Skin All Covered With Eruption

N. Henri Tardif.

Tried Many Remedies 3 or 4 Years. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured.

A Quebec man, N. Henri Tardif, of St. Casimir, writes in a letter dated Mar. 31, 1911: "I had a very bad skin, all covered with eruption, eight years ago. I have had all of both my shoulders covered with it, and the high part of my arms, and my face, but it was the worst on my shoulders. I tried many different remedies to cure it, but nothing was any good. At last I went to an apothecary. He asked me if I had ever used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I told him no, and I bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and a cake of Cuticura Soap. I used three boxes of Cuticura Ointment, but I am glad of the same, for Cuticura Soap and Ointment completely cured me of my skin eruption. I spread the Cuticura Ointment on all my sore parts, and I think that in washing my face with the Cuticura Soap, it hindered my eruption from itching and burning. I tried many remedies during three or four years but Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me." (Signed) N. Henri Tardif.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world, but to those who have suffered much, lost hope and are without faith in any treatment, a liberal sample of each with a 32-p. booklet on the skin and scalp will be mailed free, on application. Address Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 50 Columbus Ave., Boston, U. S. A.

TALES OF BLOODSHED IN BANDIT'S NOTEBOOK

Paris, July 18.—Memories of the motor bandit have been revived by the examination of Prefect Lepine by the Paris municipal council regarding the action of the police at the famous sieges of Choisy-le-Roi and Nogent-sur-Marne and by the publication in Paris newspapers of the "literary remains" of the leader of the band, Garnier.

M. Lepine stated that much criticism directed at the police was unfounded. The police had killed Garnier in self-defense, he declared. After the Choisy-le-Roi siege he had requested the chief of the municipal laboratory to devise a system of asphyxiation by which to capture the bandits who were determined to sell their lives dearly. There was to be devised, he said, a system which would enable bandits to be captured without endangering the lives of the police.

The prefect added that he had every hope that he would soon be in possession of the desired method.

Bloodstained Notebook

A portion of the "literary remains" of Garnier, as published in Le Matin, consists of extracts from the note book which was found, pierced by a bullet and stained with blood, in the dead pocket of the bandit's coat after the siege at Nogent-sur-Marne. On the first was written:

"Why I robbed and why I murdered."

No doubt this apology for his life had been drawn up by Garnier for the use of his advocate, should he have been brought to trial. The document is full of crude socialistic and anarchistic platitudes.

"I do not see," wrote Garnier, "why I should not eat the grapes of M. X. because they are his property. What has he done more than I that he should own them? Nothing. I reply, therefore, that I have a right to profit by them, according to my needs. If he wishes to prevent me by force, I shall oppose my force to his."

According to his own confession, Garnier took to pilfering at 17, from the goods exposed in front of shops. It did not bring him in much, he had to confess—only three months of imprisonment. Later he became a coiner, but the tale is the same.

"I could not make money at it, so I gave it up. Burglary was little better, a haul of more than $500 was the exception, and the expenses were heavy. Many of our friends had been bothered by the police, and we have given them pecuniary aid."

Meanwhile sentences were mounting up and the end of each imprisonment found Garnier more embittered and more in revolt and less inclined to work. This hatred of work emerges again and again.

"On getting among anarchists I soon made up my mind," he wrote, "that I would become like them. I refused to work for others."

If he worked at all it was only for a few days. The thought of military service was revolting.

"I left Paris when about 19, for I saw with horror a regiment looming ahead."

His meeting with Bonnot was the turning point. Garnier knew something about driving a car and had been looking about for a chauffeur chum. In Bonnot he found one. Then comes the story, told with brutal coolness, of their first "gros coup"—the murder of the bank messenger on the morning of December 21 in the Rue Ordener.

Garnier and Bonnot, with two others, set out early in the morning in a stolen car from Boulogne. They drove about Paris until dawn, Garnier at the wheel. He rapidly gained confidence in the management of the car.

"Useful, this," he comments, "for we needed two chauffeurs, should one of us be wounded."

Serious Moment

At 9 o'clock they saw the bank messenger leaving the tramway car, accompanied as usual by another.

