HEALTH

Noises in the Head.

Noises in the head are of various kinds, and come from a good many different causes; they are not always indications of ear disease. Sometimes they are owing to changes in the walls of the blood vessels, in the composition of the blood, or in the force of the blood pressure; or they may be caused by certain drugs, such as quinine and salicylic acid.

The character of the sound differs according to the cause that is at work. It may be described by the sufferer as creaking, crackling, buzzing, puffing, drumming, bubbling, rumbling, or bell ringing. Sometimes the noises are so faint that they are noticed only at night or in absolute stillness; in other cases they are so loud that even the noise of a railway train fails to drown them. In chronic cases the head noises are usually worse when the sufferer is worried, overworked, or out of health, and they seem to be increased by smoking, or living in stuffy rooms.

The most frequent cause of tinnitus (for that is the medical name for the affection) is ear disease, either acute or chronic. If it is owing to an accumulation of wax in the ear, the noises will cease promptly when the wax is removed; but if the noises come from disease of the middle ear, or of the internal ear, treatment is a much more difficult matter.

If the physician can cure or ameliorate the inflammation, the tinnitus will be relieved at the same time, and sometimes he can do much to help it, even when the ear disease itself is incurable. The vibrations made by a "buzzer" held close to the ear will occasionally give relief, and the noises have been known to disappear after prolonged listening at the telephone. But on the other hand, those things have sometimes made a bad matter worse rather than better! The sufferer must not take the advice of his sympathizing friends, and put drops of various kinds into the ear. They can seldom do any good, and may make the condition more serious. The trouble may come from so many different conditions that only a thorough examination, by an experienced physician, can determine the real cause and the proper treatment.—Youth's Companion.

Tiny Tooth Tips.

It is most unpleasant when teeth move because they are loose in the gum sockets, but if the mouth is well washed out three times a day with bicarbonate of soda dissolved in warm water, the gums harden and the teeth become firm again.

Finely-powdered charcoal, especially that of the areca-nut, is supreme for making the teeth a gleaming white, and keeping the mouth sweet. The charcoal, too, renders innocuous any decaying pieces of embedded food in the crevices.

Teeth which from any cause—smoking, neglect, medicine, etc.—are in a very bad, black state should be cleaned with powdered cuttlefish, obtainable at a chemist's. This should be used three times daily until the teeth are clean, and then no more. After that any good dentifrice.

Few know that sage leaves are most excellent for the teeth. The leaf can be rubbed on, or chopped very fine and used with a brush. The effect is astonishing.

A little lemon-juice is another good tooth tonic, though it needs to be used but occasionally.

In default of tooth-powder, common salt mixed with fine soot — or either of these alone—is quite good. The soot makes the teeth wonderfully white, and the salt not only hardens the gums, but puts a glitter on the enamel of the teeth.

KING OBEYED ORDERS.

American Women Mistook Him For Chaffeur.

The King of the Belgians, one of the most democratic of European monarchs, who has been spending the last three weeks in Switzerland, tells the following story:

At Territet the King and Queen were motoring. His Majesty was driving and there were no attendants. The Queen went into a shop to make some purchases. The King was standing near the car, reading a newspaper, when an American woman came out of the shop, jumped into the conveyance and bade the driver to drive her to her hotel. "Certainly, madame," replied the King, complying with the lady's instructions. In the meantime, the Queen came out of the store, and was surprised to find her husband and the car had disappeared. Both quickly reappeared, however, and Their Majesties laughed heartily over the occurrence. Inquiries as to the identity of the American woman were fruitless.

The Last Item.

A famous novelist staying at a certain hotel in Canada was so annoyed by the lack of attention he received that in a moment of irritation he asked to see the proprietor. "I just wanted to tell you," said the author when the proprietor appeared, that of all the hotels under the shining sun I have never been in one that for unmitigated, all-round unendurable discomfort could equal yours." After the indignant landlord had withdrawn the author asked for his bill, and he discovered that the last item on it was—"To impudence—$3"!

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, AUGUST 2.

Lesson V.—The Triumphal Entry—Mark 11. 1-11. Golden Text, Zech. 9. 9.

