

### Shah of Persia.



Mohammed-Ali-Mirza, whose reign has commenced with a series of political agitations.

## TOWN BORN OF SPITE.

VERONA, ME., ONCE KNOWN AS ORPHAN'S ISLAND.

Intended as a New England Metropolis, But Plan of Promoters Failed—No Church or Post Office in Village.

Verona, Me.—The intensely Yankee town of Verona, with its intensely Italian name, was born out of spite. Long before the English fleet sailed up the Penobscot river in the autumn of 1814 and laid Bangor under heavy tribute, the present town was known as Orphan's Island, and had been surveyed and mapped out as the future metropolis of New England.

A long bridge, costing many thousands of dollars, was built to connect the island with Bucksport and paid for from the sales of a few choice lots near the center of the unborn city.

The Wetmore and Heaths and Bowdoin and Bridgess, who were interested in the plan, looked down on old John Jacob Astor as an amateur in finance, and thought the rich men at Boston were beggars.

Later on it was discovered that the drawing of expensive maps and the making of elaborate plans would not insure an immediate sale of real estate. The promoters ran short of money and became plunged in debt. They appealed to Bucksport for help in repaying the great bridge.

When their prayers were not granted, out of spite they asked the legislature for a town charter, and were made joyful when the new town of Verona was born.

The decline of weir fishing and shipbuilding nearly depopulated the island after the civil war, but recovery has followed slowly through close attention to agriculture.

Though the town is seven miles long and nearly three miles wide at its bulge, though several of the residents are wealthy, neither as Orphan's Island nor as Verona has there ever been a settled clergyman or lawyer or doctor on its area.

There is no church, and when a citizen dies he has to be taken across

the bridge to find burial in a cemetery. There has never been a murder or any serious crime committed on the island since its first settlement.

No post office has ever been placed on the charmed ground by a benevolent and paternal nation.

No sheriffs ever cross the bridge to serve legal instruments.

No minister drops in to take supper with worshippers in the parsonage.

When a doctor from Bucksport rides through the neighborhood it creates as much of a sensation as a circus parade.

If undertakers relied upon Verona for patronage they would go into insolvency.

It is a place where no barber's pole hangs out to allure customers. No book agent ever calls.

**BABE IN INCUBATOR.**

Weighted Two Pounds at Birth, Four Months Before Time.

Elma, Wash.—There was born to the wife of Milton Spurgeon the other day a child which weighed at birth but two pounds. So light and frail was the tiny piece of humanity when it was born that Dr. Blair, of Elma, the attending physician, in the absence of better facilities, ordered a chicken incubator immediately provided for the new-born babe, and that the child be placed in it at once and the temperature kept at blood heat. With careful watching and attention the child has continued to live; it is kept draped in a finest and softest of batting.

Although the child was prematurely born, four months before its time, it now gives every promise of living. It is not longer than a foot rule, and is just able to make a noise when it cries. Its little hands, clinched, are not larger than ordinary marbles.

Its breathing is perceptible and regular, the high temperature that is maintained causes the little thing to perspire freely. The father and mother of the child are living on a farm about three miles from Elma; the babe is their firstborn and is a girl.

## THIS BOY CHEATS DEATH.

Youth Supposed to Be Fatally Shot Amazes Surgeons by Recovery.

New York.—With eight perforations in his intestines and the chance for life 10 to one against him, Frank Garrison, 18 years old, walked a mile to a hospital, submitted to an operation from which there was virtually no hope of his emerging alive, and finally amazed the physicians who attended him by walking out of the hospital the other day apparently as sound and sturdy as he had ever been in his life. The surgeons say his is one of the most remarkable recoveries on record.

Young Garrison, who lives on West One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street, went hunting dock rats in the neighborhood of One Hundred and Twenty-first street and the Hudson river. He was examining a gun when it was discharged and its entire load lodged in his abdomen.

Strangely enough, the lad did not lose consciousness, but realizing that he needed medical attention without delay, he shouldered his gun and picked his way painfully to a hospital, at One Hundred and Thirty-first street and Amsterdam avenue, a good mile's distance.

For several days afterward the boy's condition was desperate and the physicians looked for his death at almost any moment. Then there came a sudden rally and from that moment the youthful patient steadily improved.

## HISTORIC COURTESY SHELVED.

Governors of North and South Carolina Are Both Prohibitionists.

