

TRUTHFUL JONAS EXPLORES WHALES

Poetical Tar Makes a Trip Into the Interior and Corroborates Tale of Jonah

PROCURES SOME INSIDE FACTS

Pink Pajamas Bearing the Letter "J" Prove the Scriptural Character was Previous a Tenant—Evicted Eventually and Picked Up by His Mates

Savannah, Ga. If higher critics must expose the myths in Holy Writ they'd better make another guess before they think they're it. For yesterday when Jonas Horns of the barkentine Belle White, had heard a person say the tale of Jonah wasn't right he left his new without a word and went away from them. He said he couldn't stand to hear a lie right after prayer.

"It's downright sacrilege," he said, "the way these parsons talk. The truth, my boys should say prevail. It's a wonder in a walk. It happens to same whale that swallowed Jonah (Have a drink). This ain't no phony tale. And being swallowed then found good evidence inside that the Jonah story was O. K. and that the parson lied.

"I was just a youngster at the time a greenhorn on a whaler, but though I knew most everything, just like your brand new sailor. Our ship, the Molly Brown, one day was ben' put about to start for home when up about the look-out gave a shout.

"A whale as big as Noah's ark Great fish hooks, pipe the spot!" "We dropped the boats and started out to get him mighty quick. We pulled to windward, smacking down upon him nose and side. Old Jerry threw the harpoon in and then we pulled away. And was there some thin' don't? Well, maybe. Something say!

"I was standin' at the tiller, thinkin' I was mighty big when Mr. Whale shoots up beneath and gives our boat a dig. I landed head down in the drink and, feelin' quite romantic, I tried to yell goodby. Instead, I swallowed some Atlantic. I feels a sort of suction then, and—gee, it turned me cold—I knew that I was on my way into that critter's hold.

"Then came a bump, and then ker-chunk! But nothin' couldn't stop us. I knew as I went by that bump it was his epiglottis. At last I hove to in a place that was as dark as night. I sat awhile to catch my wind and get my bearings right. A funny roar was in my ears, like tons of rushin' water which meant, thought I, we're travelin' much faster than we'd oughter. I tried to get upon my feet, but every time I rose that darned fish turned a corner quick and tumbled me on my nose. Then when I tried to fool that whale by risin' slow and soft, I'd no more get me half way up when the bloomin' monster coughed.

"It threw me, cussin', on my face and then I feels within my fingers grasp a bottle that I knew must carry gin! I pulled a match and tallow dip from out my starboard boot, and lightin' up, set out to make a search for further loot. And when I takes a careful squint at where I found the flask, I spies a pair of sandal shoes. Now, sonny, let me ask: What was them sandals doin' there, in the wards of that whale? And how about that pint of gin? It plainly showed the tale of Jonah's bein' swallowed by a whale was surely true, and that the whale that swallowed him had taken me in too.

"I'm from Missouri when I hear theology expounded, but as for them three Bible tales, I guess that they're well founded. For facts is facts, and when I'd made another find that day of a pair of pink pajamas labelled with the letter 'J' I knew that Jonah was no fake, but truthful to the core, and that I stood where he had stood ten thousand years before.

"I was sittin' feelin' poverish, like a smarty in a pit, when somethin' happened sudden and the critter threw a St. My lights went out, and holy smoke! the very next I knew I was shooting through his thorax at a rate I call skidoo. I must have dis-agreed with him the way he chuckled me out. I came a-schoppin' through the waves and took a look about. I was tickled when I noticed that my mates was close at hand. They picked me up and every man just cheered to beat the band.

"Now, any one who don't believe the Jonah story's true can come to me. (Well, I don't mind, I'll have another too!)

VOICE AT OWN FUNERAL

Clergyman Makes Photograph Records for Use at His Grave.

Patrifield, Ill.—The Rev. Daniel Bassett Leach, an aged clergyman of Bone Gap, near here, was told that he was going to die. He asked that his photograph be brought to his bedside into the machine the venerable pastor talked. Besides an address he spoke some prayers and a benediction.

