

RAIN COULD NOT DAMPEN PATRIOTISM ALONG CANAL



COL GOETHALS SPEAKING

PHOTOGRAPHS just received from the canal zone show that the Fourth of July there, though decidedly wet, was properly observed. When the time came for the beginning of the patriotic exercises at Cristobal, the heavens opened and the rain descended. But this had little or no effect on the crowd of loyal Americans who had gathered to hear Col. George W. Goethals deliver the oration of the day. As for the colonel, he refused the protection of an umbrella or rain coat while making his speech, as the picture shows. Colonel Goethals, who, perhaps, more than any other man, has made possible the Panama canal, during his oration spoke of the tremendous influence for peace and prosperity that the canal would exercise on the world at large; touched on the difficulties that attended the work and alluded to the gratification that must be felt by every citizen of the United States when reflecting that the undertaking had been brought to a successful stage by Americans.

ENGLISH GIRL IS HELD

Miss Malecka in Polish Prison Without Formal Charge.

Young Woman Said to Have Been Anonymously Denounced to Russian Authorities as Being Active Worker.

Warsaw.—Although Great Britain is said to guard jealously the welfare of her subjects abroad, this can hardly be the case where the subjects are naturalized, as Miss Malecka, who was arrested in Warsaw last March, is still in prison, although no formal charges have yet been made against her.

The difficulty in her case apparently arises from the fact that Russia recognizes the foreign naturalization of none of its citizens. So far as can be ascertained by the very scant information given by the authorities Miss Malecka is charged with having been an active member of an illegal society. An illegal society is an association which has not obtained the sanction of the authorities and may do nothing more revolutionary than teach people to read or write Polish or to lecture on Polish literature or history.

During the first three months of the present year no fewer than 75 mutual improvement societies, Russian and Polish, were declared illegal. The punishment for persons found guilty of aiding or belonging to illegal societies of this kind varies, but generally consists of a fine of 100 to 300 rubles and a few days' to a month's imprisonment.

From an interview with one of the lady's many Polish friends who, needless to say, belongs to a so-called "illegal" society and does not wish her name to be disclosed, it was learned that Miss Malecka is supposed to have been denounced to the police by some person or persons unknown to her—possibly an agent provocateur—as being an active member of the Polska Partya Socjalistyczna (Polish Socialist Society).

This society goes a good deal further than the "illegal" associations generally, as it advocates and even practices terrorism and is always at war with the authorities. Whether the police really charge Miss Malecka with this or only arrested her on suspicion and are looking through her papers in their usual dilatory fashion remains to be seen. Although they said a few weeks ago that the prisoner confessed to being a member of the society in question and was "proud of it," they now neither confirm nor deny this statement.

Of course, Russian subjects are often kept for months in prison on just such vague charges. Expedition, as it is understood elsewhere, does not exist. A certain gentleman was arrested and kept for two months in a crowded cell just because a revolutionary's visiting card was found in his rooms. He was finally discharged for lack of evidence—as, indeed, there was none—but there could be no question of damages for false imprisonment.

If Miss Malecka's papers contain no evidence of her having belonged to an illegal society, and if she can satisfy the Russian government that she is a British subject, she may be able to get some compensation.

But here again another difficulty arises: The Russian government does not bind itself to recognize the children of a Russian subject who has been naturalized in England as British subjects. Miss Malecka's father was born a Russian subject, emigrated to England, and became naturalized. In other words, Miss Malecka is a British subject anywhere in the world but in the Russian empire. This is the verdict of an eminent legal authority in

JEANNE D'ARC'S OLD SWORD

Museum at Dijon Said to Possess Blade Given to Maid of Orleans by King Charles VII.

Paris.—Biographers of Jeanne d'Arc, including Anatole France and Andrew Lang, have never been able to discover any authentic relics of the Maid of Orleans. The executioner threw her ashes into the Seine, and the cottage at Domremy has not so much as a wooden shoe which can be proved to have belonged to the Liberator of France. There is, however, in the museum at Dijon a sword kept in the hall with the tombs of Philip the Bold and Jean-sans-Peur, for which the custodian, M. E. Metman, has documents proving that it once belonged to Jeanne d'Arc.