New Haven, Conn.—The famous salutation between the governor of North Carolina and the governor of South Carolina is now, for the time being at least, a historical back number. The fact was learned by Gov. R. S. Woodruff, of this state while attending the reception of Gov. Swanson in the Virginia building at the Jamestown exposition recently. The Carolina governors, who had never met, were brought together by Connecticut's governor, Gov. Ansel, of South Carolina and Gov. Glenn, of North Carolina, clasped hands warmly, and while they were expressing mutual gratification over the meeting Gov. Woodruff stood expectantly. Finally he remarked:

"And now, gentlemen, I presume I shall have the pleasure of bearing a repetition of the famous remark of the governor of North Carolina to the governor of South Carolina."

Gov. Ansel, responded at once: "Your excellency, as I am a Prohibitionist governor and a teetotaler, I cannot make it sincerely."

And to the amazement of Gov. Woodruff and Gov. Ansel as well, the other Carolinian added: "Being a Prohibitionist myself, I, too, must suffer the remark, at least literally, to remain a matter of history."

Postal Card Costs Him \$85. Kansas City, Mo.—Roy Mitchell, a young photographer of Liberty, Mo., sent a fancy postal card to a man he did not like. The card showed the picture of a hog and lines making the picture applicable to the addressee. Mitchell was indicted by the federal grand jury, and at the trial was fined \$25 and costs amounting to \$60.

Yeast—Our boarding house lady has been taking cooking lessons and she says next week she is going to try her hand in her own kitchen.

Criminals—Is that a threat or a promise?

## BLIND KEY OPERATOR

TELEGRAPHER KEEPS FAMILY BY HIS SKILL.

Left Without a Father at Age of 12 He Learns to Send Out and Receive Messages and Becomes Highly Proficient.

Carmi, Ill.—Blind since birth, Gilbert McDonald, probably the most wonderful telegrapher in the world, lives at Maunie, a little village on the Louisville & Nashville railroad, and earns a living for his widowed mother and three sisters. He is perhaps the only blind telegraph operator in the world, and can practice at the key with as much dexterity as one not minus his eyes. McDonald is 25 years old and has been a telegraph operator about ten years. Not until recently, though, has he been recognized by the railroad and given permanent employment. He is now assistant operator at Maunie and also has charge of the Western Union Telegraph company's office.

Left without a father at the age of 12, the blind lad was forced to assist his mother in making a living. He was greatly handicapped by the loss of his eyesight, and many neighbors sought to contribute to him through charitable motives. But the lad would have none of it, and worked at whatever he could find to do. He sold papers on the streets, blacked shoes and ran errands.

He finally drifted to the depot, and a strong attachment grew between John W. Foster, agent at the little station, and the blind lad. For hours the boy would sit and listen at the busy clackety-click of the wire. One day Foster asked him if he would like to learn telegraphy. The reply was affirmative and the boy went to work.

In less than a month he could send, and in less than half a year he was a marvel at the key. Each day he would copy messages and take them home at night. There his sisters would teach him their meaning. He soon became proficient on the typewriter and could take the fastest message that went over the wire with ease.

Persisting in this unique schooling, the boy learned the meaning of over 2,000 words, knowing the spelling and proper use of each. He in time learned to make change, sell tickets and weigh baggage. He became an object of interest to railroad men, and the agent at Maunie employed him to assist him with his work.

One day when the agent was away the fast St. Louis mail and express flyer stopped at the station. Superintendent J. W. Logsdon stepped off and ran into the depot. He looked on in wonder as the blind boy sold tickets, made change and answered questions as well apparently as one with eyes.

As soon as Mr. Logsdon returned home he interested the railroad officials in the blind boy and McDonald was accordingly sent to the state blind school at Jacksonville. While there he distinguished himself by rapid progress. He remained but a few months and returned to work at his post at Maunie.

McDonald is one of the speediest operators in the west. When the Shawnetown flood threatened to submerge the town last January he was ordered to assist the Western Union operator in handling press specials. The sender has to read the copy to "Gib," as the railroad men call him, and he gets it on the wire almost as fast as it is read.

**LONDON YOUTHS WANT BEARDS.**

Revulsion Against Clean Shaven Faces Now Growing.

London.—Notwithstanding the example of the American whisker taxers and their admirers here, it is contended that a revulsion against a clean shaven face is gradually growing among fashionable Londoners.

An observer claims to have noticed a tendency on the part of the gilded youth of club land and the stock exchange to grow "nice little curly beards, which give them quite a poetical appearance."

A fashionable hairdresser in Bond street said beards are slowly but certainly coming into favor among the young men desiring to be fashionable. They have found beards, especially fair ones, harmonize excellently with a sunburned skin. The most fashionable cut is a close chopped beard parted in the middle, which gives a distinguished appearance.

The Russians, and latterly some Americans, affect it considerably.

