

CONGRESS ASKED TO REOPEN SUTTON CASE

Resolution Introduced Calling for Investigation Late This Month—Mrs. Sutton Requests Move.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 7.—It was reported here today that congress will be asked by resolution to investigate thoroughly the circumstances surrounding the mysterious death of Lieutenant James N. Sutton of the marine corps, whose body was found on the grounds of the United States Naval academy on the evening of November 13, 1907.

The resolution asking for a congressional investigation will be presented late this month, according to the report. Simultaneously, the attorneys of Mrs. Sutton, the mother of the young officer, will take the matter up with the federal grand jury in Baltimore.

Mrs. Sutton claims to have secured additional evidence to that which was presented during the investigation into the affair conducted by the naval academy authorities. She says she has found the man who was doing sentry duty when her son was killed and that this man saw another officer shoot Sutton. This evidence will be presented both to congress and to the grand jury.

MAN FATALLY BURNED IN CYANIDE TANK

BAKER CITY, Or., Feb. 7.—While painting the interior of a deep cyanide tank, the gasoline torch which J. F. Charehill of Portland was carrying was overturned and the man was fatally burned.

The tar in the tank immediately caught fire and almost instantly Churchill was in a roaring furnace at the bottom of an inverted cone 20 feet high. The rope with which he had descended into the tank gave way when he tried to escape. Despite the fact that he had been horribly burned from head to foot, when found five minutes later Churchill was conscious and gave a description of the accident.

INFANTS TRAVEL 75 MILES IN TRUNK AS INCUBATOR

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Feb. 7.—After a journey from Redlands to this city by rail in a trunk transformed into an incubator, the twin baby boys of Mrs. Robert Mulholland are in a hospital here today. It is probable that their lives can be saved.

WRIGHTS' SUIT ANSWERED BY AVIATOR SAULNIER

NEW YORK, Feb. 7.—In behalf of Ralph Saulnier, who has been sued by Orville and Wilbur Wright for infringements of their airplane patents, Attorney Emerson Newell today answered the suit by declaring that the Wrights' patents were inoperative because machines built according to their specifications will not fly.

Saulnier owns a Bleriot monoplane, a type which the Wrights declare infringes certain of their patents. It is upon the use of this machine that their suit is based.

Powderman Killed.

ABERDEEN, Wash., Feb. 7.—Awaiting word from relatives supposed to live in San Francisco, the body of Thomas Smith, killed by a blast of dynamite in the camp of the Gray's Harbor Logging company on the Wishkah river, lies in the morgue here today. Smith was employed as a powderman and was killed by a premature explosion of dynamite while blasting stumps. In a notebook found in the remnants of his clothing was the address, "John McCarty, San Francisco," and the direction that he was to be notified in case of Smith's death.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT DISTRIBUTORS' ASSOCIATION

The following from the New York Produce News will be of interest to local growers from the fact that it gives an outline of the methods of the organization, which is similar in its objects with the one to be organized here:

New York, Jan. 28.—The main topic of interest in the fruit trade this week was the annual meeting of the California fruit distributors, which was held in San Francisco, and occupied three days, Thursday, the 26th, Saturday and last Tuesday. The main interest was as to how the accounts of the different distributor members would be handled here the coming season. Although the matter was probably settled at the meetings, no definite information in regard to it has reached the trade here. The distributors have given out practical

nothing of what was done, and definite information will probably be lacking until next month, when it is expected a number of the officials will visit the eastern markets.

The News received a telegram from F. B. McKevitt, manager of the distributors, Wednesday, stating that the annual meeting was held at San Francisco on the 26th. The old board of managers was re-elected, with one exception. All of the old officers were re-elected. Three years' contracts were entered into with the members in place of the one-year contract, as previously.

All kinds of rumors were in circulation and it was hard to select the wheat from the chaff. There is one thing pretty certain, however, and that is that a quietus, as far as the distributors are concerned, has been put on George Rae, who last year handled the accounts of the Pioneer Fruit company, Pinkham & McKevitt and the Producers' Fruit company. Rae has made himself decidedly unpopular with the trade here, and the fact that he had been turned down was not surprising and caused no grief. He had a two years' contract, which expired December 31. He was on the coast and attended the meetings and put forth every effort to retain the business, but it looks as though he had been eliminated. Through what auction company the fruit will be sold is not known, and probably will not be decided until later. It is understood that a part of the agreement was that each member reserve the right to select his own auction house.

It is understood that Messrs. Bills of the Pioneer, Dewesse of the East Fruit company and McKevitt of the distributors will leave the coast at once and visit points throughout the east and settle the representative in each place as they go along. It is the intention of the distributors, so it is understood, to have salaried representatives at many of the large o. b. points, like Denver, Kansas City, Omaha and Minneapolis. There will be an executive committee, whose duty will be to daily assist and advise with Mr. McKevitt to carry on the work more effectively than it has been done in the past. This executive committee will be composed of Messrs. Dewesse, Bills and Feltbanks. It is understood that the new three-year contract gives the distributors the power to operate strictly as a clearing house and shipping agency for its fruit alone, with no financial responsibility, the cost of maintenance to be paid by each shipper on a tonnage basis. By this the attention of the distributors as an organization can be given to the distributing and sale of its shipments.

Wood Too Hard to Burn.

There are certain kinds of wood that are too hard to burn or refuse to ignite for some other reason, such as iron wood and the good brier root, but it is a curiosity to come across a piece of common deal—the soft, light wood of which so many boxes are made—that cannot be set fire to. The piece of wood in question was common white deal from Sweden, but was remarkable for its comparative weight. It had formed part of a boat belonging to a whaler and had been dragged below the surface of the water to the depth of more than half a mile by a harpooned whale. The length of line and the short distance from the point of descent after being struck at which the whale rose to the surface was a proof of the depth to which it had dragged the boat. Only part of the boat came up again at the end of the line, and it was taken on board when the whale had been killed. That piece of wood was so hard that it would not burn in a gas jet. The weight of water had compressed it.—London Standard.

