[ART] NARROWS THE WORLD

A[ ]mship with London for its [ ]n recently passed the mou[ ] Rio de la Plata, a party of g[ ]ers, assembled by chance on [ ] talked together of the cons[ ]rowing of the world—whic[ ]rowing so little that the cosm[ ]is not surprised by a simi[ ]f interest everywhere. Trit[ ]theme is, it held a charm for [ ]p of travellers, and one of t[ ]duced a post card from his [ ]ok to illustrate it.

"I[ ]this picture of a pretty Ame[ ]rl in the interior of Chi[ ]ear," said he.

"I[ ]tch that," said another, who[ ]e around the Horn from Boli[ ]ere are the same eyes," and [ ] a precisely similar post card [ ]his pocket, adding, "I got [ ]hop in Potosi."

"I[ ] cried two others in cert[ ]ore cards were produced, and [ ]wners testified that they had [ ]hem, one at Orenburg, in Russ[ ] year before, and the othe[ ]on, during a trip he had rece[ ]de to Palestine. Before the [ ]p had been two days out anot[ ]et of the same post card was [ ]ed on board hailing from plac[ ]r apart as Krajora, Bergen [ ]m and Cambodia. The circu[ ]l evidence thus collected secu[ ]rove that this post card had [ ] tour of the world, and not [ ]t, but had visited countries [ ]it[ ]s where travellers seld[ ]

Th[ ]card had nothing remarkable [ ] to account for its ubiquity. [ ]ing blonde face under the shad[ ]a poke bonnet and with eyes [ ]hat were neither roguish nor [ ]eing, but a mixture of both [ ]hing eyes that might be supp[ ] exert an innocent spell on t[ ]cassian race everywhere but [ ]carcely be understood by the [ ]an, yet it had gone to the [ ]t parts of the earth and ever[ ] it had charmed. The littl[ ]ard picture was signed Harr[ ]her.

On[ ]ese travellers to London took [ ]ns, when he had returned to N[ ]k, to look up the man who [ ]ainted this much-voyaged pict[ ]hat he told Mr. Fisher abou[ ]ubiquity of "Bewitching Eyes [ ]no information to the artist, [ ]id that he had received copi[ ]e post card from friends in n[ ]rts of the world, so that, in a[ ]e had been able to keep trac[ ]s travels. But the populari[ ]e head was a surprise to its [ ], who modestly attributed it to[ ]e.

"I[ ]," said the artist, "the picture [ ]may be attributed to cha[ ]One day, two years ago, a mod[ ]e to my studio for whom at [ ]oment I had no particular nee[ ]e is not what is generally call[ ]eautiful woman, but she has fine[ ]s, an exquisitely poised thro[ ] a beautiful rounded arm. I th[ ]e is very seldom employed for [ ]ce.

"I[ ] had told her I wasn't doing [ ]ng where she could be of serv[ ]d after a few moments of desu[ ]chat she started to go. On [ ]m of a chair hung a conven[ ]ed poke bonnet which I had [ ] up for a 'property.' She put [ ]her head, drew the strings toge[ ]nder the chin and turned and [ ] at me smiling. A piece of Brist[ ]ard stood on my easel read[ ] another picture, but this one [ ] my eyes appealed strongly.

"P[ ] keep that pose," said I, and [ ]id until I had sketched in and [ ]colored the picture. I call it 'Bew[ ]g Eyes.' It doesn't look like [ ]odel she is a brunette of a rathe[ ]ely type. Yet, while it is a so[ ]portrait of her, the picture more[ ]fully may be called a composit[ ]e living woman's features and [ ]ood. The eyes are good, becau[ ]ey aren't insipid or coquettish [ ]ischievous. I frankly admit [ ]hey have never smiled on me i[ ] life like that—they're perfectly[ ]an, of course, for I don't aspir[ ]paint a 'blessed damzel.' but I[ ], too, she has the eyes of my d[ ] woman. Perhaps that is the s[ ] of her wide appeal."

