last September in order to have plenty of time to get him out before the season's work began. Saturday afternoon, when the officers went to the farm he still persisted in his declaration that he would not go until the Lord commanded him to do so. He knelt down on the floor of the parlor and began praying when the officers began to move the household goods into the road. For two hours Randall appealed to the Lord to induce the authorities to allow him to remain on the farm, but there was no interposition and the family and all the goods were placed in the road and permitted to remain there until relatives of Randall came with wagons and hauled them away. Randall himself refused to leave the place, having slept in the barn since his goods and family were taken away. ROOSEVELT TO BE OWN BARBER. Oyster Bay, N. Y.—Ex-President Roosevelt will be his own barber in Africa during the year he will pass there at the head of the Roosevelt Smithsonian African expedition. He does not intend to grow a full beard as has been reported and pictured recently. The ex-president purchased a dozen sticks of shaving soap at a village drug store before sailing, and practiced the use of a razor. At first it was rather difficult for Mr. Roosevelt to manipulate the razor, because during his seven years' occupancy of the White House he has been shaved daily at his office there by a negro barber, who was employed on the executive staff. Hundreds of offers of all kinds of articles for use on his African hunt came to Mr. Roosevelt, but he consistently refused to accept any of them. Firearms of all kinds, cartridges, campfire outfit articles and every imaginable thing he might need has been offered to him, mostly by manufacturers and dealers, who desired to use his name for advertising purposes. BAW HIS MOVING PICTURE. Mother Discovered by Film That Her Son Was at an Ostrich Farm. Lafayette, Ind.—A moving picture machine played a prominent part in a drama in real life enacted at a local five-cent theater, bringing about a reunion of a long separated mother and son. Mrs. Hannah Mendelsohn, a widow, and her daughter chanced to step into a Main street moving picture show to see a new film dealing with the adventures of a celebrated high diver whose scene was laid at the famous ostrich farm at Jacksonville, Fla. Mrs. Mendelsohn has been a widow for a number of years. Seven years ago her son Jacob went away with a carnival company, and has only been home once or twice since that time. A few years ago his mother lost track of him. Up to that time he had been in different branches of the amusement business, and his mother could not imagine what had become of him. She and her daughter were astonished when his form came into view in one of the scenes at the Florida resort. She telegraphed to the resort and found he was there. He is manager of the ostrich farm. BHEATH GOWN CAUSES PANIC. Fair Wearer's Unique Costume Causes Excitement in Wall Street. New York.—Panics have been occasioned in Wall street by the merest rumors, and great excitement has followed the most trivial happenings in the financial district, but the turbulent half hour just before the closing of the market the other day had a real foundation. It was a sheath gown. At the first glimpse of the fair wearer a mob of brokers made a rush for the real curb where she stood. Seeing their employers leaving, the messenger boys and runners followed in turn. Seeing everybody moving made other brokers, their clerks and messengers leave their offices, while those who were too high in the office buildings to reach the street in time craned their necks as far out of the windows as possible. It did not take many minutes before the young woman and the sheath gown were surrounded by about 5,000 men. The police reserves had to be called out before the crowd would disperse and let the young woman escape.

### FERNS A GOOD PRESERVATIVE.

#### Best Material in Which Foodstuffs Can Be Packed.

Fern leaves excel all other agents for packing articles of food, according to Consul General Guenther at Frankfurt. He has forwarded an article in the state department, of which the following is a summary: "People who have lived in England know that the English have used fern leaves successfully for many years. Valuable fruit, fresh butter, etc., are no longer seen in the English market's packed in grapevine leaves, but almost always in fresh fern leaves, which keep the articles excellently. "This is done where grapevine leaves are to be had in abundance. Every one posted well in botany knows the high preservative power of fern leaves with reference to vegetable and animal substances. "On the Isle of Man herrings are packed in ferns and arrive on the market in as fresh a condition as when they were shipped. Potatoes packed in ferns keep many months longer than others packed only in straw. "Experiments made with both straw and fern leaves in the same cellar showed surprising results in favor of ferns. While the potatoes packed in straw mostly showed signs of rotting in the spring, those in ferns were as fresh as if they had just been dug. Fresh meat is also well preserved by fern leaves. "It would seem as if the preservative qualities of fern leaves are due to their high percentage of salt. No larvae, maggots, etc., approach ferns, as the strong odor keeps them away."

### PULL AN END TO THE QUARREL.

#### Birth of Baby Ended Argument Between Loving Couple.

"Did you ever quarrel with your wife, Blanks?" "Only once." "Only once? Gee! You are a lucky man." "Oh, it wasn't luck. I merely found out then that it wasn't worth while." "Aha! Had to let her have her way, eh?" "No, it wasn't that. She didn't have her own way." "Oh, I see! You won out, and felt like a brute afterward." "Nope, I didn't win out." "Well, how the dickens?" "Why, it was this way. You see, she wanted to name the baby Thomas, after me, and I wanted to name it William, after her father, who was a dead game old sport if there ever was one. We had an argument lasting two whole months, and while she wept I was firm; she was adamant even in her tears, and I wasn't to be moved by heaven or earth. And then—well, then, you see the baby was born." "And then, of course, you each wanted to give in to the other, and found yourselves still on opposite sides?" "No. The baby was a girl."—Judge.

### Real Jack Robinson.

"Jack Robinson" has long been a favorite synonym for rapidity of speech or action, but possibly few people who use the phrase are aware that "Jack Robinson" was a real, live person. As a politician John Robinson was a great favorite with George III. His political career was a long one, for he was member for Harwich during 36 years, being on one occasion bitterly attacked by Sheridan, who, denouncing bribery and its incitators, replied to the cries of "Name, name," by pointing to Robinson on the treasury bench, exclaiming at the same time: "Yes, I could name him as soon as I could say Jack Robinson," and thus originated the saying still current at the present day.

### Finally Got Information.

An English paper gives an old story a new setting by saying that on one occasion when Justice Warrington was listening to a case in which an Irishman was called as witness, his ignorance was painfully evident as soon as he stepped into the box. A young lawyer, in his cross-examination, tried his best to obtain some information from the witness which might prove helpful, but all to no purpose. Then he asked him if he had read anything in his life. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Then tell the court, what you read." "Well, yer honor," replied Pat, innocently, "I have red hairs on my neck."

### Dining Table for Altar.

Probably in only one church in England is a dining table to be found doing duty as an altar. The church which has this distinction is the parish church at Wolferton, Norfolk, the beautiful building often honored by the king when at his Sandringham home. The table, which once groined under the barons' viands, now supports the vessels of communion; and the beautiful piece of furniture, at one time the pride of the hall, is now the valued possession of the church.

### One of Many.

"I don't like that woman who recently moved in the flat across the hall," said Mrs. Uppoon. "I believe she is sailing under false colors." "Well, that's what the majority of women do," rejoined Uppoon, as he glanced at his wife's complexion. RATHER EFFEMINATE. The Saucerman—I wonder what makes the kettle so happy? It hasn't stopped singing all day. The Coffee-pot—Why, didn't you notice its new lid?—Puck.