

STRANGE PROPHECIES OF WAR THAT SEEM TO BE FULFILLED

Most Curious of All, That of Richard de Toussaint, Dated 1622, Consists of Eight Pictures

Paris and Rome to have a great scare—from fleets of Zeppelins or armies with cannons? Between the crises of "All is lost!" and "All is saved!" will there be "scarcely time to turn a flapjack"? Many claim that thing has already happened to Paris, at the battle of the Marne. In that great danger, miraculously averted, the "sky burning" of the Kaiser were undoubtedly pointed "at 45 degrees" on "the grand new city," but did not have time to explode.

Such was the sense of many old prophecies which contain no ultimate threat to civilization. On the contrary—like that of Mont St. Michel—they predict the triumph of sweetness and light.

Preserved for centuries in the treasury of Mont St. Michel the prophecy of Richard de Toussaint, dated 1622, is the most curious of them all. It is composed entirely of pictures. They are eight old paintings, which now for the first time coincide and explain themselves.

The first picture shows eight crowned figures, by name France, Spain, Low Countries, Germany, England, Italy, Poland and Muscovia. (We know how vividly Poland is concerned at present) and Muscovia is Russia. Into her ear the demon of discord whispers.

The second shows a palace in a city all commotion. Men look anxiously over a balcony. It is Paris, and the inscription runs: "Woe to thee, repent, city of philosophers!"

The third is Rome, with the Arch of Titus, &c. Its inscription, which was always deemed incomprehensible, indicates the date of these dire doings: "Woe to thee, Rome, when thy walls shall hear the praise of the letter 'K'."

The fourth shows seven figures—not eight, Germany being omitted. They stand in a field, their naked swords on the grass. A flying angel hovers above one of them, number, displaying the inscription, "Listen to him, because he is our friend."

The fifth shows the Pope, seated, blessing the seven leaders, not eight.

In the sixth they chase the Turks from Europe. The seventh continues the destruction of the Turkish Empire. And the eighth, with the words, "Prophecy found in the tomb of Constantine," shows a tomb covered with emblems. It is the tomb of Untruth.

I give these prophecies as curiosities. Yet really they seem like pieces of a broken mirror. The light may come through each fragment imperfectly, but united the result astonishes. Here are thirty-two so-called "modern prophets" who in the past 500 years have rolled up a wave of predictions on apparently present times, some which seemed dark becoming suddenly clear, others coinciding with themselves and the times, and yet others fulfilling.

The oldest of them is that called of St. Thomas Aquinas, in the year 1227 ("Liber Mirabilis"). All through the intervening centuries steadily clearer and clearer. At present it seems clear as noon, but who two years ago could have made sense of the now plain indications:

"5. Woe to you, Liguria (n. w. Italy), and to you, blood soaked Flanders!"

The schism will be overturned when the Oak (England) in its fall crushes the Wild Boar. (Is there any doubt about the identity of the Wild Boar?)

"7. Weep, Babylon (prophetic name for Paris), what sad days threaten you!"

"8. The kings advance from the four corners of the world. The arrow from Italy, speeding toward the east, will cut the furrow to plant the true vine of the Saviour."

Nothing of the above has been altered. These texts have existed, certainly, since the sixteenth century, when the "Liber Mirabilis" and "Vaticinia seu Predictiones Illustriorum Virorum" were published in Venice. For ready reference, most of them may be found reprinted in a collection called "Demain (To-morrow)," by the Baron de Noyave in 1905 (Paris, P. Lethielleux). It ran through five editions and became forgotten long before the war cloud of 1914. The Baron never dreamed of the meaning of "blood soaked Flanders," the significance of the "letter 'K'" or "the arrow of Italy speeding toward the east" to help out the Allies in the Dardanelles.

The "Vaticinia" contains "A prophecy on Paris and Rome in the thirteenth century." The first part (Fragment No. 23) concerns Paris:—

"1. Alas, city of pain and passions."

"2. Within you walls what killed and bleeding!"

"3. The dragons break from their eggs . . . armed for mutual war."

"4. An innumerable multitude will be devoured by the sword!"

"When is it all to happen? The warning existed three 600 years back. Up to a year ago the date remained as incomprehensible as at Mont St. Michel. In both cases men imagined a misprint, it seemed so queer. It is contained in the second part of the prediction (Fragment No. 25) concerning Rome:

"6. Woe to you, City of the Seven Hills, when the letter 'K' shall be praised within your walls."

What is to be thought of that as a coincidence? And what child could doubt the meaning of the letter "K"?

