

BLIND WOMAN MADE TO SEE: FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD

Happy Patient Tells of Strange Impressions of Her New World—She Finds a Horse Really Terrifying—Uses Touch Even Yet, Better Than Her Eyes.

In all the marvels wrought by surgical skill it would be difficult to find a rival to the operation performed at the Kent County Ophthalmic Hospital, London, Eng., a few days ago, which gave sight to a woman who had never seen during the 35 years of her life.

Annie Hubbard, the subject of this wonderful feat of surgery, was born blind. She had ceased to hope. She had acquired all those arts and almost supernatural developments of the remaining senses whereby blind people place themselves almost on a level, for all practical purposes, with those who can see. Indeed, from years of habit, she still makes pathetic use of the verb "to touch," when she means "to see."

Tramcar is Puzzling.
Surely no human being at present alive can be leaping so strange an existence as this woman, who stands midway between the two worlds of darkness and of light. Her sight is imperfect as yet, but it is very gradually improving and unfolding in the process of new wonder every day.

"I did not not see," she said, speaking of her first day of sight, "I had known just what they were like."

But with living creatures, with scenery, tramcars, houses, and the like, it is often very different. A horse, a tree, a passing tramcar, puzzled and even frightened her.

She has a difficulty in explaining precisely what was her mental concentration of such things as these, except that in all cases the size of the reality greatly exceeds what she had imagined it to be.

People Look Big.
"Even human beings are ever so much bigger than I had imagined," she says. "You see, when you tell blind people to look like that, but, of course, with anything big you can only touch a little part of it at a time. So you cannot guess how high or how broad it is."

"The first time I saw a horse I was terrified. I had no idea there was anything alive so big. It was quite close to me and it looked to me a terrible creature."

In the world of the blind a horse, a tree, a good instance, seems hardly to have a definite shape at all.

The word "horse" at once conjures up to a seeing person a mental picture of the animal. To a blind person, it would seem, it brings a strange compound of mental impression, clattering noise, a faintly acid smell, a sense of cold hairiness and perhaps a faint vibration of the earth—but no clearly-defined impression.

Blind Read Character.
A tree, again, is a vast, unyielding

substance, rough in texture, and capable of a swishing noise: "I was surprised at the size of the top part of the first one I touched—that is to say, saw."

But she had one thing to say which revealed a far stranger thing than the mere material fittings of the world of the blind. She told how the blind see character.

"You," she said, "can tell by a person's face what kind of a nature he has. If he is angry or happy, his face tells you so, and perhaps you think that blind people who cannot see faces cannot read a stranger's character."

"But we can. You rely so much on your sight that little changes in the tone of a speaker's voice, little movements, changes of breathing escape you. They are there, all the same, and we are all that the blind have to go by, we are all the keener to notice them."

Between Two Worlds.
"If you were to shut your eyes you would find it hard to tell what kind of a person you were talking to. But if your eyes had been always shut you would not have heard of signs which would tell you at once."

That is why, she says, the blind are often such marvellously acute judges of character. They read the subtle signs which, while a man may be schooling his features and outward appearance to give a certain impression, escape his unconscious and betray his real thoughts and emotions.

Miss Hubbard, like most blind people, senses to a remarkable degree, and herself relying on them rather than on her new and occasionally uncontrollable gift of sight. She finds it easier to ascend steps with her eyes shut than with them open, for she has yet to learn how to focus her sight, and experiences difficulty in gauging distance aright.

Even when blind she could do housework, or could take a stranger all over the town of Maldstone and tell him infallibly where he stood and what he saw before him.

Yet at Home in Dark.
It is almost weird to think that one who can do such things in pitchy darkness, where a normal person would be helpless, has still so many simple things to learn. She has to learn the names of different colors, for instance; although she can differentiate between red and yellow, she has to learn which is which.

Her sight becomes strong enough to permit her to read in the ordinary way. She can read blind type easily, but printed letters are strange hieroglyphics to her.