"It is a serious moment," he goes on. "One must act promptly, or all is lost. The car advances. I descend with one of my companions. Bonnot remains at the wheel and a fourth stands by the car. I walk along the pavement to meet the messenger. About three paces from him I draw my revolver and his companion flees, panic-stricken. I pick up one bag and my chum the other, which the fool won't let go of till he loses consciousness.

"Then we get into our car once more."

Convincing the Doubtful

Edward F. Martin of the Sons of Temperance, said in a recent address in Bridgeport: "It's easy to answer the opponents of temperance. At a mariner's bethel, for example, I once heard an opponent very easily answered. The preacher was urging his sailor audience not to drink; he was pointing out to them the Divine admonitions against drinking, when a shellback rose unsteadily.

"'Captain,' said the shellback, 'I don't—hic—believe everything that's printed in the Scriptures. Take that there—hic—walkin' on the water. I don't believe anybody can walk on the water. Can you—hic—do it yourself?

"'My friend,' replied the minister, 'I can walk better on water than I can on rum.'"

NORMAN RANKIN WRITES OF SOUTH AMERICAN HABIT OF REVOLUTIONS

He Says It is the Result of Example, Tradition, Sedition and Ambition, to Say Nothing of the Climatic Conditions

Revolution in Cuba; revolution in Mexico; revolution in Peru; revolution in this, that, and the other Latin-American country.

Such news publishing with recurring frequency in the daily press does not now provoke more than passing comment from the general public. They seem to expect it periodically from these countries, like an attack of measles, croup or scarlet fever in the family. "But why?" I asked a man the other day, and at first he couldn't answer. Then he said, "Oh, it's just a habit, I suppose." "Well" I replied, "if that's so why are there no revolutions in Canada, the United States or Alaska? That stumped him for a while, but he finally explained, "Because it's not a habit."

And he was right, but he couldn't explain why. Very few people who have not lived in tropical and semi-tropical lands can. It's a habit handed down from father to son, from political party to political party like the eternal deadly feud between the Montagues and the Capulets. It is the result of example, tradition, sedition and ambition, to say nothing of the climate.

Jose Manuel Fernandez is president of let us say, Lusitania. Alfredo Zayas del Castro is not. In fact, Alfredo has not even a decent job. "No ghost walks for him" on Saturday nights; no heavily braided and bespangled uniforms dangle from the hooks in his private clothes-press; no correctly dressed dressed lackeys hasten hither and thither at his bidding. No frenzied populace shout "Viva" as he approaches, no foreign ambassadors offer him their homes and purses. No! he has none of these things, while Joe Manuel has everything. How unfair! How unjust! How unequally the world's honors and riches are divided! His soul turns within him. He is rich only in unfortunate friends, who, like himself, desire many things.

They get together, as friends in misfortune often do, and deliberate, discuss and plan. And finally, they decide to approach Joe Manuel Fernandez beseeching a job. They are ambitious. One would like to be minister of finance, another commander of the forces, the third, ambassador to Heligoland, while the fourth would accept the post of nvoy eeextraordinary to Formosa. Jose Manuel, with befitting state, receives them in the inner chamber—the Red Room, and orders that wine and cigars be brought. He listens to their requests and with hand over heart and tears in his eyes he is desolated that these positions are already filled; he assures them solemnly that had he but known before that they desired these destinos, he would have personally seen that they received them; over coffee, he calls on Heaven to witness his grief and sincerity.

King as a Diplomat

The commission deliberate and, after further coffee, express their willingness to accept positions of lesser importance, such as minister of justice, chief of police, inspector of schools, etc. Jose Manuel again weeks and expostulates pathetically. "Pig of an side-de-camp that I have," he declares, "not to have brought this matter before me in time! Santissima Maria;"—with a sweeping gesture of the hands that casts the poor aide a passive wreck at the commission's illustrious feet—"but the fact of the matter is that these positions also are filled. Gran Dios, how bitter life is to me," he declares, "when I am unable to help the cherished friends of my beloved patria! How can I serve you?" He finally pants, when he is able to overcome the emotion that is almost prostrating him.

More coffee. More deliberation. More impassioned Spanish. "Well," they say, "we will accept anything, any position that you offer." "I have been confidently informed," adds one of them, "that the destino of porter within your palace is now open. I will accept that distinguished position, and fill it with dignity and honor.