The Breton prophecy, whose origin is unknown but which has always enjoyed great vogue in the collections, contains a striking indication of date:—

"When chariots shall march along, and the horses of the prophets shall throw fire by head and tail (automobiles), and when the Saxons of the north and east shall join hands to kill France, and when Paris, corrupt city, shall be broken like a hive."

"Then will the predicted times be accomplished."

Another Breton prophecy is that of the famous Cure of Maudisson (1755-1828). It has been on the parish registry of Maudisson since 1821, and was printed in a brochure at Nantes in 1872. Vendean royalist in the Revolution, the cure called Louis Philippe "the Emperor" and predicted his fall (which happened in 1848), foretold that immediately afterward men would "travel with the greatest swiftness. I do not know how, but I see them going with the speed of birds." He predicted the Second Empire, the Republic and the Grand Monarch—who has not yet arrived and shows no sign. Before the Grand Monarch he places "the great unhappinesses," with "blood to the horses' bellybands." His woe to Paris begins in the eighth paragraph, but, so "All is saved!" there will be, so to speak, no interval, no more than the time to turn a flapjack (over one gallette).

The equally famous Cure of Ars, in 1855, foretold "two more Germanic invasions of France." The first came in 1870. The second commenced with Napoleon III.

"12. They (the Germans) will demand more, and return."

"13. This time they will fight for good . . . But how they will fight! . . . how they will fight!"

"14. They will let Paris burn, and be content."

"15. But France will beat them, and chase them for good."

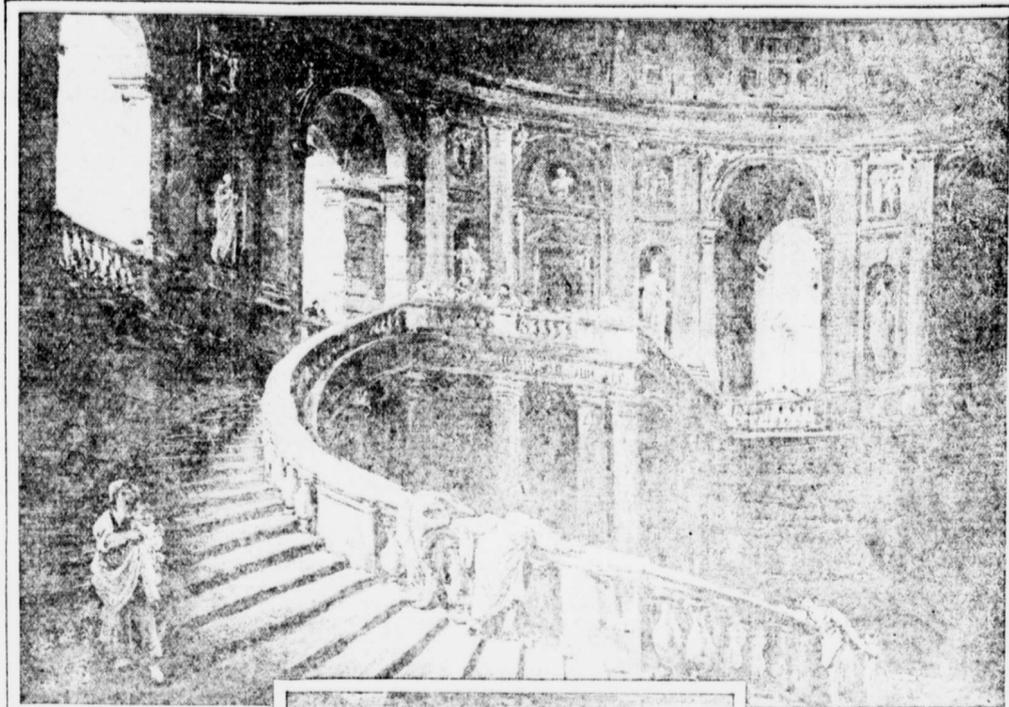
I must give it as it is written. In most of these prophecies the threat against Paris is strong, almost as if it was aimed directly at her. Yet Napoleon was content and so, it seems, is Paris. I must choose among the thirty-two prophecies. There is not space for half of them.

That of Anna Catherine Emmerich (1774-1820) has had some every-where. Her books of visions are still in England and America. Her telling the world war, she gives a wonderful indication of date—the "element" being a touch of personal interpretation and irrelevance common enough in true prophecies.

