

BETHLEHEM OF JUDEA



From stereograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood. N. Y.
Street scene at the birthplace of Jesus, looking west from the church of the Nativity.

PUMPKIN IS MONSTER

GROWS FROM SEED CAST AWAY IN GARBAGE.

Shell of Vegetable Colossus in Rhode Island Used by Men as Brooding Place and Fourteen Chicks Are Hatched Out.

Providence, R. I.—Those good and exact people who may have doubted that Cinderella, after all, had a pumpkin as a chariot, are respectfully referred to a Prudence Island production in the pumpkin line, which residents of that part of the state proudly claim was the largest and heaviest ever raised in New England. They are sure the princess could have ridden in it.

After rats had cleaned the shell of the Prudence Island colossus of its contents, a hen took possession and established her nest, with a lot of

room to spare, and hatched out a brood of chickens.

The vine on which the monster grew came up, of its own accord, on a spot where Joseph Wilson, steward of the island station of the Rhode Island Yacht club, threw a pan of garbage and vegetable parings, which doubtless contained the seed. The vine was of phenomenal growth, being, by measurement, 28 feet from root to tip, but was slow in maturing and the pumpkins did not ripen till after a light frost had pinched the vine.

All of the pumpkins were large, but the largest was three feet, eight inches in diameter, and of proportionate weight. Charles Smith, of the Narragansett Bay Oyster company, and David Buffman, Jr., of the Twin Beach Inn farm, carried the pumpkin to a shed near Mr. Smith's dwelling. It was their intention to place it on a

high shelf, out of reach of rats, but the great weight of the fruit made this impossible and it was left on the floor. The fondness of rats for pumpkin seeds is well known, however, and it was not long before they had gnawed a hole into the side of the mammoth and completely excavated the soft interior which contained the seeds.

The pumpkin seemed destined to have a domestic career. Some three weeks ago Mr. Smith missed a choice Rhode Island red hen from his flock and soon found her in the pumpkin with 14 chickens. When discovered the chicks were busily consuming the floor and wall of their dwelling, and the bird was so thin in spots as to show that their mother had subsisted largely upon it during the period of incubation.

Thinking that the pumpkin may have been of some unusual variety, the friends had notified the secretary of the Portsmouth Grange Agricultural society, asking that a committee be sent to Prudence to make official measurement and record of its dimensions, but the unpleasantness of winter boating caused the examination to be postponed from time to time and the pumpkin is now in such a state of collapse as to make verification of existing measurements impossible. It is a matter of regret that one of the seeds was saved.

BUTTERFLIES AT A BALL.

Insects Help Make Debut of Philadelphia Girl Notable Affair.

Philadelphia.—Five hundred beautiful butterflies, gathered in Peru, Brazil and even in India, were turned loose the other night over the heads of half that many gorgeously dressed women at the ball given by James W. Paul, Jr., to mark the \$100,000 debut of his daughter, Mary Astor Paul, into society.

The insects fluttered about helplessly, rested upon the shoulders of the women, perched on the flowers and incidentally fell into the plates. This was the star feature of an affair in which Mr. Paul, who is a member of the Drexel banking firm, eclipsed the famous ball which he gave to his elder daughter, Mrs. Paul Dencia Mills, four years ago.

The bill for the flowers alone was \$35,000, one of the features being a new rose, a cross between the American beauty and another, which it took nine years to develop. It is called the Wynemore, and 8,000 were used in the decorations.

The ballroom of the horticultural hall had been transformed into an exact replica of a French garden of the Louis XVI. period. Sixteen magnificent boxes were built on the sides. A waterfall was arranged at one end and splashed down into a mass of verdure.

Collectors, it is said, spent months getting the butterflies, many of which died on their way to this country. Scores dropped to the floor during the dancing and were crushed under the dancers' feet.

SOLICITOR GENERAL OF UNITED STATES



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One of the prominent men of the Department of Justice is Solicitor General Henry M. Hoyt who has been in charge of his office since 1903. Mr. Hoyt is a native of Pennsylvania and a graduate of Yale. Before assuming his present post he was assistant attorney general.