When Mr. Leach had finished he had the records repeated. Then he asked that they be used at his funeral. His relatives assented, and this his relatives, congregation and friends heard his own voice as they stood beside his grave. Mr. Leach was born in Chicago County, N. Y.

ALL HIS CHICKS GET DRUNK

Farmer Discovers Barnyard Speakeasy After Roosters Hiccough and Will Give the Gold Cure.

Livingston, N. J.—Jacob Pous, a farmer of this place, is seeking a gold cure for his chickens. Thirty Plymouth Rocks in his barnyard have become inebriated. A week ago Pous placed an old whiskey barrel with an end knocked out in an open space near the henhouse as a shelter for a hen with a brood of little chicks that had been hatched out early. When the sun became hot the hen retired to the barrel with her brood. After a few days Pous observed that every chicken in his barnyard seemed to be in a half stupor, even the young chicks. The roosters went about the yard crowing in a hiccough way and the hens clucked in hoarse guttural tones.

Pous was puzzled and he called in W. F. Merrill, a veterinarian who inspected the coops and found nothing wrong. Then he examined the barrel. One sniff at the air of the interior enlightened him.

"The chickens are drunk," Merrill said. Then he explained to Pous that the whiskey barrel, which had been in a damp cellar all winter had been affected by the sun which brought the alcohol out of the wood. The hen that peeked at the wood first must have communicated the secret to the other 'owls and all became visitors to the barnyard 'speakeasy'.

Pous got an easy solution of the difficulty would be to burn the whiskey barrel. This he did but the craving for drink had become too strong in the chickens. An old rooster, with the instinct of a confirmed toper found his way to an improvised still where Pous kept a supply of malt which he buys from a brewery to feed his cattle. This proved a substitute for the whiskey barrel and soon all the chickens were clustered about the still devouring the malt. Pous has shut the chickens off from their new form of dissipation but fears that unless he breaks them of the habit they will wander off the farm in quest of strong drink.

LEADER OF THE HOUSE INSURGENTS



VICTOR MURDOCK, OF KANSAS. Representative Victor Murdock, of Kansas, who led the onslaught of the Republicans in Congress against the iron rule of Speaker Joe Cannon, has arrived at fame and is now in great demand throughout the country as a speaker and lecturer.

HAMMER SAVES A MAN'S EYE.

Doctor Uses Its Magnetic Property to Draw Out a Steel Splinter.

St. Louis, Mo. Armed only with a 10-cent tack hammer, Dr. G. C. Eggers of Clayton performed an extremely delicate surgical operation that saved for George Schmieder the sight of one of his eyes. A steel splinter an eighth of an inch long was removed from the affected optic. Dr. Eggers skimmed over the surface of the eyeball with the blunt end of the hammer. This skimming operation was continued without cessation for nearly half an hour. Suddenly the sufferer felt twinges of pain. "You've got it, doctor," he exclaimed joyfully.

FAMOUS TREE IS HURT.

Michael Angelo's Cypress, 350 Years Old, Injured by Storm.

Rome, Italy.—A terrific storm broke over Rome, doing considerable damage to property and causing the death of one person. The roof of the railroad station was partially destroyed. A portion of the roof, in falling, tore off the top of the Michael Angelo cypress in the courtyard of the Church of Santa Maria Angeli. This tree is supposed to have been planted three hundred and fifty years ago by the famous sculptor and painter whose name it bears.

PREMONITION LED TO BOY'S DEATHBED

Elderly Woman Did Not Even Know that Her Grandson Had Been Taken Ill

A CASE OF WEIRD TELEPATHY

Mrs. Louise Thies, Sixty-four Years Old, Tells Her Own Story About the Remarkable Mental Inspiration—Her Journey to See Dying Lad

Nashville, Ill. An intuition which she describes as mental telepathy took Mrs. Louise Thies, sixty-four years old from her home in St. Louis to the bedside of her dying grandson, Henry Hollman, at Cordes Station, a hamlet eight miles south of Nashville. "To reach his bedside just before he died Mrs. Thies having missed a train at 'Oulterville' walked the remaining twelve miles of her journey along the railroad tracks.

