NORFOLK AND THE FAIR

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

If an exposition does pay the company that promotes it, it certainly does pay the city that holds it within its territory. Norfolk, Va., is the latest exemplification of this fact. Before the Jamestown Ter-centennial the far inland farmer knew Norfolk chiefly as a name at the bottom of a green almanac that he and his father before him had hung each year by the mantel-piece, and which set forth the particular virtues of a certain bitters. Now, there is scarcely a news-reading family in the whole country that has not learned the particulars of Norfolk's place in the history of Virginia, and of its place in the commercial and industrial progress of the nation. Not only have they learned of that city's commercial importance, but many have put to the test the knowledge gained, and Norfolk is growing richer by the acquisition of factories and mercantile houses.

"To what extent has Norfolk been benefited by the fair?" I asked a business man there. "Well, five million dollars wouldn't begin to cover the benefits that have already accrued," he replied, "while the benefits of the future are incalculable." People representing all the industries came to the fair at some time or other during the seven months that it was open, and each saw advantages for something in his own line—for the opportunities in Norfolk are as varied as are the tints on the opalescent waters of its wide harbors.

The Cramps came to the fair. They saw the great war vessels swing in and out through the roads, or lie comfortably at anchor with miles of elbow room to spare; they saw merchant ships set out for every port in the world; they saw the miles of wharves that lay along the rivers that are estuaries of Hampton Roads, and the opportunity was not to be missed. So they will build a ship yard at Berkeley, the little city that constitutes Norfolks eight ward, and they will invest over a half million dollars in the enterprise.

Manufacturers who came down to see what was being exhibited at the fair, stopped over in Norfolk to see the cotton, woolen, and silk mills, the wood-working plants, and cotton-seed crushers, and decided that it was a most excellent location. On inquiry, it developed that at Norfolk they would be nearer to the center of supplies for raw material; that iron from Birmingham, cotton from the Southern States, and naval stores and timber from the Carolinas could reach them quicker and cheaper at Norfolk than at any other point they might consider. They found that Virginia's railroad freight rates are lower than those of any other Eastern State, and that the labor problem is not yet a harassing one there.

Investigating the question of shipping, they found nine railways terminating in or near Norfolk, their aggregate length being 9 per cent of the mileage of the United States. They found sixty steamship lines with regular schedules carrying passengers, freight, manufactured, or raw material to almost every foreign and domestic port. They found also that in Norfolk a ship can be loaded eight inches deeper than in New York, because the route to Liverpool or to European ports lies by way of the smoother current of the Gulf Stream, and ships do not have the stormy passage that those going from New York must have. And since the distance from Chicago to New York and from Chicago to Norfolk are practically the same, about twenty-seven hours, and the freighters can be laden more heavily in Norfolk, shippers are looking more closely toward Norfolk than ever before. Eight inches depth in the space of a big vessel means much when computed clear across the hold.

One company that expects to begin work shortly is to take one of the first steps in helping Norfolk economize. This company will build a factory for the making of small wooden knobs and ornamental trimmings for furniture, utilizing the waste corners and the odds and ends from the larger furniture factories. Anticipating any labor scarcity that may arise when factories become thick in their land and the supply of hands may not equal the demand, Virginia has, with North Carolina, formed an immigration association which looks to the importation of foreign labor for mill or factory, and for the farms and lumber camps that must supply the raw materials.

"Until the fair came," said one shrewd business man from the West, "some of the folks of Norfolk didn't know the war was over. They lived just among themselves, and didn't care much whether the wheels of progress hummed this way or not. The other half were younger and more active and had a hard tug keeping the town moving along together. The exposition, it seems, had an awakening influence on all, for its success depended on the concerted action of all Norfolk people, and this promoted civic pride. Then when civic pride came it came with a vengeance and Norfolk experienced a revolution that all previous factory building, and ship building, and cloth-making schemes had never produced. Some one proposed that the ter-centennial of the founding of America's first English speaking colony be celebrated. Some say the suggestion first came from Mr. Lowenberg, an old citizen and a prominent business man. Others say it was Gwynne Shepherd, a young man who for seven years tried to get the ear of Norfolk's business men and make them see what a fine thing the exposition would be for the city. No matter who suggested, Norfolk men finally saw. They decided to have the exposition and began to do things to make ready for it.