Mr[ ]er said he had tossed the sketc[ ]e, intending to destroy it later [ ] did not contain a hint he found[ ]eeded, and he did not see "Bew[ ]g Eyes" again until a fortni[ ]ter, when the publisher of a wi[ ] circulated woman's magazine [ ] to him for a clever design. Then [ ]witching Eyes" turned up and [ ]ched the publisher. His drea[ ]man had such eyes, also, he confe[ ] so this little picture trium[ ] over more elaborate designs, [ ]more carefully painted portrait[ ]shing the others aside, the publi[ ]went away to reproduce and [ ]broadcast the spell of "Bewitc[ ]Eyes."

A [ ]cast was her next incarnation, [ ] speak, and in black and white [ ] fearfully reduced she started, [ ]es strong, upon her conquest [ ]the world. Three millions was [ ]irst edition of this tiny product [ ] of "Bewitching Eyes." How [ ]y more editions have been prin[ ]nd to what extent this chara[ ]ture has circulated nobody [ ]t [ ]lder of that particular right to p[ ] knows. He has promised to gi[ ] the figures as soon as the sale [ ]is post card shows signs of dimin[ ]g.

Th[ ]eady famous picture is not by s[ ] hundreds the sole contribut[ ]o America's Book of Beauty b[ ] illustrator. On this canvass other maid[ ]ally beautiful, more beautiful i[ ] opinion of the artist and his c[ ] live and charm. The fact that [ ]witching Eyes" has gone so far a[ ]achieve world wide notoriety is a [ ]rise and even a trifle of a shock [ ]her maker. His other children [ ]equally dear to him. They comp[ ]miration by their beauty of featu[ ]heir pure color or by some excell[ ] which is due to his skill.

Varied as they are, and in the last ten years of crowded work it is remarkable that this painter of American beauty has not repeated himself, the public always recognizes at once a Harrison Fisher head. Chateaubriand never lost the influence of his "la Syphide," and few artists ever paint femininity from life without putting into their canvases a touch of their "dream women" Sir Joshua did it, Romney especially, and so did the long line of distinguished and amiable painters of women.

There is often virtue in a comparison, and the painter of "Bewitching Eyes," who deals with his sitters directly through the medium of paint, without any preliminary "blocking out" or the use of crayon and compasses, has been compared to the brilliant and fascinating Gainsborough. It is a fact that the modern has at least a tincture of the lightness of manner, the unity of effect, the quick, inevitable touch and the notable capacity for preferring essentials which are present in the wayward painter of the eighteenth century.

But the comparison of a modern illustrator who is still growing to a deed artist of large achievement is misleading if carried too far. Nevertheless, in the charm of color—at its worst attractive if thin—there is some degree of kinship between them. At present the critic can find seeds of imperfectness in the living man's work which will have to be dug out before his accomplishment becomes consummate. At present his output is too frequently experimental and capricious—one feels that his art is not yet fully representative of his admirable gift.

That this is so is not surprising when one learns how Harrison Fisher began to paint. Born in New York in 1875 and early taken to San Francisco, he had but a season's experience in an immature art academy there before a picture he had made of a fire attracted the art (sic) editor of one newspaper, and he sent for the boy artist to work. From there he went to another publication, doing hasty, ill considered work until, having saved up the price of a ride across the Continent, he returned to his native East, where there were at least galleries to visit.

He visited them to some purpose, developing his instinct for form and color, while continuing the bread and butter buying newspaper toil, still savinb up, and finally reaching London and Paris. A series of illustrations made in the former city for Harold Frederic's "Market Place" supplied him with funds to take him to the galleries of Europe. A sketch made here and there kept his hand in, but his art education came mainly through the eye.