"I was at the house of my daughter, Mrs. Gus Tubbing, No. 431 North Fourteenth street in St. Louis when this inspiration of telepathy feeling first struck me," she said. "A Post-Dispatch correspondent was seated in one of the rooms by myself with nothing special occupying my attention when my mind wandered off into a reminiscent mood. A sudden it transferred itself to thoughts of my son Henry and faintly it was then that the remarkable part came.

"I had received no word of my grandson's illness in fact his own parents had no idea that he was ill. Dr. G. P. Schroeder of Nashville, who was called to treat him shortly before he died stated that he was the most healthy looking child of several of the family. He was afflicted with diabetes but it developed so rapidly that he was only serious a short time before his death.

"It suddenly occurred to me that I was needed at the Hollman home. Every attempt to shake this thought proved fruitless. The idea hung me. The inspiration hung to me. Finally it became so strong that I decided that I must go there. I so advised the members of my daughter's family and on the next morning started on my journey.

"I boarded an Illinois Central train at Union Station which was to take me to 'Oulterville' Ill. where I was to change cars and board the Illinois Southern train for Cordes Station. Upon reaching 'Oulterville' I found the train I desired had left and there would be no other train until late at night. My desire to reach the home of my son became still stronger. I decided to make the remainder of the way afoot.

"I was weighed down with two valises weighing about fifty pounds and, these added to the burden of my journey. I had been to Cordes Station several times before and had a general knowledge of where it was but really had no conception of what twelve miles of travel over a gravel railroad bed meant.

MUST GIVE WIFE 20 PER CENT

Court Figures that She is Entitled to That Much Pin Money

Kansas City, Mo. Municipal Judge Kyle fixed the amount of pin money a wife should be allowed at 20 per cent of her husband's income. Judge Kyle figured it out to an exact nicety with pencil and paper.

Mrs. J. W. Jollif had her husband in court on a charge of distributing her property. The chief charge is that he didn't give her enough money.

"How much do you make?" Judge Kyle asked Jollif. "Sixty dollars a month," Jollif replied.

The Court figured a minute and said "Now, I'll tell you what you ought to do. After the rest and the household expenses are paid you should give your wife \$3 a week. She's entitled to that much. She takes care of the children and she never goes out of the house. I'll tell you something else. She'll save more money than you will out of that \$3 a week."

Jollif started to tell the Court that his wife took money from under his pillow while he was asleep but the Court waved him aside. "You may go, with the understanding that your wife gets her 20 per cent regularly," Judge Kyle said.

Wife Slept in Dog House.

Chicago, Mrs. Oneida Skwarek had the time of her life after she startled Judge Honore and his court attendants by testifying in her suit for divorce that her husband, John Skwarek, had been so cruel to her that she was compelled to sleep in the dog house. And further that the dog had some of the characteristics of his master, for after she had taken possession of his apartment the un-gallant brute tried to oust her.

The dog house was in court for exhibit purposes. The woman won the jury's hearts when she said that for nine years of married life her husband had never taken her out to a place of amusement or bought her even a rose. She was given a decree, and then the jury bought her a dozen American Beauties and invited her to take dinner with them. They had music and an elaborate spread. Mrs. Skwarek's happiness was overpowering.

MONKEYS MUTINY AT SEA

Gallant Six Hundred Pull Out the Cook's Queue and Fight Excited Sailors on the Tannienfels.

Brooklyn, N. Y. —Capt. Lubke and the crew of the German freighter Tannienfels, which docked at Bush's Stores, a few days ago, after having discharged a cargo of 600 monkeys at Boston, declared that they would never sign again on a vessel, which featured ring-tailed roasters as such in its manifest.