PITCHER SAVES LIFE OF GIRL

Bullet Fired by Accident Warded Off by Receptacle She Carried.

Oakland, Cal.—A granite iron chocolate pot probably saved the life of Agnes Snow, a chocolate dipper employed at a candy factory. The utensil acted as a foil between her and a bullet accidentally fired from the office of an electrical company.

Miss Snow was at work in the factory when a steel-capped bullet suddenly thudded against the pot of chocolate which she was carrying in front of her. Immediately there was a sound of three other shots, a panic being created among the employees of the factory, many of whom are girls.

A telephone call was sent to Police headquarters. Detectives investigated the case and traced the course of the bullets from the electrical concern's place of business. Nobody there would shed any light on the subject. Then the detectives recovered one of the bullets, and a little investigation furnished the information that a revolver

using such projectiles had been sold by the proprietor of the electrical concern. Then the detectives found that Houston had been examining the weapon, when an employee volunteered to show him how to work it, with the result that four shots were accidentally fired. No arrests were made.

Big Fresh Water Pearl.
Barlesville, I. T.—Thomas Cook and George Henry, who recently established a pearl fishing station a few miles south of this city, have found the largest pearl ever discovered in this country.

It is about the size of a pigeon's egg. Robert Henry, president of the Henry Oil company, has offered \$1,500 for it, but the owners have been informed by local jewelers that it is worth \$3,000.

Many oil drillers are leaving work to dig for mussels along Caney river.

Helpful Household Hint.
Lovely chicken salad may be made by adding chopped veal to anything left over from dinner.

GHOST OF SUICIDE REENACTS TRAGEDY

APPEARS BEFORE NEW TENANT OF BUNGALOW IN INDIA AND SHOOT'S SELF.

STRANGE SEQUEL OF STORY

Woman Sees and Hears Specter While Husband Is Awakened by Report of Revolver, But No-body Is Found.

Bombay.—An amazing spook story told by a contributor to the Indian Daily Telegraph has aroused much interest here. It is the tale of a ghost who shot himself. The woman who relates it had accompanied her husband to Tirzapur. He had been sent there to undertake the duties of an agent who had been sent home on sick leave. The only accommodation they could find when they arrived July 29 was an inspection bungalow.

They retired about ten o'clock, but Mrs. S— remained awake for some time reading a novel by the light of a lamp. She was just thinking of turning it out when suddenly a man holding a revolver appeared in the room. She continues:

"Before I could move or speak, he said: 'Don't stop me, I am going to shoot myself.' As he put the revolver to his head I shut my eyes and was nearly deafened by the report that followed. My husband jumped up, wide awake at once, with a cry of 'Who fired?' and I opened my eyes expecting to see a ghastly heap on the floor.

"To my amazement the room was empty—there was no stain on the matting—and no sign of the tragedy that had just taken place in front of me. My husband said that he had been awakened out of a sound sleep by the noise of the shot, and when I told him what I had seen we searched the house together. Neither the punkah coolie, who was sleeping on the veranda, nor the servants, whose houses were close by in the compound, had heard anything. Even the dogs chained in the veranda had not been disturbed. It all happened so suddenly that I had no feeling of fright or terror. The man seemed to come from the direction of my hus-



"I'm Going to Shoot Myself!"

band's office, where there was a door connecting with the bedroom in front of which we had placed a heavy wardrobe. He was a shortish, unpleasant looking man, and he held the revolver in his left hand. Neither my husband nor I were at all nervous people, and when we could find nothing to explain what had occurred we decided that it must have been imagination, and that our being in strong sympathy with each other had caused us to share the same hallucination. We refreshed ourselves with food and drinks and biscuits and then went to bed and slept soundly after having decided to keep our own counsel about the affair.

Now for the sequel to it. Shortly afterward the writer accompanied her husband on a tour of the district. Among the hills they met a Madame de Beverly, who had been a widow for several years. In the course of a conversation with her Mrs. S— discovered that at one time she had lived in the bungalow at Tirzapur where the spectral suicide had manifested himself.

