

Terminated.  
"Last time I heard about Kit Skimmerhorn he was engaged to a young man who was at a seaside resort. How long did the engagement last?"  
"Three days, I believe. Then the young man began to insist on her marrying."  
"Well?"  
"Well, it was near the end of the season, and she carried him."  
"Safe enough."  
"I hope, driver, you will not run away with me!"  
"Bless yer, no, mum! I've got a wife and six kids at home already!"  
—London Opinion.

**KEPT GETTING WORSE.**

**Five Years of Awful Kidney Disease.**  
Nat Anderson, Greenwood, S. C., says: "Kidney trouble began about five years ago with dull backache, which got so severe in time that I could not get around. The kidney secretions became badly disordered and at times there was almost a complete stop of the flow. I was examined again and again and treated to no avail and kept getting worse. I have to praise Doan's Kidney Pills for my final relief and cure. Since using them I have gained in strength and flesh and have no sign of kidney trouble."  
Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Juvenile Ignorance.**  
"You ought to know better, Johnny," said Mrs. Lapsing, reprovingly, "than ask me what the difference is between courage and bravery. They are pusillanimous terms and mean the same thing."  
—Chicago Tribune.

**A Cure for Hog Cholera.**

Hog Cholera or Swine Plague as it is sometimes called is a highly contagious disorder.  
When a hog shows any symptoms of this disease, he should be isolated at once and the pen fumigated in order to save the other hogs if possible.  
Mix one part Sloan's Lintiment with two parts milk in a bottle and give every sick hog a tablespoonful of this mixture night and morning for three days. Sloan's Lintiment is a powerful antiseptic, kills the disease germs, soothes all inflammation and acts as a tonic to the animal.  
A. J. McCarthy of Idaville, Ind., says: "My hogs had hog cholera three days before we got Sloan's Lintiment, which was recommended to me by a neighbor who was using it with success. I have used it now for three days and my hogs are almost well. One hog died before I got the Lintiment, but I have not lost any since."  
Mr. G. W. Balsbaugh of Peru, Ind., writes: "I had four pigs that were coughing and were not doing well. I gave them some of Sloan's Lintiment and they got better at once."  
Sloan's book on Horses, Cattle, Hogs and Poultry sent free. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

**Fighting Formosan Tribes.**

Several weeks ago ten communities of the Nan-Ow aboriginal tribe in the Gian province of Formosa proposed to the government to submit, says the South China Post. Upon this the government gave them the following terms of conditions under which the government was disposed to admit their submission:  
1. The aborigines concerned should hand over to the government those slaves which had been cut off the bodies of the other tribes whom they killed and are keeping in their houses, according to their habits.  
2. Their arms and ammunition should all be surrendered to the government.  
3. The aborigines agree to the former condition, but many of them objected to the latter, and thereupon they gave up the idea of submission. Since then they are again offering resistance against the government troops, appearing here and there in the vicinity of the Alyn line (a guard line established by the government against the un-subjugated aborigines), but the government troops having finished the construction of their guardhouses, telephone lines and wire entanglements, and thus almost attained their object, are now chiefly paying attention to their guard service, attaching less importance to their submission.

There is a lighthouse to every 14 miles of coast in England, to every 34 miles in Ireland and to every 23 miles in Scotland.

**PUZZLE SOLVED.**

**Coffee at Bottom of Trouble.**  
It takes some people a long time to find out that coffee is hurting them.  
But when once the fact is clear, most people try to keep away from the thing which is followed by ever-increasing detriment to the heart, stomach and nerves.  
"Until two years ago I was a heavy coffee drinker," writes an Ill. stockman, "and had been all my life. I am now 55 years old."  
"About three years ago I began to have nervous spells and could not sleep nights, was bothered by indigestion, bloating, and gas on stomach affected my heart."  
"I spent lots of money doctoring—one doctor told me I had chronic catarrh of the stomach; another that I had heart disease and was liable to die at any time. They all dieted me until I was nearly starved, but I seemed to get worse instead of better."  
"Having heard of the good Postum had done for nervous people, I discarded coffee altogether and began to use Postum regularly. I soon got better and now, after nearly two years, I can truthfully say I am sound and well. I sleep well at night, do not have the nervous spells and am not bothered with indigestion or palpitation. I weigh 32 pounds more than when I began Postum, and am better every way than I ever was while drinking coffee. I can't say too much in praise of Postum, as I am sure it saved my life."—There's a Reason.  
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in papers.  
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