Verse 1. And when they draw nigh unto Jerusalem—Since leaving Jericho, Jesus and the company of pilgrims with him had traveled about fifteen miles. Part of this journey was through a wild and dangerous country, the scene of the parable of the good Samaritan. On the way, the incidents of the coming of the rich young man to Jesus and the healing of blind Bartimasus have taken place. Of his teaching by the wayside we have already studied in this series of lessons the parables of the laborers in the vineyard and the pounds and the talents; also his prophecy of his death and his words to his disciples about greatness through service.

Bethphage—A place which cannot be identified.

Bethany—A village on the southeast slope of the Mount of Olives and about two miles from Jerusalem. This was the home of Lazarus and his sisters, Martha and Mary. Here was also the house of Simon the leper, where Jesus was anointed by Mary (Mark 14. 3; John 12. 1-3).

The mount of Olives—This name is given to the range of hills east of Jerusalem. They are separated from the city by the valley of Kidron. The height of the ridge is about 2,600 feet above the Mediterranean.

Two of his disciples—The names of these disciples are not given, but it is supposed, from the minuteness of the description given by Mark, that Peter, from whom Mark received much of the material contained in his Gospel, was one of the two.

2. The village that is over against you—Matthew (21. 1) mentions only Bethphage, and his account indicates that this was the village to which the disciples were sent. These words seem to imply that the village was off the road on which they were traveling.

A colt—A colt of an ass. In the East, the ass is larger and swifter than with us. In contrast with the horse, which had been brought from Egypt by Solomon for use in war, the ass was a symbol of peace. From the words of the prophet (Zech. 9. 9) all Jews expected the Messiah to enter Jerusalem riding upon an ass.

Whereon no man ever yet sat—Matthew mentions (21. 2) that the colt was still running with its mother, and had therefore not been used. Jewish tradition demands new or unused objects for sacred purposes. Compare 1 Sam. 6. 7.

3. The Lord hath need of him—"Lord," or "Master," was the title so frequently used by the disciples and others in speaking to Jesus that its use here seems merely to indicate in general his relation to his disciples. It is quite possible that the owner of the colt was a friend of Jesus and a believer.

And straightway he will send him back hither—He promises to return the colt at once.

5. Certain of them that stood there—Luke says it was the owners that asked the question. Perhaps the owners and others were standing near and saw the disciples.

7. Cast on him their garments—Their outer robes or long coats. As they had no trappings for this colt, the garments would serve as a saddle, though the act of the disciples was also one of homage.

He sat upon him—The entry of Jesus into Jerusalem in this manner, fulfilling the prophecy well known to the Jews, can have no other meaning than that Jesus publicly announced himself as the Messiah, or rather, he accepted from his disciples and others the title which they had long desired to give him.

8. Many spread their garments upon the way—To do honor to him as a king (compare 2 Kings 9. 13).

Branches, which they had cut from the fields—Matthew speaks of branches being cut from trees, and along this road from Bethany to Jerusalem grew palm, olive, and other trees from which branches might be cut; but the word "branches" used by Mark refers rather to the leafy twigs or "layers of leaves," rushes, and the like, which would make a road easy to travel. This was a form of homage in ancient times which grew out of a desire to make the road smooth and pleasant for traveling.

9. Hosanna—Meaning, save now. Taken from Psa. 118. 25, 26, a prayer that Jehovah will be propitious to his people. Here, it is probably a prayer that the salvation which the Messiah was expected to bring may now be accomplished, though the enthusiastic people speak the words with a shout of joicing.

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord—In the thought of the people, the Messiah was to represent Jehovah, and his kingdom would be a viceregency.

10. The kingdom that cometh—The present tense is used. It seemed to the people that the kingdom was in sight.

The kingdom of our father David—These words are peculiar to Mark and show that the people, even at this hour, expected a kingdom which, after a long lapse, would revive the splendors of the kingdom of David.

Hosanna in the highest—Or, the highest places. The exclamation is therefore a prayer for God to save them in the highest heaven where he reigns.

11. Into the temple—Upon entering the city Jesus passed at once to the temple, the place which gave the city its significance, while the crowd, with dusty feet and garments, left him and dispersed.

Looked round about upon all things—No doubt Jesus had gone to the temple to worship, and the things upon which he looked may have been the traffic in animals for the passover sacrifices and the dealings of the money-changers, both of which were to receive so sharp attention from him the next morning (see Mark 11. 15-18). Matthew, however, places the cleansing of the temple immediately after the triumphal entry.

