

CECCALDI ON STAND IN CAILLAUX CASE

First Wife of Former Premier Late in Arriving in Court Today

Paris, July 24.—"Call Mme. Gueydan" was the command of Judge Louis Albanet when the court opened today for the fifth day's hearing in the trial of Mme. Henriette Caillaux for the willful murder on March 15 of Gaston Calmette, editor of the Figaro.

Mme. Gueydan, former wife of the prisoner's husband, Joseph Caillaux, an ex-premier of France, had however, not arrived, and Pascal Ceccaldi, the most intimate private and political friend of M. Caillaux, was called to the stand.

M. Ceccaldi amazed those in court by giving his testimony in the form of a speech, in which he reviewed the political and newspaper attacks on the former premier.

The auditors meanwhile kept up a continuous murmur of protest or approval. The protests caused M. Ceccaldi to shout: "If I defend M. Caillaux it is because he is an honest man."

Caillaux Speaks When M. Ceccaldi had spoken for an hour ex-Premier Barthou was called to the stand and defended his action in making public the Victor Fabre documents. M. Caillaux also spoke briefly.

Maitre Labori and Maitre Chenu then explained their ideas for and against the publication of the letters placed in Maitre Labori's charge by Mme. Gueydan.

Maitre Chenu remarked that the letters did not concern the case, to which Maitre Labori retorted that he thought three of them did.

Maitre Labori then returned the letters to Mme. Gueydan and asked her what her wishes were in the matter and she replied: "I do not care what you do. Publish them all if you want to do so."

It was thereupon decided to place three of the letters in evidence, but to read only one of them. This would be done, it was announced, after recess.

Attacked by a Man Militant Suffragette



AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

Bristol, England, July 24.—A violent attack was made on Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, by a man militant suffragette who rushed at the statesman immediately on his descent from the train here, July 11. The assailant hurled a heavy bundle of papers in Birrell's face, at the same time shouting: "You cur! You torturer of women!" The man was later arrested.

JOHN MASON'S NEW ROLE

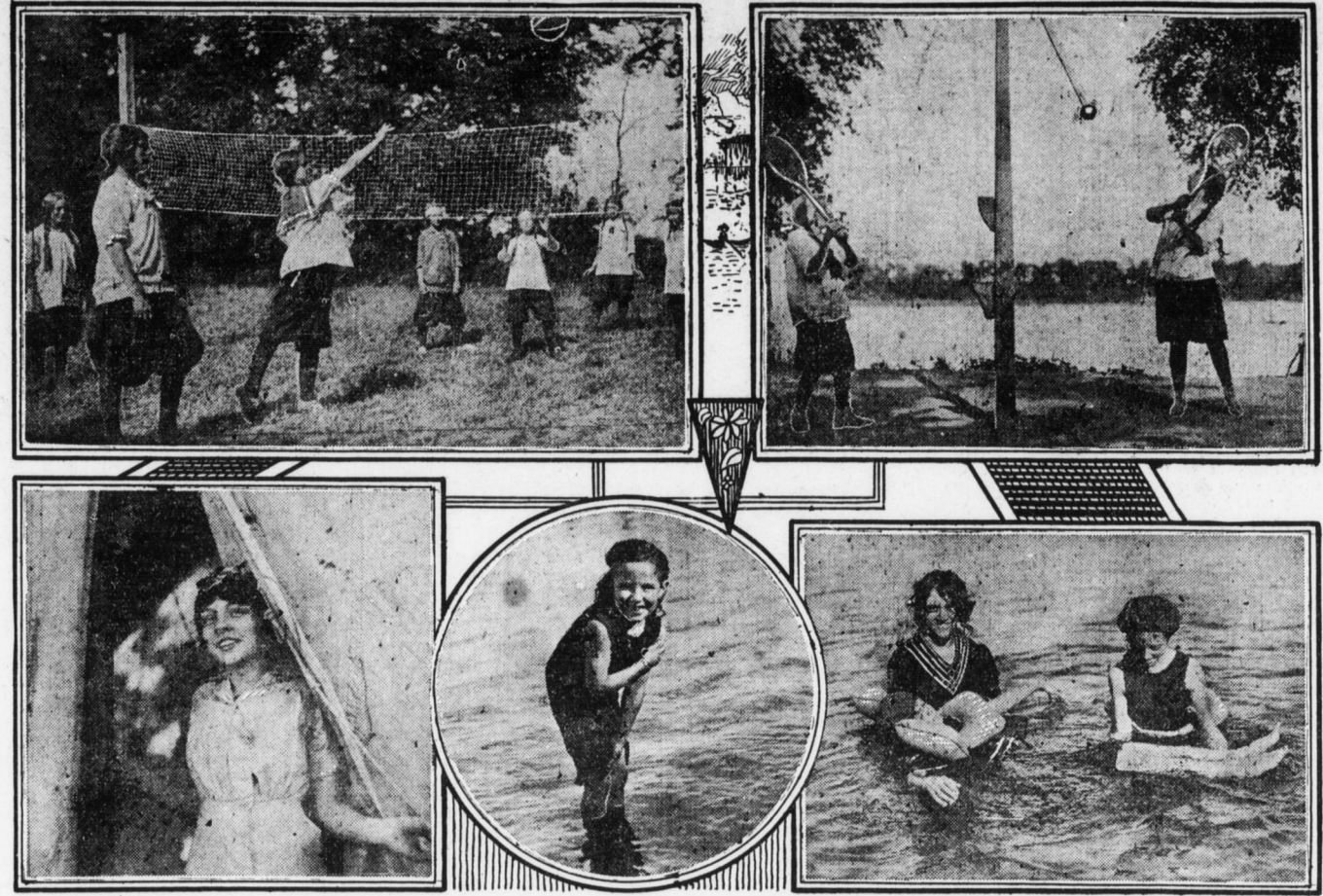
John Mason is an actor. The dramatic critics say so. So does he. That makes it unanimous. Moreover, he's a professor when it comes to explaining the intricacies and difficulties of the English language.