**The Chauffeur and the Jewels**

Copyright, 1906, by J. B. LEFFERTS COMPANY.  
All rights reserved.  
By Eth Morgan Willett

**CHAPTER VII.**

It was on the fifth day out that a fog drifting in from the Great Banks struck up with the Majesty, bringing the great ship down to half speed. For forty-eight hours she steamed slowly along over a great, glutinous, lonely ocean, walled in by shrouds of mist, her fog horn sounding drearily and incessantly. It was not a hopeful prospect, and yet—  
"I believe the fog is changing its course," predicted the Prince del Pino, late on the second day of darkness. "I would lay a wager that within twenty-four hours we sight your Sandy Hook."  
"From your remarks I am led to believe," said Annette Bancroft, after a moment's reflection, "that you are especially anxious to have your prophecy fulfilled."  
"Perhaps I am not," agreed the man beside her. He was sitting a little forward in his chair, elbows on knees, gazing fixedly into the blankness. "Perhaps I am not in such a desperate hurry to reach New York." He smiled, an intrusive, half smile. "Perhaps I enjoy this drifting existence we are leading, about up in this fog-country. Who knows?"  
Narrowing his eyes he stared in front of him. "What a mysterious thing it is, this brume! Nothing to be seen before us or behind. Somewhat the way it is in this life, Miss Bancroft, and yet—he lifted his eyebrows with a faint shrug of the shoulders—"when a man loses his way, what call—bearings in the exceeding darkness—does he have?"  
"You are called hard names and cast into prison. It appears a trifle unjust, does it not?"  
"Yes," agreed Annette. She was also leaning forward, her hands clasped, watching him with a puzzled, wondering gaze.  
"Yes," she repeated slowly, "it does sound cruel, unjust, and yet—he hesitated—"no depends—doesn't it—on how far your mariner has strayed or on what your man has done. Of course, you're not referring to actual crime." Her voice dropped impressively.  
Putting up his monocle, Ludovic Sarto scrutinized the little gray-coated figure so near him.  
It was an unusual state of things that had drawn those two together: as a rule, during the last five days the Prince del Pino had fallen to Mrs. Waring's share. "Crime?" he repeated; "criminal? pest! What horrible words!" This with a twist of the thin lips, concealing a half smile. "What do you know, indeed, about crime, Miss Bancroft? Can a jeune demoiselle like yourself comprehend the swirling currents—his tones deepened and roughened—"the irresistible impulses that may turn an honest man at any moment into a criminal—a thief, for instance?"  
Behind his monocle his eyes glittered expressively. How inevitably, all against his will, his thoughts harked back to the one subject on his mind!  
Fortunately, Annette found nothing suspicious in the conversation's drift.  
"A thief," she repeated, absently.  
"That reminds me of Sarto. Do you know?" she spoke with a certain earnestness—"I've so often thought that that poor fellow had great possibilities, with his cleverness and—attractions."  
"Ah!" ejaculated the man beside her, as she did not finish her sentence.  
Pulling out a cigar, he lit it very deliberately, speaking between whiffs. "It is astonishing to me that you should have found out all that. Creatures of Sarto's class—his mouth curved cynically—"are not, as a rule, supposed to possess any personality—individuality even, to say nothing of attractions."  
For a moment Annette stared at him, wondering, as she had a hundred times during the past five days, what manner of man this extraordinary prince really was.  
"Ah! Your Highness doesn't really mean that," she said impulsively; "I'm sure you found out, during those two years he was with you, that Sarto wasn't an ordinary chauffeur. Isn't it incredible to you that any one of his education, his refinement, should have had the instincts of a common thief? Isn't it unaccountable?"  
"Yes, I suppose it is," agreed the other, "to you—perhaps if you had ever known anything about the man and his past you might understand a little."  
He had dropped his monocle while speaking, and, free from its glassy screen, his eyes gleamed out with their queer, dumb, wistfulness unconcealed.  
For the moment the Prince del Pino was off his guard.  
"Oh!" exclaimed Annette Bancroft. She was leaning forward and looking at him with a certain earnestness.  
"You are so like him!" she cried involuntarily, "so astonishingly like him at times!"  
With fingers that twitched ever so slightly, the man beside her replaced his eye-glass.  
"Who?" he asked quietly, knowing full well whom she meant.  
"Annette was wildly crimson.  
"I oughtn't to have mentioned it," she apologized hesitatingly, biting her lip with annoyance. "There is a certain resemblance—we've all noticed it—between Your Highness and that chauffeur—just a trick of expression, I suppose. Of course you know it."  
"Oh, yes," said Ludovic Sarto. "In fact, we have been taken for each other more than once."  
He got up with a resolute shake of the shoulders and stood frowning ahead of him; then, without looking at her, "I wonder if you have ever heard anything of Sarto's parentage, Miss Bancroft?" he asked, with some hesitation. "It might explain him more or less."  
"And, before she could answer, he went on, in an odd, constrained tone, leaving his English mechanically for the easier French. "His mother was a French girl of good family, his father a gondolier—it was a Venetian romance, you see. She ran off, married him, and of course was never forgiven. Well, you can imagine the sequence—the misery for her. Ludovic was their only child—his mother—"  
He stopped short.  
Annette looked up quickly. "I see," she said, also in French. "That's where the education and refinement came in."

