



Diversion of English Society Which Is Conjuring "Demons" and Practicing the "Black Art"—But Seems to Need a Lot More Practice

Beautiful Lady Marjoria Manners, Who Is Much Interested in the New Incantation Fad.

"TEACHING" TITLED BEAUTIES TO RAISE "EVIL SPIRITS"

London, Nov. 26. The titled beauties of England, and for that matter beauties without titles and titles without beauty, have taken up most earnestly the pursuit of the highest "black art" the conjuration of spirits evil and otherwise, the revival of ancient mysteries, such as those of Eleusis, for profanation of which in ancient Greece Phryne was condemned to death and saved only by her advocate snatching aside her garments and dazzling her judges.

In every country. Within the last year the soulful branch of the English aristocracy has embraced it, and chapters are soon to give demonstrations in the United States. Even Sir Oliver Lodge has not been above attempting various seances in a scientific effort to discover if the old incantations could really raise anything.

symbol of thy body which we destroy by water and fire that it may be renewed before us. (Throws in the snake.) "And the blood of the serpent is the symbol of the magic word of Messiah, whereby we triumph over Nahash (Throws in the blood.)

"Down! Sink down to the depths of horror!" And when it is really horrifying, all the things they wish to poor Taph. It seems incredible that really nice girls will talk so. For they are really nice despite their peculiar tastes. They want the earth to suffocate Taph, and fire to torment him.

Poet Alister Crowley in a Rosicrucian attitude. Mr. Crowley is the only member of the order who can pronounce correctly the magic word, "Sti-BeLTTChePhMeSHSS."

Has any one ever raised the spirits? Well, now! Poet Crowley's book, "The Equinox" which relates at length these conjurations, tells of a very earnest seeker who for six months followed the exceedingly rigorous and ascetic course prescribed for the Rosicrucian way of seeing things. What he saw irresistibly reminds one of easier ways of seeing them—and not so ascetic. This is what he says happened:

BIRDS THAT WILL STAY WITH US THROUGHOUT THE DREARY WINTER MONTHS

BY EDWARD B. CLARK. HUN the first footholds of winter are heard the people say. There are birds which will stay with us through the winter, although they may be storm-blown when hunting in the open for their food or be snow-covered in their thicket recesses, where they "brood" at night to keep the frost from pinching their feet.

some of the other songsters desert, the Kentucky writer has this to say: "Let some morning the leaves are on the trees and the birds have vanished. The species that remain, or that come to us then, wear the hues of the season and melt into the tone of nature's background. Some stay in every month, some in white on tall and broad and wing for coming flecks of snow.

The bird, which today is common in every Potomac thicket, is nothing to the eye and everything to the ear. He dresses in drabs and browns, with streakings of black and bay and ash, with white enough below to make prominent an identifying brown patch on the breast.

the cold, and he questions the chickadee and finally gets answer: "Live out of doors. In the great woods, on gnarled limbs, I dine in the sun when he sticks in the real, too, have a hole in a hollow tree; And I like less when summer breeze With the cool, the sun, the rain, the snow, than the twilight which snow makes With the mist of the binding flakes. Can you see the soul, if you wish, In an April frost my frame defied, Made of the air that blows outside."

It is not safe to say, simply because you do not see them in winter, that the birds have gone. It is the time of retirement and the birds are in their winter quarters. They have simply retired to the quiet of their winter homes, and from which they come forth daily to glean the seeds from the fields on which the winter sun shines. Occasionally a winter drive, watched by a few unexpected abundance of food and by an unusually genial greeting from the low-hanging sun, will bring a song of springtime.

may lack the spiritual quality of the notes of the bird's wilderness companion, the hermit thrush, but it is a happier song, as the bird is essentially a happier creature than its shy hermit friend.

path that would about the mountain. As the flame shot up lighting its little circle of sitting leaves there would be a flash of light in the underbrush, overhead in the fir; then tinkling out of the darkness, like a brook under the snow, would come the low clear strain of melody that always set my heart a dancing.

John Burroughs interprets the song sparrow's music thus, "Sweet-e-t, Sweet-e-t, bitter," and then he says that this is a simple, but profound, summing up of the bird's life. The bird is a creature of his own faith even in Burroughs to know that he can find a suggestion of utterness in the music of the song sparrow.

Rock Creek's Winter Visitors. In the thickets of Rock Creek park from now until March the song and white-throated sparrows will find shelter. As neighbors they will have the black-capped chickadee, which moved Emerson to sing on a frozen winter day; the Carolina chickadee, his cousin, from whom it is hard to distinguish it, and its other cousin, the tufted titmouse.

THE execution of Dr. Hawley Crippen and subsequent burial in quicklime in the prison yard of Pentonville prison last Wednesday has recalled the most vivid description of an English hanging ever written—Oscar Wilde's "The Ballad of Reading Gaol."

Deep down below a prison yard, Naked for greater shame, He lies, with fetters on each foot, Wept in a sheet of flame.

THE UNWILLING EMPLOYER. Secretary Knox Illustrates Change in Diplomacy by Brownsville Anecdote. Secretary Knox, at a dinner in Washington, said, with a smile: "Modern diplomacy has frankness and friendliness of its past words. The diplomacy of the war seemed to consist too much of dislike, deceit, trickery, Nations treated one another as White and Black, or Brownville, did."