Don Jose further regrets—regrets, anger, indignation, expostulation, preparation—and revolution. On with the revolution. "When we cannot even get justice," they cry, "we must resort to arms. Viva la justicia!"

And so they take their friends, and go to the woods. It's easy to "revolute" in those countries. So agreeable. So comfortable. No snow or zero weather to bother; no coal necessary to keep you warm, nor stone houses to ward off chill winds. You just kiss your wife and children—if you have any, saddle up your trusty steed, or your neighbor's if he happens to be away, and ride off to join the cause—not forgetting, of course, to drop a line to the leading newspaper that oppression and injustice have so beset you that you have decided to leave your comfortable home and ride forth to die for liberty.

Camping out in tropical climes is ideal. There is plenty to eat and smoke, and the government pays—at least the rebel leaders in the name of the government promise that it will when it comes to power—and meanwhile, help yourself. Nobody dares refuse an armed force anything when he knows there is no government to protect him. He gives up, and naturally prays that the rebels will soon come to power so that he may be repaid for what he so cheerfully gave—i. e., was taken from him.

Rebels Loot Villages

While I was in the field in Cuba for the Associated Press with Pino Guerra's force, a descent was made on a little, undefended town half way between San Juan Martinez and Guana, at the western end of the island. The force, which consisted of about two thousand men and horses, had run out of cigars, cigarettes, rum and other necessities, and so a midnight attack was planned to replenish the commissariat. The general store—our objective point—had an attractive stock, valued at eight thousand dollars before we came; afterwards, it wasn't values at all. We got it. Sacks of cigars, clear Havana; boxes of cigarettes, premium brands; bundles of cloth, all colors; plenty of canned goods provisions and fruit—to say nothing of bottles. It was delightful—for the rebels, utter ruin for the storekeeper.

It is a great game, this politics in and only those who have no jobs, no material interests, nor land under cultivation play it. The owner of the tobacco plantation, the sugar estate proprietor, the cattle rancher and the farmer loathe it as they do the plague.

They do not vote unless they have to; they do not even venture to express an opinion; their hands are bound with unbreakable chains. Why? Well, here's why.

Don Sebastian is owner of a large sugar plantation, let us suppose. It produces him a handsome yearly income. He cultivates large fields of cane. He manufactures rum. He employs five hundred laborers. He knows each and every one of them, and in that free and easy Cuban way hails them all as Juan, Pedro, Isidore and Henrique. On feast days he does a little twirl on the floor with the pretty senoritas. His fields of can wave bright and yellow in the sun as he walks through them; the rustle with a crackly sound like the new greenbanks the Americanos brought into the island, and he wonders how many of these greenbacks his crop will represent if everything only goes right at the mill. And yet the air is full of whispers of unrest and dissatisfaction; he hardly dare send Amalia and Gloria to that refined young ladies' school at Washington on his prospects. Pues, the Virgin is good; he will hope, he will not despair.

"Borrow" Money by Force.

But alas! his hopes are futile. The morning brings sorrow, revolution and trouble. "Don Sebastian," says the leader of the armed and mounted brigands who await him at the door of his house next day, "Don Sebastian, we feel in our hearts that you are a true friend of the revolution, anxious to help it towards successful issue; we know that you are one with us, and will espouse our illustrious cause; a thousand pesos will be ample to start with, and we will soon pay it back. Oh, yes, honorable senor, we insist that we pay it back. We swear it. Once our noble party comes to power, we will refund with interest; also, if you like, we will make you Minister of the Marina." "Gracias, gracias, honored senor, we ride to carry the news to Havana. God will reward you. Heaven will shower unlimited blessings upon your venerated head," and in a cloud of dust the band of rebels disappears joyously round the corner of the batica.

Don Sebastian, biting his lips, and thinking of anything but Heaven, knows well that if he refuses some one will carelessly drop a lighted match into his cane fields, and poof! when night comes, he will have nothing, absolutely nothing. Or perhaps, a nail will fall into the crusher, and snap, bang! the factory is out of business until a new crushes is brought from Havana. "Quien sabe?" he mutters to himself as he turns sadly towards his home, "who knows what is going to happen to this benighted country?"