Training like this helps an artist to preserve his originality—it is quite sufficient when the native gift is large, as in the case of Mr. Fisher, and the artist has invention, ingenuity, even imagination, besides facility of hand; but it leaves something to be desired. The painters, of whom there are a score in New York, whose names and illustrations are household words finds this equipment quite sufficient for success. There is a mixture of sincerity and grace in the work of the artist of "Bewitching Eyes" that is more than winning—it leads those who like his work to hope that the day will arrive when his performance will equal his possibilities.

This artist's return from abroad was timely. He came at the break between old and new, when the old was not yet discredited and the new was still inoffensive, at a time when people had begun to question the supremacy of the middle aged illustrators and great men—men who could put a feeling for colr in their black and white and who were signing pages in Harper's and Scribners. The young student of the Louvre and the Nationl Gallery showed his good sense by identifying bimself with what was known, and not with that which, though big with many kinds of possibilities, was as yet in perfect touch with nothing actively alive. He studied the work of the artists of "Le gend," it is true, but he didn't attempt to emulate them. He had seen good drawing and he labored to make his drauhtsmanship good. He had seen Gainsborough and Watteau, and he strove for clor that would be both clear and rich. The result of his efforts was soon apparent. Pictures in color began to be remarked as they came from his studio, and while the public admired his pretty women the critics admitted that this newcomer had a very real feeling for paint, and that his brush work, intelligent, vigorous, expressive, was that of a man of choice and forceful temperament. He started out with the purpose to paint what he knew and only that, so his graduation from the newspaper school came as a matter of course. He had not been working long before his natural attributes of grace, facility and invention received the recognition they merited.

Of the man himself it is enough to say that he is of his epoch, essentially sane and symmetrical. If the "dream woman" will insist in getting on his canvas it is not because of his invitation, but despite his prohibition. He wishes to paint what he sees, and it is easy to predict that his genuis, thus held in, will but mature with time. Artistic from the first, his accomplishment will grow finer, for notwithstanding most of his canvases are of pretty women, this has not affected his view of human nature or of art—both are sound and healthy and manly. In fact, his portriats of men, although these are little known comparatively, constitute some of his best work—Willis Steele, in the New York Herald.

"Kate," the "Good Angel"

In the October American Magazine A. J. McKelway presents a character sketch of "Kate" Barnard, who was recently elected commissioner of charities and correction in Oklahoma in a whirlwind campaign. They call her the "Good Angel" of Oklahoma. She is certainly a power in her State, as shown in the followng paragraph from Mr. McKelway's article:

"While matron of the United Provident Association she became the controlling spirit in the political life of Oklahoma City. She was the only one of who could vote the slums independtly of the saloon, and, if need be, against the saloon. "Hello, boys, Where are you going?" she would say to a group of barroom bums, towed to the polls by a saloonkeeper. And while the salloonkeeper looked helplessly on, she would remind them that she had sent John's little girl to school, and had nursed Tom's wife through the spell of pneumonia, and had found a decent suit of clothes for Jim, and had gotten work for them all—in fact, had helped to rise the wage scale for work on the streets from $1.25 to $2.25 a day. And then she would tell the boys that they must vote against the bad candidate for mayor and for the good one, because the good one was a friend of her's and the boys would follow her meekly to the ballot-box. Thus she elected first a Republican mayor and then a Democratic mayor, each time by a majority of 700."

FOUND A DEED OF 1768.

A Hartford dispatch to the New York Herald says:

A deerskin parchment deed or indenture, dated at Trenton, N. J., August 20, 1768—140 years ago—was found in the waste brought to the Burnside Paper Mill a few days ago, and now reposes in the Connecticut State Library at the capitol as one of the finest specimens in a most remarkable collection of ancient documents.

Its recent history is hardly less interesting than the history which it tells on its face. By the indenture, Andrew Reed and Charles Pellit, assignees, transferred nine acres of land to Hezekiah Howell.

