

Fears of Invasion

Experience of France Cited by
of Justification

H. W. Stebbings

Hubert in a letter smiles at British fears of a invasion and talks of the wild panic in London in but he need not go so far back—the coast towns of North Atlantic States were just as panic-stricken during the Spanish-American war, though Cervena's fleet was thousands of miles away.

France neglected repeated warnings to keep her frontiers protected, and Germany after long secret preparation caught her napping and descended on Paris in a war which aggression, except in the eyes of this military nation, which probably will be the greatest menace to universal peace until

building up a wonderful home empire, and with her great navy perfectly secure from invasion; but she has few colonies to properly secure seaports, so that it hard to understand her feverish and a mighty navy. It is hardly likely that England with her many possessions and her own exposed coasts can complacently rely very existence is at stake. Only the ignorant in each nation cheap sneers at the other's expense. History in the past has in her worst hours of trouble Germany has found foes around her but never England. Germany is forging ahead now, but her rise is no more wonderful than the stupendous power gained over the every quarter of the globe by practically the smallest country in course we are trained to think the British slow, obtuse, and quite cheap insults commonly thrown at them, but the fact remains that they have opened up the entire world, while other nations stayed they have built up a foreign trade which is amazing. On their many and ourselves have eagerly followed, and perhaps with and by avoiding their mistakes and profiting by their experience them out in the end, but we have yet to oust them. And boast too loudly when we have yet far to go?

The Marvelous "Handy Man"

By Eugene Wood

YOU know the Handy Man, don't you? the fellow that makes his own fly-screens, and they fit; that knows how to give the cow castor oil, for she won't take it from a spoon like a person; that rigs up a reel for his lawn hose instead of hanging it on a hook to spring a leak; that lays his own cement walk and steps, the steps just a little out of gee, but look how little it all cost him; that builds his own mission furniture which has to be moved with a pry when they sweep; that paints everything about his place that paint will stick to; that takes his clock apart to clean it instead of sousing the works into gasoline the way the fellow does that comes around to the house; that can fix the doorbell when it won't ring, and has all the locks and hinges on the place so that they pretty near work of themselves. You know the Handy Man, don't you? Well, I don't like him. I repeat I don't like the Handy Man at all. But you understand as well as I do that all my mockery of him has been an effort to get revenge for all his mockery of me and my thumb-handedness. In my heart of hearts I must own up that all our present high estate is from his handicraft.

The erected man must first have hands that could relieve the jaws from holding things ever the wide-stretching mouth could shorten and contract enough to form the sounds of speech. No story writer has ever dared to make his castaway on a desert island as naked and empty-handed as were our far-off ancestors when they landed on this planet, not a penny in their pockets, and no pockets. Ready to perish were our fathers, and all the way along, from the first flaking of a flint to give it a cutting edge, to this day in which the yielding air has finally made a solid pathway for our travel, it has been the skilful hand that has created for us a world to live in—the hand of the Handy Man.—Hampton's Magazine.

Actors Old and New

The "Palmy Days" of the Profession
Always Receding

By Charles Battell Loomis, of New York

OLD fogies of all ages (some are not yet 21) make me tired. You'll always find the old foggy who longs for the days when actors could really act and when Shakespeare was adequately represented. Old fogies of the late '70's, but I remember that critics who wrote in those days were in the habit of picking flaws in Edwin Booth himself and prating of the days of his father and Macready and Forrest.

Now as a matter of fact (I like to be didactic this hot weather) those who saw the recent production of "Twelfth Night" at the Academy of music saw the very best Malvolio that has been seen in New York in thirty years. I have seen at least half a dozen Malvolios, Americans, English and one German in that time, and Edward Sothorn more nearly realized the part than any other.

Thirty years from now some old foggy of that time will be mourning for the palmy "old days of the first decade of the twentieth century, when Shakespeare was really played," and yet I'll venture to say that each age will raise up its own capable actors.

For versatility there was of course one Edwin Booth, but as great as he may now be doing turns in some cheap East Side music hall. Not only do we have the poor always with us, but genius is peculiar to no generation. Perhaps the man who will make New York remembered may to-day be crying for his bottle in New Zealand; but those who did not see Sothorn and Marlowe missed a dramatic treat that in a smaller theatre would have been almost too good to be true.

Armageddon

By Hyacinthe Ringrose

THE word "Armageddon," which has figured so largely in patriotic speeches and newspaper headlines recently in England cannot be found in any of the leading dictionaries. It is taken from the Apocalypse, where it is the name given to the field of the final struggle between the powers of good and evil.