During the 1906 revolution, with the government forces and other newspaper correspondents, I arrived one early morning at San Juan de los Rios, a small station and river some miles west of Havana. A bridge crosses the river at that point, but the rebels had carefully blown it out of the way. Through a piece of good fortune, while examining the ground on the far side of the river I stumbled on a railway track bicycle hidden in the bushes, and without waiting to ask if I might have it, or advising any one of my departure, "lit out." At Consolacion del Sur, about twelve miles east, I was met by a deputation headed by the Alcalde, who inquired in anxious tones as to the position of the government forces. I told them what had happened, and asked if there was any one going through to Havana, as I had some important papers to transmit.

"Going on to Havana?" they echoed in horror, "going on to Havana? Is the man crazy? Does he take us for Americanos? Gran Dios, that is impossible. Are not the rebels between us and the city? Do you ask us to put our heads into the noose? No, no, young man, no, no!"

"But," I expostulated, "I have been cut off from communication with Havana for a week now—the lines down, bridges blown up, communication disrupted. I must get my dispatches into the capital. Is there no one here who will carry them through? I want to go back to the scene of action. I have business in the field."

No one spoke. They looked at me in horor and surprise. "What a gringo he must be," I heard one say to another, "to ask us to take sides in this issue! Que bruto es!"

And there was the secret of it. To ask them to take sides! They were afraid to show preference to either the rebels or the government, for who knows who is coming out on top? If they aided the government and the rebels won, they would be oppressed for all time. If they assisted the rebels, and the rebels did not come to power, the government would throw them into prison and punish them severely. Trouble and danger and loss to them no matter which way they turned; fear, uncertainty and unrest on all sides. So they temporized; they were polite and obliging to both parties, but they took no sides—oh, no they were pacificos—neutral; taking sides was not for them.

Jose Miguel Gomez, the reigning president of Cuba, used to be well known to me. He is a fighter, a warrior of the ten years' war, a man of force and character, but uneducated. He speaks little English and is not an orator. When he lived quietly in the little town of Sancti Spiritus five years ago I used to ride in from the ranch where I was, and spend Sundays with his family. His children, one boy and three or four girls, were all educated in the United States and spoke English perfectly. Like other revolutionary leaders when not in power he was the idol of the troops, who spoke of his prowess and daring with eagerness. He was "guapo," they said, which means a brave fighter, afraid of nothing. During the Palma revolution, they urged him to come forward and take the presidency. But he was long-headed and refused. I am quite satisfied that he had made up his mind to get it, but not in that way. "Just a little patience," he used to say to me, "and when the Estados Unidos take the intervention, I will get the presidency by proper election. Then all will be well. Wait and you will see."

When revolution breaks out in those countries, the first thing the government does is to send and arrest all dissatisfied fighting leaders known to them from association in the years of war with Spain. Gomez evidently expected some such action, but when the leader of the local company of Rural Guards advised him to flee while there was time, he refused.

"I will not come to your house tonight to arrest you, my General," read the note he received from the captain, "until late, so there will be plenty of time for you to get away. Cross the roofs of the houses to the Calle Republica, and drop to the pavement from a low dwelling, where a good horse and two of my men will be in waiting for you. Vaya bien. Good luck."

I happened to be at the house that evening, and read the note with interest, when the geenral passed it to me. He smiled and shook his head. He was playing a deep game and didn't go, but went instead with the Guardia Rural to jail that evening when they came for him. The outcome showed that he had played his game with a full knowledge of his opponents' cards, and a perfectly correct idea of what was going to happen.

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DUCHESS ANNA HITS AT FORMER HUSBAND

"The Knight of the Five Louis" is Phrase She Hurls at the Count

Paris, July 18.—The Knight of the Five Louis."

The phrase is that of Duchess Anna Gould de Tallyrand, and he at whom it has been flung so contemptuously is Count Boni de Castellane, her former husband. She mocks publicly his well-known poverty, and this is the way the plucky, strong-willed little duchess has of evening up matters with Count Boni.

The count, who is a model father, though he was not even a bountifully good husband, sees his children once a week. During that day he gives them an excellent time, and the three boys, Antoine, Boni and Jayson, may enter the marble mansion in the evening talking about their papa. They talk of him all the week. They speak of "poor papa, who denies us nothing, yet has not a sou."