The story of the parchment's travels to the waste heap is unknown. It came here with tons of other scrap tied up in bags for paper "stock." After the bags had been opened and the contents scattered about for sorting his deerskin was picked up by David C. Burnham. It was as neatly folded and practically in as good condition as on the day Mr. Howell filed it, nearly a century and a half ago. When C. W. Vibbert, an expert, saw the great sheet, which is about a yard square, he immediately advised sending it to the State collection, and it delighted the heart of the librarian, George S. Godard.

After the manner of the period, the deed is indented with scallops across the top, a part of the parchment having been left behind as a stub. The writing is very plain and distinct.

The nine acres transferred were in Trenton, bounded by property of James Trent, Elizabeth and Benjamin Miles, and Samuel Johnson. The sum of £30 16s was given for it. The names of the assignors are Hugh Robert, Benjamin Clew, Abel James, John Kidd, William Humphreys, Joseph Reed, jr., Moore Truman and Thomas, Wharton, jr., Their lawyer was Bowes Reed, and the form of giving power of attorney is clearly brought out. Stephen Skinner, as "king's counsel," attested for the lawyer.

A remarkable feature is the seals. The lawyers signed for each assignor. Then opposite each name was placed a red seal, stamped with a Pine Tree shilling. On each seal is the plain print of a thumb mark, no two alike. Evidently this was an early form of the Bertillion method used in place of the cross "his mark."

CANNED CORRESPONDENCE

A Correspondent writes to the New Sun:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: In Mr. Roosevet's ebullition from Oyster Bay he includes a "canned" letter said to have been written by Mr. Taft to an unnamed gentlemen in Ohio some time ago. Mr. Roosevelt says of this letter:

It was not intended for publication, but it was understood that if necessary it should be published.

This constant state of preparedness for any and all emergencies appears to approximate a habit on the part of the President. As throwing light on the workings of foresight I quote from Mr. Bellamy Storer's "Letter to the President and Members of His Cabinet." Referring to one of Mr. Rosseveit's letters to him, Mr. Storer says:

This letter . . . was unintelligible except on the theory that he had resolved to repudiate all authority for my action and to appear ignorant of it, and was now writing a letter which would be serviceable if not used later as evidence to support that position. In fact, that was the use to which the letter was afterward actually put by him in quoting it to persons not informed of the facts.

One of Mr. Roosevelt's vociferated belief is that the way to avoid war is to be prepared for it.

D. CONNEL.

Handicapped Child.

A woman's paper in Berlin protests indignantly against the thoughtlessness of the misguided patriots who propose that all the baby girls born in Germany this year should be named "Zeppelin," in order t ocommemorate Count Zeppelin's airship feat.

Keeping One's Promise.

It is a good rule always to keep your word. If you make an engagement, keep it; if you say you will do a thing, do it, and let it be known that you are sincere in your promises.

"What Every Woman Knows."

Mr. Winston Churchill's marriage is good news. Bachelors are not good statesmen. If Mr. Balfour, Lord Milner and Cecil Rhodes had been married what a difference it would have made!—London Review of Reviews.

LOOKING ONE'S BEST

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE "WELL-GROOMED."

Little Things That Are of Real Importance—Expensive Dress by No Means the One Requisite Demanded.

"Good-grooming" is an extremely comprehensive phrase, capable of many interpretations.

The well-groomed individual patronizes the Turkish bath or a substitute therefor. But I have known a devotee of the Turkish bath to be anything but well groomed, because, after the bath, she did not have her hair properly dressed or she donned a dress that sagged in the back or needed pressing. The well-groomed woman stands for personal daintiness, but she must also know and practice appropriateness in dress. A woman who is personally dainty, whose hair gleams like satin, whose finger nails are well kept and teeth like pearls, may still look ungroomed if she wears a picture hat with a severe tailored suit when shopping.

The well-groomed individual cleans his teeth night and morning and after each meal. If he smokes and stains his teeth, he has them gone over by a dentist not less than once a month.