He went out unto Bethany with the twelve—At eventide Jesus walked in company with his disciples over the road which he had so recently traversed amid the acclaims of the multitude. In the village, surrounded by his friends, whom he loved, "his life lapses again into its quiet ways, and he becomes once more the teacher and benefactor."

"FIGHTING JOE" MARTIN.

Holds the British Empire Record for Changing Seats.

The news that "Fighting Joe" Martin is shifting his political scenery—leaving the British House of Commons and coming back to Canada—is far from a surprise. But if he stays in Canada that will be a surprise. He has established a unique record, being the only man in the British Empire who has held a seat in four different Houses. He has been in the Manitoba Legislature, the Dominion House of Commons, the British Columbia Legislature (where he became Premier), and in the British House of Commons. He might now be expected to round off his career by introducing his dynamic personality into the rest of the Legislatures and Parliaments of the Empire.

Joseph Martin has held a career unmatched in Canadian politics. He left his birthplace in Milton, Ont., when a young boy, and before he was out of his teens he was a telegraph operator in the United States. Then came the panic of 1873, and he returned to Canada to become successively a school teacher, a lawyer, and a professional politician. Wherever he was and whatever he was at he exhibited revolutionary tendencies. "He might be a good leader in time of war, but not in time of peace; and a mighty poor follower at any time," so he once was summed up.

"Fighting Joe" started out not as an ordinary Liberal, but as an extraordinary Radical. He was up in Portage la Prairie, Man., and

Hon. Joseph Martin.

made a stand for Provincial Rights thus winning a seat in the Manitoba Legislature in 1882. He stayed in that House ten years. While there he roused the whole country by stating that "Mr. Speaker was the most unscrupulous partisan he had ever met." The Legislature refused to proceed with business until he apologized. "Joe" stayed away for several days until his action became a widespread sensation. Then he turned up, and made an apology, which he closed by adding, "But it's true just the same." That was in Opposition. When the Liberals came into power Martin became Attorney-General in Thomas Greenway's Cabinet. Among other remarkable demonstrations of his individuality he announced that the French language would be abolished in the Separate Schools. This, it is said, was the commencement of the Manitoba school question.

Was B. C. Premier.

Mr. Martin was next heard of in the Dominion House as member for Winnipeg. He sat there from 1893 until 1896, when his faculty for disagreeing rigidly for his principles led to his defeat.

Then he went farther West, and of course soon became a political factor in British Columbia. There, in spite of the dislike of the vested interests and the regular politicians and enemies who took a pot shot at him whenever possible, Mr. Martin became Premier of the Province. Lieutenant-Governor McInnes, in a period of turmoil in which "Fighting Joe" mixed merrily, dismissed Premier Semlin, and called on Mr. Martin, who had been Attorney-General, to form a Cabinet. The situation did not please the members, who with Western impulsiveness filed out of the House through one door as the Governor came in the other to prorogue the House. Martin hurriedly got together a Cabinet, but in the ensuing election he was given a tremendous trouncing, winning only nine seats.

After that the "stormy petrel" bobbed up in England. He was elected member of the British House of Commons for East St. Pancras, London, in 1910, and has since held that seat, where, they say, they "can't get anyone too Radical for them." In Britain Mr. Martin has been as lively a "kicker" as ever. He has made things uncomfortable for Premier Asquith on various occasions and has especially delighted in "roasting" Hon. Winston Churchill. He has hotly complained in the House of being left off the Liberal party's Whip's list and being ignored sometimes by the Speaker. He has while in England found time to give advice and pass judgment on the various Canadian leaders from time to time. He scolded Sir Wilfrid Laurier, gave hints to Mr. Borden, and when Mr. Rowell became Ontario Liberal leader, Mr. Martin wrote him a lengthy letter of warning and counsel.

Mr. Martin has not told us just where he is going to settle, but if he returns to Canada he will be heard from as easily one place as another.

Young Folks

Things We Cannot Do.

"Father," said Jimmy, one evening when they had the porch to themselves, "can you keep your third finger straight out while you clench the other fingers on that hand?"