have had along with you in an easy day. Perhaps you can spare me an instant—I know it's a great deal to ask—from Del Pino's society."  
He paused, waiting for her to contradict him, for some time; however, there was silence, emphasized by the impatient tapping of a small boot.  
"I knew it," came pettishly at length. "Now you're going to be a horrid cross man and spoil the whole evening. You're in one of your impossible moods. Oh, dear, and I thought we were going to have such a nice time together out here in this fog by ourselves."  
There was a wonderfully natural catch in the voice, calculated to soothe the average masculine wrath, but Gerald's was beyond such sedatives.  
"Yes, you can always be nice enough when you want to," he growled; "but there are limits to a man's endurance, don't you know? I've stood this sort of treatment long enough. Get! you must think I am a dufer not to see through your game all this time. How long has it been going on?" He gave an expressive snort. "First of all, there was that rotten sport on the Riviera. I was played against him pretty successfully for two weeks—not quite so blind as a bat, but me! You? Then that donkey of a Swede down at Monte Carlo—I thought he was the limit, but you didn't stop there."  
His tone sobered. "I've stood a lot, Gussie; but when you started to make a fool of your own chauffeur!—Pah! The fellow's head was completely turned before you were through with him. Well, he gave a cumbersome sigh. "I thought that was a little piece when he was shipped, but no! You must needs take up with this precious prince!"  
"Well!" Gussie's voice slid imperturbably from the darkness. "What about him, I'd like to know? I own I've had rather hopeless material to manage from time to time—his tones were suspiciously dry—"but surely you can't object to the prince; he's been a most agreeable addition to our party."  
"Has he? Yes, I thought so! That settles it."  
Gerald seemed to be talking to himself.  
"Just a minute, Gussie," he asked, with ominous quietness. "Do you remember what you said to me just before we left Havre, five days ago?"  
"Five days ago—is it only five days ago?" Mrs. Waring wondered irrelevantly. "It seems a great deal longer."  
"Do you remember what you promised that day?" Buist's tone was a trifle louder.  
"Promised?" Gussie repeated the word blankly. "My dear boy, did I really promise anything? Surely—you wouldn't consider a few vague words binding. I'm sure I don't remember what I said."  
"Pity I didn't take it down in black and white. One would think a person's word amounted to something. Good heavens—"  
And Buist stopped short, politeness and chivalry towards the weaker vessel forbidding the utterance of his sentiments at that moment.  
(To be continued.)

**BANK BURGLARS.**  
Crankmen Got \$120,000 in This Country During the Past Year.  
The accompanying map, prepared as part of the annual report of Pinkerton's Agency to the American Bankers' Association, during its recent convention in Denver, gives an accurate record in its black blocks of the number of bank robberies in the United States in the year ended Aug. 31, 1905.  
What the yeoman is to a metropolitan neighborhood the outlaws and professional thieves are to the vast regions of the Middle and Far West. That they should find a centre of activity in the Mississippi Valley is in itself a curious fact. Their absence from the East and glimpses into the lives of lawbreakers past and present are also afforded by the map and the report of which it is a part.  
During the year there were 80 burglaries of banks in the United States. The loot was worth \$120,000.49, or an average of \$1,500 for each robbery. The largest loss was \$23,000, stolen from the Farmers and Manufacturers Bank of Rock Hill, Mo. The \$6,555 stolen from the State Bank of Hewitt, Minn., represented the smallest profit of the lawbreakers. Some of the largest bank thefts were \$7,700, in Adair, Ill.; \$6,200, in Hanover, S. D.; \$6,351, in Church's Ferry, N. D.; \$6,096, in Quenemo, Kan.; \$5,500, in Mounds, Okla.; \$4,200, in Carney, Mo.; \$4,000, in New Franklin, Mo.; \$6,349, in Huron, Kan., and \$5,100, in Stephen, Minn.  
In addition there were ten hold-up robberies in the year, the outlaws escaping with \$25,027.45 in loot. The largest was in Texola, Okla., \$5,000 taken from the Citizens Bank, Okla.; \$3,317, in Chautauque, Kan.; \$2,700, in Granite Falls, Mo.; \$2,561, in Tyrone, Kan., and \$2,200, in Clinton, Ill.  
Even a cursory glance at the lists