Literary writers signify "the mountain of Megiddo," Megiddo being a city in the great plain at the foot of Mount Carmel. It was there that King Josiah received his death wound in the battle against Pharaoh Necho II, King of Egypt.

Lord Rosebury, Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Balfour during the past week have prophesied that the German Ocean is shortly to be the Armageddon where the fate of the British Empire is to be determined. It is a disquieting fact that the leaders of both the Government and the Opposition appear to accept as unavoidable a coming conflict between England and Germany. Surely we are rattling back to barbarism when two great nations of the same race stock are, without a cause for war, preparing to meet each other in the Armageddon which has been so much talked about the past week.

THE TOLL.



—Cartoon by Maurice Ketten, in the New York World.

SIX BABIES DIE AS "WITCHES" CHANT.

Reading, Pa.—Coroner Strasser is busy procuring evidence in the cases of six infants, all of whom died within twenty-four hours. It is charged by the Coroner that all six of the children were treated by "witch doctors," but that the only thing they were suffering from was summer complaint. Coroner Strasser has reported the matter to the District Attorney.

Reading has many "witch doctors," and there have been cases in court time and again of persons who declared that neighbors "verhexed" them. No sooner does a child become ill in this section than the neighbors rush in and declare the child is "verhexed," and a "witch doctor," with his incantations, is sought out. In the cases of the children that died while undergoing this treatment several were simply treated by chanting mystic words while a red cotton cord was passed over the body. In other cases a bag containing charmed words was hung about the neck. The Coroner said:

"Many children die every summer from summer complaint that do not have an attending physician. Upon investigation I find that the parents are of the middle class, and spend

their money calling in old women who make a practice of 'powwowing' and using charmed words.

"What is more, these women describe the 'hex' to the parents, and this is the cause of many of the neighborhood feuds that are aired in court.

"The parents of these children in nearly every case imagined that their offspring were suffering from witchcraft, and they immediately hustled them off to a hexeral doctor. It is about time that the authorities investigate the illegal practice that has existed so long in Reading and Berks County, and which is the fundamental reason for the many deaths.

"Parents are entirely too superstitious. In many cases they believe that their children have a spell cast over them and instead of consulting a regular physician go to a hexeral doctor and procure either a hoodoo or a charm to drive away the evil.

"This charm or bag is worn on certain parts of the child's body and is kept there for a certain length of time. Certain passages of the Bible are repeated daily by one of the family to break the 'hoodoo,' and the powwow doctor calls daily and goes through funny stunts in an effort to chase out the imaginary spirits."

GUILLOTINE REVISITS PARIS.

Only Fifteen Seconds Needed to Behead a Parricide—An Awesome Scene.

Paris.—The French mind being pre-eminently logical it is difficult to believe that it will not demand a change in the method of carrying out execution. The law demands that they be publicly performed in a public place. In practice no member of the public, strictly speaking, saw anything of the execution of Duchemin, the only eyewitnesses being 150 journalists, a dozen mounted gendarmes and twenty policemen.

The difficulty in finding a place for the guillotine since the Roquette prison was pulled down has always been proffered as an excuse for the practical abolition of capital punishment which Paris has enjoyed or suffered for the last ten years. That this difficulty does not exist was shown when the guillotine was erected at the middle of the 300 yard wall of the Prison de la Sante.

It stood in the centre of four chestnut trees belonging to the double line of trees that border the Boulevard Arago. Opposite this wall are the grounds of a huge unoccupied convent, so that nothing overlooked the spot. The only drawback was that there is no door to the prison on this side. Therefore the condemned man, leaving by a door on Sante street at right angles to the Boulevard Arago, was driven some seventy yards along this street and then 150 yards to the place of death. Some 1200 troops were on duty, barring every road around the prison. Double and sometimes triple cordons both on foot and on horseback fifty yards apart made it an assurance that nobody could approach except those possessing a police pass.

At about 3.45 Deibler's men began erecting the guillotine. Silently, without the sound of a hammer, without a spoken word of command being given, it was put together by the light of a candle flickering in an old time lantern, and this was used even when Deibler wished to test the machine with a spirit level. Everything was exact. In an hour's time one of the executioner's assistants blew out the candle. All was ready. The knife was run up to the top of the frame, but no test drop was made, so confident was Deibler in his men and the machine.

It was now the dawn of a perfect summer day. As the sun rose it revealed the maroon colored "timber of justice." Its position among the trees robbed it of much of its crude horror. Shortly before 5 o'clock, when it was full daylight, the prison van came

around the corner and up the boulevard and stopped opposite the guillotine. Two men led down the back, which formed steps from the vehicle.