He does not have his hair cut spasmodically, but regularly. You do not meet him one week with his hair almost touching his coat collar, and the next week, with it clipped close, like a prize fighter's. Neither does he allow dandruff to collect on his scalp and shower his coat collar and shoulders. He does not radiate perfume of any sort, but his regular shaving followed by patting the face with bay rum or a good toilet water gives him a general air of cleanliness and freshness. He does not have his finger nails cut to deep points or highly polished, but he keeps them trimmed roundly and regularly, with what might be termed a "domestic finish" for polish.

The well-groomed woman is not always the most expensively dressed woman, nor does she dress her hair in the most extreme fashion. But when you look at her once, you are bound to take a second look—she is so pleased, so harmonious, so restful.

Her hair is clean and well-brushed. If she wears a switch, or a few puffs, you may be sure that she buys good hair that matches her own carefully, and then combines the two so cleverly that the line of demarkation cannot be seen. The fashion in which the would-be stylish girl openly flaunts her false hair this season is not good grooming.

She does not apply powder in excess until her face looks like a mask, nor does she go to the other extreme and assume a complexion so vivid that the cosmetics can be recognized by the most inexperienced eye.

She never allows a spot to remain on her frock, and she does not wear a soiled petticoat under a freshly-laundered shirt waist suit. Her neckwear is immaculate and her skirts and blouses always meet firmly. Her short skirts do not sag on the back and her boot heels are never crooked or "run over." A missing shoe button she abhors, and her laces and ties are always fresh and well-tied. Cleanliness and harmony—these are the keynotes of good grooming.

A simple toilet water is composed of two ounces ach of elderflower water and distilled water.

A paste made of fine starch and a very little water spread on a bruised spot immediately after a blow will often prevent discoloration.

The white of an egg beaten in lemon juice and slightly sweetened with powdered sugar is a simple and pleasant remedy for hoarseness. The mixture should be slowly dissolved in the mouth and swallowed.

Frequently change the mode of wearing the hair, else falling hair is likely to result. That portion of the scalp where the hair is coiled and pinned receives no sunlight and the coiled hair no ventilation.

For scant eyebrows mix the following thoroughly and apply with a tiny toothbrush once a day until the growth is sufficiently stimulated, then less often: Oil of lavender, 15 drops; oil of rosemary, 15 drops; tincture of cantharides, two drams; vaseline, two ounces.

Waist of White Net.

A very pretty, cool-looking waist, suitable for general wear or for half mourning, is of white net. The material is first laid in tuck groups of three-quarter-inch tucks, alternating with one measuring half an inch in width.

When cutting the waist the body part is laid on the material so that the tucks run vertically. The sleeves are full length even to beyond the waist, and fit the arms smoothly, the tucks running around the arms. There is no lining and the waist is much more attractive than it appears by description.

Magnificent Spectacle.

It is estimated that between 15,000 and 20,000 people viewed the departure of the Fleet at South Head. It was the sight of a lifetime, and those who did rise earlier than usual will never forget the scene as the long line passed through the Heads and straightened up on a course to the southward.

The morning broke rather hazy, and the sun struggled through the thick atmosphere. At half-past 7 the rays had pierced the mist, and a glorious blaze of light shone over the cliffs, making the entrance to the harbor more beautiful than ever. The transformation from haze to bright sunshine came at the right moment, and the early arrivals at South Head, even forgetting about the Fleet, had their money's worth.

A cold breeze came fresh from the westward, and with an edge as keen as a razor, invigorated the spectators, and people walked to and fro just to keep up the circulation.

Citywards there was a dense bank of fog and smoke, and now and then only could the hulls of the Fleet—now all animation on the decks—be picked out. The white ships presented a fine picture, the rays of the sun playing through the mist, adding to the splendor of the scene.