Meanwhile, with the strange and beautiful world now before her, she is as happy a woman as any in England.

"When I first never gets better than it is today," she said, "I shall never be able to express the wonderful joy it has brought into my life."

Wellington's Opinion.
The Duke of Wellington, for example, could never see the grounds for Talleyrand's great reputation, and used to give instances of his unrivaled duplicity, especially under Napoleon, whom he never trusted, and whom in the end he was pleased to help to overthrow. Nevertheless, the duke was, as Talleyrand said, the only man who ever spoke well of him.

In Paris, or any part of France, it was his popularity but curiosity that prevailed. People wanted to see the man who had taken, and broken, so many oaths, and who had survived so many revolutions. All the governments employed him; none trusted him, nor had he much confidence in any of them.

Iron Duke an "Ogre."
"The French public," writes the Duchesse de Dino, "will never regard the Duke of Wellington as anything else but an ogre, or M. de Talleyrand anything but a person whom the devil will carry off some day, but who, in the meantime, owing to an unholy bargain with the prince of darkness, has the power of bewitching the universe."

The duchess lifts the veil of privacy for a moment when she tells us of the way that Talleyrand received the news of his old wife's fatal illness. "All the rest of the day M. de Talleyrand showed I had not seen him for a long time, and which struck me so much that when I heard him positively humming a tune, I could not help asking him, 'If it was the fact that he was soon to be a widower that put him in such spirits.' He made a face at me like a mischievous child, and went on talking about all these would-be to do if the princess, of the old worldling talking and laughing with the mistress about the dying old wife."—M. J. G.

EARLY GRECIAN COINAGE.
The invention of coinage is due to the Greek world, probably to the banks of Halicarnassos and adjacent Asia Minor Greek colonies, who toward the end of the eighth century, B. C. began stamping the small gold and electrum ingots which passed through their hands as currency with a mark of some sort intended to guarantee the weight and purity of the metal; such ingots very soon assumed a round and more regular shape, which we find already in old silver coins from Aegina, nearly contemporary with Asia Minor "beans."

Curious to say, none of the surrounding peoples with whom the Asiatic and European Greeks were in constant communication, political or commercial, took up the wonderful invention which at present seems to us of such obvious necessity that we scarcely realize how the civilized world of old could have got on without it. As a matter of fact, however, neither the Phoenicians, with their practical commercial sense, nor the Lydians or the Persians who claimed the supremacy over the cities where the new currency was introduced, nor, of course, the Egyptians, ever had coinage till the conquest of Alexander, who assimilated the Greek civilization all through the eastern world. The Romans came to know it through the Greek cities in Sicily and Magna Graecia, and the beginning of silver coins toward the beginning of their third century B. C.

In the meantime with the Greeks die-sinking, like everything else, had fallen within the domain of art, and their coins remain forever a standard of beauty for the artist and a model of perfection for the die-sinker.—Saturday Review.

as a swimmer. The school board will then award one or two points as the occasion may require which will be counted toward the final graduation marks of the pupil.

Some day, with increasing numbers of simple folk learning to swim, and the exercise regularly, the citizens in each large town will demand public baths, open all the year. Nearly all the English towns are provided with large, attractive swimming pools where the yeomanry splash and grow strong through the long winter evenings. The continental cities are equally well provided with facilities for this most perfect exercise.

COMPULSORY SWIMMING.
Even now several of the larger American cities have a little clique of all-the-year outdoor bathers. There are a few sights more bracing than the all-winter swimmers of Brighton Beach, New York, for instance. Seven men compose the Arctic Club which swims there each Sunday, snow, rain or hail. And up to the middle of November there are fully a dozen regulars, including three women. These eager days when frost is one the water are too advanced for those unused. But all, or nearly all, can get there in due time if they will work for it.—Collier's.

CHRISTMAS IN OLD ENGLAND

Family Customs Dying Out—Home Christmas a Thing of the Past With Fashionable People—They Flock to Ocean Resorts—King and Queen Stick to Real Christmas Habits.

