

Illinois Officially Recognized as Youngest Soldier of the Civil War



Lyston D. Howe. Age of 12, Eighteen Months After First Enrollment.

Washington—The pension office at last has established the identity of the youngest soldier of the civil war. It is an Illinois man—Lyston D. Howe, who now lives at Streator, La Salle county, Ill. Howe enlisted as a musician in Company D, Fifty-fifth Illinois Volunteers, on June 6, 1862, at the age of ten years, nine months and eight days. He was discharged on October 19, 1862, on the surgeon's certificate of disability on account of "extreme youthfulness, being only ten years of age."



Lyston D. Howe. (From a Recent Photograph.)

claimed to have discovered him. The record of the pension office, however, must be taken as final. Commissioner Warner has taken a personal interest in the case and has gone to the trouble of having his record looked up. Col. Warner, who always reserves the softest place in his heart for an old soldier, remarked that the pluck of the little "man" is something to be marveled at. During his entire service of over three years he was never away on furlough, either on account of sickness or for any other reason.

MILLIONAIRE AND WAITER CHUM

These Two are Fast Friends, to the Horror of the "400."

Denver—Tom Gay has just completed a visit with his old friend, David H. Moffat.

That sounds like a "personal" in the columns of a country weekly. But when one knows who Tom Gay and David Moffat are, a different light is thrown upon the statement.

Capt. David H. Moffat is Denver's most prominent multimillionaire. Thomas Gay is the head waiter of the Fifth Avenue hotel in New York city. The millionaire mine owner, banker and railroad builder of Denver and the head waiter of the Fifth Avenue hotel are the staunchest of friends.

It is a matter of history that Mr. Gay has accompanied Mr. Moffat on two European tours. The "400" held its hands in holy horror when it heard the news of the first trip. The idea of the multimillionaire making a friend of a head waiter! Preposterous!

Figures in a Child's Eye. Paris—The Petit Parisien publishes the details of the remarkable story of a child one of whose eyes is treated distinctly with three auvents and the punctation point.

WIRELESS FOR PACIFIC COAST.

Navy Establishes Many Stations That Will Aid Ships.

Washington—The United States navy will soon have the Pacific coast equipped with wireless stations as the Atlantic coast is now equipped, so that messages may be received at some stations day or night. Wireless stations have been completed and equipped at San Diego, Arqueleto, Farolona and Mare Island.

Farolona is just outside of San Francisco harbor. The station was located there in order to have the communication over sea as much as possible from one station to the other. Stations are now being constructed at Table Bluff, Cape Blanco, North Head and Cape Flattery. The stations are from 130 to 210 miles apart, and when all are erected and the apparatus is installed it will be possible to communicate the whole length of the Pacific coast day or night.

It has been found that, owing to electric conditions, the wireless is less efficient in the day than in the night, and stations must be necessary nearer in order to secure efficiency at all times. Any ship sailing along the Pacific coast and equipped with wireless will be able to communicate with the land at all times from the northern to the southern boundary of the country.

Founders Chair of Journalism. Berlin—A chair of journalism has been founded at Strasbourg university. The experienced professor, who has not been appointed yet, will lecture on all the branches of a newspaper man's work. He will teach, particularly the right method of treating political questions, especially those of international importance. From time to time the professor will issue what he considers to be a model newspaper.

PARIS HAS A RAIN GARDEN

Showers Which Are Made to Order Believe Intense Heat of the French Capital.

Paris—Taking your tea under an immense umbrella, with perpetual cooling showers falling softly on the greenery about, is the latest Paris notion. It is the device of one of the biggest hotels has introduced to cope with the stifling heat which, during the last few days in particular, has been almost beyond bearing. In the huge courtyard of the hotel pipes have been deftly hidden in climbing plants and these carry up the stage rains which apparently drop from the clouds.

The silver drops crossed by the sunshine abound in fantastic effects and many palms add to the illusion. A monstrous umbrella in the center of the protection for the tea tables beneath. Livered attendants with lifted umbrellas escort the women in their summer gowns to the safe of safety and the whole affair has the air of a delightful romance of beauty in distress artistically rescued.