The night that he and Martha Hedman, the beautiful Swedish actress, who was then giving her first performance in English, opened in "The Attack," Miss Hedman asked Mason how she had gotten away with her English pronunciation.

"Fine," said Mason. "There were two or three instances of quaint accent which added to the charm of your work. But there was one word which you pronounced in such a way that it got on my nerves. Instead of pronouncing 'resign,' meaning to 'give up in despair,' as if the second syllable began with a slow, slimy and crawling z, thus, 're-zine,' you persisted in pronouncing it as if the second syllable began with the sharp, crackling, and sizzling s—which it does, but only in the spelling book, not on the tongue."

"Let me illustrate, my dear Miss Hedman. If you get sick of looking at me every night in the play, you will resign at the end of the season. On the other hand, if we get along all right together, you will probably re-sign with Mr. Charles Frohman as my leading woman for next season."—The Popular Magazine.

SCENES AT PLAYGROUND GIRLS' CAMP ON M'CORMICK'S ISLAND



The Telegraph staff photographer made another trip to the playground girls' camp on McCormick's Island, and the pictures above show what the camera witnessed. The picture on the upper left shows the campers playing volleyball. Below on the right two are teaching a third to swim with the aid of water wings; center, "Jug Morn." One of the camp girls did not want to be snapper, she ran into a tent and then threw back one of the flaps to see if the camera was watching her and to her surprise, was, as is shown in the lower left hand corner.

Passing Impressions of Finance

By H. L. Bennet

Not within the memory of the present generation has there ever occurred so scathing an arraignment of prominent men by a government investigating body as the bombshell proved to be which the Interstate Commerce Commission hurled last week into the camp of the New Haven board of directors which presided over the affairs of the road while Mellen was the proud and dominant cock of the roost.

The commission charged these directors with being guilty of almost every known offense in finance repugnant to upright dealings from gross maladministration of a great trust to the petty ways of a ward heeler bribing legislators. The impression the commission's report of its investigation of this one-time premier New England road left on the public mind could not have been worse than if there was found beneath the robe of a saint the black and sinister figure of Lucifer.

The sins of the McKinley generation of hothouse financiers are now being visited upon the present generation. The broad license then allowed to our buccaneering promoters of overcapitalized trusts is now reaping its whirlwind. A time had to come when a full accounting had to be made to a people for the millions raised to put such deals through, and the reckoning has shown a monumental deficit not only on the side of profit but also in character of our eminent financiers.

While we are cleaning the mire out of our Augean stables there should be no pause until the job has been thoroughly done because of some tender fear that it is not doing general business any good. The work that is now going on should have been finished in 1907, but it was covered up then. The panic in that year was the first symptom to show itself, indicating that the financial structure we had built up with the advent of the great period of prosperity that followed the Spanish-American War were faulty.

