

PEANUTS AND POLITICS.

It has been decided by the agricultural department that the peanut is not a nut. Like the regular nut, it belongs to the bean family, otherwise known as leguminosae. Down in its native country it is known as a "goober," "pinder," "ground pea," and other names, indicating its doubtful classification. Ground pea is a good name, for it is dug up from the ground like a potato. But there is one thing about the peanut which involves no doubt, and that is its fitness for baseball, the circus and sitting on a dry goods box and talking politics, says the Ohio State Journal. But dropping the peanut glory and coming to a golden memory, the former denizen of a village will remember how the dry goods stores would always put their empty boxes on the sidewalk, on which men would sit, while they talked tobacco and talk politics. Those were great tobacco chewing and spitting days, and politics chimed in happily with them. September and October were the best months for whittling up dry goods boxes and settling national affairs, and those were the days, too, of the peanut and plug tobacco—not the scrap stuff that vitiates people nowadays, but real old Virginia plug, that was full of politics.

There was a time when the wholesome teachings of our mothers had all influence, when the home influence was felt after the feedings had left the nest, and there are still some that are considered by many as "old-fashioned" who believe as our revered parents did, says the Washington Herald. Greeting that a woman has the same rights as a man, that they can do the same things as men, can smoke, take a cocktail, ride a horse astride, and such things that were once considered as purely in man's province, yet the doing of those things have a tendency to bring the good woman down to the level of the company she is in, to make the telling of a racy story to mixed company a common matter. We discuss elegance with our children; they are allowed to read almost any novel they can get their hands on, and are allowed to read former generations were strange to. A return to the "old-fashioned" ideas of our mothers, to the time when the conventionalities were observed, might be looked upon as a step backward, by the fast set of today, but to the thinking man or woman who still believes in the sanctity of the home and home life it would help to establish a purity that is sadly lacking in many families in this the twentieth century.

Many persons are of the opinion that the wireless system of communication is particularly subject to tapping, but, according to the Scientific American, no telegraph system is absolutely secret. Any one familiar with the Morse code can read ordinary messages entering any telegraph office. At Faldhu, on a telephone connected to a long horizontal wire, the messages passing on a government telegraph line a quarter of a mile away can be distinctly read. It has been shown that it is possible to pick up at a distance, on another circuit, conversation which may be passing through a telephone or telegraph wire. On one occasion an investigator was able to intercept, for a distance, with the working of the ordinary telephones in Liverpool.

The first arrival in New York of specimens of the tsetse fly of the Congo was noted the other day. The flies were dead and preserved in a bottle of alcohol in the possession of A. H. Hale, who was a passenger on the steamship Finland. They will be available for examination by medical scientists who desire to study them at close range. The tsetse fly is the carrier of the sleeping sickness, which is said to have depopulated considerable districts in the heart of Africa. It is a biting fly. Recent students of the tsetse fly, which is under suspicion in this country, have said that it more nearly resembles the tsetse fly than any other American representative of the fly family. The specimens which Mr. Hale has brought into the country will enable comparisons to put this opinion to the test.

A man in Berlin advertises for a wife with a wooden leg. He must want one with a sound understanding.

A Chicago professor ranks griddle cakes above Greek and lobster salad (above Latin when girls are to be educated). A sandwiching of them is preferred nowadays, however.

If the London Chronicle should have its way women would do the wooing, but in that event what should we do for bachelors to make up the arduous?

Even a poor man can possess the fishes of health.

Automobile tires, after they've been hardened by contact with earth and water, are practically fireproof. But who ever heard of an automobile tire catching fire?

Battlemuskees are rated this year at \$3.00 each. Would if the snake in the grass would pay?

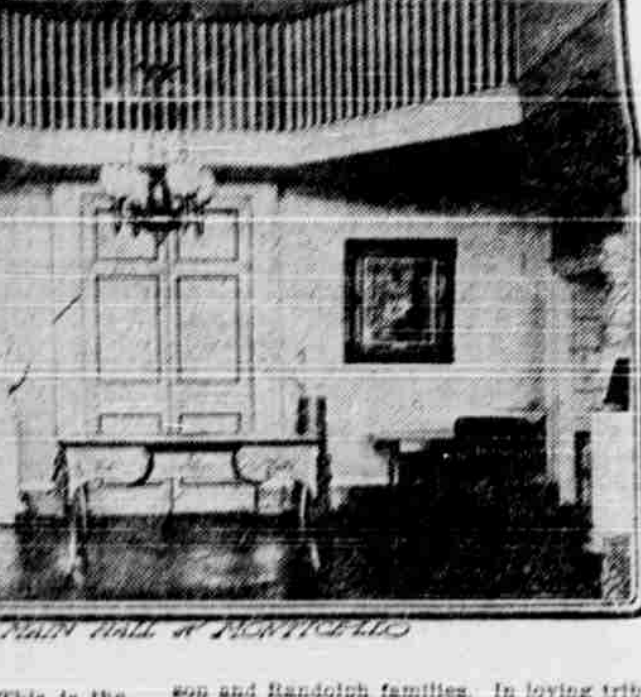
New York boasts a Hungry club. Must be comprised of thespians out of work.