Then down these came first the prison governor, then a priest and then a figure which might have been Lazarus coming from the grave at Christ's command. It had its hands fastened behind its back and a loose covering hanging from the shoulders. The body was naked except for a pair of linen trousers.

Over the face hung a black veil, thin enough to allow the features to be visible, for the Code enacts that parricides must be taken to the scaffold in bare feet and with veiled head.

Duchemin was twenty-eight years old, but the livid face might have been that of a man any age over sixty. It was the face of a man without consciousness or feeling of any kind for whom assuredly the bitterness of death had already passed.

Within fifteen seconds from the time the prison van stopped the knife had fallen. This seems incredible, one of the newspaper correspondents took the time by a stop watch. In those fifteen seconds Deibler's aids seized the condemned man three paces between the van and the machine and laid him in place. The knife fell instantly and the body was pushed into a basket.

How such perfection can be attained when the men have so little practice on living subjects is little short of marvelous. The speed combined with the evident insensibility of the doomed man robbed the spectacle of its horror. It had more resemblance to a clever performance of the disappearing lady act of the music halls than to a tragedy of death.

For those who were watching within three yards the work of setting up the dread machine in the darkness and silence will remain a memory long after the recollection of the actual execution has faded away.

Calderon is Foreign Minister.

Carlos Calderon assumed the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in the new Gonzalez Valencia Cabinet, at Bogota, Colombia. It had been reported that Marco Fidel Suarez would be Foreign Minister.

Two Dreadnoughts For Chile.

The Naval Council at Valparaiso, Chile, has recommended the building of two ships of the Dreadnought type.

Souvenir of a Hot Tennis Bout at the White House.

Washington, D. C. — Night work has been begun on the addition being built to the executive offices at the White House. Three shifts are now working, and there will not be an hour's let-up until the addition is completed. In the old tennis court, now being excavated, one of the workmen found buried in the clay at a depth of four or five inches a tennis ball. He pocketed it as a souvenir, saying as he did so: "I'll bet Theodore drove that one into the ground."

"Crowned Heads Will Disappear in Ten Years," Is Prediction.

Chicago.—Near the close of his lecture "The Rise and Fall of the Polish Republic," at the opening of the Lincoln Temperance Chautauqua Assembly at Evanston, Colonel John Sobieski created a sensation among his auditors by declaring:

"Ten years will see the end of the crowned heads of Europe, and in their places will be men of principles like Washington's, Lincoln's and Jefferson's. Then will come the blessed day of liberty, peace and fraternity."

Smart Frills of Fashion

New York City.—The plain guimpe is one that is always in demand. It can be made from one material throughout, or it can be made from some simple lawn and faced to form

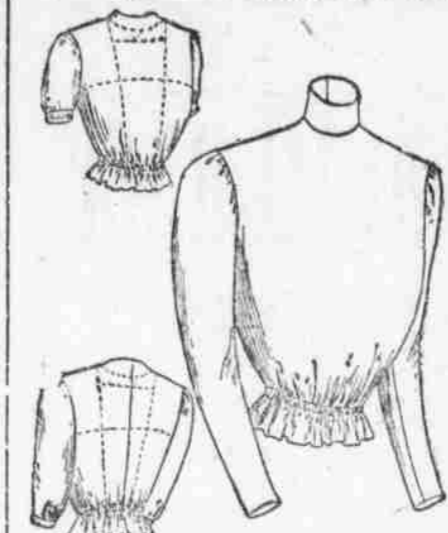
For the Aviator. The divided skirt has been pronounced the proper style for the woman aviator.

Eight Gored Skirt.