Many Camels Named Roosevelt. Washington.—W. W. Newell and E. S. Traudale of Broome county, New York, who have been recently traveling in Europe and Africa and elsewhere, were among the president's visitors recently. They told the president that he was the best-known man in the world and that in Egypt they found at least 10,000 camels named after him.

Bar Fixtures Found Guilty. Arkansas City, Kan.—A constable destroyed 33 cases filled with bottles and a quantity of beer, whisky and other liquors, which were captured in recent raids on joints in Arkansas City. The goods and bar fixtures were tried and found guilty, and ordered destroyed by the court. The beer and liquors were spilled, and the cases with three homemade bars and other fixtures were burned.

An Antique Joke. "Funny, wasn't it," remarked Hercules, as he dropped into the office of the Elysium Herald. "What?" asked the editor, looking up from the article he was polishing up on the last matrimonial shindy kicked up by Jupiter. The strong man laughed like a child. "Why," he answered, "that my 12 labors should have made a ten strike."

Technical Baseball Reports. "Going to the game this afternoon?" "Yes, I am awfully busy, too." "Why don't you wait and read about it in the morning paper?" "That wouldn't do me any good. I'd have to see the game to understand the article."

## Washington Day by Day

News Gathered Here and There at the National Capital

**MRS. ROOSEVELT'S FAD IS COLLECTING OLD CHINA**



WASHINGTON.—"When everybody is somebody, nobody is anybody at all," is the clever gondolier remarks in the Sullivan opera. "So it is at the capital. In the large and growing class of 'somebodies,' the woman who wants to make her mark has to be different. Even Mrs. Roosevelt seems to recognize that fact and rather than be classed with the average she is making her personality felt along many lines. To begin with Mrs. Roosevelt, having set the national taste toward black for street wear and white for indoor occasions, switched off to the other extreme and now wears rather amazing combinations. No one except the president's wife could have hoped to put on snuff-looking brown for a great wedding and not be classed with the dowds. Yet Mrs. Roosevelt did this very thing, and this winter saw innumerable dark brown and indigo blue afternoon and evening toilets, a radical departure from what Paris calls "good form."

Mrs. Roosevelt has chosen to ally herself with that part of society which goes in for uplifting.

Her name is on the list of patrons of art and music. She is pledged, when her husband leaves office, to aid in the establishment of a National Academy of Art and of a National Conservatory, both to be supported by government funds. She keeps up her membership with the Spanish-American War Relief society, and performs her part of the labor. Likewise the Army and Navy Relief society and the Cooperative society knew her as a faithful contributing member, just as she was when her husband was in less exalted station. A few minor fads Mrs. Roosevelt also confesses. She wishes to go down in White House annals as the most intelligent and conscientious collector of historic china who has ever graced the stately mansion. She is making this claim good by delving and digging everywhere for pieces of the china used by presidential families since George slipped his tea out of gold-rimmed cups of Martha's best set. Every administration is now represented in the cabinet which adorns the portrait gallery in the lower floor of the White House.

**GOVERNMENT TO KEEP WATCH ON CRIMINALS**

WASHINGTON.—The United States government is to establish immediately in this city a criminal identification bureau, or what may be called an "Habitual Criminal Registry," for keeping the records of all men convicted of crimes against the federal laws, and also all indicted by grand juries of the United States courts. The bureau is to be under the supervision of the department of justice, and all prisons in the United States where government prisoners are, or have been confined, have been directed to send their records, consisting of photographs, Bertillon measurement cards and finger-print identification sheets immediately to the department of justice.

A central bureau for the identification of federal law-breakers has been urged for some time by criminologists. Heretofore each prison in the United States has kept its own records, and a federal law-breaker could serve a term in one prison and be freed without the fact ever becoming known that he had served a previous term for a similar offense in another penitentiary.

Now all records are to be classified in Washington, and not in any of the federal jails or prisons. The Bertillon measurements, photographs and finger prints of the convicts are to be taken and sent to the central bureau.

Also the records of all men suspected of being yeggmen, train or post office robbers. Those held in federal jails under indictment, etc., are to be sent there.

The central bureau will ascertain the record of each man from the date he has, and if one not yet given trial proves to be an habitual criminal this fact will be made known to the prosecuting attorney and the judge previous to the hearing, and if the man is convicted it will mean that he will be given the limit.

At the present time there are about 3,000 known criminals who violate the government laws, and a close tab is to be kept upon these in the future. It will go hard on a known criminal convicted in a United States court hereafter.

**WISE WHITE HOUSE CROW IS OLD WEATHER PROPHET**



MANY folks in this city as well as elsewhere have been talking about the old crow which is known to have established his headquarters long ago in the White House grounds and whose skill as an augur has been advanced recently by a warning he gave that Easter Sunday would certainly be a moist and unpleasant day.