all the letters and signs until at last she is able to produce typewriting that is nothing less than artistic in effect, true and uniform and beautiful.  
"It is something fine to see the good work of the intelligent, sensitive and truly competent typewriter."  
**TOOK UP HUSBAND'S BUSINESS.**  
Success of Widow Who Runs Blacksmith, Carriage and Wagon Shop.  
Mrs. C. L. Orrick is the name of a woman who owns one of the largest blacksmith, carriage and wagon shops in the city, says the Denver Post. In the midst of glowing forges, paint pots and numberless wagons, she was found. Although small and slight in figure, she has a determination in her gray eyes that commands instant respect, and her mass of silver-threaded hair gives one the impression that she has endured much in the last few years.  
"Tell about myself and all this—these wheels and wagons? Why, there is nothing so very interesting about them, is there? This factory is dirty and grimy and a queer place for a woman to spend her life, but it means everything to me. Seven years ago I had a kind, good husband, two dear little babies and a lovely home. Within five days my husband was dead, my house and everything I owned gone, and I was left with a heavy mortgage and with only a little insurance money.  
"You see, this is the way it happened. My husband was the kind of a man who does everything to make his family happy, but who never said anything about his work or how much he had. We had a beautiful home and I never thought of the business. I hardly knew a horse shoe from a wagon wheel; in fact, when he was suddenly taken ill, and only lived nine days, and after we were settled things, I found that both our home and the shop were heavily mortgaged.  
"The shock was dreadful for a time,