Jimmys father smiled—not too knowingly. Jimmy had been camping with his Uncle Jack and the boys. But he tried it. With his left hand first, for he was just a little proud of doing things with that hand. He often said that if he had not been discouraged in infancy he could have become ambidextrous. It had been perfectly natural for him to handle his spoon with his left hand, but his mother had discouraged it.

After Jimmy's father had experimented a little with the third finger of his left hand he remembered that he had another one. Pretty soon he said, "It is queer, but with a little practice——"

"I know a lot of other things you can't do," said Jimmy, with calm directness. He dashed into the house, and when he came out he had several matches, an egg and a towel.

"Now!" he said, putting the matches and towel on a chair, and handing his father the egg.

"Now," repeated Jimmy, "put the egg between your two hands lengthwise and try to crush it."

The egg, still intact, was soon in Jimmy's pocket, and the towel was over his father's eyes. "Now," he said, "keep perfectly still for five minutes.

"That's easy," said his father.

"You moved your lips," said Jimmy, unwinding the towel and passing his father a match.

"Put the match across the nail of your second finger," he commanded. "Now break it with the first and third fingers of the same hand."

When the match, also unbroken, had joined the egg in Jimmy's pocket Jimmy told his father to sit square into his chair, as far back as he could and straight up. "Now, daddy," he said, "get up without either bending forward or putting your feet under the chair."

"Now. . . ." began Jimmy.

But his father saw Jimmy's mother coming, and hastened to correct a too hasty impression of insanity on his part by reaching for his newspaper. When he had secured it he turned again to Jimmy and asked—"Tell me, can you do any of these things?"

"You don't catch me making a fool of myself trying them," was Jimmy's answer.

MISUNDERSTOOD ANIMALS.

Here Is a Good Word for the Bear and the Snake.

Boa constrictors and grizzly bears have long been thought of as creatures to be dreaded, but Mr. Enos A. Mills, the noted naturalist, has a good word for the bear, and Dr. Frank Baldwin, recently returned from an exploring trip to the Philippines, speaks of the snake more sympathetically than otherwise.

Mr. Mills declares that the grizzly is the most maligned of animals. He minds his own business, except when he is attacked, and lives on nuts, fruit, bark, grass, carrion, garbage and insects, and, as a rule, kills nothing larger than a mouse. Mr. Mills says he is an excellent mouser, patient and thorough in his methods.

Doctor Baldwin says of the boa constrictor:

"All my reading life I have regarded the boa constrictor with horror and aversion. When I got into the jungle, my great desire was to meet a large boa, in order that I might do him some very real harm. When I did find one, my sentiments were those of pity for the snake. He was stretched across the path, and when the natives saw him, they pounced upon him with yells of delight. On the other hand he seemed dazed.

"With a native for every yard of him, holding him firmly, he jounneyed on legs through the jungle and down to the beach. He wriggled feebly, and hissed in a hopeless manner. There they cut his head off, with no more ceremony than they would have used if he had been a chicken, folded as much as they could get of him into a kind of clamshell about three feet in diameter, and built a fire. In an hour he was cooked, and in another hour, this great snake, which had been painfully accumulating feet and inches for years, had disappeared. I must say that I felt a little indignant!"

CATCHING THE OCEAN MAIL ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Boarding a Big Liner Out at Sea—Boats Stop Close to Where the Empress of Ireland Went Down.

Out of the black blur of smoke on the rim of the sparkling waters, far to the east of Father Point, something emerges. A black speck creeps over the edge of the horizon. Gradually the speck evolves into a vessel, and soon the eye can discern the funnels, whose sable exhalations have heralded her approach. Nearer and nearer, advancing at an eighteen knot clip, she forges ahead. Presently the glasses reveal the color of her stacks, and soon the dark dots of humanity clustered on her decks. The Government wireless stations have kept us in constant touch with the whereabouts of the liner from Liverpool ever since she passed Cape Race, six hundred and sixty-five miles away.

"Cast off!"

Obedient to the command, the ropes of the "Lady Evelyn" are tossed inboard, and in a trice the little Government steamer slips away from Rimouski wharf on her errand to intercept the big ship. A tide is coming in over the miles of rock-strewn flats, engulfing the fish-weirs that line the shore, and a lively sea plays pitch and toss with the staunch boat. Though the sky is cloudless, the salt air, pungent with kelp-weed, blows keen and penetrating in over twenty-seven miles of open water, on whose opposite side may be seen the dark blue outline of the Laurentians. We are to meet the ocean greyhound three miles and a half from shore.