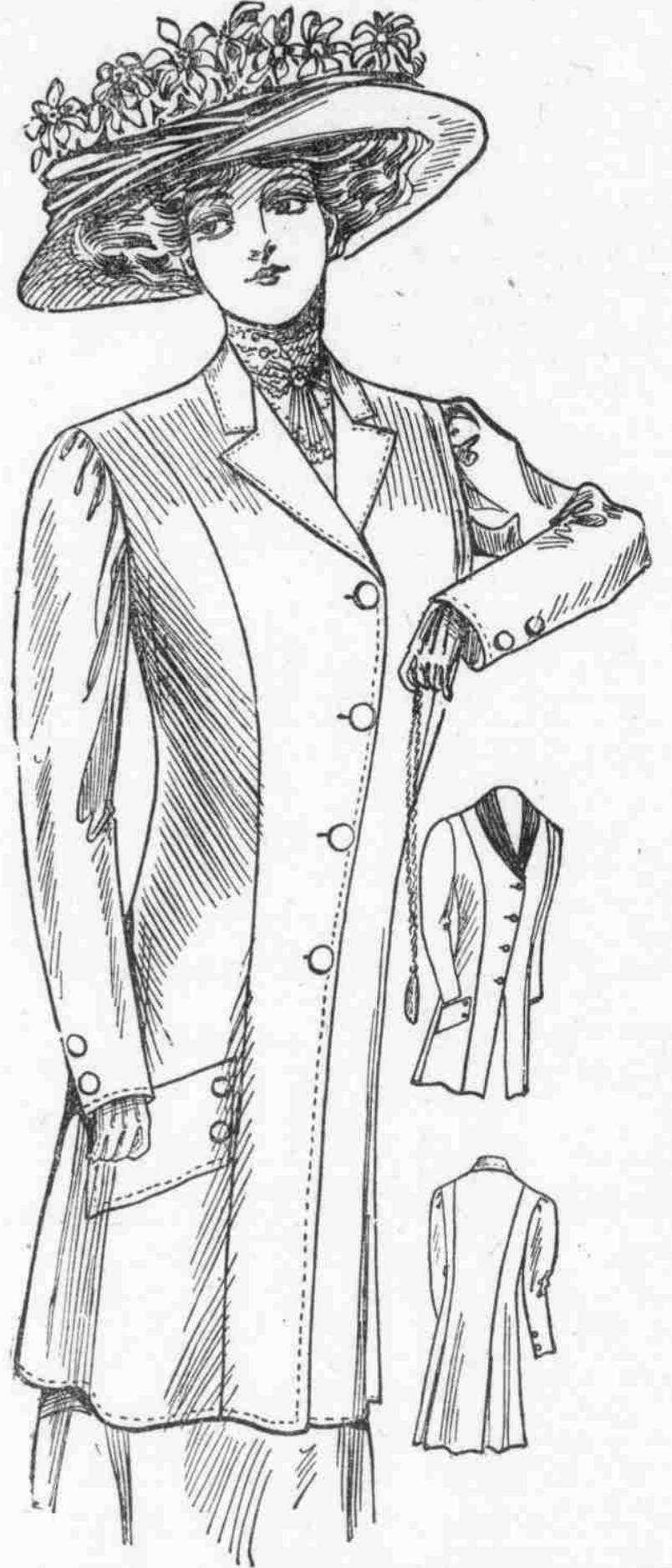
The skirt that is made to give a panel effect is one of the very latest. This one is snug fitting over the hips, while it provides abundant flare about the feet, and it consequently is graceful and attractive in the extreme. In the illustration it is made of linen and is trimmed with a simple banding, but the panels allow of treatment of various sorts. Heavy lace insertion or applique could be used as a finish or bands of the material braided or embroidered. The model is just as available for the thin batistes, lawns and the like as it is for the heavier linens, pongees and wool fabrics, and consequently is a generally useful and satisfactory one.

The skirt is cut in eight gores and there are pleated portions joined to the front, side and back gores, which are cut off to form the panels. The closing is made invisibly at the left of the back.

The quantity of material required



a chemisette or a yoke or in any way that may be liked, so lessening the quantity of fancy material needed. This one includes sleeves of three sorts and can be faced for full length



at the centre front and back or to form a shallow or a deep yoke, and it can be made high with a collar, or collarless, or with round or a square Dutch neck, so that it really fulfils every requirement. Long plain sleeves are fashionable, and are much liked when found becoming, but moderately full sleeves in both three-quarter and full length are having equal vogue, and any of the three which may be liked can be used.

The guimpe is made with fronts and backs. There is a casing arranged over the waist line in which tapes are inserted to regulate the size. The long sleeves are in one piece each, fitted by means of darts. The full sleeves are gathered into bands whichever length is used. When the high neck is desired the regulation stock finishes the edge.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (eight years) is one and three-quarter yards twenty-one or twenty-four, one and three-eighth yards thirty-two or one and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.

Collarless necks and elbow sleeves appear together.

An Old Fashion Adopted.

Many black watered ribbon sautoirs and muff chains are to be found, ornamented with the pretty diamond dusted Emple or other links. The initial idea was born years ago in this country. It was taken up by the Parisian jeweler.

Plaids For Children.

Pretty plaids of modest size, bordered with plain color, are among the new goods designed for children.

Smart Lingerie Blouses.

Flutings of linen edged with narrow lace attached to each side of the front pleat and to both edges of the wide cuffs appear on some of the newest and smartest of lingerie blouses. The flutings are not too wide to stand out crisply.

Silk Coats.

Some of the loveliest of the coats are made of the lighter silks, of crepe, cashmere de soie and such like.