At a quarter to 3 the fog lifted, opening up the whole harbor, but only for a few minutes. Everything was enveloped again, owing to the heavy smoke which had been belching forth from the stacks of the battleships, two auxilliaries, and the big collier Ajax.

Meanwhile the crowd had grown at South Head; every elevation being secured.

The trains arrived at the terminus loaded, dealers' carts were plentiful, cabs, buggies, sulkies, bikes, and motor cars were all there, and discharged living freight in record time. Many hundreds also took advantage of the crisp air, and preferred to walk, and reached the cliffs with cheeks aglow. Indeed, there were mothers and babies in the throng, as well as a strong force of policemen, under Superintendent Mitchell.

As the hour approached for taking in moorings, the crowd on the cliffs, eager with expectancy, turned their faces to the breeze, and all eyes were centred on Bradley's Head, and that portion of the harbor visible towards Garden Island. The Louisiana was in full view, but only with the aid of a powerful telescope could the masthead of the Connecticut be picked up off Kirribilli.

Slowly had the sun conquered the fog, and the onlookers were delighted with the prospect of a good view. But murmurs of disappointment came from the crowd as the clouds of coal smoke once more shot skyward from the funnels, the westerly wind blowing it towards the Heads.

There were a number of steamers outside the Heads waiting for the Fleet, and the Westralia from Hobart came along just in time. She emerged from the haze to the southward about 8 o'clock, and her engines were stopped when she was about a mile off. There was also a three-masted schooner, and the captain made an effort to enter the port before the Fleet came in view. She was intercepted, and went about between the Heads. A fair wind took her well clear, and the crew were enabled to view the battleship procession at sea.

It was 8:15 before the Connecticut was observed under the weigh, and the crowd was on the tip-toe of excitement. There were no pilots on board, so that no time would be lost in discharging these officials after the Heads had been cleared.

The Connecticut came into view at 8:20, steering a course well clear of Bradley's Head. She was gathering way clear all the time, and it is estimated that she was traveling at the rate of seven knots, even at that early stage.

The sun now shone brighter. It had achieved an absolute victory over all the haze, and the flagship made a magnificent showing.

Having cleared Bradley's the course was altered a little, and then in order came the other ships of the first division. By the time the vessels of the first and second division had entered the eastern channel, the Louisiana was moving ahead to lead the squadron which had been at anchor on the southern side of the harbor. This sight was probably more pictureshque than the other; at all events, it was so from South Head. Those vessels had been in view all the time lying hove short heading northward. It was not a difficult matter for them to fall into position as the westerly breeze had, as it were, been made to order for the occasion. It was just what was wanted, and fresh enough to cause a little tugging at the morrings.

When the Louisiana began to move, there was life in seven other ships, for they swung round simultaneously, and were almost obscured by the dense clouds of smoke from the vessels now in advance.

In seven minutes' time the spectators on the cliffs were gazing in admiration at a line of 10 ships, the Connecticut being abreast of Green Point, and travelling at a speed much reduced than when she came into sight round Bradley's. This was an item in the proceedings which everybody seemed to pick out at the same time, for, in unison, the thousands cried, "She has slowed down."

But only for a few minutes. The water was soon boiling under the stern, and from the bows she was throwing off the the waves, indicating that the order had been received in the engine-room to quicken the revolutions of the propeller.

It was a scene rather difficult to describe in a pen picture now, for the starboard side of each ship was in view from the cliffs. They appeared spotlessly white as the sun shone over them. The darker tints from the turrets and topsides, together with the jet black effects of the projecting guns, added to the grandeur, and from thousands of throats there came shouts of admiration.

By this time the crowd had a view of the flagship in the lead, and the Kentucky in the rear, and the many who had viewed the arrival admitted that the departure from a spectacular point altogether eclipsed the first appearance of "Uncle Sam's ships.

The captain of the Connecticut evidently was not taking any chance at South Reef, for he steered well over towards North Head, otherwise the sightseers would not have enjoyed the spectacle of 16 ships in line inside the harbor.