Up on the bridge Captain Jean Baptist Poullot, who sped to the aid of the stricken "Empress" on that dreadful morning, is standing directing our course, just a few points off Rimouski Island. Below him, all in uniform, are the quarantine officer and the postal and customs officials, while the few visitors aboard, The Telegram among them, seek warm places in the lee of the cabins, as shelter from the Labrador breeze. A school of porpoises in pursuit of herring show their gleaming white sides as the steamer rolls past, and out from Father Point comes the little tug "Eureka," breasting the waves like a gull. She carries the pilot who will guide the liner on her dangerous route through the shoals upstream.

On rushes the ship that has crossed the Atlantic. White-crested billows tumble where her knife-like bows cleave the water. Then, gradually, the "bone in her teeth," diminishes, she slackens down, backs, and comes to a stop, as we manoeuvre to get alongside.

Now the liner towers above us like some great steel fortress, her hull agape with rows of portholes, hundreds of passengers, craning their necks from the white tiers of decks looming aloft. Suddenly a shout from the big boat sets our engine bell a-clanging, and we back off. The "Lady Evelyn's" wireless mast spreader had fouled and nearly carried away one of the liner's lifeboats which, with its companions on the top deck, had been swinging out on its davits over the water ever since the vessel entered the Gulf—a new safety regulation.

"My, but the Old Man will be mad," ejaculates some one on the "Evelyn," as he looks up at the captain on the bridge of the liner, forty feet above our decks. Leaning from his lofty perch, the Old Man is hoarsely shouting commands through a porpoise-hide megaphone. Complying, a mob of deckhands swarm up and seize the endangered lifeboat, dragging it inboard to safety. Meanwhile a babel of orders resounds from the "Lady Evelyn"—all in French—and the rosy-cheeked English passengers share in astonishment. Here they are at last in Canada, the Empire's land of promise, and yet the first word that greets their ears, from men wearing the King's uniform and from a ship flying the Union Jack, is in a foreign tongue!

A weather-beaten salt climbs from the Eureka as she comes alongside us with a bump. This is Bernier, the pilot, last man to leave the "Empress of Ireland" ere she sank to her grave in sight of the spot upon which we are floating. They dropped him at Father Point twenty-five minutes before the collision. Still as a millpond is the water in lee of the big ship, and a gangway has been let down after much piping of the boatswain's whistle. It is steep as a ladder, and one must cling to its rope sides. Dignified in gold-laced hat and official cloak, the doctor goes first aboard, a score following. Thence the gangway is transformed into a chute down which come the British mail bags for the Maritime Provinces, together with an assortment of passengers' baggage.

For twenty minutes we lie, warped to the side of the big vessel, by which time the doctor has given the captain a clean bill of health, and what few passengers intend to disembark at this out-of-the-way place have tipped the stewards and gingerly picked their way to the waiting transport. During this interval we have drifted a good mile and a half in the strong tide and wind, and Father Point buoy bobs on the waves hard by.

As the Lady Evelyn moves away, one of her passengers, a very pretty American girl, fresh from school in Florence, dashes to the side of the now plunging boat, and despite a deluge of spray frantically waves good-by to an enamored English youth who dolefully hellos his "hopes that he will soon see her again." Miss United States confides to the good-looking Queen's student assisting as customs officer, that she is on her way to father's salmon fishing preserve, a few stations down the line on the St. Lawrence. It seems that Stanford White had been a member of the club before Thaw's bullet laid him low.

Much open sea now separates us from the liner, but she lies apparently motionless, and it is not for some minutes that her ponderous hull has been turned around and manoeuvred on to its course and that quick water is once more visible at her bows.

Such is one of the fair-weather trips that the Dominion Government officials make from Rimouski, first stopping place on the route, where mails are disembarked and pilots engaged or left behind. But the elements are not always propitious down by the Gulf. During the navigation season, from May till November, dense fogs often cover the waters with their dangerous blanket, while stormy days occur when the Lady Evelyn must battle her way through the seas well over towards the north shore, before water sufficiently smooth can be found to affect a landing between the vessels. As ships arrive at all hours and must be met promptly, just picture such an expedition at midnight and in a blinding snowstorm!