The city had to be made beautiful and healthful against the coming of the many guests the exposition would bring. The citizens' commission was formed with 162 members. They brought out a young fellow from Tennessee, Eugene H. Hyman, to act as secretary, and since he combined Western energy with Southern conceptions of hospitality and civic beauty, he made things move. He organized men, women, and children into clubs whose primary and specific object was to make Norfolk a "city beautiful." They meant to make it look attractive to their guests, and they did. The men saw to it that every bad street was paved, every old bridge made good, every unsightly and dangerous building torn down, or made presentable. There wasn't a hole in the street or a bad sidewalk that escaped the eagle eyes of the committee in the two years of work they gave for the good of their city.

The "200,000 league" of Greater Norfolk followed on the heels of this, with Mr. Hyman acting as its secretary also. Those clubs opened an office on Granby street and invited the public to call and get any information they needed. They distributed maps, guide books, and literature about Norfolk and the exposition to any and all who wished it. They mailed out, free, maps that had cost something in the making and that took 4 cents or more to mail—and they sent them out by thousands. They sent to manufacturers simple statements of the opportunities in Norfolk, and because of the enterprise of this Granby street office Norfolk's manufacturing interests will be increased by many millions in the coming decade.

The Ladies' Auxiliary to the Citizens' Commission was formed nearly two years ago and numbered 2,500 members. They realized the dangers that might arise from disease among a large negro or poor white population when the city became full of guests, so they set about avoiding such dangers. These women were the leading society and club women of the city, and felt the responsibility of the situation, as well as a pardonable amount of civic pride. They visited among the very poor, black as well as white, and in a kindly fashion taught lessons of cleanliness and health. They endeavored to awaken civic pride there, and did, for even the poorest woman in the city tried to make her humble home as attractive as she could.

These ladies went to the merchants of Norfolk and begged all the empty dry goods boxes that could be spared. They had them carted to a big vacant lot, and there several old negro carpenters made them into flower boxes for use on windows, or on doorsteps, or in front yards. Mr. Hyman, who was secretary of this club also, went to Washington and from the Department of Agriculture secured a quantity of hardy flower seed. The ladies met in a back room of the Granby street office and put the seeds up into small packages, and when this work was done, they went down among the poor and taught them how to plant these seeds in the boxes that had been distributed. The people went to work with a will. So many had not been able to afford the boxes and the seeds before, and so many had not really thought about it. The effect was highly gratifying, and visitors to Norfolk will recall with pleasure the flowers that bloomed in the little cottage and cabin windows all along the car tracks, while white-washed walls and clean back yards kept the flowers company and showed that lessons of health and cleanliness as well as of beauty had been learned.

The school children of the city—always a municipality's best allies in matters of civic improvement—were formed into clubs to help carry on the work. They reported bad places in the pavements, they picked paper and cans from the streets, and kept a jealous eye on the distributor of fruit skins. They made their school grounds into flower gardens and filled the windows with blooming plants, contributing greatly to the appearance of the town. The good thing about their work is that it is lasting. The need of their existence was great and the children are still making a crusade against dirt and disorder in Norfolk.

So, even if the exposition has enriched Norfolk, Norfolk deserves it, for she has two years' hard work back of her, when her best men and women gave cheerfully of their time, money, and influence to make it a comfortable and attractive place for the thousands of visitors. She lies serene and confident within the greatest Atlantic harbor. The nation's greatest shipyards and the greatest dry docks in the world are just across the roads. The largest and most impregnable fort, next to Gibraltar—Fortress Monroe—guards the entrance to the bay, eight miles away. Locked in her harbor she fulfills the prophecy of John Smith, of Jamestown—made three hundred years ago: "So, then, here is a place—a nurse for soldiers, a practice for mariners, a trade for merchants, a reward for the good."