MONTICELLO RESTORED



GIVE me a house on the mountain top and beneath the forest trees." So said Thomas Jefferson, patriot and statesman, who wrote the Declaration of Independence of the United States, long before he had come into the possession of the estate that is set high on the hills near the town of Charlottesville, Va. And he made his wish come true for when the estate crowned by the hill known as Monticello, "the little mountain," came to him by inheritance, Jefferson brought into being a mansion that was a century ahead of its time in convenience and ingenious contrivances and from the designs of which the great architects of today fashion the country homes of wealthy Americans. Monticello is indeed a permanent and magnificent monument to the creative genius of the great statesman.

This historic spot has been restored by its present owner, Congressman Jefferson M. Levy of New York, in whose family it has now been for more than eighty years. It is now in the same condition it was in Jefferson's day. This is the result of years of research for its original furnishings, and a visit to this great mansion is replete with memories of him who fashioned it and brought to its decoration the works of the greatest artisans of France.



THOMAS JEFFERSON

Leaving the grave to the majestic solitude of the forest which surrounds it, the visitor follows the winding road still upward through a magnificent park of oaks, maples and pines until an abrupt turn in the path brings him to the main entrance to the Monticello mansion. To the right, on a lower terrace, is a quaint old mansard-roofed house, built by Jefferson before the mansion was completed, and it was the boom house, where the cotton, linen and woolen cloths for the Jefferson household were woven and spun.

A spacious veranda with tasseled floor leads to the reception hall, a cool, stately room where formal tranquility is evident in the unusual height of the ceiling, an air of spaciousness and general atmosphere of refinement. The hall is so large and the door of such generous size that a coach and four might be driven through. Just at the entrance, deeply cut into the floor, there is the print of a horse's hoof that was made when the British General Tarleton raided Monticello and rode up the marble staircase, through the magnificent hall and out through the salon on his fruitless search for Jefferson.

To fully describe the curious and relics that are unfolded to the gaze of the visitor would fill a volume. There are so many and each has its story of historic association, all deeply interesting and in all forming a collection that would stock a good-sized museum.

Standing in the entrance one faces the gallery which half encircles the hall—a gallery so gracefully proportioned that Stanford White, the noted architect, declared "the beauty of that gallery may never be reproduced, especially the railing, for every portion of it was made by hands whose art is nearly lost in the modern machine era."

This salon is, indeed, a room of wonders. Modeled after the state apartment of Louis XIV, it differs from that only in color scheme, for Jefferson chose red for the basic tone in preference to the original green.

When Jefferson died his relatives and heirs decided they could not afford the great expense of keeping open the house as it then stood. Much of the furniture and furnishings were distributed by will, gift or purchase. Mrs. Martha Jefferson Randolph, daughter of the statesman and executrix of his will, decided to continue her home at Edge-Hill, the Randolph estate, and was anxious to dispose of Monticello. The place was sold to James T. Barclay, a missionary, who held it but a short time and then offered it for sale.

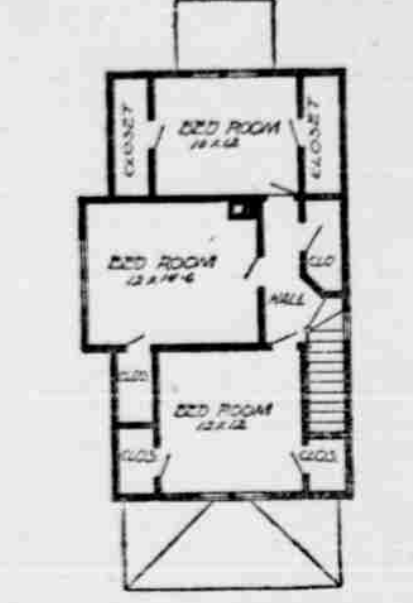
Commodore Utah Phillips Levy, a lieutenant in the navy, drove from New York city to Monticello to inspect the property and concluded a deal by which he acquired from Barclay the Jefferson mansion and 218 acres of the original estate. It was run down from lack of attention and there was little or the original inside furnishings left. Sentimental reasons prompted the commodore to get back the things that had belonged to the man who built the wonderful house, and for years he sought to regain the articles that had been scattered about the country.