Her Reason.

"Mummy, can I have that pear that was on the diningroom side board this morning? 'Cos——

"Because what?"

"'Cos I've eaten it!"

THE RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT

Creeds and Sacraments Seem Still to be Vital Issues of Christian Experience

"The hour cometh, when neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father.

"God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."—John iv., 21, 24.

It is most startling to discover, amid the multitude of creeds, rituals and institutions which have cumbered the centuries of Christian history, that, as Professor Henry H. Walker has expressed it, "Jesus established no church, organized system of worship, taught no essentially new doctrine, wrote no gospel, left behind no system of laws; . . . that the Christian religion began not as an institution, nor as a ritual, nor as a creed—but as an experience, a life, an inspiration." A great part of the opposition which the Nazarene encountered was aroused by the fact that He cared so little about those external matters of organization and dogma which the people of His day regarded as the essence of religion. As to whether God was worshipped upon the mountain in Samaria or in the temple at Jerusalem He was indifferent. For the sacrifices and the oblations, the altars and the shrines, the holy places and holy days He had little or no concern. What held His attention was the

Abiding Reality of the Spirit.

What dominated His interest was the problem of life of the soul. Once assured that a man had clean hands and a pure heart, was genuinely moved by love for humankind and had met God face to face in the high, clear altitudes of spiritual fellowship, He did not care before what altar he worshipped, in what language he prayed or by what name he called his deity.

Strange and pathetic it is now to see how largely churches of Christendom have interested themselves in these very externals which meant so little to Jesus. Indeed, it is only truth to say that there never would have been such phenomena as churches, in contradistinction to the Church, if the disciples of the Master had not forgotten those inward realities of the spirit which always unite and paid devout attention to those outward forms of ceremony and belief which always divide. Read the history of Christianity, and what do we have but the story of an uninterrupted struggle over forms of organization, methods of discipline, conditions of membership and definition of faith! Now and again some prophet has arisen to speak his message of the spirit and to smite with the lightning bolt of his inspired wrath the false gods of the recreant Church. But always has he been silenced or slain by the wearers of mitres, the quibblers of phrases and the lovers of phylacteries. And even to-day, when

"Back to Jesus!"

has become so loud a cry, institutions, creeds and sacraments seem still to be vital issues of Christian experience. What wonder that a sober historian can say that the Church has ever been "more vitally interested in the science of religion than in religion itself?"

It is impossible to remind ourselves too often of what Jesus taught and lived—to recall, both for our own spiritual health and for the salvation of the world, that pure religion of the spirit to which He lent the authority of His prophetic genius. The issue here is perfectly plain between the one thing which is essential and the many other things which are non-essential. And this issue must be faced, regardless of dear traditions and tender sensibilities, until that hour at last is come when men shall know that "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."—Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

VILLA, CARRANZA AND MEXICO.

There is widespread misinformation about Mexico, the rebellion and the chief characters who figure in the great civil strife that has torn the Republic to the South for so many years.

Most of us have thought of Mexico and its people as the natural habitat for the Insurecto, where everybody was ready at the drop of the hat to lay aside his peaceful avocation for the more alluring excitement of brigandage. This is a mistake, for there is not a people on the face of the earth more calm, lowly or better mannered than the Mexican, and if his history is more replete with insurrection and the general horrors of war than others, you can rest assured it is not a matter of choice, but that he is forced into it as a last resort to maintain his freedom and protect his property rights.

Villa, commonly thought to be a murderous bandit, is really a man of wonderful military genius and power, a natural-born soldier, having unequaled magnetizing force, and if he only could arm and maintain one half of the myriads who would volunteer to enter his fighting ranks, would soon find himself at the head of an army sufficient to wipe out the Huerta forces and completely avenge the assassination of his very dear friend, Madero.

But he has no ambition for office; he is a soldier and a fighter from the ground up, and as such is a popular idol.

Carranza, on the other hand, is a statesman of a very high order, and is a great admirer of Villa, whom he directs with the affectionate regard of a father for his son.

Between them there is perfect understanding, despite contrary reports emanating chiefly from Huerta's agents to create discord.