An American visitor jokingly suggested to the manager the benefits of such a plan. And the manager, being no humorist but very practical, had the system installed without delay and is reaping a harvest of wide advertisement as well as being inundated with curious tourists.

TROUSERS WERE TOO TIGHT

Woman in Man's Attire Warned by Court to Go Home and Dress Properly.

Louisville, Ky.—In the police court when Mrs. Mamie Durham, a plump and pretty matron, was arraigned on the charge of disorderly conduct, Judge McCann beheld the prisoner in a tight-fitting knickerbocker suit. Mrs. Durham turned red and in backing around only succeeded in displaying her front more prominently. There was a titter from the ranks of the lawyers, but the court, looking stern, rapped for order.

Mrs. Durham sat down with difficulty, for the reason that she was so tightly incased that there was danger of something ripping. Mrs. Durham explained that she came to Louisville from Bridgeport, Ind., to search for her husband, alleged by her to be living with another woman. She said that she borrowed her clothes from a neighbor, thinking she could have better success in hunting for her husband than if she wore skirts.

"You are fined \$10 and it is suspended," remarked Judge McCann. "Now, hurry on and take off those trousers and put on the right kind of clothes."

BEEF EXPORTS FALLING OFF

Government Report Shows a Decrease of 3,500,000 Pounds During Past Year.

Washington—According to the government advance statement of exports issued by the department of commerce and labor the total quantity of canned beef exported through principal ports during June, 1906, was 2,977,279 pounds, against 6,419,553 pounds in June of last year, and for the 12 months ending with June, 1906, was 64,173,808 pounds, against 66,327,589 pounds in 1905.

The reduction in the June figures is apparently due in a large degree to a reduction in the movements to Japan, which imported largely of this article during the war.

The total value of provisions exported, exclusive of live cattle, hogs and sheep, from the principal ports of the United States during June, 1906, was \$15,365,278, against \$13,553,014 in June, 1905. For the fiscal year the export values are \$191,065,535, against \$152,536,673 in 1905.

STRONG MAN BEATS HORSES

Carries 200-Pound Person on His Back, a Third on Plow and Breaks Harness.

McLeansboro, Ill.—Jack "Fatty" Hazlewood, the 250-pound center rush of the University of Illinois football team of 1904, is now appearing in a new role. He is touting the country as the champion strong man, and to make good his claims he is doing various stunts.

Hazlewood is engaged to pull a three-horse sulky plow which is being exhibited to the farmers. For this heroic deed the former gridiron giant has a special harness. In his exhibition here he pulled the plow through the hardest kind of soil with a 200-pound man seated on the plow.

The strain was so heavy that Hazlewood twice broke his harness while accomplishing the feat. The citizens in their neighborhood willingly grant him the title of strong man.

Child Is Six, But Never Eats.

London—A case which baffles the medical profession is reported from Penarth (Glamorganshire), where one of the children of Mr. and Mrs. T. Keene, aged six, has lived in milk since his birth. He is finely developed and healthy, but refuses to take the place of food. Thirty pints of milk, mixed with sugar and a little water, constitute his diet per week. He attends school and is of a most cheerful disposition. Mrs. Keene states that he cannot eat any other food, though all sorts have been tried. On Sunday the boy was examined by a doctor, who stated that he is fully developed, of normal size, and good weight. He had never heard of a similar case, but thought the child might possibly develop a desire to eat.

BOY A FLY CATCHER

WOMAN HRES MESSENGER TO IMITATE SPIDER.

But the Young Hunter Has Hard Luck—His Captives Too Thin or Too Boosy for Fastidious Bill, a Pet Lizard.

New York—A. D. T. No. 609—in private life John Matto, aged 18—reported to his manager the other day in a rebellious mood.

"Another job like that, and I'm quittin'" was his ultimatum. Matto, probably will resign anyway in consequence of the joshing of his associates.