It seems that while the Tannienfels was in mid-ocean six chimpanzees mutinied and made a murderous attack on Wing Fu, the cook.

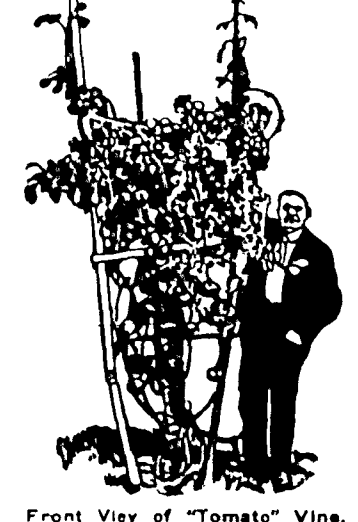
"Them chimps were the biggest of their breed I ever seen," said Engineer Newman. "There was one in the bunch that had the build of Tom Sharkey and he was a terror. As fast as we put in new bars in his cage he tore them out. Every time a chap would go near his bunk he'd reach out an grab him by the hair, pullin' it out by the roots.

He pulled out Wing Fu's queue, which got the chink sore, so one day when the big chimp wasn't lookin' the cook dumped a bowl of hot soup on him. 'Twas this that set the whole bunch in mutiny. The big lad got out of his cage and then pulled the bars out of his friends' cage, whereat they all galloped up forward, pickin' up blows. Wing Fu saw 'em comin' and boiled with a terrible scream. Then we had the battle of our lives with them monkeys. The leader of the gang busted my wrist and bruised me all over. Then when I got him cornered he dives overboard, marlin spike an' all. It's a suicide sort of quieted the rest of the bunch and put an end to the mutiny. But from then on all the monkeys hollered murder from morning till morning. They worked in relays makin' the dod-damndest din that ever was heard this side of 'panjandrum'.

Big Tomatoes on a City Lot

Kansas (City Kan. E. M. Wiggins manages to raise fine tomatoes on a small plot of ground in this bustling city. The picture shows Mr. Wiggins and one of his mammoth Amazon vines which is 11 feet, 4 inches from the ground to the extreme tip. This vine was full of great tomatoes and the top full of blossoms on October 4th, 1908.

A large number of tomatoes on the other side of the vine cannot be seen in the picture. Mr. Wiggins writes that some of these tomatoes measured 8 1/2 inches in diameter and 16 inches



Front View of "Tomato" Vine.

in circumference, and many weighed from two and a half to three pounds each.

They were smooth, red and with the hard green core most large tomatoes usually have. No special cultivation was given the vines except to make the ground very rich. Some of the shoots were pinched off in the early growth of the plants.

The way Wiggins explains his process of giant-tomato culture follows. About the middle of April he plants the seed in holes 18 inches or two feet deep. As the plant grows he tamps earth mixed with stable refuse about the stalk until the hole is completely filled.

The tomato, Wiggins explains, is the product of South America, where it grows to the height of 20 feet in the damp and warm morasses along the Amazon River. To accomplish the best results, then, it would seem necessary to have the temperature about the plant evenly warm and moist. The decaying manure furnishes the uniform warmth and holds the moisture.

"Any one can grow enormous tomatoes," says Wiggins. "If he will take up the work and then try to imitate the conditions the book says were enjoyed by the original plant. That was the way I did, and these are the results."

One Book Authors.

Robert Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," may claim this honor: His book has stood the test of time as few books have. Professor Saltusbury writes that "all the readers of English literature have loved him." Lamb praises "the fantastic great old man" and, indeed, borrowed from him many a choice phrase. Among other remarkable "one book authors" may be mentioned Sir Thomas Malory, whose famous collection of Arthurian romances is one of the imperishable treasures of the English tongue; Richard Hooker, whose "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity" is still a standard book on the constitution of the Church of England, and Gilbert White, whose immortal "Natural History of Selbourne" is still read with pleasure and profit.