Unconsciously, therefore, the navigators bestowed a great favor on the sightseers who had turned out to witness the departure.

When well over towards the bold headland, the Connecticut swung round, answering to the helm like a small boat. She began then to feel the slight swell, and lifted her bows in lordly style. There was practically no sea, and the leader of the great White Fleet stood out to sea, heading due east.

When this was observed, the landsmen began to talk about the course which had been laid down for the first stages of the run to Melbourne. Some suggested that Admiral Sperry had decided to proceed due east for three miles, and so be outside the limit, but the prophets were all wrong.

After about a mile had been covered, there was another alteration in the course, and the Connecticut came round south-half-east, passing clear of the cliffs.

Following at equal distances came the ships of the other divisions, and each ship proceeded to exactly the same spot off North Head were the flagship changed the course, swinging with accuracy, just as though the place had been buoyed.

The movements were closely watched by the crowd, and it was an admiring throng that followed the tactics closely.

It was the first time in our history that the opportunity had presented itself for witnessing such a performance, and it is not likely to be imagined, for so true was the line that it is not an exaggeration to say that if the foremost ship had stopped suddenly, the one immediately following, had she continued on her way, would have struck the centre of the stern post of the leader.

Certainly not more than 25 minutes had elapsed from the time the Connecticut was on her true course for Melbourne, before the Kentucky, the last of the fourth division, had taken up her position in the line and then came the best sight of the whole morning.

The Connecticut was about four miles ahead of the last ship, and the line was to the people on the cliffs as straight as a die. The sun caught the port side, and seemed to glide off the well-rounded after portions of the vessels so beautifully as to fleck the wash from the ships into splashes of dazzling crystal. The dark shadows to starboard assisted in a picture which, could never be properly given on canvas.

The crowds waited for half-an-hour, and then the Fleet was disappearing in the sea-fog, and the visit but a pleasant subject to think about.

The store ships Glacier and Panther were not long afterwards following the fleet, and the last of all was the collier Ajax.

The flagship passed through the Heads at a quarter to 9, and the Kentucky (the last ship, at five minutes past 9.

The signal master at South Head lowered the Blue Ensign to each division and the departing American "dipped" in response.—Sydney Evening News.

Premature Domesticity.

In an English novel of the eighteenth century the author thus refers to a certain woman: "She had reached the age of thirty-five, an age beyond which no woman can hope either to feel or inspire deep affection." In one of George Meredith's early novels he refers to a character as a woman "on the criminal side of thirty.' A Boston woman in the last century, after reaching the age of thirty, put on, over her abundant natural hair, a false front and a cap. These were the outward and visible signs of the matronly maturity she had reached. She gave up at the same time all the gayer forms of social intercourse. She confined herself thereafter to the mild and elderly variety. She had "come out" into Boston society at fifteen. After two years of social gayeties she had married. At thirty she was the mother of eight children. She had lived the active part of her life. In accordance with the conventions of her time she settled down to a life of vegetating domesticity. She was the normal woman of her day, registering its customs, just as a good thermometer registers the temperature.—Appleton's Magazine for September.

The Governor of Indiana is to deliver 157 lectures next year. Isn't the country ever going to get a rest?—Baltimore Sun.

TRANSPORTATION GUIDE.

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MONDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY.

Sailing from Philadelphia, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Freight received and delivered daily at C. & O. Pier No. 6. Office River Road. JAS. W. M'CARRICK, Gen. Southern Agent.

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Fast Trains to Richmond and West.

Leave Newport News 10:[illegible] [illegible] 5:35 p. m.

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6:30 a. m.; 5:45 p. m.

Trains arrive Newport News [illegible] a. m., 10:35 a. m., 5:05 p. m. [illegible] p. m.

Steamer Service for Norfolk.

Leave Newport News 10:40 [illegible] 5:40 p. m.