To-morrow—Sixty American Congresses.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

There is the usual display of thinly clad women looking as if they needed protection, no matter how they may feel. Some are wearing short skirts, cobweb hosiery, and the lowest cut shoes, with feather boas wound closely about their throats, and one, at least, is wearing such fittings at the lower extremities while her head is snugly fitted to a fur hat, for I have seen her, and on a nipping day, at that.

* * * *

There is no other season when one is in such danger of contracting a serious cold. Our clothing is too thin and our homes too chilly for health as well as comfort. We cannot get over the old-fogy idea of delaying thicker body coverings and house heating till winter sets in, and the intermediate seasons bring us discomfort and illness, with consequent expense.

* * * *

Fuel is expensive, I know, but the families which cannot afford long months of heating are not the ones which suffer. They keep a brisk fire in the kitchen stove and live in that room, while other and less sensible families try to be comfortable in unheated living rooms. Where there can be open fires the problem of spring and fall heating is simple, but if the furnace has to be depended upon a fire when the temperature of the rooms falls below the point of comfort is prudent.

* * * *

Thin clothing is a blessing in hot weather, and women must be credited with having perfected a system of warm-weather dressing. But it does not work when the thermometer begins to fall with steadiness, and no considerable outlay of money is necessary to meet any season as it advances. A grade of hosiery somewhat heavier, boots, or gaiters, to protect the ankles, underwear that shields the chest and bowels, and something to cover the arms and wrists are all that we really need for fall wearing. New hats and frocks and coats can be dispensed with if there must be pinching somewhere.

* * * *

A doctor of renown is responsible for the statement that the alarming increase in appendicitis is due to carelessness in protecting the bowels. He wears a knitted band, winter and summer, because he had a fright, some years ago, when he faced the possibility of an operation. He is sure that he keeps danger at bay with that simple little woolen bandage, and he has brought several of his patients to his belief in its virtues. During the Spanish-American war it was found that flannel bandages worn over the abdomen saved the soldiers from the serious illnesses that belong to such climates as they found in the Philippines, and organizations of women in the large cities made the bandages and sent them in quantity for distribution among the fighters. The lesson is obvious—keep a woolen bandage where you can reach it at the first pain in a region that needs more protection than it receives.

BETTY BRADEEN.

Woman in the Shops.

The sign said, "Please don't touch," because it was an expensive imported material, very delicate and easily soiled. The woman—perhaps she was blind!—airily twiddled the fabric between the thumb and finger of her soiled glove, rubbed the dirty palm of said glove up and down it, and presumably having satisfied herself that it would soil if adequately handled, walked off leaving her autograph on the stuff, and an enraged floorwalker hopping wrathfully on one foot.

* * * *

This was another woman. She was pretty and well dressed. She talked to her companion in polite and pleasant tones. Suddenly she addressed a floorwalker. "Where's the linen?" she said. It might be said so many ways! This way it was sharp, abrupt, ugly, and harsh. Having been answered most courteously, she paused not to say "Thank you," but nearly overset the floorwalker in her onsweep of icy superiority.

* * * *

It was at the elevator—but what's the use? To tell all that happens there would take the rest of this column. For it's getting on and off of what our English friends call "the lift" that lovely woman seems to forget all her courtesy and all her manner and all her thoughtfulness for other people her mother ever instilled into her.

Jardiniere Uniquity.

Most fascinating of all the little jars designed to hold the pot of table ferns is a square jardiniere of dull green bronze, with an artistic design on each of its four sides. It is a little affair, but imported, and a real work of art.

THE NEW CORSETS.

All the new corsets are long, close-hip sheaths, and the number of stocking-supporters with which the latest makes are being supplied has increased to four or six, attached at intervals all around the corset, in order to distribute the pull on the hosiery evenly, and to prevent the least rising in the corset. The newest corset form is that having a front lacing in place of the ordinary hooked steels. Like all the others, it is very long, and is particularly designed for the princess dress forms, having what is described as a sculptured back. This means that it is moulded in such a way as to make a change of shape in the back impossible.—Harper's Bazar.

