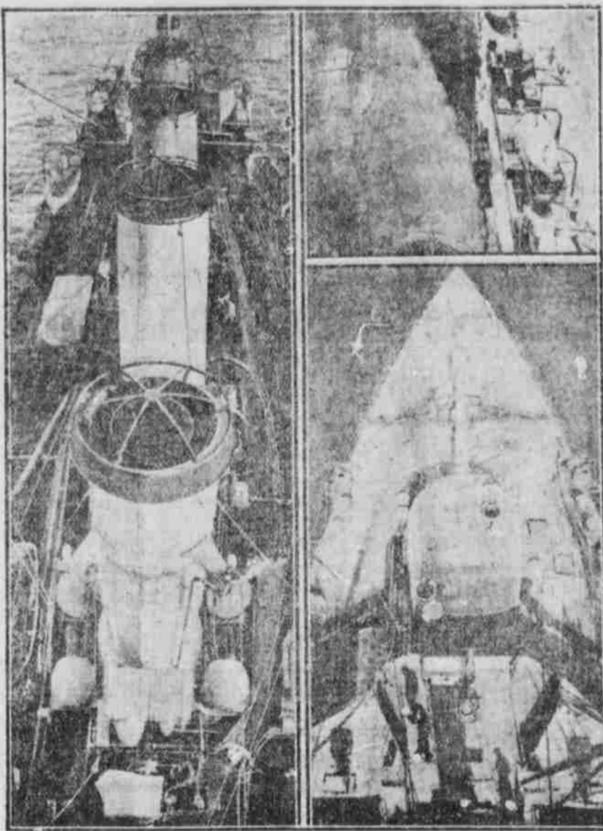


A CRUISER FROM ALOFT.



What the upper deck of a cruiser looks like from the foretop. (1) Looking aft; (2) Looking aft—the vessel cleared for action and steaming fast; (3) Looking forward—the vessel cleared for action and steaming fast.

WHERE WOMEN RULE.

NORWAY, ME., WORLD'S MOST DISTINCTIVELY FEMININE CITY.

Sex Supreme in All Vocations—Banks, Hotels, Post Office and Meat Markets All Managed by "Skirts."

Norway, Me.—Frills, furbelows and chiffon do the actual business of this bustling thriving New England town. In every line of commerce and finance, trade and profession, the gentler sex of Norway is successfully engaged, and it is the most distinctly "woman's town" in America. The women not only clothe, hat and shoe the population, but they gracefully preside over meat markets, the post office and three hotels.

The women of Norway marry the living and bury the dead. Legal disputes are settled by a feminine justice of the peace. Sick and wound-

ed are administered to by a woman doctor. The countryside is photographed by another woman. For 22 years the checks of the bank have been cashed by a small white woman's hand, while a quarter of a century is the period that a woman has awayed the morals, opinions and politics of the town through the columns of her paper.

A director in the street railway and the corporation that lights the village is a woman, and she attends each and every meeting of the directorate and gets her pay for attendance with the same regularity that old Uncle Russell Sage did.

Yet it cannot be said that the fair ones of Norway compete with the men. The latter are too gallant to permit of competition. They simply roll back in their big comfortable arm chairs and admiringly tell what their women "folks" can do.

The S. B. & Z. S. Prince store is

not only owned by two sisters, but everything in the shop is done by women. The only connection that a man can have with this establishment is as a purchaser.

Around the street from Miss Prince is a shoe store conducted by Miss Edith Smith. Mrs. Laura A. Sanborn can set the type, feed the press and set up the copy for the Norway Advertiser as easily as she can write its editorials.

"I was a good adder and that is the way I started in the banking business," is the modest explanation that Cashier Stella B. Pike gives of her association with the Norway National bank. "I soon found out, though, that it took more than an adder of figures to be a financier. But women are especially adapted for the banking business. We are by nature honest, and that is the thing that tells in a bank."

If there is not a preacher handy and a couple wish to get married, Miss Margaret A. Baker is the one whom the avain seeks out. As the justice of the peace she is permitted to perform the marriage ceremony, to acknowledge deeds and administer oaths.

This justice of the peace has a clever young sister, Miss Jennie P. Baker. She is one of the most capable business women in Norway, managing a large dry goods store, the proprietor of which lives in Portland. Miss Jennie is about 25 years old.