The London correspondent of the New York Tribune writes:

Though the custom of giving presents at the "Merry Yuletide" is said to be dying out, this is not the case with King Edward and Queen Alexandra, who make a point of remembering not only their friends but those who have rendered good services to them during the year. It has been estimated by those in a position to judge that the King spends at least £1,000 (\$5,000) annually in buying Christmas presents of one kind or another, while the Queen's expenditure in the same direction is as much.

A notable feature of the presents dispatched from Windsor for this Christmas was the large number of Christmas puddings. These found their way to many royal tables, including those of the German Emperor, the King of Russia, the King of Spain and the Emperor of Austria. These puddings have been on file at Windsor Castle for more than a hundred years.

At this season of the year also large demands are made upon the stock of cigars and cigarettes in the royal cellars at St. James' Palace, where of the most complete equipments for the maturing of cigars is to be found. His Majesty is a great smoker of cigars, though, acting on the advice of his physicians, he is not smoking so much as was the case a few years ago. Strangely enough, the King does not care much for a cigarette, and is seldom to be seen smoking one. On the other hand, both the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur of Connaught are heavy cigarette smokers.

Cigars from Cuba.
The King's cigars all come from one particular plantation in Cuba. They bear the one maker's brand upon them, and are packed in perfectly plain boxes. They are not very large, but if they could be sold in the open market it is estimated that the price would be about seventy-five cents each. A few years ago His Majesty was kind of a cigar pipe, and was to be seen smoking one of these about the lanes of Sandringham. Today, however, he has abandoned this form of smoking and keeps almost exclusively to cigars. The consumption of cigars at the royal palace is considerable, and supplies arrive at St. James' Palace almost weekly, where they remain for some months before being placed on the royal sideboards.

Christmas Day in England proved a very different thing from what it was fifty years ago. Americans have always been taught to believe that England was the one place on earth where Christmas was enjoyed and appreciated to the fullest extent. There always has been the holy plum pudding and log, the holly and the new English fashion the family gathered around the board of celebrating Christmas is the worst.

FASHIONS FOLLIES IN 1909

Hipless Corsets, Pompous Puffs and Other Freaks—Prophecies for 1910.

Every year a long procession of freakish fashions crops up to amuse and startle the world of women, some of whom feel in duty bound to wear anything that is novel, no matter what the result to their personal appearance.

Many of the freaks of 1909 are passing to oblivion and nobody need feel sorry for them or bewail a source of amusement. We are sure to have new ones in 1910. Madame La Mode has tried all kinds of ridiculous and startling innovations and set quick and amazing fashions following one upon the other. But by a rapid change of these fashions are vanishing or have vanished, and the 1910 girl is wiping the canvas clean for a new series of cinematograph changes in personal decoration.

The Vampire face which was the name given for that startling apparatus, chalkwhite complexion, blackened eyelids and elongated eyes and mouth ruddier than a cherry, is no longer considered anything but vulgar. Of course, it was always vulgar, but for the short time it was a nobody's idea to mind. The 1910 complexion bids fair to be healthy and normal once more. Art adding perhaps, a slightly healthier touch to pallid nature.

The woman's suffrage movement which has now taken on a new dignity, swirl or the braid or the turban

coiffure, principally, however, by the braid or braids, according to the modern Eve's pocketbook.

One braid is an excellent thing on a woman, but two or more give her the air of reckless extravagance and magnificence which is the desire of every fervent follower of fashion to proclaim.

With the new hair come also new hair ornaments, enormous hairpins, buckles and medallions which fasten into the braid, while all the hair ornaments used for puffs no longer serve their purpose and are consequently out of the fashion.

With the passing of the puffs the hat has now become a foolish economy. Instead of wearing a 25 cent hat hidden by your own hair you now wear your own hair covered by a \$30 switch. This may not sound practical or economical to the masculine mind, but it takes feminine intuition to perceive the why and wherefore of fashions anyhow, and this isn't written for men.