To the east of the mansion on the north front, in a little grove of elms, the old bird has his habitation. Generally he occupies a tree very near to the north portion. There is a large hollow in the trunk of this tree and in the topmost branches his sable plumage is nearly always to be seen. Some of the policemen on duty about the grounds keep an eye on the old fellow at times, but the majority of them ignore him. "I have as much as I can do," said one of the bluecoats when the subject of the crow's methods was mentioned to him, "to keep my attention riveted upon the crowds of people that swarm here every day without giving any thought to the crow."

But there are others about the White House who have paid considerable attention to him. One old retain-

er, who went into service when Gen. Grant became president, says this same crow was stationed near the house when he first took up a humble position there. "And we all know," said this old fellow, "that as a weather prophet he can give cards and spades to the bureau officers and beat them."

There is no one of the officials, high or low, who will venture conjecture concerning this crow's age. Their guesses range anywhere from 27 years to time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, but there is a consensus that no matter how old he is he is a wise bird.

That he possesses some influence is evident from the fact that his forecast of the weather for Easter prevented the ladies of some of the members of the minor offices about the White House from venturing out and risking a detriment to their headgear.

"How long this old fellow will remain with us no one can tell," said one of the clerks. "He knows he has a good place where no hunter can take a pot shot at him and no wanton little boy can hurl a rock at him, so he is wise enough to stand pat."

**SECRETARY TAFT NOT A REGULAR CHURCH GOER**

WASHINGTON.—Secretary Taft is well known, aim at him a curious criticism. They say that he does not often attend church, and that he does not seem to care for conventional religious forms and ceremonies. They do not say that the secretary is irreligious in the broad sense, but merely that he does not comply with the usual rule of men in high public station in the matter of attending divine worship regularly.

For example, when he was on his way to Cuba the last time he had to spend Sunday at Charleston, S. C., where the old custom of going to church is rigidly adhered to by all the better class of citizens. It was noted that the secretary did not go to church there, and one or more ministers of that city have since then made inquiries of men of the cloth in Washington as to the secretary's church connection and habits in this city. Some of Judge Taft's friends here say he is a Unitarian, but nobody seems clear as to how often he goes to church when in Washington. Withal, however, the secretary's life is singularly pure,

even though he may not regularly attend divine worship.

**Soothing the Savage.**

All at once, without warning, writes the tame Indian, describing his first dinner at a white man's table, the man struck the table with the butt of his knife with such force that I jumped and was within an ace of giving a war-whoop. In spite of their taking a firm hold of the home-made table to keep it steady, the dishes were quivering and the young ladies no longer able to maintain their composure. Severe glances from mother and father soon brought us calm, when it appeared that the blow on the table was merely a signal for quiet before saying grace.

**Facing the Possibilities.**

"Pete," said Meandering Mike, "what would you do if you was one of dese kings of finance?" "Well," answered Plodding Pete, "I don't say as I'm any smarter dan de men, dat's got de money now. I s'pose I'd either try to give it away an' git made fun of, or try to use it in politics an' git into a fight."—Washington Star.

## GOING ON 'THE WAR PATH'



**REAL AMERICANS**

In the good old days of the Indians' power, "going on the war path" had a sinister and awful import. It meant hard fighting and a good chance of losing one's scalp to the enemy. In the year of our Lord 1907, "going on the war path" means a delightful trip to the Jamestown exposition and a thrilling, if not dangerous, experience along the line of the special attractions which have been provided for the entertainment and instruction of visitors. And while there will be no prospect of losing one's scalp, even when running the gauntlet of the village of real Indians, it is more than likely that the visitor's wad will be scalped more than once by the enterprising concessionaires. Chicago fair had its "Midway," St. Louis fair its "Pike," Portland exposition its "Trail," and now the Jamestown show, which has just opened up for a six months' continuous performance, will have its "War Path," and this feature promises to out-distance all former attempts of great expositions to provide a wholesome and unique amusement attraction.

There have been many famous war paths in historic Virginia, and in this immediate vicinity, and it is promised that Jamestown's War Path will live equally long in history.

The War Path fronts upon the great military parade ground and is surrounded entirely by trees, shrubs and flowers. It is a great quadrangle, 1,200 feet long by 800 feet in width, with two parallel streets, 80 feet wide, on both sides of which are amusement concessions. There is a total concession frontage of more than a mile, including the bazaars in the plazas at either end. This central block is divided midway of its length by a glass arcade, 80 feet wide and covered by a dome, affording convenient passage between the two streets.