The billions of dollars of watered capitalization with which we loaded up our railroads and industrial corporations had settled to their foundations, but these foundations were found far from strong enough to bear the weight, and one by one the flimsy structures have toppled to earth, bringing down in their crash myriads of fortunes, small and large, of American and European investors.

There is but one way to get back to sound financing and that is by thoroughly cleaning the Augean stables. So let the work proceed, for it cannot help but lead to much healthier conditions, and this is the omega toward which all honest men should turn their faces even though in doing the work temporary suffering must be endured; otherwise we shall have to contend with the recurrence of problems we are now trying to solve in face of what the New Haven investigation Wall Street will hardly dare to further assail the good intentions of President Wilson to make his big business amenable to methods. There are to be other probes. The Rock Island financing, also the Wabash Pittsburgh Terminal and the New York Central are still awaiting "x-rays" by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

CORSETS MADE OUT OF TELEGRAPH WIRES

The telegraph, pioneer of electrical invention in all new countries, has had many remarkable experiences in linking up the outposts of civilization, and nowhere more than in the still half-savage islands of Malaysia, says a writer in the June Wide World Magazine. In Sumatra, for instance, the rebellious Chinese took the wires to hammer into slugs for their muskets; in Celebes unprotected lengths of the early lines were torn down and improvised into fish-traps; while in Dutch Borneo the white porcelain insulators gave such a striking effect as necklace beads for the dusky jungle belles that the natives still steal them whenever opportunity offered.

But it has remained for the Dyaks of Sarawak—Rajah Brooke's remarkable little State in North Borneo—to cap the climax by stripping many miles of telegraph poles of their wires in order to turn the latter over to their tribal "modistes" to manufacture into "clothes" for their ladies. Long before the telegraph wire came, the principal article of trade with the Dyaks of Borneo was brass wire, some of which was used for the making of bracelets and anklets, but the bulk was worked up into a remarkable corset for the women folk. This "garment," beginning a little below the waist—where it fixes the bedang, a strip of cotton cloth falling to the knees—ascends in widening spirals to the shoulders. The spirals are connected up with other pieces of wire, which have the effect of depriving them of all elasticity, and rendering the contrivance quite as rigid as its modern prototype of the galling wire, and to this her figure, the enlightened Occident. Under foreign influence it is becoming the custom to make these "cages," so that they may be removed at will, for bathing and even for sleeping, in the remote Dyak villages this reform has not yet begun to make itself felt.

There a girl, on reaching maidenhood, has a loose wire corset of fashionable shape built upon her, and to this her figure must grow, whether it chances to be along its natural lines or expansion or not. Only extreme sickness—usually the shadow of death itself—gives warrant for the removal of the galling grill, though it is also occasionally done in other cases. Wire is wire in Borneo, and though brass trade wire was more plentiful and "dressy" than telegraph wire, as long as the former cost a picul of damar or five piculs of copra for the requisite number of spirals, while a dress length of the latter could often be had at the expense of a little climbing, there was no question which was going to be the more in demand. The flexibility of the telegraph strand admitted of a great variety of treatment, and very chic effects in weaves and twists were obtained with it that could never have been approached with the stiff brass trade wire.

HOMEMADE MUSICAL FUN

Every boy with a spark of music in him loves to try his skill at making strange musical instruments. Is there a country boy or girl living who does not try playing tunes upon a folded leaf? I have heard boys and girls play very nice tunes upon a leaf. I have heard really sweet music produced by stretching a blade of grass between the tips and fleshy parts of the two thumbs, leaving an opening between the first and second joints, where the music is produced by blowing upon the taut grass with the breath. The balance of the two hands are pressed in contact, so as to form a hollow sounding body, like a violin, says a contributor to Farm and Home.

Flutes are made by cutting a stem from a pumpkin or squash leaf, leaving one end closed. A lengthwise slit is cut near the closed end and this end is to be inserted in the mouth so as to play the breath is forced out through the slit in stem and tones are made by covering and uncovering the notches with the fingers.

A corstalk fiddle is an old instrument which our great-grandparents used to make. Cut a joint of a corstalk. Slip the knife under the tough bark, loosening it for a few inches near one end, but do not cut the ends. Now remove about half the stock beneath the loosened bark. Cut the bark into strips an eighth of an inch in width, and cut away every other or alternate one. These strips are your strings and you may, by doing your work neatly, have quite a creditable-looking instrument.