Caring for the dead is one of the necessary things of life. Miss Grace Thayer owns a large undertaking establishment and is licensed as an undertaker.

For eight years Dr. Annette Bennett has been the town physician.

The walls of the studio of Miss Minnie F. Libby are covered with such fine examples of photography that her art should have a national reputation.

The hotel women of this place are noted far and near. Martha C. Whitmarsh came to be the proprietor of the Elm house. She delights to tell of the times, 40 years ago, when the stage, with four, used to dash up to her tavern door. Mrs. Lizzie Woodman is the proprietor of the Beale house. Her sister, Mrs. Ella Tibbitts, was also a hotel keeper, but she has retired rich.

One of the biggest butcher shops in Norway is run by Mrs. Owen P. Brookes, whose husband insists that he never made money until his wife was behind the counter.

There are a couple of women among the large group of money-makers who attend simply to the growing of their fortunes. Miss Elizabeth B. Beal is a director in the Norway & Paris Street Railway company, and she is also a director in the corporation that operates the electric lighting and power for the village and adjacent land.

There is little or no crime in Norway. The town has not a saloon, and liquor is not even sold on the quiet. The men do smoke, but the women are hoping that the time will come, and come soon, when this "vicious" habit will not be indulged in by the voting population.

BABY HAS A RECORD

SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRL TRAVELS 200,000 MILES.

Meets Pope and the President—Roosevelt Gave Her Flowers, but Leo's Reception Was Not So Effusive.

Boston—With a traveling record of about 200,000 miles to her credit, the "Baby Globetrotter," as Miss Kathryn Leonore Adelia Glenwood Moran is called, has made the announcement she wants to "go to housekeeping," adding she has traveled as much as she cares to and she now prefers to establish and remain in a home of her own.

Miss Leonore is only six years old, but she has visited more different countries and more inaccessible personages than the average diplomat can boast of in a lifetime.

Crowned heads of Europe have recognized the little girl, she was admitted to the presence of the late Pope Leo XIII, being the only child under 12 years who was ever permitted an "audience" with his Holiness.

"I guess the pope didn't think much about me, though," little Miss Leonore admitted. "He was so old and I was so young, but I remember President Roosevelt very well. He seemed 'delighted' to see me, and gave me a bouquet of flowers from his library table and I carried them with me to have a photograph taken. We were at Glenwood Springs, Col., when he was out there on his big hunt, and our hotel was the executive headquarters. That is where I was born, and I think that of all the places I have ever seen I prefer Glenwood Springs to all others. You see, part of my name is 'Glenwood.'"

"Yes, my name is rather long," little Miss Leonore said as she sat on a chair out of all proportions to her size and chatted about herself with a newspaper representative. The name under discussion did seem burdensomely long for the delicate, dainty miss with blue eyes, who could talk with such familiarity of personages and places.

"I am sometimes called 'Miss Kathryn,' but I much prefer 'Miss Leonore,'" she said with childish sweetness.

While she has received unusual attention on account of her intelligence, the little "globetrotter" has not forgotten a winning childish manner and talks of her travels as naturally as most children talk of their toys. She has been interviewed for numerous papers and was the subject of an article in a Tokio paper, when the only thing she was able to read was her own name. She afterward received about 50 post cards from Japanese children.

Miss Leonore is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Moran, of Chicago. Mr. Moran is one of the best-known newspaper men in the west and was one time managing editor of the Chicago Times. Like her father, the little girl inclines toward a literary career.

"I expect to begin to write as soon as we go to housekeeping," she announced, "that's one reason why I think that we should settle down. I can't do very much this way, you know. We are going to the Klondike this summer, again. Our trip up there last summer was interesting. Beautiful flowers grow beside the snow banks, but I feel that I have traveled enough. I want to go to Glenwood and live quietly for a change."

OLD CUSTOM FROM GERMANY.

Goshenhoppen Reformed Church Decorates 2,000 Graves.

Pennsburg, Pa.—A religious observance altogether new in southeastern Pennsylvania, and probably conducted for the first time in the United States, took place the other day at the New Goshenhoppen Reformed church. It was a service in memory of the dead, and the principal feature was the decoration of 2,000 graves in the graveyard with flowers. The idea was suggested to Rev. C. M. De Long, pastor, when he visited Nuremberg, Germany, some years ago. One Sunday in June nearly the whole populace assembled in the cemeteries, placed flowers on the graves and then attended religious services.