**Sermons of the Week**

**Immortality.**  
Immortality is nothing but a continuation of this life. It is not future, but present.—Rev. F. W. Hinmitt, Presbyterian, Danville, Ky.  
**Keeping Young.**  
While the march of time is inexorable, one need not grow old in spirit, asserting that age need not rob one of interest in life.—Rev. Joseph I. Garvin, Scientist, Seattle.  
**Seeking.**  
Somehow or other the conscious seeking of a good thing, if kept up too long and too constantly, interferes with the chance of obtaining it.—Dr. A. Twilling Hadley, Presbyterian, New Haven, Conn.  
**Requirements of Religion.**  
Religion requires first a person who is right and righteous in his soul, and then an outward life of goodness and service in harmony with that right state within.—Rev. John W. Rowlett, Unitarian, Atlanta.  
**Woman's Age.**  
This is the best age for women the world has ever known. Never were there so many opportunities given them as now, and never were there so many avenues of opportunity open to them.—Rev. W. W. Bustard, Baptist, Boston.  
**All Needs Supplied.**  
Man does not live by bread alone! God has given to each phase of life its need, and no lower nature in us can supply the needs of the one above it, though it may influence it more or less.—Rev. Sidney H. Cox, Evangelical Church, Brooklyn.  
**Bible Versus Crime.**  
It has been found by statistics gathered in the juvenile courts and reformatories that in almost every case of wrong doing the culprit has no knowledge of the Bible and its teachings.—Rev. Frank L. Goodspeed, Presbyterian, Springfield.  
**Self-Denial.**  
The bare fruitfulness of any life comes by its self-denial. There is no good done and no profit made without labor and pain; it is by surrendering and giving that one becomes of value to society and to the kingdom of Christ.—Rev. Dr. Leete, Methodist Episcopalian, Detroit.  
**Blindness of Sin.**  
Why will people persist in thinking that Christ came into the world to condemn them? 'Tis the blindness of sin. He is the sinner's truest friend. God sent not His son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world should be saved through Him.—Rev. R. M. Little, Presbyterian, Pittsburg.  
**Obedying God's Word.**  
What we need to-day above "popularity" or "kingly patronage" or "loud music" or "big" words, is simple obedience to God's word. If this gets to be a mere detail that may be lost sight of in the general fuss, so much the worse for all concerned.—Rev. A. Aird Moffat, Congregationalist, Newark.  
**Cleansing the World.**  
There are many scholarly and thoughtful men, who are as far from being pessimists as a delicious peach is from being a sour grape, who think it would take something as cleansing as the flood described in Genesis to purify our country, to say nothing of the rest of the world.—Rev. Frederick E. Hopkins, Congregationalist, Chicago.  
**Catechism.**  
The little child that is familiar with his catechism is really more enlightened on truths that should come home to every rational mind than the most profound philosophers of pagan antiquity, or even than many so-called philosophers of our times.—J. Cardinal Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore.  
**Material Prosperity Insufficient.**  
More material prosperity has never been sufficient to secure stability of government. Moral courage, honesty, liberal education, and a healthy sense of religion are of greater importance in our national life than big crops, large bank deposits, enormous factories, or extensive railroads.—Rev. John G. Scott, Episcopalian, Hot Springs, Va.  
**The Man's Horn.**  
The shofar's tone, while not quite so beautiful and harmonious as the trumpets of war, have a far different lesson to convey. At the sound of the note from the Man's horn all Israel is listening to the same and is stirred to the very depths, and rally to the flag of their faith, pledging themselves a new loyalty to their God.—Rev. M. S. Levy, Hebrew, San Francisco.  
**The Bible.**  
The Bible is not only up to date, but ahead of date. It has anticipated every scientific discovery of any consequence; and little is taught in science to-day that may not be found outlined in the Bible. The order of creation, for example, is now found by science to be identical with the method revealed in this buldest of books.—Rev. Hugh K. Walker, Presbyterian, Los Angeles.  
**The Devil.**  
The production of "The Devil" develops the coarseness and grossness of the play. Yet, despite its coarse staging, the story must suggest to all who think at all the many rubes in which evil may present itself. It is greatly to be deplored that this study in evil, which might prove a warning to many a thoughtful man and woman, should be developed in its worst instead of its best phases.—Rev. A. Eugene Bartlett, Church of the Redeemer, Chicago.  
**Helping the Homeless Out.**  
"John," she whispered, "there's a burglar in the drawing room. He has just knocked against the piano and hit several keys at once."  
"Oh, go down," said he.  
"Oh, John, don't do anything rash!"  
"Rash? Why, I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can remove the piano from the house without assistance?"—London Chronicle.  
**A Girl Must Feel Awfully Lonesome** when she hates a man whom all her best friends like.

**THE CUCKOO'S HABITS.**  
It is well known that the cuckoo lays her eggs in the nests of other birds. Now comes the German naturalist, Konrad Foss, who breaks a lance in defense of the cuckoo's character, or rather, gives the reasons for the bird's strange habit. Owing to the unusually large stomach of this bird, he says, she has not room in the rest of her body to develop more than one egg at a time, at a week's interval between each. If she laid her eggs with such long pauses between in one family nest there would result a confusion of hatched, hatching and embryo progeny which would mean disaster to all.  
She could not herself attend to more than one nest at a time. Consequently, she is forced to exact maternal care for her eggs from other birds.  
She is careful to choose the nest of a worm-and-insect-eating bird—preferably one in whose menu caterpillars often appear, the hairier and bigger the better, for the hungry big stomachs of the young cuckoos.  
Nature seems to do everything in her power to encourage the cuckoo in her apparently shiftless, lazy ways. She has no natural gift for nest-building, but lays her eggs on the ground, seizes them in her bill and drops them by stealth into some unsuspecting neighbor's nest.  
Oddly enough, although the cuckoo is four times as large as the skylark, her eggs are as small as those of the lark, and pass unnoticed among the eggs of many varieties of small birds.  
The young cuckoo, till about ten days old—the age at which it begins to crowd legitimate progeny out of the nest—has a natural depression in its back which acts as a convenient kind of ladder for turning the luckless fledglings out into the cold world. The cuckoo, being so much larger than the other birds, fills the nest with its own bulk, and is forced to adopt these drastic measures. This act of self-preservation accomplished, the cuckoo's back assumes the comely symmetry of later life.  
The adopted parent does not seem to notice or resent this behavior in the least, but coddles and tends the interloper until it has reached the age of discretion, and pays no further attention to her discarded young. The cuckoo's migration is also arranged for at a much earlier date than others of the feathered world—an engagement which she could not keep if domestic cares detained her.  
Poetry, sentiment, scandal, superstition—since history began the cuckoo has been a favorite subject of all these. She is the herald of spring, of storms; she will foretell your length of days; she becomes a hawk in the winter in order to add to her wisdom.  
"Cuckoo, cuckoo, dear, how many years till I marry?" is eagerly asked by peasant maidens in the spring, and the answering "Coo, coo! Coo, coo!" is eagerly counted and implicitly believed.  
The earliest English song extant, written in the thirteenth century, is a joyous welcome of the first cuckoo-call in the spring. It begins, "Summer is lemmen in, or, as we spell it, "Summer is a-coming in."  
Bowers—In what way does Smith take a mean advantage of his wife? Powers—While she is saying her prayers he hides his money.