"I say that the great city [Paris] was undermined by the ravages of disease, activated by the subterranean work and the city sealed on the point of caving in, on spots where great buildings raised themselves."

Of course it is the metropolitan subway whose caverns extended the war below the city. In 1915, when the Baron looked out the prediction, nobody dreamed of the possibility of such a thing!

Nostradamus, greatest of them all, is full of personal touches. The most



The second of the pictures shows a palace in a city in great commotion.



The third of the pictures is Rome, showing the Arch of Titus. Its inscription, which was always deemed incomprehensible, is: "Woe to thee, Rome, when thy walls shall hear the praise of the letter 'K.'"

It is Paris and the inscription runs: "Woe to thee, repent, city of philosophers."

brilliant accomplishments of his "Centuries" must be picked out of seeming irrelevance. For example, the French Republic will last until 1921. Thus he dates it (and the republic was about to be dissolved) several times and returned.

She who was chosen, returns to rule. Her enemies conspire. They shall see her triumph. Three centuries to two more death.

If we take the year 1818 as the end of monarchical government in France, the addition of seven or three years, because as to 1921. Before which must intervene the great war.

Nostradamus brings in Italy, Turkey, everywhere. "By the power of three temporal kings, the seat of the House will be removed, for the Novissima shall be freely given and received" (XIII, 105). France and Italy and Spain, Turkey, "every victory over great 8th Century, by the Novissima shall be proclaimed."

The Bible seems to be England. Nostradamus calls the Kaiser the

Inscription on One Warns Rome of the Time When It "Hears Praise of the Letter 'K'"

"sky burner." He gives an exact date for the German aggression: The year when Saturn conjuncts in water. With the sun, a powerful king. At Rhodan and Aix is received and anointed. After conquests murdering innocents. Away back in 1902 the Paris "Echo du Merveilleux" calculated that there would be conjunction of the sun with Saturn in the Sign of the Crab in 1915, 1916 and 1917. Men talked about it, and understood nothing . . . Here we have the Kaiser—just his style! He was at Ithoms in 1914 arranging exactly to be anointed King of France—as he told everybody at the time—but missed the connection. Now he is at Aix, any day he pleases (Aix is still, for the moment, German). In between we see him ponding down toward Paris—and the battle of the Marne. What hideous mortality approaches, except that an offence there be pardoned! Five-and-forty degrees burning the sky. To approach with fire the great new city.

Evidently the offence was pardoned—unless he manages to come again. Paris had as close a shave as Nineveh. But admire Nostradamus! Whether 45 degrees be the sensational and unprecedented trajectory of German great guns (which astonished the world) or some new devilry from Zeppelins, how could Nostradamus in 1560 have imagined such "sky burning" for 1915?

There is much more, much confused; but space forbids. Admire the happy ending!

On the head of the King (obviously of Prussia, the German Empire hav-

ing crumbled) the Pope (August) places a protecting and pardoning hand because he "has come to sue for the Italic peace." And, really, I must quote what follows textually: A la main gauche viendra chanter le De Roy viendra Empereur patifus.

In a word, the Pope fixes it all up. He will change the sceptre to William's left hand (we all know William's infirmity); and he who was Emperor becomes pacific King. Nostradamus gets it upside down—he says that the King becomes pacific Emperor. Seers have these inversions, as a typewriter operator inserts the letters of a word.

There is more, much splendid, some mixed. For instance, which is Ferdinand the Blood-be of Bulgaria or Rumania? Both are bloods, by birth and habit, the Coburg and the Hohenzollern.

And Ferdinand the Blood will be along. To quit the Flower (France, de Gaulle), follow the Macedon (Greece). If needs be, weakening his reins of his army, the destruction of the city (William).

You can buy these texts and read them, printed clean in 1905, and in great libraries see the originals. What could Nostradamus in 1560 have guessed of the two Ferdinands and their calculations in 1915? It is simply, if cloudy.

Nostradamus expressly stated in his letter to Henry II, that he wished to spread himself on the common fate in mysterious and enigmatic parlance, so as "not to scandalize the wisdoms of mind of those who read."

He did it.

"RELAYS" SAVE TURKEY CROP

The interesting fact of just how early a crop of turkeys is produced in this country is shown by the fact that during this season of summer dampness any of us who are interested in farm and poultry raising news that have not been slow to realize adverse climatic condition of the spring and summer season just ended. Damp and cold are extremely bad for young turkeys. They are killed off by dozens and even hundreds, through getting their feet wet and so contracting a cold, which is their early death.