All afternoon and next morning until ten o'clock the members of the congregation brought great quantities of flowers to the churchyard and placed them on the graves. When the time arrived for beginning the services the great expanse of flower-decked graves presented a scene of rare beauty. An appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. De Long.

Strange Bird Is Shot.

Knoxville, Tenn.—Inhabitant in the region of Zion's Hill, Lee county, Virginia, are greatly puzzled over the discovery of a strange bird in the mountains near by by J. F. Witt, a merchant of that place. The bird is of great size, measuring nine feet from tip to tip. The feathers are perfectly white, except the tips of the wings, which are black.

Its head and bill are 18 inches in length, its webbed feet are seven inches across. A great pouch under its bill holds a gallon of water and this gives the idea that the bird must be of the pelican family, found in southern waters. It is supposed that the bird was driven to the north by a storm and lost its bearings. It will be brought here, mounted and exhibited.

Historic Cottage to Go.

New York.—Summer residents at Easthampton, L. I., are disappointed to learn that the John Howard Payne "Home, Sweet Home" cottage there is likely to be sold within a few days to a Brooklyn man. He is expected to so alter and remodel it as to destroy its identity. When the wardens of St. Luke's Episcopal church bought the Payne property last year, some of the summer cottagers endeavored to raise a fund with which to buy the cottage, but without success.

ALFONSO IN HIS AUTO.



Snapshot at the royal Spanish father, taken a few hours after his hair was cut, as he set out in his motor car to have some of his favorite sport, pigeon shooting. The populace cheered him enthusiastically, and the King was in high spirits, having been assured that his wife and son were doing well.

A Novel Church on Wheels.

Unique Chapel Car, With Bishop Hennessy in Charge, to Tour Kansas.

Wichita, Kan.—A chapel car, the only one of its kind in the world, has been brought to Wichita from Chicago. The car was made in the Pullman car shops at Pullman, Ill., a suburb of Chicago.

The chapel car will be in charge of Bishop Hennessy until next December. In this time the bishop, assisted by a priest and a cook, will tour the branch lines of the railroads through Kansas. He will stop at the towns and gather the scattered members of the church for the purpose of administering to them the sacraments of the church, instructing the young and lending financial assistance to the poor.

The first of the novel religious ceremonies in connection with the chapel car was seen in Chicago, when the small, convenient church on wheels was dedicated under the auspices of the Catholic Church Extension society by Archbishop Quigley, of Chicago.

The "chapel car" is the gift of Ambrose Perry, of New York. Excepting

the pope's private chapel car, which has never been used, it is the only one of the kind.

The car was built on the model of the Pullman private car. It is fitted with the necessary accessories for travel. It contains two sleeping apartments, a kitchen and a library. The distinctive feature is the chapel, built to accommodate 50 persons. It contains an altar and a confessional, where the various sacraments of the church can be administered. The car, with its fittings, is valued at \$15,000.

IN SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD MINE.



A rock drill in a mine in the Rand.

GAVE ROAD TO AFRICA

JAMES STEVENSON, SCOTCHMAN, DONATED \$25,000 FOR WORK.

Route Lies Between North End of Lake Nyassa and South End of Lake Tanganyika, Distance of 211 Miles.

London.—James Stevenson, a wealthy Scotchman, gave \$25,000 to build a road between the north end of Lake Nyassa and the south end of Lake Tanganyika in Central Africa about 25 years ago. He was convinced that nothing would help more to develop Africa than good highways.

It took two years to build the road, and it was well built. Its length is 211 miles. Apart from the great usefulness of the road the white men there have always said that it has been a powerful civilizing agency.

It has helped to accustom the natives of that densely populated region to work for the white, and to use calico and other European articles. The work of construction was the first instance on a large scale of the utilization of native labor in Central Africa. Many trained laborers now live along the road and engage in transport service between the two great lakes.

This highway is known as the Stevenson road. Mr. Chrapkowsky, an official in the German service, who recently traveled over the road, has written an interesting account of it.