The afternoon before the accompanying adventure occurred John was killing time—and Indians in his mind—in the amateur lunatic asylum where the Mercuaries wait for the call of the wild. Zieg went the phone.

"Yep," said the manager. "Yep, mum. Sure. An active one. Sure, lady."

"Here, 609," he bawled. "A lady up in Fifth avenue, near One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, wants a live young gazabo. Twenty-three."

Matto proceeded with due deliberation and finally arrived. He was greeted by an elderly woman who went to the point.

"Can you catch flies, young man?" "Cert, loidy," replied 609. "I've played left field in the Hungry Nines' for de last two years, and I ain't only made seven errors."

"Young man, I mean the housefly, the little buzzing insect. Can you catch that kind?" "Loidy, I ain't no spider web, but—" "All right. Then catch some for me."

Gingerly following the woman, No. 609 was conducted to the dining room. "There were a lot of 'em in here at breakfast time," said the woman.

"See, there's one on that Delft plaque now," she started a swish that bodied all for Mr. Fly, but his fist, descending in a parabolic curve, was arrested by his employer, who shrieked.

"Say, boy, be careful. I wouldn't have a break that for anything. Here's a sewing table that turns into a step ladder. You can use that. Don't catch 'em on the glassware or on the plate rack. Get 'em on the walls or ceiling or table, but be careful not to scratch the mahogany, because I had it polished last week."

For an hour No. 609 labored. He broke only one tumbler and a couple of china things that he afterwards indignantly described as "dingbats."

The hunting was poor, or he was a poor hunter. Probably the latter, for he hadn't the lust of the chase in his head.

Incidentally his employer got on his nerves. Everybody knows just exactly the spirit of brotherly love that pervades the bosom of a man playing a big fish who is forced to listen to the advice of an on-looker pal. It was so with 609.

He whipped the dining room from butler's pantry to sideboard, cast over every foot of the hall, stalked the stairs and lay in ambush in the kitchen. But the hunting was poor, mighty poor. At the end of an hour Matto had succeeded in annexing one squashed and attenuated fly.

"Oh, my!" half-sobbed the woman. "That never will do. Bill likes only fat ones. Here." So saying, she wrote Matto a note directing him to take it to Jerry Sullivan's saloon and give it to Mr. Sullivan, barkeeper.

"Please let barkeeper catch some flies," the note read.

Aided by Sullivan, Matto scooped up a handful of booby flies that had stipped, deeply and free of the beer on the bar and had lost the use of their wings.

"Mercy!" shrieked the woman, when Matto showed his spoil with a commendable degree of pride. "Bill never could eat those drunken flies. They were fattened on beer, and Bill is so delicate. Besides, he is sick."

"So am I," reported Matto. "I quit. I ain't a piece of Tanglofoot. Catch your own flies. What is Bill—a bird?"

"No, he's my pet lizard," explained the lady.

CHANGE IN ARMY RATION.

American Sailors Beat Fed in the World—Fresh Fruits and Milk Added to the Fare.

Washington—The bureau of supplies has prepared a new naval ration in accordance with recent legislation. It is now asserted the United States navy has a better ration than any army or navy in the world.

The advantages of the present ration are that it is more flexible and makes it unnecessary to issue commutations to sailors in place of a regular ration. Added to the former ration are preserved and fresh fruits, fresh milk, flavoring extracts, fresh fish, sauce.

The amount of tinned vegetables has been increased, while a decrease has been made in macaroni, pickles, rice and sirup.

Art Treasures to Be Sold. Vienna—Prince Klemens, guardian for the minor who is head of the princely family of Metternich-Winneburg, has decided to sell the bulk of the family's art treasures, including paintings by Durer, Holbein, Rembrandt, Van Dyke, and Rubens, which are estimated to be worth \$1,500,000. The agent now is on the way to New York, hoping to interest wealthy Americans.

TOSS UP GIRLS IN BLANKETS.

Unusual Entertainment Afforded by Brooklyn Militiamen.

New York—Entertainment as startling as it was unusual was afforded 300 militiamen encamped at Peekskill the other day, when several of the playful members of the Fourteenth regiment of Brooklyn tossed two young women visitors in a blanket.