This season has been no exception to this rule for baby turkeys. In fact there has been abundance of dampness and therefore a vigilance on the part of the farmer.

In many cases relays of turkeys have been raised. This means that while the first spring crop started may have met with more or less misfortune, second crops called by the trade, relays, have been on the way. These latter birds are of less value for Thanksgiving and particularly the Christmas holiday trade, in plump and excellent form.

There will be no shortage of turkeys. As a matter of fact, the housewife will be able to have turkeys to eat even before the winter holiday season, judging from reports. The early turkey survivors of dampness and rains will not be fat or fine to look at, it is believed, and as a consequence they are not likely to be stored for future consumption. Instead, these turkeys of the early spring will be on market before long, say when cool fall days come.

The wholesale price of turkeys now averages 20 to 25 cents per pound, but this figure will gradually decrease as the fall season advances and the

early crop of turkeys is upon market. A turkey now weighs about six pounds, which is not a large size for that kind of bird.

Lena's relays are also being raised. This season's average is more than last season's, which was a record last year of 16 cents per pound. The organization of the turkey supply will affect the price of this food supply.

All over the poultry raising sections of the United States the same bad weather conditions have had to be met. Missouri, however, will have a crop up to the average. This State is regarded as a leader in the turkey raising industry. Close followers are the States of Iowa, southern Indiana, Illinois, Texas and Minnesota. New York State has a fair average of turkeys, and so do the South. Usually, prices are smaller sizes and a quality somewhat inferior, except Maryland, which State ranks high as a turkey raising State.

Prize-winning chickens or fowls—hens—are selling at 18 cents a pound, the coarser grades at about 16 to 17 cents, for which the housewife pays at retail the price of 22 to 26 cents a pound. Hens and chicks are 28 to 30 cents, the No. 2 grade at 18 cents.

But, taken all together, the chances are here and with better success than in other game attempted. Pheasants average \$4 to \$5 a pair and for this season will not be generally purchased by the lover of the birds.

But, taken all together, the chances are for our poultry crop, including turkeys, is most cheering.

AUSTRIAN CHILDREN DOING THEIR SHARE IN HOUR OF COUNTRY'S NEED

Filled with patriotic enthusiasm. They are eager to accomplish any task assigned to them.

SHORTLY after the opening of the early summer campaign in Galicia the Austrian military authorities realized that a shortage of copper was threatened. This situation was met with the assistance of boys and girls too young for military service or employment in munition factories but not lacking in enthusiasm and willingness to devote their best endeavors to the consummation of any patriotic task set for them. First there was issued an appeal to this effect:

"Our country needs copper to make bullets to protect our homes. In your kitchens you have what is needed. Will you give? The school children will call for whatever you care to deliver to them. Austria expects your cooperation."

The schools throughout the country were closed and the young patriots assumed their share of their country's burden. Great trucks manned by conscientious soldiers made a systematic canvass of the cities, attended by a dozen children for each team. As they went through the streets the children rang the door bell of each house they passed and requested copper.

"Any copper for the army, lady?" they would say.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid not," was the reply often.

"What?" with great indignation on the part of the youngsters. "No copper to save our homes? Haven't you a wash boiler, a pair of fire tongs, an old kettle? Haven't you anything to give us?"

At this the housekeeper invariably began to think. Yes, she did have a wash boiler with a copper bottom or maybe she had an ornament or two. But perhaps she preferred to give them; perhaps she preferred to save the ornaments and use the boiler. But when her eyes met the straight-forward blue ones of the children on her step her decision wavered and before she fully realized it her contribution had been made.

From house to house the children came in droves, boys and girls, and today there is no delay when the ambulances arrive.

There are five boys to each tub. One heats the water, two carry it to the tubs in buckets and two address and wash the patients and then empty and cleanse the tub.

The girls? Yes, they are employed too. As soon as the soiled clothes are removed the girls carry them away to other tubs, where they are washed and fumigated, and returned to the proper owner within one hour from the time he arrived at the hospital.

This employment of child labor permits the doctors and most of the nurses to perform their duties without interruption.

There are numerous ways in which

children raise funds to carry on their country's war. One of these is the sale of picture post cards. This is carried on quite as systematically as "picnic day" excursions in the United States, and it is done every day. On every street corner one meets boys and smiling little girls with post cards for sale. The price is only 10 to 15 cents, but the great quantity sold entails appreciable income to the war chest.

Another scheme is the sale of nails. The stranger in Vienna asked to buy a nail for one krowne is puzzled. "What will I do with it?" he asks. "The reply is ready enough: 'Help make the Iron Man.'"