USEFUL PIECE OF LINGERIE FOR STOUT FIGURES.

A plain, well-fitting corset cover, without any unnecessary frills to increase the laundry accounts, is an accessory of the wardrobe which nearly every woman likes to have accessible for every-day wear. The model illustrated is extremely practical, and is an excellent one for home making. It fits the figure snugly and may be made in either round or square neck; and while it is here finished very plainly, it may be made as elaborate as desired. It is, however, specially designed for fall figures, the sizes running from 36 to 46; hence it is advisable to avoid frilly trimmings, which tend to add bulkiness to the appearance. To make the corset cover in the 40-inch size requires 1 1-4 yards of 36-inch material.

Six sizes, 36 to 46 inches, bust measure.

The pattern of this may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents in stamps and addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, giving number (2723) and size wanted.

OPEN UNTIL 9 O'CLOCK TO-NIGHT.

S. KANN SONS & CO
8th St. & Pa. Ave.
"THE BUSY CORNER"

4 cakes Fairy soap, 10c
Only 4 to a customer
If the response to this announcement is equal to that when we offered this soap the last time at such a reduction, you will need to come early to secure some. No mail orders at this price.

Kolonial shoes best
A pair, $3.50 always
Guaranteed to give satisfaction or a new pair free
If we didn't know how eminently satisfactory this line is found to be we might feel a hesitation in offering so sweeping a guarantee, but we have full confidence in our KOLONIALS.
The very latest of the new lasts are THE TUDOR and THE NEWPORT; these are extremely popular. Also 100 or more other styles.
All style toes. Any height heels. Any width last. All leathers.

Women's winter oxfords, a pair, $3.50
Just received a new style, and a "beauty." This is made of the best patent coltskin, with dull collar around top; has four eyelets, wide ribbon laces, extra high Cuban heel. Don't miss seeing these. A pair, $3.50.

New lot of regular and extra height tan boots arrived just in time for to-day's selling.

THE IRON LORD

By S. R. CROCKETT.

Author of "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," "The White Plume," &c.

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

The story opens at the home of Jacob Romer, of Gorm House, on the Frith of Cantyre. He is a ship owner and mine owner and very rich. Wanting to be rid of his wife, Caroline, he has intrusted the task to his brother, Thomas, of getting her incarcerated in an insane asylum. This fails because of the testimony of Jacob's daughter, Vida, who, however, cannot believe that she is really his daughter. Jacob sends one of his ships after them, but The Good Intent is wrecked and Vida and her mother thrown ashore. Vida renounces her father and becomes Vida Bryan, the adopted daughter of "Billy" Bryan, the keeper of one of the coast lights. James Kahn, supercargo and confidential man of Jacob Romer, is scheming to get possession of the Romer mines and millions. In the meantime, Vida is living happily at Kirktown and two swains are attentive to her, Phil Calmont and Vic Morris. The story now takes up the past life of Jacob Romer; tells of his secret marriage to Caroline, secret because of the fear of the displeasure of his rich uncle, and tells how, keeping his wife concealed, he had fallen in love with Miss Georgiana Bunny, which has caused him to try and get his wife incarcerated in an insane asylum. The story takes up its main thread and shows Vida happy in Kirktown, and her father noting her success in the church choir. Although the rivalry for Vida's affection continues, Vic Morris gives Phil Calmont a place in his office. Billy Bryan resolves to stop smoking, and proceeds to explain to Dick Finnan the working of Skerry Light. Vida appears upon the scene and is sure that the two men have been discussing her, which she promptly resents. She is wrong, however, as developments prove. Vida retires to her room, while, in the meantime, they talk about a present she is to receive. The story takes up Vida's life day by day until the time when James Kahn, with an eye to the Romer millions, proposes to Vida. Billy Bryan shoots at him, thinking him a robber, but Kahn explains, and Vida's guardians listen to her suit. She refuses Kahn, but no one knows whether it is Vic Morris or Phil Calmont with whom she is really in love.

CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.

Farther they must not go. Only Vic and one or two others tried the long incline of the "dook," up which the fires were roaring like a chimney on fire; only this chimney was 1,200 feet long! Six hundred feet higher Johnemann stood intent with his nervous hands on the lever, his eye on the index dial, which told him how near the cage had crept to the flames, and his ear listening for the bells, which, from the distance of a third of a mile underground, signaled, "Ascend," "Descend," "Slowly," or "Snatch away." Beside him stood James Kahn. He knew that Morris was now down there. He knew also that if Vida escaped it would be owing to him. In love and war he was his rival, and the instinctive antagonism between the two men caused the Serb to stand there in the little engine house, his muscles tense and twitching with desire to seize the lever out of the hands of Johnemann and plunge the cage with all its occupants into the flames. He might have done it, too, but for his steady belief in the impossibility of escape from the depths of Pit No. 2.

The belief was well-founded. Up the main shaft there was no way save through the long, roaring tunnel of flame. After a long survey of the principal shaft Vic became certain that that way there was, indeed, no hope. If not by the extra exit, narrow at the best (except on paper) and half filled with steam pipes, certainly all was lost. He exchanged his thick fireman's attire for a sweater and a pair of the ordinary wide pitmen's trousers. He borrowed a broad leather belt for his waist.

A little stream of water had been falling down the main shaft, only to be thrown back in clouds of steam when it reached the flames in the pit-throat far below. Vic turned part of it upon the heated pipes in the narrow second exit. The steam had been cut off in the pipes owing to the fall of material at the pit bottom, but the iron was still far too hot to venture down with any safety.

Nevertheless, he resolved to make the attempt. Dr. Calmont and his assistant, Phil, who had descended with him, united in dissuading him. But Vic held out. If he could not make it, then nobody else could. Besides, every moment gave them less chance of saving the girl.

It was then that Phil Calmont felt most bitterly his inferiority. He had called himself an engineer above ground, but down there in the dark the commonest pony boy knew more than he. And far below him, in a deeper darkness, shut off by doors of flame, was Vida Bryan. True, he could not help her. Even to die for her sake would not advantage her in the least. It was fortunate that his father gave Phil some of his instruments to polish and cover. The drip from the roof told upon them, and Dr. Hugh Calmont loved them consderably more than his children, who, generally speaking, were a nuisance to him. But after this night he had hopes of Phil. He knew how to use a piece of chamois leather.

Phil sank his nails into his palms as Vic Morris, taking a long breath, set his foot on the first rounds of the long steel ladder. Only by keeping very close to the wall could he avoid contact with the still heated pipes. The running water had cooled them to some extent, but the narrow tunnel was filled with stifling fumes, with whiffs of dissolving steam, and, above all, with the dull, sullen heat radiated from the heated metal.

What Vic Morris suffered in that long descent can never be known. He has not thought fit to tell at any length.

"It was a tight job!" Or, perhaps, in moments of great expansion: "A little more and I should have slept in the 'sump' that night." These came the nearest to any description of his experiences. But he reached the bottom, though more than half roasted. He found that the miners were gathered waiting—most of them up to their knees in the water which was already collecting at the bottom of the "dook."

"Better get away at once," he cried. "Come, boys, follow me!"

"It is impossible!" the men cried. "Peter Sharp, there, who won the wrestling belt, was up about thirty fathom and had to come back."

"I have come down, boys, all the way," shouted Vic, "and am going to show you the way back. Where is Miss Bryan? Let me have Miss Bryan."

Even then he did not say "Vida."

They handed Vida, as it were, overhead, to him, passing her upon their palms daintily, as if they knew they were handling something precious. Vida was soon on the ladder, Vic Morris setting her feet on the rounds, while, with his outstretched left arm he clasped the girl's belt to keep her well away from the heated pipes.