He says that though nothing has been done to maintain the road built 25 years ago, it is still, with the single exception of the road between Victoria Nyansa and Tanganyika, the best highway in Central Africa. As nothing has been done to maintain the road, it is now covered with grass, but travelers say this is really an advantage, as the vegetation has helped to keep the road from washing, and it is also better for the feet of the carriers, who dislike to walk on those stretches where there is no grass, for it is as hard as stone and hurts their feet.

The usefulness of the road is proved by the fact that porters carrying 60

pounds on their backs make an average of 20 miles a day, while the usual journey is only ten miles. The road passes entirely through British territory, and the government has erected a station every 20 miles where caravans may spend the night.

There is provision at each station to put all the freight under cover, comfortable brick and concrete houses afford excellent conditions for a good night's rest, and there are cookhouses where the meals of the caravan are prepared. One of the neighboring chiefs is held responsible for the cleanliness and good order of each station. He receives a monthly salary of a few shillings from the government, and a few yards of calico from each caravan passing over the route.

GOES TO PRISON AT 81 YEARS.

Dangerous Counterfeiter Is Sent to Penitentiary at Advanced Age.

Philadelphia.—"Old Sam" Tate, said to be the most dangerous counterfeiter in the country, has been sent to the eastern penitentiary by Judge Holland for eight years.

Since 1872 Tate has spent more than half of his time in jail, and it is probable that his sentence will finish him, for he told the court yesterday that he was 81 years old. William Ingber and Charles Busramonte, who were tried with him, were sentenced to 18 months and three years respectively.

Only last March Tate was on trial for counterfeiting, with George Ward, Michael Joyce, James Gaughan and Catherine O'Donnell, but by shrewd coaching of the other defendants Tate was acquitted. Ward, Joyce and Gaughan were sent to prison, and the O'Donnell woman, although convicted, was released in her own recognizance.

Tate put up a hard fight. His counsel declared that he was being "systematically hounded" by the secret service men; that he was a reputable junk dealer and that in the course of his business he had come into possession of the supposed counterfeiting material found in his house by the operatives.

NAMES SHIRT-WAIST INSPECTOR.

Mayor Busse, of Chicago, Appoints Female Garment Critics.

Chicago.—A "shirt-waist inspector" is the latest addition to the city hall payroll. Just what the remuneration and the duties of the inspector are to be no one exactly knows, but because Mrs. Ida Cross is displeased with a 69-cent shirt waist she purchased at a state street department store, the inspector was appointed. Louis M. Featherstone, whose knowledge of the secrets of the construction of the "peekaboo" and other shirt waists is said to be above reproach, is the first inspector.

His appointment was made because Mayor Busse and the other heads of the city hall are too gallant to see one of the fair sex in trouble. Monday afternoon, being bargain day, Mrs. Cross purchased a shirt waist that attracted her attention in a store. After taking it home her ideas changed, and she returned it and asked that her money be refunded. A polite refusal followed, with the explanation that the waist was slightly soiled. If Mrs. Cross would pay to have it laundered the company would be glad to refund the difference, she was told.

Appeals to the managers of the store proved fruitless; they gave the same reply. Having heard that Mayor Busse is a friend of those in trouble,

Mrs. Cross told him her story and asked his aid.

"I will appoint a special 'shirt waist' inspector," he exclaimed. "Here, Featherstone, you know all about shirt waists, don't you?"

"Surely," replied the unsuspecting Featherstone. "Peekaboo, fancy and plain. Linen, calico or silk. Plaited—"

"That's enough. You are now the official shirt waist inspector for the city of Chicago. Look into this."

Museum Gets 1800 B. C. Statue.

New York.—Theodore H. Davis, the archaeologist, has arrived from Europe, bringing with him one of the oldest relics in the world. This is an alabaster statue of Queen Tete, a famous Egyptian, whose tomb Mr. Davis recently discovered. The statue dates from 1800 B. C. It will be presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Mr. Davis said that they worked three years excavating the tombs of the kings in Thebes, and it will be two years more before the work is completed.

Publicity to End Sunday Bail.

Sterling, Ill.—Irate citizens of the farming community east of this city who have been waging war on Sunday ball games have decided to issue a paper called the Palmyra Searchlight. This paper is to contain the names of all the persons who attend the games.