Hardly had the performance—which was one of the best ideas of the recognized leader of the regiment—begun, when its superior features became evident. Blanket tossing with men as victims, was indulged in long before Caesar won his promotion to a generalship, but with two pretty and attractively gowned girls starting in the role, the soldiers found it a decided improvement over the ancient game.

As the girls were thrown high into the air they screamed and when they fell back they screamed again. In lighting upon the taut blanket they found it dimpled and waltz-like impossible at times to avoid a flatiron corner effect. This difficulty was particularly pronounced when they fell head downward.

This novel pastime might have continued indefinitely had not one of the officers arrived inopportunely. He was heard to make several unkind remarks to the strong-armed young men who manipulated the blanket.

PROJECTILE FELL ON TOWN.

Willoughby Beach, Va., Unintentionally Put Under Fire.

Richmond, Va.—The residents of Willoughby Beach were thrown into a panic by the falling of ten-inch projectiles in that vicinity. They presumably were fired by mistake from the big guns at Fortress Monroe.

The explosion of the shells jarred the cottages at the beach. A force of men—a freight train near the beach reported they were forced to abandon their train and hid behind a convenient sand hill to keep from being struck. Several of the projectiles have been found. One came near striking the cottage of J. B. Porter, and when it fell, rolled under the house. Another struck Twelfth street, another Tenth street, and one came near hitting the A. F. Warrington cottage. A fifth hit a sailboat off Willoughby Spit, turning it completely around.

The officers at the fort have not made any explanation of the matter. There is scarcely any doubt, however, that the guns were trained in the wrong direction through error. They are used regularly at the fort for shooting at targets out on the water. The shells at the beach are a much increased size. They declare they are used for practice and are not dangerous through anybody's ignorance or folly.

FRENCH RIFLE HAS ITS FAULTS.

Sample of Lebel Gun Exceeded by That in Use Here.

Washington—A sample of the new French small arm, the improved Lebel rifle, has been received at the war department and is being carefully examined by the experts. The gun is about four inches longer than the new American army rifle, slightly smaller in calibre and a pound or two heavier, but it does not appear that it surpasses the American arm in range, accuracy or other valuable qualities. The magazine extends in a line with the barrel, like an American sporting rifle and the gun uses no clips, consequently it is much slower to load than the American gun.

The center of gravity is continually shifting with the movement of the ammunition in the magazine and there is danger that a shell in the magazine might be exploded by a sharp blow of the stock upon the ground, causing the pointed bullet of one shell to strike the primer of the one above it. A queer square-bitted bayonet over 20 inches in length, fitted with a sword handle of aluminum, gives the French gun a formidable appearance, but our ordnance officers think better of our knife bayonet.

EXTENDS REPORTS OF CROPS.

Department of Agriculture Will Cover Larger Number of Products.

Washington—The bureau of statistics of the department of agriculture has so extended the scope of its work that its reports will hereafter cover a far larger number of agricultural products than in the past. The added list includes alfalfa, hemp, broomcorn, kafir corn, sorghum, blue grass, millet, sugar beets, Canadian peas, cow peas, beans, cabbages, onions, tomatoes, apples, lemons, blackberries, watermelons and peanuts.

The last issue of the crop report includes a statement of the condition of the new articles, showing that in none of them there is a full crop throughout the country. Montana is the only alfalfa growing state that comes up to the standard in that article. Minnesota takes the lead in hemp with a full crop. California shows the highest yield in sugar beets with 98 per cent. There is a noticeable falling off in apples, several states showing not to exceed 60 or 70 per cent of a full crop. A similar condition exists with regard to peaches.

Now Us for Mail Stones.

Londonville, O.—Hailstorms have done considerable damage to crops and fruit in this vicinity. At the residence of John Scott, hail stones were shoveled up and ice cream frozen with them.

STAR WITNESSES

PRETTY SHOW GIRLS TO FURNISH TESTIMONY IN THE THAW TRIAL.