PLANNING TO MEET ATTACK BY AIRSHIP

England Seriously Discusses the Need of Surface Defenses in Modern Warfare

MAKES CALL ON THE WRIGHTS

Negotiations Opened with American Inventors for an Aerial Fleet—Colonel Stone Outlines Battles of Future—Air Strategists to Attack by Night

London. That Great Britain is already disturbed over the condition of its surface defenses and is awakening to the possibility of attack by airships is demonstrated by the wide publicity and very serious attention being given the discussion of aerial warfare which took place a few days ago at the Royal United Service Institution.

The occasion was a lecture by Colonel Stone followed by comment by a number of the most eminent military and naval authorities. Colonel Stone's lecture was severely scientific but in effect was immensely impressive. He spoke of raids by aerial squadrons of dirigible balloons reconnoitering the coasts by day and by night dropping destruction in the shape of bombs upon ships, harbors, ports, and cities, and he drew an extraordinary picture of a battlefield in the next great war, not by searchlights here and there, but all ablaze with every species of illumination. He pointed out that existing batteries could hope to reach a battleship on the move only when they hovered over the object of their attack would they offer a target for high-angle batteries.

He conceived that airships would attack by night and that the defense would try to tilt the navigators with the glare of innumerable lights. The ships would maneuver in the semi-darkness on the edge of the shining battlefield then dash into the illumination, drop their death and endeavor to escape. It would be found that surface artillery would be well nigh impotent. If a battleship were hit it was hardly to be expected that the shell would burst and the envelope would stand much laceration without collapsing. The only defense would be by fleets of smart nimble aeroplanes capable of darting to battle on even terms in the sky area.

This a few years ago could have been only a chapter out of an H. G. Wells romance. The fact that it was discussed by cool, unimaginative, scientific officials and military officers as a matter of course has created a profound impression throughout England. Mr. Haldane, the War Minister, has stated in Parliament that the War Office was opening negotiations with private inventors for the acquisition of military aeroplanes. His reference was to the Wrights, whose arrangements being made for Orville to come to England.

WILD CAT'S HARD FIGHT.

Does not Wait, but Charges, Bringing on a General Engagement

Chippewa Falls, Wis. Learning what an unusually large wild cat had been seen in Rock county Otto and Walter Schreiber of Ladysmith with three hounds set out to make a capture.

Otto, with the hounds, was trailing the cat when Walter, stationed on a log, saw the animal coming right at him. He had a double-barreled shot gun loaded with buckshot, and in his excitement he discharged both of the barrels at once.

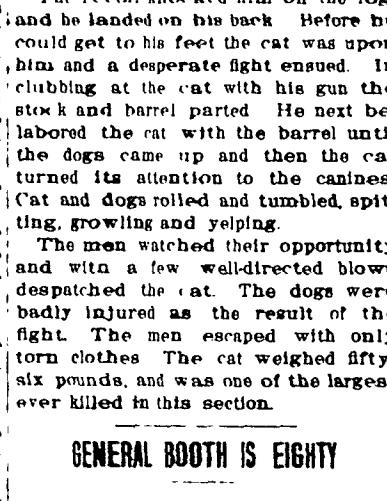
The recoil knocked him off the log and he landed on his back. Before he could get to his feet the cat was upon him and a desperate fight ensued. In the clucking at the cat with his gun the stick and barrel parted. He next labored the cat with the barrel until the dogs came up and then the cat turned its attention to the canines. Cat and dogs rolled and tumbled, spitting, growling and yelping.

The men watched their opportunity and with a few well-directed blows despatched the cat. The dogs were badly injured as the result of the fight. The men escaped with only torn clothes. The cat weighed fifty six pounds, and was one of the largest ever killed in this section.