On one face of the hilt is engraved a figure of the Maid in peasant costume kneeling before a cross, with the name Charles VII. On the other is the word "Vaucouleurs." On both the arms of France and those of the City of Orleans. The date, 1419, is found in five places on hilt and blade. This date may indicate when the sword was made, or it may be in commemoration of the assassination of the Duc de Bourgogne in the presence of the Dauphin, the future Charles VII, on the bridge of Montreaux.

M. Metman's manuscripts show that the sword was manufactured at Toledo and was autographed by the sword-maker, Lupus Aguado, and that it was specially made as a present to the Maid from the king of France.

RISKS HER LIFE FOR OTHERS

New Jersey Woman Seizes Large Shepherd Dog, Afflicted With Rabies, and Forces It Into Shed.

Flemington, N. J.—That the lives of others might not be imperiled, Mrs. Jacob Leon grappled with her large shepherd dog when it was suddenly stricken with hydrophobia. The dog was tied to its kennel with a rope when Mrs. Leon discovered its condition. An instant later it had bitten the rope in two and, snapping, snarling and frothing at the mouth, it started to leave the premises.

Realizing the danger to others, Mrs. Leon called sharply to the animal and, catching it by the sides of the head, forced it into a woodhouse.

William E. Green, a neighbor, was summoned to dispatch the dog with a shotgun, and when he arrived the dog was dashing madly about the woodhouse, biting everything within its reach. Mrs. Leon's arms were scratched by the teeth of the dog as she held it, but the skin was not broken.

No "Future" for this Girl

Sad-Eyed Blind Stenographer, Who Wedded Curly-Haired Clerk, Gives Gypsy Seeress a "Tip."

Kansas City, Mo.—Three EYESY women, one quite young, were in an East side grocery store when two young American women entered. One of the older gypsies made a "gurgling" noise to the young one soon after the Americans were inside.

"Don't you girls want your fortune told?" asked the little gypsy miss as she walked toward the young women with her hand outstretched.

"I can tell your past, present and future," went on the gypsy girl. "All about your love affairs. I can tell you when you are going to get married."

This appeared to be too much for one of the young women, a sad-eyed blond, tired-looking creature.

"Say, you," she exclaimed, "I'm already married, and I'd rather give you \$50 to tell me how to lose what I've got than 10 cents to know that there is another lazy loafer waiting down the line somewhere for me to support!"

"Where do you live?" she asked then. "I will come to your home and tell you all."

"Beat it, little one, beat it," ordered the tired-looking blond. "I don't live; I exist. And as for you telling me all, why I can tell you more about this game and hand out more real, genuine hot tips on this matrimonial business than you ever dreamed of. If you ever run across a stenographer earning her little \$35 per, and enjoying single blessedness, don't wait to read her palm. Look her straight in the

eye and tell her not to let any curly haired, gazelle-eyed \$15 a week clerk with pink ears and perfectly manicured nails get her out of her head enough to stand for that marriage business. When he loses his job he never gets another, and the aforesaid stenographer has to hike out and get one of her own. And the chances are it will be about \$10 per writing five letters a week, watching the telephone and steering creditors off some cheap screw of a lawyer with fringe around the bottoms of his trousers. You take chances, too, on getting even that \$10 on which two must live cheaper than one. Tell her that, too."

Then she said to the grocer: "Give me a dime's worth of brick cheese and a nickel's worth of lettuce. We are going to have sandwiches for luncheon. I like that word 'luncheon.' No; I have a half loaf of rye bread left from yesterday."

Gets \$45 for Nickel.

Dover, Del.—Walter McGinnes, a day laborer, in purchasing a basket and contents at a public sale of the goods of Mrs. Thompson, who recently died, began to look through his purchase and found \$45 between the leaves of a memorandum book that had been in the basket, two \$20 bills and one \$5. McGinnes paid but five cents for the basket.

"Grizzly Bear" is Costly.

Chicago.—Dancing the "Grizzly Bear" costs \$25 if done in public, according to the standard of police court fines.

TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

Dies While Posing for Picture Films



NEW YORK.—A moving picture machine set up to make a film of the rescue of a young woman from the waters of a lake in Staten Island the other day recorded instead the drowning of the actor-rescuer and the saving of the actress by herself. The actor drowned was Albert Brighton.