They Were "Over."

He was a regular patron of the restaurant. Perhaps that is why he felt justified in making clever remarks to the waitresses, remarks which they were puzzled to know how to answer. One day, however, the smallest and timidest girl happened to be serving this irritating customer, and it fell to her to answer him in kind.

"I'll have some steak," he said, coming in late for dinner, "and some squash, and some—Got some baked potatoes, fine, brown baked potatoes?" "Baked potatoes are all over," said the girl.

He leaned back in his chair and gazed at her quizzically. "Baked potatoes all over, are they?" he replied. "All over what?" "With," she replied simply.—Youth's Companion.

Chivalrous Johnnie.

"What's the matter, dear?" "I have just had a fight with Johnnie over dividin' the candy you gave us."

"Was there no one to take your part?" "Yes'm; Johnnie took it."—Houston Post.

A Cruel Stab.

Katie—What a lovely ring! Mattie—Isn't it? This ring was given me on my twenty-first birthday. Katie—Really? Why, how well preserved it is! It's hardly a bit worn.—Cleveland Leader.

Her Choice.

"May I offer you my umbrella and my escort home?" "Many thanks. I will take the umbrella."—Fleegende Blatter.

WASHED AWAY HIS HOME.

The Fortune That Came to a Man and His Clever Wife.

An Irishman named Whalen found a fortune in a very amusing way, says the Cape Town Argus. With the savings of his wife he bought not far from Ballarat a few acres of ground containing a water pool and a sluggish spring. With the mud and gravel from the bottom of the pool he made sun-dried bricks and, building a cabin for himself and family, started a bar for the miners.

Quite contrary to their usual habits, a colony of Chinamen living near by commenced to visit his bar every night. Then Mrs. Whalen discovered that some one had bit by bit carried off the mud pigsty and its surrounding wall so gradually that it had almost gone before she noticed it. Soon the chimney and the cabin walls also began to vanish. After a careful watch Mrs. Whalen discovered that while one band of Chinamen kept her husband busy in the bar another band was stealing the chimneys and walls.

Whalen knew the Chinamen were no fools, and, acting on his wife's suggestion, he also "stole a pan of dirt" from his own chimney and washed it out. Then he ordered tents for his family to live in and washed away the entire house. It was literally built of gold dust. After that the pool and the spring were also attacked, and the result was a big fortune for the lucky Irishman and his cute little wife.

THEIR FATHERS.

All Three Were Trimmers, but One Was a Star.

The story, long since familiar, of the little boy whose boast that his father had put a cupola on his house was capped by his playmate, who remarked proudly that his father had just put a mortgage on theirs, is brought to mind by an occurrence which was told the other day by a prominent politician.

The small son of a man who was in politics for revenue only on moving into a new district went out and struck up an acquaintance with two other kids of the same age who lived in the neighborhood. They were interested in the newcomer and began to try him out as to what his parents amounted to anyhow.

"My father is a window trimmer and an awfully big man," said the first kid.

"Ah, that's nothin'," said the second. "My father's a dump trimmer, and he's twice as big as yours."

It was plainly up to the stranger to make good. And he did it with much gusto.

"My father is a politician," he said, "but I heard a man tell him last night that he was the biggest trimmer in this ward."

And it was apparent to any one that the new kid had made a strong impression upon the neighborhood.—New York Herald.

Victorian Gods.

If Thackeray, with a brain weighing fifty-eight and one-half ounces, had the biggest head among Victorian writers who had the best features? The choice would seem to lie between Tennyson and Henry Taylor. "That man must be a poet," remarked one of his Cambridge contemporaries when he first saw Tennyson come into the hall at Trinity, and another friend describes him in his undergraduate days as six feet high, broad chested, strong limbed, his face Shakespearean, with deep eye-sockets; his forehead ample, crowned with dark wavy hair; his head finely poised, his hand the admiration of sculptors. But time dealt none too gently with Tennyson, whereas Henry Taylor, always a distinguished looking man, seems to have grown singularly majestic with years. Grant Duff, meeting him when he was over eighty, notes that "Taylor looks more like Jupiter than ever," and contemporary memoirs are full of references to his Jove-like appearance.—London Standard.

No Chance in History.

Mazzini said that he did not believe that chance existed in history. "A cause must necessarily underlie every event, although for the moment it may appear as the result of apparently accidental circumstances. An Alexander, a Caesar, a Napoleon, are not the results of accident, but the inevitable product of the time and nation from which they spring. It was not Caesar who destroyed the Roman republic. The republic was dead before Caesar came. Sulla, Marius, Catiline, preceded and foreshadowed Caesar, but he, gifted with keener insight and greater genius, snatched the power from them and concentrated it in his own hands. For there was no doubt that he was fitter to rule than all the others put together. At the same time, supposing he had appeared 150 years earlier, he would not have succeeded in destroying the republic. When he came the life had already gone out of it, and even Caesar's death could not restore that."

Nicely Graded.

It is still a tradition that the people of Manchester, England, should give at Liverpool with the proverb, "A Manchester man, a Liverpool gentleman," but it is said, classification is not so strongly marked in Lancashire as in the old days. When stagecoaches were running a guard was once asked, "Who has the' gotten inside, Billy?" Billy consulted his list and replied, "A gentleman fra Liverpool, a mon fra Manchester, a chap fra Owdham and a fellow fra Wigan."

Words of Different Size.

"Did they exchange words?" "Yes, but it wasn't an even exchange. One spoke in English and the other in Russian."—New York Press.

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