Villa knows his own limitations outside of soldiery, and believes in the perfect patriotism and unselfish devotion to the cause of freedom for the republic that Carranza manifests, and honestly thinks that Carranza will be to Mexico what Bolivar was to the far South.

Villa will continue his triumphant march upon Mexico's Capitol, and I predict the end of the usurper Huerta to be very near at hand.

A strong liberty-loving man will then be at the head of th nation, and the down-trodden Mexicans, for the first time, will have a voice in their own government.

There will then be no more lords of great landed estates running up into millions of acres, which has been the undisguised curse of that unfortunate people for over a century.

The country will be cut up into small farms, and the peasant will once more sit under his own trees in his cottage home, and vassalage will forever cease.

The gross and reprehensible favoritism shown by the government to the great land owners, and the consequent poverty and starvation of the masses of the people, is responsible for the numerous and sporadic uprisings of the people which President Diaz, with bloody cruelty, was alone able to put down.

Mexico is really a wonderful land. Few outside realize this. The traveller rushes through the country by rail, and sees it at its worst—the half-naked peon carrying his burden; the adobe hut with dark, unfurnished inside; children wallowing in close proximity with pigs and chickens reeking in filth and vermin—is to our civilization an offensive picture.

But this is not all of Mexico, any more than the multitude of lazy negroes at the stations in the South, with their rags and tatters, are types of Americans.

Mexico has a population of about 20,000,000, and of this 12,000,000 are peons, and they are always in evidence. The remainder constitute a distinct class, having education, travelled culture, modern methods, fine manners, and are the saving grace of the country, reresenting its commercial, intellectual, and superior social life.

Should the present rebellion succeed, as it is about certain it will, we will soon behold a rejuvenated Mexico, with its old time glory and brilliancy, when these off-scoured tag-ends—these rivates in the rear rank of the great commercial army of the unemployed—will take their places in the army of prosperity, and push for the upbuilding of a rejuvenated nation.

CHAS. M. BICE.

Denver, July 13, '14.

Mexico City, July 15.—General Victoriano Huerta resigned to-day from the provisional Presidency of Mexico. He appeared at 5 o'clock this afternoon before the Mexican Congress assembled in joint session, and formally announced his decision. Dr. Francisco Carbajal succeeds General Huerta in the provisional Presidency.

Fashion Hints

New Neck Ruches.

One of the dainty new neck ruches of tulle is made with a little wired stand-up collar at the back. It is fragile, of course for even wires cannot make tulle durable. But it is no more fragile than the organdy collars which suggested it, and it is, without doubt, very becoming.

New Headdress.

Some of the new headdresses give the impression of earrings—and yet there are no earrings. These are bands or filets to go about the head, of jet beads, and at each side, just in front of each ear, there is a long jet drop, which reaches below the tip of the ear.

Striped Linen.

Striped linen is a favorite summer fabric. It is used in combination with plain linen—sometimes as a tunic, sometimes as a foundation, sometimes as the whole skirt to be worn with a plain linen jacket. It is used, too, for trimming frocks and suits of other fabrics—striped linen collar and cuff facings, for instance, are used on a plain suit of blue ratine.

New Dancing Petticoat.

There is a new chiffon dancing petticoat with two strips of whalebone to keep it, and the frock worn over it, out about the hips. But do not take this to heart as an indication that hoopskirts of the old sort are really here or that the skirt of the summer is really any fuller about the bottom than ever. Styles are slow in their development, even though they are foreshadowed for many months, and the skirt of the moment is still far from full at the bottom. This chiffon petticoat, in spite of its balloon-like proportions at the hips, is scant at the bottom, for it is shirred and puffed into slight dimensions.

Accordion Pleats Popular.

Accordion pleats are much used, and they are welcome. There is the accordion pleated underskirt worn with the long tunic, and it is surely an improvement, from the wearer's point of view, over the straight underskirt. For it permits of easy walking, and at the same time preserves a straight effect. Then there is the accordion pleated caps. Developed in a light, thin silk this is a delightful cape for evening wear. It is put into a yoke of heavier fabric that fits about the shoulders, and that is finished with a wide, flaring collar of the silk.

Fixing Them Both.

"What was her father's present to the bride and groom?"

"Nothing specific. He told the bride that there would always be a room in his house for her, and a job at his factory for the groom."

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