ROUNDING UP BEAUTIES. Something of the Three Mothers Who Figure in the Tragedy—Prisoner's Parent Will Devote Fortune to Save Son's Life.

New York—There is a fluttered excitement among show girls in this city who wish to figure prominently when the case of Harry Thaw comes to trial. The detectives attached to the district attorney's office have already rounded up half a dozen girls who were either friends of Thaw or White—Others who are wanted have fled from the promised notoriety, sought in Europe. Others are living under assumed names and in seclusion in this city.

The mad chase of Thaw to Europe in pursuit of Evelyn Nesbit, whether White had sent her after an illness and how the girl was reconciled will be exposed.

Thaw fled immediately with her, leaving her mother stranded in Paris. Evelyn Nesbit later deserted Thaw for his alleged mistreatment and returned to New York and White. Thaw following and showering presents upon her until he again was her lover.

After many strange episodes he finally married her against the wishes of her mother and White. The Follies girl was Evelyn Nesbit's constant companion in the white-light district.

Seek Many Chorus Girls. Detectives trailed for days Miss Paula Desmond and Gertie Grant, both of whom the district attorney was anxious to interview. Miss Grant was in Europe when the tragedy occurred, but soon returned. The name White and was a figure in the years' wrangle between him and Thaw over the present Mrs. Thaw.

If the detectives from the district attorney's office succeed in serving subpoenas upon other young actresses, among them Viola Pearlman, May McKenzie, Violet White, Edna Goodrich and Grace Field, all stage-light beauties, they will figure in the case as important witnesses.

For some time there has been a lively exodus from the city of show girls, as well as high rollers who have been associated with Thaw and White.

Story of Prisoner's Mother. Behind the legal forces which the mother of the Thaw family has marshaled to prevent the state from punishing the life of Harry Thaw as a felon for the murder of White is a gray-haired mother, whose years have been filled with sadness, distress, every move that her soldiers of the courts are making. And when the history of the tragedy shall have been brought to its last chapter Mary Copley Thaw must be written in it as an extraordinary woman.

From the day the news reached Harry Thaw's mother in England that her first-born had slain a man she has ruled her son's side of the battle. There was no need to speculate as to what her attitude to her wayward child would be, no need to ask if she would come as fast as ship could bring her across sea to the side of him who had caused her heart to ache from almost the day he put on his first knickerbockers.

Could any thin woman be whose father has lifted her above the mil-trial of her sex, weak where she should be strong, but withal hers is a masterful spirit and whenever in her life it has come to pitting herself against the challenge of enemies, victory settled on her side finally.

Was Poor When a Girl. Mrs. Thaw was not born to riches. Her father was a Pittsburgh newspaper man, who during the civil war made a name for himself in Pennsylvania by sensational editorial attacks on the south and the slave system. When the soldiers began to return home wounded and broken in health, she was a handsome young woman, supporting herself as a seamstress. She was deeply religious, a Presbyterian of the old school. In her church a society had been formed to care for the invalided soldiers and their indigent families, and the man who was to become her husband was its treasurer. Subscriptions of money were asked. Mary Copley put in the plate when it was placed before her a gold ring which had belonged to her mother, who was dead. It was all she had to give.

That ring attracted the interest of William Thaw. He found out who had given it to the fund, and from the meeting which followed with Mary Copley sprang a courtship which ended in her becoming the wife of the rich William Thaw, a widower, with a family nearly grown.

In the years that he between them and now sorrows, the fruit of the millions stored up by William Thaw, have put care in Mrs. Thaw's brown eyes. Lines that age alone does not draw have marked the features of a face that is strong in nose and mouth and brow. She carries it up with a challenging air. She is tall for a woman and walks with youthful grace. Her figure is well preserved, yet heavy in her cheeks is a color which tells of health.

Ready for Any Sacrifice. In Pittsburgh Mrs. Thaw has ever been counted a woman of exceeding great pride, but it is gone now. There is no sacrifice that she will not make to save the son in the Tomb. It is necessary to prove that he is insane.