Then questioning he learns that in Schwarzenberg Platz there stands a wooden figure about sixteen feet tall and proportionately broad, known as the Iron Man, and used in an office of religious devotion. Boys hold up to a policeman that amount of nails, and there is a man waiting with a hammer for the use of the purchaser of a nail.

The purchaser climbs the stairs, selects a spot and drives his nail home, thus contributing his mite to the Iron Man.

How again the children saved the day and were successful for the venture. Hoffmann's school was one of the first to open two months, and the line of prospective hammers dwindled. At that time the nails were sold only of Schwarzenberg Platz, and the good citizen, after paying the krowne for the

religion, deemed that he had done his duty and went on his way.

But the children took hold with their customary energy, and the nails were peddled in every coffee house and bookstore in Vienna, and today there is a line of men from twenty to fifty persons waiting to supply the nails, and the gigantic block of wood has, in truth, become a man of mail.

Stories of the work of Boy Scouts and other children's organizations which America has done in time of war in no other country at war have the children the unorganized school children responded so splendidly for the cause for which their fathers and brothers and other relatives are shedding their blood. The term work, used principally in connection

with athletics, fits their enterprise. It is cooperation on a great scale.

In the early part of July there was a scarcity of vegetables that caused great suffering among the poor. To relieve the situation the children, in a week was a hardship accepted cheerfully, but when the markets raised the prices of spinach and cabbage and insisted that the demand far exceeded the supply a petition for relief was sent to the Emperor.

With his usual perspicacity he took hold of the newest problem and settled it while others were worrying.

"Our mountaineers abound with watercress and dandelion plants," he said, "and our children are eager for labor. Let them gather the vegetables and dandelion plants, and distribute them among the needy."

Promptly, expeditiously, it was done. Children who were not otherwise employed went in crowds to the country outside the cities carrying with them sacks and baskets to receive the fruit of their labor.

Their enthusiasm was unshaken. It was like a monster picnic for them, a picnic without chaparrons. Especially impressive was the sight around Vienna, Karlberg and Kobenz seemed alive with youngsters hurrying from place to place gathering for watercress and dandelion plants. Competitions were organized by the older children, and each one worked with might and main to outdistance the others.

At noon the children at the lunches their parents had given them, lunch including bread that had been procured with bread cards and was made of ingredients that would have been unappetizing to American boys and girls. But not a complaint was heard, and as soon as the meal was over they renewed their work with increasing spirit, crying gleefully when a luxurious patch was found, pointing when only grass and pecks rewarded their search.

Night came and the tired little bodies carried their loads to washing places. Two one horse trucks had been assigned to the Kobenz district, but before the last batch of July vegetable matter disappeared those two wagons had made five trips.

As the newly trained soldiers leave for the front their exhausted comrades are brought back to the cities for recuperation. Here again the children are called upon for their services. As the great columns swing along they are surrounded by hordes of boys and girls with buckets of water and sandwiches, who start in and where required, distributing refreshment and drink.

House to House Canvass for Copper to Make Shells One of Their Most Important Duties

Sometimes pathetic scenes are enacted when a son ministers to his father, whom he had not seen for months, without recognizing him. But the father's memory is better and the child, as someone with kisses and hugs that immediately refreshes him, particularly led to a plate above his less fortunate companions.

A QUESTION OF DIGNITY.

FOR a number of years he had been employed as a stenographer for the company, and as such he frequently took dictation from one of the directors who called at the office occasionally. Last week he was made an assistant secretary of the corporation, was relieved of his stenographic duties and was given a desk near the senior officers.

When the visiting director called at the office a day or two later he greeted the former stenographer pleasantly and congratulated him on his advancement.

"But there's no one around here who can operate a typewriter as you can," he added flatteringly, "and I want you to make a copy of this paper before I send it to my lawyer."

But the new assistant secretary was not to be flattered into a remissness of his duty. He took up his position, and his reply.

"I don't, Mr. Brown, I don't. It is asking too much of me. I am an assistant secretary of this company, ought to be myself. It is a matter of a typewriter like an ordinary stenographer."

"But your position," said Mr. Brown, "I forget about the quality of your position entirely. It is your duty that will overlook my indiscretion. By the way," he added, "I see by the papers that a man down in Washington named Woodrow Wilson named with his own hands and on his own paper almost all of the important State papers of the last year, including transmission to the European countries."



This boy is collecting copper kettles and turning them over to the Government wagon.