At the entrance to the War Path stands an ornate building in rainbow colors housing the oriental and American bazaars. The War Path will be a cosmopolitan city, its facades showing architectural styles of all nations, in all colors and with many a fantastic feature of construction and ornamentation. At night the great central dome of the arcade will be ablaze with prismatic light which will be visible miles away. There will, of course, be some old familiar attractions, as shoot the chutes, scenic railways, miniature railway, carousel, baby incubators and others equally well known, which the public demand, but it is the novelties that after all attract the crowds.

Without leaving the boundaries of the War Path one may stroll into Japan and find oneself in a typical street scene such as he would find in Tokio. The street is lined with little shops and natives are selling their wares. A native theater and restaurant will show the Japs in their little histrionic and gastronomic life. A tea garden will entice the passerby who fancies he would like to find himself a figure in one of those fan pictures. Here are many pagodas and various things Japanese in architecture, such as bridges and bazaars.

It will be recalled that the famous battle between the Monitor and the Merrimack was fought a few hundred yards from the present site of the exposition. It is fitting that one of the most elaborate spectacles should be a reproduction of this famous engagement. The mimic fight will be carried out in an immense auditorium with real ships, manned by real men who will fire real guns. The fireworks display in connection with this reproduction is on an elaborate scale; in depicting the storm an immense quantity of water actually rains down upon the boats. Every detail has been reproduced with the greatest possible historic fidelity.

Colonial Virginia will be reproduced in a building which will be a copy of the old House of Burgesses in Williamsburg, as far as information about that structure is obtainable. This is a moving picture drama in which the old worthies will appear in characteristic costume, a reproduction of them, so far as is possible, as they walked in life in the olden times. Many dramatic incidents will be incorporated and the production, it is said, will be of genuine historic and artistic interest.

One of the most novel features and one absolutely new in America will be "The Fountain of Soap Bubbles," a marvellous machine that, by means of coal gas, expels into the air 20,000 soap bubbles every minute, causing the most wonderful effects both by sunshine and artificial light.

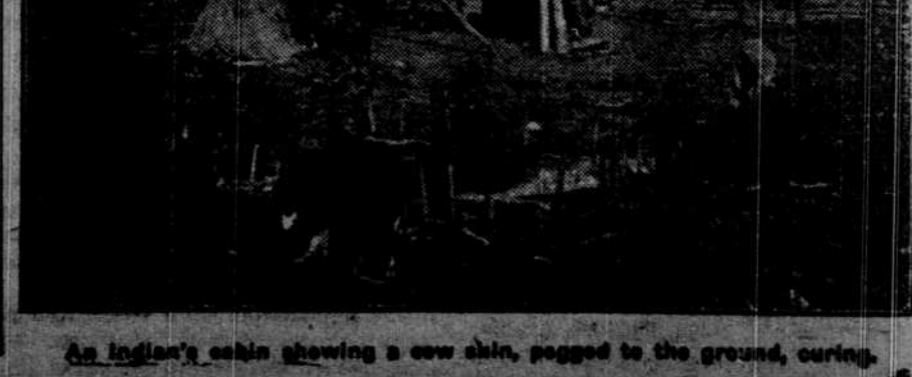
The Philippine Reservation, a tract of 5 1/2 acres, will depict the life of the civilized and Christianized Filipinos, as well as the rude life in huts of the less civilized natives, at work fashioning implements of war or domestic life. Representatives of the war department have been at work in the islands getting the material for this part of the exposition and the promise is made that it will offer better opportunity for studying the Filipinos than did the exhibit at St. Louis.

An attraction of great historic importance will be the village of the Tuscarora Indians, from the Iroquois reservation in New York state. The Indians are descendants of the Tuscaroras who were driven out of Tidewater, Va., before the days of Powhatan, and they come back to the land of their forefathers to show their present status in the scale of civilization.

The destruction of San Francisco is another feature, needless to state, which is new to the expositions. The great auditorium in which it will be housed has been one of the first along the War Path to reach completion. It is said to be by far the most elaborate reproduction of the disaster which has been attempted. The scenic effects, prepared by well known scene painters, give a very vivid picture, which in return is made realistic by the presence of several hundred persons on the stage and the falling of blocks of sheet iron houses and buildings at every performance.

The original settlement at Jamestown has been reproduced to the last detail, with its ancient church, its narrow streets and early cottages. The visitor may wander around the first settlement in America and meet the inhabitants in the costume of the period, certainly a novel sensation to be enjoyed within sound of the electric roads. A public inn, faithful in every detail to the original of the early English settlement, will be open to visitors.

**A Home on the Range.**



An Indian's cabin showing a cow skin, pegged to the ground, curing.