The play which ended in the tragedy took place at Brady's pond, Grassmere. The pond has an area of about six acres. Mary Murray, an actress, rowed out twenty-five feet or so from the shore. The young woman, in a fluffy white dress and alone in the boat, was to pick water lilies, and in reaching too far for one of the flowers, was to upset the boat and be rescued.

The picture machine was started, and Miss Murray picked several of the flowers. Then, at a signal from the operator, she leaned far over the

gunwale and stretched her hand toward another of the lilies. As she put her weight on the side of the boat it tipped and went over, throwing her into the water.

It was part of the play that the girl should scream for help and throw up her hands to attract the attention of Brighton, who was strolling along the shore of the pond in immaculate summer flannel. When the girl screamed Brighton threw off his straw hat and his coat and dived into the water.

The young woman in the water continued her acting of the helpless drowning girl. The actor splashed toward her, apparently half swimming and half wading. Then he began to shout for help as if appealing to those on shore to come to his assistance in rescuing the girl.

As he shouted he disappeared and then reappeared and shouted again. The others of the company made no move, thinking that he had taken a notion to impart an additional appearance of reality to the act. So for a few seconds the film ran on, but the rescuer sank and did not reappear. Then Miss Murray swam ashore herself and Brighton's body was afterwards found.

Army Convicts Building Model Prison

FORT LEAVENWORTH, KAN.—Work on what is intended to be the largest and finest military prison in the world—an institution which the war department plans to make a model for all future penal establishments—has been begun here, to replace the prison built in 1877. The cost of the new prison is estimated at only \$642,000, but the completed structure will be the equal of \$3,000,000 buildings erected by contract. This saving of more than \$2,000,000 will be represented by the work done by convicts, the material manufactured in the prison, and the parts of the old prison utilized in the new.



The entire work, it is expected, will be completed by January 1, 1914. By the end of next year, however, a large part of the new prison will be occupied. When the new prison is completed it will have accommodations for 1,252 convicts, and each will have a large cell to himself, fitted with every modern convenience. The cell houses are to be built on the radial plan, each tier of cells radiating from a central rotunda, from which the watch officer can, by merely turning his head, see the entire frontage.

Military prisoners differ greatly from convicts in civil penitentiaries in that most of them are under sentence for what in civil life would merit merely discharge from their employment. Most of the prisoners are under sentence for desertion or disobedience of orders, and many of them voluntarily surrender for punishment. As a rule they average higher in the scale of manhood and intelligence than civil convicts and, accordingly, will receive better treatment.

In the old prison there are now nearly 800 men, and many of them live two in a cell. In the new prison it is doubtful whether all of the cells ever will be occupied, unless the army should be increased greatly. The men now convicts are erecting the new buildings, burning the lime, making cement blocks, cutting and sawing timber, fitting the plumbing, erecting the steel, in fact, doing practically every part of the work under civilian foremen. Practically all material entering into the construction of the new prison buildings is being made by convicts.

Sun Victim Spends Summers in Cave



KANSAS CITY, Kan.—Alone in an underground cave, studying the Bible and occasionally painting a little in oil, H. H. James of this city, sixty-five years old, passes the hot summer months, afraid to come out into the sunlight. He knows that the blistering rays of the sun will cause his death if he is exposed to them.

James suffered a sunstroke while at work in a wheat field near Ottawa, Kan., 27 years ago. The prostration was so severe that for weeks it was thought he could not recover. He finally recovered, but doctors told him that exposure to the hot sun would aggravate his case and probably kill him. James resolved to keep out of the sun, and for 26 summers he has escaped the sweltering heat that other persons in Kansas have undergone. James had saved a little money. He

came to Kansas City, Kan., about fifteen years ago and one of the first improvements he made at his home place was a summer cave. The cave resembles a cyclone cellar. It is a large excavation in the yard at the rear of his home. Grass has grown over the cave for many years and one must look closely to discover it.

The entrance to the cave is a door like that on an outside cellar and steps lead to the interior of the cave at one end. The temperature in the cave never gets above 60 or 65 and day after day, when everyone around him is suffering with the heat, James reposes on a cot, reads his Bible, to which he devotes most of the time, or paints pictures.