GENERAL BOOTH IS EIGHTY

Drawn from His Latest Photograph

General William Booth, founder head and commander of the Salvation Army, was eighty years old on April 10. The celebration of his birthday was observed in fifty-four countries and colonies and in twenty-eight languages. There were ceremonies to mark that day in Lapland, Alaska, New Zealand, New South Wales, Java and under the Equator.



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LANCED ROBIN'S THROAT

Bird Flew Through an Open Window to Doctor and Got Successful Treatment for Abcess.

Montclair, N. J.—While the police committee was in session in the council chamber a robin flew through an open window and alighted on the desk of Dr. Henry E. Wrench. The bird's bill was partially open and it was breathing heavily.

"Hello, my little friend," said the doctor, "what can I do for you?" The robin stretched itself as if to catch its breath, and the physician took it in his hand and examined its throat. He detected the trouble, and taking a lance from his instrument case he made an incision in the bird's throat. Then he applied a lotion and set the robin free. It sat on the desk for a few moments, then flew to the open window turning around, it sang a few notes of thanks and flew away. Dr. Wrench explained to his colleagues that the bird was suffering from an abscess in the throat, and that without relief it could not have long survived.

ONE CHINAMAN WHO IS POPULAR



WU TING FANG, Minister Wu Ting Fang, of China, hasn't the twentieth century Asiatic fad for adopting Occidental garb or manners. He feels that he can best represent his native land by doing as his ancestors did. And so his iron gray pants ends with the regulation queue of the Chinese citizen—it is iron gray, too. It may be added, also, that Dr. Wu is very proud of his queue, which is the badge of the Chinese man who has never committed a crime.

SHOCKED ATLANTA.

Reproduction of "Psyche's Bath" Ordered Removed from Window.

Atlanta, Ga. "Psyche's Bath," the celebrated painting by Sir Robert Leighton R. A. has been placed under the ban by the Atlanta police. A reproduction of the painting displayed in a show window by a leading mercantile house drew a large crowd. Chief of Police Jennings attracted by the crowd went to the window looked and was shocked. The chief summoned the manager and said: "That lady could appear in public at night if she had on some clothes as it is I guess she won't do for moral Atlanta. You'll have to take that picture out of the window."

The manager protested that the picture was high art but failed to move the chief and Psyche was removed from the window.

Psyche in the picture presents to the onlooker a full length side view. She stands just above the water on a stone pedestal, while in her hand hold a high above her head, she molds a drapery of some flimsy material which falls in careless folds and but partially drapes the vision of beauty. It is this the police have declared immodest and unfit for public exposure.

King Edward's Perquisites.

A King has many privileges, but the oddest of all King Edward's is surely the right he has by statute to be) of every whale caught on the coasts of his kingdom. The tail is to go to Queen Alexandra, the object of the division being to guarantee that the queen's wardrobe shall be furnished with whalebone. King Edward is not likely to receive many whale, however long he may reign, but there are many perquisites of the crown which are not so rare as whales in England. The king is entitled for instance to every sturgeon brought to land in the United Kingdom, one of them, caught in the Thames, was on the table at Queen Victoria's wedding banquet. The king should also receive every year from divers persons, a white cloth, worth three shillings, two white doves, two white hares, a catpaw, a pound of cuminsseed, a horse and halter, a pair of scarlet hose, a curry-comb, a pair of tongs, a cross-bar, a coat of gray fur, a nightcap, a falcon, two knives, a lance worth two shillings and a silver needle from his tailor.

Wealthy Hunter's Skeleton in Marsh.

Chicago.—The finding of the skeleton of a man, who, from the nature of his wearing apparel, was a wealthy hunter, in a soggy marsh near Kankakee, Ill., has furnished the police with a mystery. Of the clothing which the man wore only a pair of alligator hunting boots of expensive make remains intact. The rest has been faded or destroyed by long exposure to the elements. Besides the boots, a gold watch and a brass metal chain, a Woodman's pit, and a small compass watchcharm were found.