Time after time Vic Morris called out encouragingly for the men to follow him. He seemed to them hardly less than a messenger from heaven. They were content to follow, halting when he halted, then, half-baked, going on again, the youngsters supporting the elders, and so in time all the men in the West working of No. 2 Pit reached the surface. Vic Morris was first man out, holding Vida almost unconscious in his arms.

He put her under the care of Dr. Calmont, and they had her all safe at the pit-head in ten minutes. The perpendicular cage was still working steadily. But the men in the East workings, living mostly in Blocks K and L, had not been able to get across. Between them and the bottom of the "dook" was a long declivity, and then a steep ascent, where a fault had rendered difficult the search for an elusive vein.

The stoppage of the pumping engines had even caused the water to collect at the bottom of this declivity, as in a great capital U. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to retreat before the waters, searching ever for higher and higher ground. But for every man of them the end was sure. The fire in the shaft had stopped the pumps. The water was gaining every moment, and all the purer air was being driven into the corner. The men followed it. Chief of them was Christie Penman, joint surveyor of the ways with old Dick Finnan, and a man of a simple and natural piety. Christie knew well that it was impossible to lead his men to safety. They were shut in on every side. But he called the roll. There were sixty-three of them—men and boys. As the waters mounted he asked them to kneel, he himself praying aloud in the midst—not after the fashion of Hector McKill.

And so they were found, after seven months under water, their bodies almost perfectly preserved by the iron which the water held in solution. They made two great circles, dark, indistinct shapes, worshiping God. Some had fallen forward. Some had simply sunk down, but all were still kneeling, and one of the little boys who had "run to warn the men," was found with his head on the parental knees. He, at least, had found his father! Who shall say that the others had not also?

In the foreign churches I have seen pictures of the Perpetual Adoration—angels and archangels, winged and glistering, prismatic, and glorious, circling about the Great Throne itself. But what is that to these sixty-three in the black pit deeps, far under water, kneeling for seven months, with hands devoutly clasped, even as the waters had caught them, making their homage prayer to the God of all forgiveness.

Yes, the boys had warned the men! No Victoria Cross was theirs, but long after strong arms lifted them tenderly one by one—the first (as I have told) from across his father's knees, another prone on his face as the deadly reek had caught him hurrying on his mission, the third so deep in the "sump" that even the glare of the search lantern could not reach him, and it was the grappling irons which brought to the surface his poor little wasted body.

It was a quiet Sabbath when the first fruits of death were laid in their final resting graves on the breezy hilltop, looking down on the slopes under which they had been entombed more deeply. There was a service on the green between Blocks K and L. There the widows and the elder orphans sang the psalm of the Scottish deathbed—which is the twenty-third in the version of Francis Roos. And the lift of their voices nearly broke the hearts of us who heard:

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill,
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

And at the open-air service, behind the rows of weeping women, the little children of Blocks K and L played about upon Kirktown Green, or stood staring open-eyed as at a show—with never a father among them all.

On Sunday, however, Hector McKill went to church with a conscience void of offense. The firm had subscribed 100 pounds to the relief fund, and he personally 10 shillings. But, in spite of this, John Fowler, the minister of the Valley Kirk, had a word to say. And, without fear of man, he said it. Why should he fear? Had he not 160 pounds 6 shillings and 6 pence from the sustentation fund of his denomination, which no man could take from him?

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

AMUSEMENTS.

Chase's POLITE VAUDEVILLE
Daily Matinees, 25c. Evenings, 25c and 50c.
McMahon and Chappelle's Pullman Maids
The Greatest "Girl" Novelty Feature This Year. JULIAN ELTINGE, as "THE GIBSON GIRL," &c. The Four Colbys. John E. Hazzard. Arnoldo's Arenic Sensation. Ford and Seor. Great Scott. "The Aeronaut's First Flight" Motion Pictures.
NEXT WEEK—ROBERT HILLIARD, in "AS A MAN SOWS." GEORGIE LAURENCE, in CLYDE FITCH'S VAUDEVILLE COMEDY, GRIFF, &C. BUY SEATS TO-DAY.