After the war, however, when legal adjustment of the estate of Commodore Levy was had and Jefferson M. Levy inherited the property, Mr. Levy continued the labors of the commodore in restoring the home as Jefferson had planned and left it.

IDEAS FOR HOME BUILDERS BY W. M. A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF CHARGE on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 17, West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

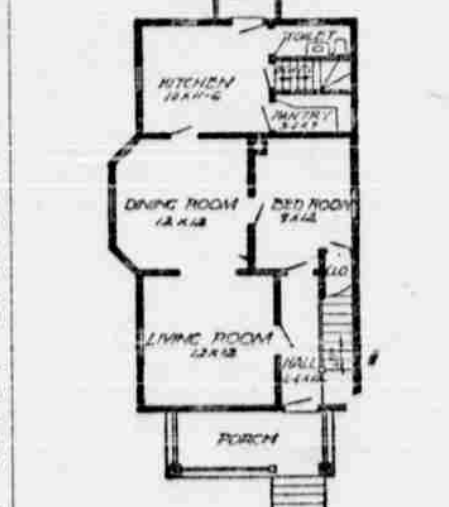
Seven rooms are economically tucked away within the four walls and roof of the house illustrated in the design here shown. This house is built on the story and a half plan, is 22 feet 6 inches wide and 36 feet long on the ground, without measuring the porches.



Second Floor Plan. does not consist merely of a house. The surroundings have a great deal to do with a person's comfort. You want shade trees, but you don't want too much shade. You want flowers, shrubbery, and climbing vines, and, of course, you must have a place for them and have them in their right places. You cannot buy a miscellaneous assortment of such things from a nursery, and stick them in



over and decide at leisure about these different points. An economy in building may not be an economy in life hereafter. It is sometimes better to increase the purchase price mortgage sufficiently to cover certain extra costs, in order to have the house as you want it; because, under satisfactory conditions, the increased enjoyment in occupying the house is worth a good deal more than the additional interest. However, each person must decide such questions for himself.



First Floor Plan. barn of a house; there are plenty of neat designs that cost no more; in fact, some of them can be built cheaper than the old-style affairs that used to be so common.

A veranda extending all the way across the front end of the house usually adds a great deal to the appearance of the property, especially if the veranda is wide and roomy. There are a great many styles of porches, verandas, loggias, etc.; and it is sometimes quite difficult to decide which is the most appropriate for a certain house.

There is a good deal in the looks of a house. In these modern times, it is not necessary to build a slab-sided

Wealth in Bulgaria. Wealth is more evenly distributed in Bulgaria than in any other European state. Poverty, according to Edward Dicey, "does not exist among the Bulgarians." In the towns there are individual cases of destitution, owing to drink and misconduct, but these cases are few and insignificant. There is no need to make any public provision for the relief of the poor; there is no question of the conflicting interest of workmen and employers; strikes and trade unions are alike unknown. Bulgaria, as at present constituted, approaches as closely as is consistent with the imperfect state of our latter day social reformers, in which there are to be no poor and no rich, no privileged class and no social distinctions.

Would Find Out for Him. Everett Shinn, the painter and wit of New York, scored off an enemy at a tea at Sherry's.

To this enemy, himself a painter of the Bouguereau school, Mr. Shinn said: "How many pictures have you painted in the course of your long and honorable career?" "I haven't the least idea," was the reply.

Few Moose in Maine. Hunters and game wardens say that moose are scarcer this year than they were last. If a man gets a bull this year, he will have to travel some, and then the chances are it will be the guide that does the shooting. The law has probably protected the moose in Maine, but the lumbering operations have hindered them and they have gone out of the state into New Brunswick.—Aroostook Pioneer.

FOUND SAFETY ON THE SEA

About the Only Way Governor Wilson Could Escape From Impertinent Politicians.

set at him, no emissary from Tammany could win near enough to ask a question, and his good nature gradually recovered from the weeks of continual worry. When he landed he first wanted to play golf and then to talk politics.

"One of the first men I ever played golf with was Cleveland Dodge," said Mr. Wilson. "We told each other stories of those early days upon the yacht

the other night. Neither Mr. Dodge nor myself had any more than a theoretical knowledge of the game and our first performances were unique.

most as little about golf as Dodge and myself, and there had been no provision made in the law for an import duty on golf clubs. Finally they levied on them as agricultural implements.