OLD DOMINION LI[NE]

Daily Service FOR NEW YORK From Company's [illegible] Norfolk, foot of [illegible] street, every [illegible] at 7:00 P. M.

FARE—First-class, one way, [illegible] Round trip, limit thirty days, [illegible] meals and berth in stateroom [illegible] cluded.

Steerage, without subsistence, [illegible] TICKETS on sale at C. & O. [illegible] way Ticket Office.

NIGHT LINE BETWEEN NEWPORT NEWS AND RICHMOND, VA.

Steamers Brandon and [illegible] leave Pier "A" 8:30 every evening [illegible] passengers only.

VIRGINIA NAVIGATION COMPANY, James River Day Line [illegible] Richmond and all James River landings. Steamer Pocahontas leaves Newport News, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 8:45 a. m. Leave Newport News Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5 p. m., for Norfolk and Old Point.

Steamer Hampton will leave Pier "A" daily except Sunday, at 8:[illegible] a. m., going to Norfolk, and at 4:3[illegible] p. m., going to Smithfield. Steamer "[illegible]comac" will leave Pier "A" daily, except Sunday at 9 a. m. going to Smithfield and 3 p. m., going to Norfolk.

All business between New York and Newport News transacted at pier No. 6.

All business between Newport News, Norfolk, Smithfield and local points transacted at Pier "A" foot of Twenty-fifth street.

W. H. LANDON, Agent.

NORFOLK & ATLANTIC TERMINAL CO.

"Sewell's Point Route."

Effective Sept. 28, 1908.

Subject to change without notice.

Leave Norfolk	Leave Sewell's Point.	Leave Shipyard.	Leave Ivy Ave. Pier
		6:30	6:[illegible]
7:30	8:00	8:45	9:[illegible]
9:00	9:30	10:25	10:[illegible]
10:30	11:00	11:45	12:[illegible]
12:00	12:30	1:15	1:[illegible]
1:30	2:00	2:45	3:[illegible]
3:00	3:30	4:15	4:[illegible]
4:30	5:00	5:45	6:[illegible]
6:00	6:30	7:45	8:[illegible]
8:00	8:30	[illegible]	[illegible]

NORFOLK—WHITE CITY

Cars leave Norfolk daily every [illegible] minutes from 6 a. m. to 11:00 p. m.

First car leaves White City 6:45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11:[illegible] p. m.

Extra cars will be operated according to the demand.

H. C. HATHAWAY, General Manager.

The NORFOLK & WASHINGTON STEAMBOAT CO.

The New and Powerful Iron [illegible] Steamers NEWPORT NEWS, WASHINGTON AND NORFOLK will [illegible] daily as follows:

Northbound.

Leave Portsmouth, North street	[illegible]
Leave Norfolk, foot of Water street, at	[illegible]
Leave Old Point Comfort at	[illegible]
Arrive Washington at	[illegible]

	Penn. R.R.	B.&O. R.R.
Lv. Wash. ..	8:00 am	[illegible]
Ar. Phila. ..	11:01 a m	[illegible]
Ar. N. Y. ...	1:15 p m	[illegible]

Southbound.

Lv. New York..	*12:25 m	[illegible]
Lv. Phila.	3:00 p m	[illegible]
Ar. Wash.	6:05 p m	[illegible]
Lv. Wash.	6:30 p m	[illegible]
Ar. Old Point ..	7:00 a m	[illegible]
Ar. Norfolk	8:00 a m	[illegible]
Ar. Portsmouth.	8:30 a m	[illegible]

*Daily.

For information apply to J. N. SMITH, Agent, Union Ticket Office, Chamberlin Hotel, Old Point, Virginia.

P. M. PRITCHARD, Gen. [illegible]

JNO. L. WILLIAMS, City [illegible] Agent, corner Granby and [illegible] streets, Norfolk.

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For tickets and further information apply to [illegible]