With the changing of the coiffure, naturally the hats had to be changed. The more false hair you wear the more hat it necessitates. The bee-hive and the basket hats were sudden millinery vagaries which startled us in the summer and which went out with the fall fashions, to be replaced by the turban, which has already arrived in so many wild varieties of shapes, historical, Oriental, military, arctic and mythological, that its momentary popularity is beyond a doubt and its future is already doubtful. Nothing kills a fashion so quickly as popularity.

The fashion chronicler always hopes for the best in arriving at the new fashions, and so though everyone cheered for the hipless corset we have found out its faults and are now equally enthusiastic about the return of the hips.

By the way, only the most advanced corseteers will allow you to have hips even now. The hipless had seemed to be the last word of the average corsetmaker. The fat woman with hips suffered for a cause, but the thin woman without hips, who was squeezed into a machine which ironed her out even straighter than she was, despite her frantic appeals for slight curves, alone knows what it is to be a martyr to the hipless cause. No corsetmaker will believe that there exists a woman whose hips are already small enough.

We had no sooner procured the tube-like figure, at great expense, than for no apparent reason, the fishwife skirt was introduced and was passionately upheld and exploited by all those women who were naturally too short and should by no means be cut off at the thigh line by a broad sash. That fashion, too, has gone, and the normal waist line is again with us. Let us hope for a long run!

Those marvellous hitchings and strappings which were at one time called "knee waists," the extraordinary draping of the skirt which didn't permit the wearer to take a long step, are only seen on the stage now where some agile and stately chorus girl wishes to demonstrate that she can walk across the boards without moving her feet except in a shuffle and without falling down.

The harem veil drapery is a fad which will not go out with the new year, and will probably become more popular. During the latter part of the racing season several society women who had motored to the track had arranged their veils in exact copy of the Mohammedan woman's, leaving only the eyes free.

This is not only an excellent disguise but saves the complexion from the dust of the road without harming the eyesight, and will probably be a great deal more next summer than it was last. Though it is a freak fashion it serves an excellent purpose and need not be destroyed in the general house-cleaning of fads before the event of the New Year, which I can only hope will bring to each reader of this page a revival of that fashion which is now becoming to her own style of good looks.

CONSUMPTION OF WOOD.

It is not generally known that at the present time the people of the United States use about three times as much timber as their forests grow. The Government foresters maintain that if we were everywhere practicing forestry with a resulting improvement equal to that made in Prussia, where no more wood is cut than the forests produce, the forests of this country would be producing as much as we use. What is wanted is a sustained yield year by year, and it is necessary, therefore, to have always a certain number of trees ready to cut; there must be a proper proportion of trees of all ages. In Prussia this proportion has been maintained with almost mathematical accuracy. The forest lands there make an excellent showing. In 1870 the net returns per acre were 28 cents; in 1885 they were 72 cents, in 1900 \$1.58, and in 1904, \$2.50.—Van Nostrand Magazine.

"FEEBLE STOMACH"

CAUSES DIGESTIVE WEAKNESS AND POISONS THE ENTIRE SYSTEM.

"No one can have suffered more than I did with stomach trouble," writes Phil E. Pascual, well known at St. Andrew's Corner, "My doctor told me my indigestion and sleeplessness were due to poisons in the blood. Certainly my condition was desperate, and it seemed from the despondent feelings that swept over me that I would lose my reason. I happened to read Dr. Hamilton's Pills and bought five boxes from the drug store. Each body-cleansing pill never used; they were mild and yet quite strong enough to drive all the humors out of the blood. My stomach gained strength rapidly with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and I improved so much that in eight weeks I could eat and digest all ordinary food. Depression and weakness passed away and I am, thanks to Dr. Hamilton's Pills, enjoying robust good health."