NIGHTS AT 8:15 — NEW NATIONAL — MAT. TO-DAY AT 2:15
KLAW & ERLANGER PRESENT
MISS
LULU GLASER
and Company, including RALPH C. HERZ, in the Daintiest and Brightest of All Musical Plays.
LOLA FROM BERLIN
Next Week—Anna Held, in "The Parisian Model"

BELASCO WASHINGTON'S PLAYHOUSE BEAUTIFUL.
Offering Only the Leading American and Foreign Attractions.
TO-NIGHT, 8:15; MAT. TO-DAY, 2:15.
Clara Bloodgood
With WILLIAM COURTENAY and A Strong Supporting Company, in Clyde Fitch's International Success,
"THE TRUTH"
A play that no one who cares for the theater in its good moments should miss.—Hector Fuller.
NEXT WEEK— —Seats Selling.
DAVID BELASCO Presents BLANCHE BATES
In His Drama of California, The GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

BELASCO THEATER,
Friday, Dec. 6, 4:30 P. M.
Only Piano Recital by the Eminent Russian Pianist,
MARK
HAMBOURG
Direction B. ULRICH. Knabe Piano Used.
Popular prices: 50c, 75c, $1, $1.50. Sale at T. A. SMITH'S, 1417 F st. nw.

New Academy Mats. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.
ALL THIS WEEK.
The Best Domestic Melodrama Ever Written.
BERTHA, THE SEWING MACHINE GIRL
4 ACTS——14 SCENES.
NEXT WEEK . . . . . AT YALE

WINDOWS OPENED
In the writings of SWEDENBORG, throwing new light on: I. Nature; II. The Bible; III. The Lord; IV. Salvation; V. The Life After Death, by the Rev. Frank Sewall, D. D., author of "Reason in Relief," "Swedenborg and Modern Idealism," "Dante and Swedenborg," &c., at the New Church, corner Sixteenth and Corcoran sts., Sunday evenings, at 7:30, December 1 to 29. All are welcome.

AMUSEMENTS.

COLUMBIA Washington's Leading Theater.
TO-NIGHT at 8:15
MATINEE TO-DAY, 2:15.
20 SONG HITS— SINGING COMPANY OF SIXTY
CHARLES FROHMAN Presents THE
Dairy Maids
Cast of Favorite American and London Comedians
PRICES, $1.50; $1.00; 50c.

NEXT WEEK — SEATS NOW ON SALE
FREDERIC THOMPSON ANNOUNCES
EDWARD ABELES
And the Original New York Company, in
Brewster's Millions
A Dramatization of George Barr McCutcheon's Famous Story.
THE SCENIC SENSATION OF THE AGE.
BURTON HOLMES TRAVELOGUES
Sunday at 8:30 Monday at 4:30 PARIS
Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00

Popular with the People. NEW LYCEUM
MATINEES DAILY ALL THIS WEEK.
Lady Birds
—IN—
THE ISLE OF SOMOA
Winning Girls. Pretty Girls. Winsome Girls.
SEE THE "PONY" BALLET.
Next Week—NEW CENTURY GIRLS.

MAJESTIC THEATRE
Matinees Mon., Wed. and Sat., 25c.
Evenings, 8:15, 25c to 50c.
KATHRYN PURNELL STOCK COMPANY, in
FAREWELL WEEK — Uncle Tom's Cabin
Next Week—"GIRL OF EAGLE RANCH."

GAYETY THEATER, 9th St., near F.
ALL THIS WEEK. MATINEE DAILY.
WEBER & RUSH'S
"Bon-Ton" Extravaganza Co.
365 DAYS AHEAD OF THEM ALL.
"THE GIRL WITH THE RED MASK"
ASSISTED BY HER ENGLISH COMPANY.
THE SIX COCKTAILS.
Next Week—LEAVITT'S RENTZ-SANTLEY CO.