Mrs. James and children live in the house. Mrs. James prepares the meals and the children carry them to their father, and on hot afternoons the entire family gathers in the cave to escape the heat, and neighbors also drop in often.

On cool nights James leaves the cave and walks about the neighborhood or visits his own home, but the approach of sunrise is the signal for him to hasten to the retreat. During the winter James works as a laborer.

Servant in One Family for Fifty Years

CHICAGO.—Fifty years in the employ of one woman, whom she has served with rare intelligence, eagerness and devoted loyalty, is the wonderful record established by Miss Barbara Ritter, who has worked the half century for Mrs. Samuel Faulkner, 4746 Madison avenue.



While thousands of women in Chicago have changed servants at the rate of ten a year, Mrs. Faulkner not only has retained the invaluable assistance of her helper, but has won her staunch fealty for herself and her family. Miss Ritter, known as "Barbie" to the hundreds of friends of the Faulkner family and as famous among them for her personality as for her ginger cookies, has been Mrs. Faulkner's first lieutenant in the raising of the Faulkner family of eight children.

Miss Ritter entered Mrs. Faulkner's service fifty years ago as a nursemaid for the one little Faulkner of that time. She was tireless, she liked work, she looked for work and she accomplished work faster than two other ordinary maids could have done in half all the time she was

happy in its accomplishment. For several years the Faulknors have been trying to retire "Barbie" from active work. But she retains the same energy that has always dominated her work and she refuses to be retired. The Faulknors are going to celebrate "Barbie's" fiftieth anniversary of her coming to them, although she herself declares she cannot see why the event should be celebrated, since it was so natural that she should stay.

But some hundreds of society women and prominent professional and business men in Chicago, whose childhood recollections are indissolubly connected with memories of the Faulknors' "Barbie," will aid the family in giving tribute to Miss Ritter's affection and loyalty.

PREROGATIVE OF HER SEX

Bride Had But Exercised Recognized Privilege That is Universally Granted.

A young couple had been courting for several years and the young man seemed to be in no hurry to marry. Finally, one day, he said:

"Sal, I canna marry thee."

"How's that?" asked she.

"I've changed my mind," said he.

"Well, I'll tell thee what we'll do," said she. "If folks know that it's thee as has given me up I shanna be able to get another chap; but if they think I've given thee up I can get all I want. So we'll have banns published and when the wedding day comes the parson will say to thee: 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' and thou must say: 'I will.' And when he says to me: 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' I shall say: 'I wianna.'"

The day came, and when the minister asked the important question the man answered: "I will."

Then the parson said to the woman: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" and she said: "I will."

"Why," said the young man furiously, "you said you would say 'I wianna.'"

"I know that," said the young woman, "but I've changed my mind since."—Mack's National Monthly.

PIMPLES COVERED HIS BACK

"My troubles began along in the summer in the hottest weather and took the form of small eruptions and itching and a kind of smarting pain. It took me mostly all over my back and kept getting worse until finally my back was covered with a mass of pimples which would burn and itch at night so that I could hardly stand it. This condition kept getting worse and worse until my back was a solid mass of big sores which would break open and run. My underclothing would be a clot of blood.

"I tried various remedies and salves for nearly three years and I was not getting any benefit. It seemed I was in eternal misery and could not sleep on my back or lean on a chair. I was finally given a set of the Cuticura Remedies and inside of two weeks I could see and feel a great relief. I kept on using Cuticura Soap, Ointment and also the Resolvent, and in about three or four months' time my back was nearly cured and I felt like a new being. Now I am in good health and no sign of any skin diseases and I am fully satisfied that Cuticura Remedies are the best ever made for skin diseases. I would not be without them." (Signed) W. A. Armstrong, Corbin, Kan., May 26, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 27 K, Boston.

Went Up Twenty Points. During the recent hot spell a broker was complaining to a friend of the dull trading. "Business," he said, "What can one do in the way of business with the mercury standing at 100?"

"Do!" replied his friend. "Great Scott, man; it's the chance of a life-time to sell mercury."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Father Time. "Time flies." "Got the old man in an atrophic have they?"

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