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ROYALTY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS; PREPARED BY ADOLPH TUCK

Supplies Nearly All the Rulers of Europe—Began Two Years Ago—King Edward Has Chosen a Scene From the Round Table Romance.

Twenty years ago this Christmas hosts of the late Queen Victoria's friends received dainty cards containing her majesty's greetings. These cards were prepared by the late Raphael Tuck from designs which were submitted to the Queen's selection and approval. Four years later this sensible solution of the problem of remembering their thousands of friends at Christmas time was adopted by the present rulers of Great Britain, then

Prince and Princess of Wales. It has since become a custom of the highest honor of preparing Christmas cards for the German Emperor, the Czar and Czarina of Russia, the King and Queen of Italy and the king and queen of Spain has also been conferred upon the firm of Raphael Tuck & Sons.

Every year a group of carefully and artistically executed designs is sent to each of the above royal personages in order that the final one chosen in each case may be somewhat representative of the personal taste of the sovereign.

The Christmas card of the English sovereign this year, for instance, has a dignity which is symbolic of the nation. It represents a scene in King Arthur's great hall at the Palace of Camelot, as it is called by the legends, and ladies and knights are gathered to witness the ceremony of King Arthur admitting Sir Tristram, one of the best knights and the gentlest, to the Fellowship of the Round Table. On the right of the picture Sir Lancelot, a prominent figure on his white charger, stands sponsor for the knight.

The original picture was painted by Howard Davis. Sir David has also painted the Queen's card, a beautiful panel, representing Queen Philippa pleading with King Edward III. for the lives of the citizens of Calais in 1347.

A historic incident in Temple Gardens is the subject of the Christmas card chosen by the Prince of Wales. Its title is "The Roses of York and Lancaster."

It was a felicitous idea to select for representation on the Princess of Wales' card a little boy—Alfred the Great—reading to his mother, Queen Osburga.

Singularly appropriate, too, is the subject for the German Emperor's Christmas greeting. His friend—King Henry VIII, embarking on the Great Harry in Dover Harbor, May 31, 1520, years of her life at the Russian court on his visit to Francis I. of France, the Carina has resolutely opposed the meeting which became famous as the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." Though the Great Harry in the pictorial representation is far more fantastic than the smug appearance of the Kaiser's warship, yet one can easily correlate them. Anything nautical has always hit the Kaiser hard. Yachting as a fashionable pastime was almost unknown in Germany before the Kaiser ascended the throne, but during his reign he has made it one of the most popular of national amusements.

William was a little shaver when, with his younger brother, Henry, he had his first sail. The two little princes were staying with their mother, the Empress Frederick, then Crown Princess of Germany, at a watering place on one of the Frisian Islands. A German yachtsman, a rare creature in those days, happened to be cruising in the vicinity, and the crown princess asked him to take her for a sail. They were delighted with their experience.

When I grow up to be a big man I'm going to have lots of yachts and the big ones, too," Wilhelm said to his mother when they returned. The emperor has realized his childish ambition. It is not for the sake of yachting alone that he goes in for the sport; his object is to foster national spirit in among his people and thereby arouse a feeling which will support his ambitious scheme to create a navy that will surpass England's.

The young queen of Spain has chosen a painting of a Madonna and Child. It is interesting to note that the hair of the Madonna is flaxen and she wears a sweet English face. The queen herself has flaxen hair and is a typical English girl.

One of the most charming of the royal Christmas cards is that selected by the king and queen of Italy. The artist is Harriet Bennett. Painted in delicate tones, the picture represents another holiday—a child close to her mother. The hair of the child is flaxen and she wears a sweet English face. The queen herself has flaxen hair and is a typical English girl.

The queen was delighted with the painting, and to mark her appreciation she has chosen it for her own Christmas card.

THE WORLD'S HIGHEST TUNNEL

Constructed by British Engineers Between Chile and Argentina—It Crosses the Andes.