CONVENTION HALL SKATING RINK
Saturday, children's parade on skates; two-step and waltz music. Saturday night, one-mile match race. December 4, grand masque ball; $20, $10, and $5 in gold given as prizes.

NEW FASHIONS IN FUR.

There is a singular charm this autumn about the new fashions in fur. Not only are the skins very lovely in themselves, but they have been treated in so many new ways, and arranged with such extraordinary ingenuity, and in so many artistic and charming ways, that they seem to be infinitely more attractive even than they were last year. Touches of velvet are cleverly introduced here and there, daintily braided in colors or lightly embroidered in gold or silver, while on many of the loveliest and most luxurious of the new fur garments, quantities of real lace are lavishly introduced, preference being given to fine Irish crochet and to Brussels point.

BIRTH RECORD.

Joseph W. and Elinora Allen, November 21, male.
Harry and Ada L. Boyd, November 24, male.
Edward H. and Edith E. Dyer, November 23, male.
Robert and Jennie Eckels, November 20, male.
John M. and Roseana M. McGregor, November 22, female.
John and Agnes Shehan, November 23, female.
James and Bessie Butler, November 17, female.
James and Blanche Gray, November 10, female.
Walter and Carrie Holland, November 24, female.
Alfred J. and Emaline Holmes, November 19, male.
Thomas and Mary Thompson, November 18, male.
William and Letesia Webster, November 26, male.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

W. Ellsworth Curran, 46, Hyattsville, Md., and Ada M. Burch, 32, Cherrydale, Va. Rev. J. E. Irvine.
Robert E. Garber, 27, and Mary K. Noble, 19. Rev. Joseph F. McGee.
Joseph W. Sanford, 21, and Nellie G. Cowsill, 22. Rev. C. T. Abbott.
Augustine G. Eimer, 22, and Grace Walker, 23. Rev. F. B. Howden.
Alfred W. Adams, 27, London, England, and Clara E. Donovan, 26. Rev. S. H. Greene.
Early W. Houck, 22, and L. Cless Owings, 20, both of Baltimore, Md. Rev. J. J. Muir.
John R. Giles, 21, and Laura Ray Martin, 18, Prince George County, Md. Rev. Joseph Dawson.

COLORED.

Charles H. Newman, 26, and Lucy Brown, 17. Rev. William J. Howard.
Andrew Hornsby, 40, and Malinda Young, 50. Rev. W. A. Jones.
Rufus Young, 24, and Josephine Green, 22. Rev. A. Dennis.
William A. Parker, 24, and Laura E. Butler, 35. Rev. W. J. Howard.
Thomas A. Richardson, 25, and Lena L. Booze, 19. Rev. John H. Robinson.

DEATH RECORD.

Frederick Nekander, Govt. Hosp. Insane, 63 years.
Emeline P. Cook, Sibley Hosp., 75 years.
Bogislav Zglinitzki, 2008 15th st. nw., 74 years.
Ellen L. McCoy, 3028 Cambridge place, 9 years.
Catherine E. Waters, 904 7th st. nw., 57 years.
Hannah Coyle, 44 I st. ne., 59 years.
Ruth E. Jenkins, 639 8th st. ne., 8 months.
Maria L. Marble, 1711 Euclid st. nw., 71 years.
Sarah L. Smith, 1017 10th st. nw., 67 years.
Charles J. Hall, 318 4th st. ne., 33 years.
Nellie de Vaughn, Geoth. Univ. Hosp., 28 years.
Katherine M. Grady, 1117 I st. ne., 22 years.

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Black, Navy, and Brown Ground Panama Skirts, with fine white pin stripes; trimmed with three stitched folds; lengths from 38 to 43; regular price, $8.90. To-day,
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Broadcloth Evening Coats
Japanese effect; kimono sleeve; colors, white, black, tan, light gray, rose; former prices, $22.50 and $27.50. To-day,
$14.75