"On hearing that she knew our bungalow, and had actually lived in it," the writer adds, "I was impelled to relate our strange experience there, which hitherto my husband and I had kept to ourselves. She listened without comment, but when I ended my narrative by saying that we had come to the conclusion it must have been either indigestion or imagination, she turned very pale and said: 'You have related something that really happened; my husband shot himself there before my eyes exactly as you have described.'"

"She then told me that her husband had gone into the bedroom, through door which we kept closed, and had used the very words I quoted, and the whole affair coincided exactly with what I had seen, down to the smallest detail."

The bungalow, it seems, had stood empty for some years after the tragedy and had then been occupied only at odd intervals during cold weather.

MISCHIEVOUS APE SOON WEARS OUT HIS WELCOME

INTENDED PET UPSETS HOUSE HOLD AND CAUSES WILD WEST CHASE.

Denver.—When the family of H. J. Albertson was presented with a monkey of an exceedingly lively disposition a short time ago, the little brown guest was made welcome and petted. He quickly wore out his welcome and became such a nuisance that advertisements were inserted in the local papers offering him as a gift to the first comers. Two small boys, to the family unknown, answered the advertisement, and were made happy possessors of the simian.

When it was decided to dispose of the unruly guest young Albertson was sent upstairs to bring him down.



Doing a Wild West Stunt.

There was some delay, and Mr. Albertson went to ascertain the reason. The noise above, trifling at first, so increased as to draw the remainder of the family to the scene of action.

They found young Albertson and the monkey circling rapidly about the room, doing a wild west stunt, the monkey a trifle in the lead, while behind him came Mr. Albertson hurling the family clothes line temporarily converted into a lasso.

The monkey instead of the son being the pursued, the family joined in the chase, and though all agreed that the lariat throwing of Mr. Albertson was excellent, it took some time to capture the brute, for as fast as the clothes line whizzed around his neck the monkey raised an agile paw and removed it. But his capture came when he mounted a shelf in the clothes closet, and in an unguarded moment allowed the noose to tighten.

From the time of his introduction to the household there had never been a minute when the monkey was not busy. He made himself one of the family and helped himself to the delicacies of the table when no one was looking. He slid down the cellar door and swung on the screen door, his abode being the screened-in back porch, with sleeping apartments in the basement. He ate fruits, pies and jellies, and, being fastidious and unprovided with a napkin, wiped his face on his hands and his hands on the screens.

But his doom was sealed so far as his new home was concerned when he began to hurl cups and saucers of Haviland china at the children. This showed a lack of discrimination that was not to be endured. Had the animal chosen tinware he probably would have been basking in the comforts of the Albertson home to-day. But his tastes were too expensive.

LITTLE GIRL A HEROINE.

Waves Red Shawl as Signal and Saves Two Rushing Trains.

Benton, Ark.—Frantically waving a little red shawl, Millie Tarver, 12 years old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Tarver, saved two trains from running into a burning trestle on the Hot Springs & Western railroad and received what she asked for, a Christmas tree, loaded with presents from Santa Claus, as reward for heroism.

The Tarvers reside in a modest house four miles from town. The father and daughter discovered the burning trestle, which had been on fire all night. In his excitement Tarver rushed back home to summon aid, forgetting that two trains were about due. The child was equal to the emergency, however, and, running around the curve, stood in the center of the track and waving her red shawl caused Engineer Allen to reverse the throttle. The train then turned and ran home.

Superintendent H. E. Martin, Conductor Loomis and Engineer Allen regard the child as an 18-karat heroine. Everything she asked for and more was provided for her Christmas tree.

Teacher's Perilous Ride.

Amboy, Ind.—Miss Nellie Bailey, a teacher here, wishing to spend the night at Marion, reached the station just as the fast vestibuled train was pulling out. She grabbed the rail of a vestibuled car and got on the step, thinking she could open the door.

The station agent saw her predicament as the train passed, and telegraphed to Convoise, where the train was flagged and the young woman rescued. She had clung for ten miles to the rail with one hand, holding her suitcase in the other. She suffered intensely from cold and fright, but soon recovered.



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