Reuter's correspondent, at Santiago, Chile, reports that the piercing of the Trans-Andine Railway tunnel at the summit of the Cordillera was completed on Saturday, Dec. 4, and the Chilean and Argentine sections were joined with complete success. The tunnel is 2,820 yards long. The Trans-Andine tunnel lies at an elevation of over 10,000 feet; this is nearly 1,500 feet higher than the highest carriage road in Europe, that over the Stelvio Pass, and more than 3,500 feet higher than the Mont Cenis, St. Gothard and Simplon Passes. Through the tunnel when it is completed some months hence, will run the first trans-continental railway journey between the east and west coasts of South America. There will be direct connection by rail between Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso, a distance of 880 miles. The engineers responsible for the construction of the tunnel are Messrs. Livesey, Son & Henderson, of London;

tion of it she presented to Adolph Tuck manager of the art company, a gold cigarette case on the outside of which is the royal monogram in blue enamel, surrounded by tiny diamonds and rubies.

The King and Queen of Italy both possess that childlike simplicity which is the most characteristic and the most lovable of Italian traits. During one season, accompanied by only a chauffeur, the king and queen explored the whole of Piedmont.

"Don't you think," asked King Victor Emmanuel of Queen Elena, "that other sovereigns would be afraid to go about as we do, without any escort and in places we hardly know?" "They certainly would," the queen replied, "and I feel sorry for them or that account, for they miss what we most enjoy."

It is not unusual thing for the king of Italy to be arrested on a fast driving in places where he is unknown. "Show me your license," exclaimed one official who had succeeded in stopping the royal car. The king flashed upon a newly-minted five-lice piece and held it in his outstretched palm, head up. "The fellow in the next town would not tell you off under ten francs!" said the official, his brow giving way to a smile, "but I will."

"Tut! tut! man," broke in the king, "there must be something wrong with your eyesight. Don't you notice any resemblance?" The representative of Italian law finally came to.

The Christmas card of the Empress Alexandra of Russia has a beauty that is poignant. It represents a dark, slender, shielded lady, who gazes at her in helpless adoration. Though the czarina is a high-souled, liberal-minded, generous, loving woman of the most refined taste, no one can adequately describe the profound depths of the unhappiness of this imperial woman. Day and night she broods over the conditions of Russia and over the isolation of the imperial family. Often she starts up from the gloomy reveries which have grown habitual to her in a sudden gust of fear that assassins who have so often chosen the rulers of Russia as their victims might be at hand. At other times she storms into the nursery to make sure that her beloved children are all alive.

Realizes with vivid clearness of comprehension that death looms over her husband and her family, so that every morning she cannot know whether she will be able to sleep them in her arms at evening.

Furthermore, the painting of white lilies on the border of the Czar's Christmas card is a delicate tribute to her purity. During the fourteen years of her life at the Russian court on his visit to Francis I. of France, the Carina has resolutely opposed the meeting which became famous as the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." Though the Great Harry in the pictorial representation is far more fantastic than the smug appearance of the Kaiser's warship, yet one can easily correlate them. Anything nautical has always hit the Kaiser hard. Yachting as a fashionable pastime was almost unknown in Germany before the Kaiser ascended the throne, but during his reign he has made it one of the most popular of national amusements.

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THE WORLD'S HIGHEST TUNNEL
Constructed by British Engineers Between Chile and Argentina—It Crosses the Andes.

Reuter's correspondent, at Santiago, Chile, reports that the piercing of the Trans-Andine Railway tunnel at the summit of the Cordillera was completed on Saturday, Dec. 4, and the Chilean and Argentine sections were joined with complete success. The tunnel is 2,820 yards long. The Trans-Andine tunnel lies at an elevation of over 10,000 feet; this is nearly 1,500 feet higher than the highest carriage road in Europe, that over the Stelvio Pass, and more than 3,500 feet higher than the Mont Cenis, St. Gothard and Simplon Passes. Through the tunnel when it is completed some months hence, will run the first trans-continental railway journey between the