TRINIDAD'S GREAT ASPHALT LAKE

The proverb about the folly of building on sand might be rewritten to induce the vicinity of the Trinidad asphalt lake. This remarkable body of pitch is perhaps the nearest thing to the "goose which laid the golden egg" that has ever been found, for it has the obliging faculty of replacing during the night the asphalt which has been dug from its surface during the day. That the replenishment "comes from somewhere" was graphically illustrated a short time ago when a house located near the edge of the lake began settling to one side, not to stop until the digging of pitch at that vicinity ceased. The pitch is dug laboriously from the lake by frame, or well-rodged thread, or you may be able to rest horse hair for your bow.

From wide World Magazine.

PASSENGERS HELD UP ON WESTERN TRAIN

Robbers Get More Than \$2,000 in Money and Valuables Near Los Angeles

Los Angeles, Cal., July 24.—Deputy sheriffs were hunting the hills north of Los Angeles early to-day for two or possibly three men who boarded train No. 22 of the Southern Pacific Company last night near Chatworth Park and robbed passengers in two cars of more than \$2,000 in cash and valuables. Two men did the work of robbing the passengers, but a third man, who appeared from the smoking car, was held up in a car near the station about ten miles north of Los Angeles.

Brakeman G. T. Gundry was standing on the rear platform when the robbers swung aboard. One of the masked men, armed with a shotgun, ordered the trainman to hold up his hands. The second robber drew a revolver and Gundry, still holding his hands above his head, was forced to walk ahead of the men as they robbed the passengers.

Men in the cars were forced to stand by their seats and drop their money into the pockets of the bandits as they passed. Women passengers were all ordered to remain seated and commanded to deliver their purses promptly.

Both of the men appeared to be young and they worked coolly and quickly.

ROOSEVELT RENEWS ATTACK ON BARNES

Colonel Roosevelt went out for an hour's walk after breakfast and when he returned began preparations to hasten the suit.

William Barnes, when shown the statement made to-day by Colonel Roosevelt in Oyster Bay, said: "The question involved in this matter is only whether he tells the truth."

At that point Mr. Barnes was reminded that the Colonel had declared he could prove everything he had said. "Well, that's what we're here for," replied the Republican state chairman, "but we are not going to discuss it here. We will discuss it in the courts and under oath."

Hedges Announces His Candidacy in New York

New York, July 24.—Job E. Hedges, formally announced himself to-day as a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor of New York. For some time Mr. Hedges had been looked upon as a candidate but his statement, issued to-day, was generally received and a reply to announcements made by Harvey D. Hinman, of Binghanton, and District Attorney Charles S. Whitman, of New York, who are seeking endorsement outside the so-called regular Republican ranks.

"I shall seek the regular Republican nomination for governor at the approaching primaries and will accept none other," reads Mr. Hedges' statement. "If nominated, my appeal for election will be to the people at large."

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.—Rom. 8:38-39.

Will Spend Honeymoon Crossing Atlantic in Small Boat



Mr. and Mrs. Signe Sivard and the power lifeboat in which they will try to cross the ocean.

New York, July 24.—Mrs. Signe Sivard will be the first woman to cross the Atlantic in a small boat. She is planning to spend her honeymoon with her husband on his trip across the ocean to demonstrate the capabilities of his thirty-six-foot power lifeboat to foreign shipbuilders. "No, this will not be my first long trip in a small boat," says Mrs. Sivard, "once rowed two other girls from my home at Gothenburg to Fredrikstad and back—240 miles. The papers called us three girls in a boat."

PRIZE TEXAS BEAUTIE S DIDN'T WEAR ENOUGH PAINT TO SUIT NEW YORK



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: TOP ROW—NATTIE BELLONY, BESS DENNING, FRANKIE THOMPSON. CENTER ROW—LILLIAN SHANNON, ELLEN BLAUTON, LOLA SOLOMON. FRONT ROW—ANNA DAUGHERTY, CLARA MCCORMICK, MAMIE O'REILLY

Nine Texas prize beauties who went to New York on their way to Europe after winning a trip because of their good looks, found just before they sailed that their type of beauty was not at all appreciated. Strong, healthy girls, with rosy cheeks that needed no paint for color, they were, but they met with sneers and even ridicule in New York.