This is rather disagreeable conversation for the duchess, who is thus being "driven" for her affection to the 3-year-old son of the Prince de Sagan; and by way of getting even with Count Boni for teaching his three boys to talk about their father all the time, even in the presence of and to the ill-concealed chagrin of their stepfather, the duchess publicly refers to Boni as the Knight of the Five Louis.

Count Boni's latest reply to his former wife's sneer at his poverty has been to give a big dinner in the roof garden of the Meurice hotel. His guests were the ambassador to Italy, Madame Littoni, the Princess di Ligni; his brother and sister-in-law, Countess and Count Jean de Castellane; the infante don Luis of Spain, Count and Countess Bourbon-Chalus, Count de Gabriac, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, of San Francisco; Count de Jarnac and the Count and Countess de Beaumont.

LADIES IN FAIRY GARB SWAY IN DIZZY DANCES ON VANDERBILT'S YACHT

London, July 18.—Two topics provided the fashionable crowd on the last evening of the Henley regatta with abundant gossip—King George's pronounced compliment to the French crew and Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's "bunny hug" dance aboard his houseboat.

Mr. Vanderbilt's big houseboat Venture was at night a scene of an extremely gay little dancing party under the blare of electric lights and in full public view. Only three men and three women were present, Mrs. Vanderbilt not being included among the guests.

The band of musicians quite outnumbered the guests of the evening. The lady guests were of the "fluffy" type. The dancing was the reverse of the formal, "bunny hugs" and "turkey trots" forming the greater part of the programme.

After some time Mr. Vanderbilt retired below, where he read the evening papers, while the crowd sang an impromptu parody entitled "Alfred's Little Ragtime Band."

THE REMAINS OF NAPOLEON

(From 'Westminster Gazette.')

In a recent number of the 'Journal Medical de Bruxelles,' there is an article by Dr. Max Billard on the exhumation of Napoleon's remains in 1840. Although, owing to the lack of the necessary materials, it had been impossible to embalm the body after death, the remains were found in an almost perfect state of preservation. They were enclosed within four coffins, one within the other, one of mahogany, one of lead, a second When the last of these was opened of mahogany, and one of tin plate, the whole body was seen as if enveloped in a transparent cloud. The head of the conqueror rested on a pillow. Under the eyelids could be seen tiny eyeballs, which had lost little of their value and shape. The bones of the nose, and the integuments covering them were well preserved. The thin lips were parted.

The 'British Medical Journal,' which publishes these particulars, recalls that among those present when the remains were brought back to Paris was an old man of seventy-four, representing, among so many heroes of the sword, that war surgery in which he had won such renown. This was Larrey, clad in his old uniform, and wrapped in his campaigning cloak, claning on the arm of his son, Hippolyte. To him it may be remembered Napoleon left $20,000 as to the most virtuous man he had known. The remains are now enclosed in five coffins, made respectively of tin plate, mahognay, lead, a second one in lead separated from the other by sawdust and pieces of wood, and one of ebony. For a long time the face of Napoleon was shown every year on August 15, the anniversary of his birth. But it is to be presumed that at length signs of decomposition became visible, and the order was given that the face should no longer be shown. Dr. Billard attributes the preservation of the remains during their long repose at St. Helena to the hermetic closure of the coffins in which they were enclosed.

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ITS USHERS TO BE WOMEN

The New Garden Theatre Will Try an Innovation.

E. P. Churchill, manager of the new Garden Theatre at Thirteenth and McGee streets, will use women ushers when the house opens August 19. This will be an innovation for theatres in this city, but he believes it will be a welcome one. Mr. Churchill says he will carefully select the young women and that they will be perfectly drilled and will thoroughly know the location of every one of the 2,600 seats in the house before the opening date.

The women ushers will dress alike and will be under the supervision of a matron.

Uniformed maids will be in attendance in the foyer and parlors and a professional nurse will be present to care for small children.

ENGLISH TO DISCUSS ROADS

(From The London Mail)

Three thousand persons from all parts of the world will take part in the International Road Congress which opens in London.

Evidence will be offered as to what constitutes the perfect road under varying conditions of traffic, and how different makes of tires and ways of shoeing horses act upon road surfaces. The effect of tarred roads on public health, fish life and vegetation will be discussed, and many roads in the home counties will be inspected by delegates.

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