MAP SHOWING BANK ROBBERIES FOR THE PAST YEAR.

brings out one of the curious facts in connection with the bank robberies. They were all committed in small towns, even the names of which are unfamiliar to the average American. No city of any size figures in the records.  
"Big bank robberies in cities are a thing of the past," remarked a detective, referring to these figures. "For one thing, the banks in the great cities have more money at stake. They must make their vaults impregnable. A bank in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago, for instance, did not keep more than \$250,000 in cash and securities in its vaults ten or fifteen years ago. Now the great banks frequently carry over \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000. With such sums, no walls can be too thick, no vaults too strong.  
With the exception of \$1,225 taken from a bank in Truxton, N. Y., on Dec. 20 last, none of the burglaries was committed east of the Allegheny Mountains. None of the ten hold-up robberies in banks occurred nearer New York than Granite Falls, N. C., on the south and Clinton, Ill., to the west ward.  
**West Stamping Ground.**  
A glance at the discs on the map indicates the center of the burglaries. The report shows that the largest number of bank robberies in any one State was 12, in Minnesota. Then came Oklahoma, with 8, Missouri and Kansas, with 6, and North Dakota and South Dakota, each with 4. Of the hold-up robberies, there were two each in Kansas and Oklahoma, and one each in Colorado, Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska and North Carolina. When asked why the burglaries and hold-ups were thus confined to a comparatively small section of the country the detective replied:  
"The Middle West is a stamping ground for thieves, because, for one thing, the distances are so long and the areas so vast that it is difficult for the police and sheriffs to give effective service. Twenty-five miles of comparatively open country between even small towns gives the thieves many chances to escape."  
**POINT IN TYPEWRITING.**  
**Why in Some Work the Periods and Commas Show So Black and Deep.**  
"When in anything typewritten you see the periods and commas punched black and deep," said an experienced typewriter to a New York Sun man, "you may know that the work was done by a beginner or by one who had not yet done sufficient work to have acquired a perfect touch.  
"The reason for the deep punching of the punctuation points is very simple. Naturally enough the beginner at typewriting plays upon all the keys with equal force, but as the types attached to the keys present unequal amounts of printing surface it follows that equal force applied to all the keys results in more or less unequal printing on the paper.  
"For instance, a certain amount of force applied to the B key might produce that type a fair impression on the paper, but the same force applied to a period might drive that, a mere point, clean through the paper. In fact, it is not unusual for beginners on the typewriter to punch holes in the paper with their periods.  
"But as the learner progresses in her art she comes to realize that some types must be touched more lightly than others and gradually her periods become less black and deep, and with further practice she comes instinctively, automatically, to grade her touch on

but I saw that I had to act quickly and decided to let the house go and try to save the factory. I took the little insurance money left me and started right in. At the time my husband died he had just been given the contract to make thirty-five sprinkling wagons for the city, and, with positively no knowledge at all of such things, I had to see that it was fulfilled.  
"Well, I don't know just how I managed to do it, but I did, and now I keep about fifteen men working for me. We have the contracts from all the express companies, and in the spring have almost more than we can do.  
"This experience has shown me one great thing a man should do, however, and that is that he never should keep his affairs from his wife. Although at the time he thinks he is being thoughtful by keeping his business affairs from her, he is in reality doing the worst thing he could possibly do, for if something should happen and his wife was left as I was, she would not know what to do. Woman was made to be a companion to man, and he should consider her as such, and not as a child."  
**INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION**  
There is room for a school of international education. Let the youth of the "dark" countries, such as Russia, be sent to the enlightened ones for a time, and then let them return home to use their knowledge. A writer in the Independent illustrates this principle under the caption, "Liberty to Keep the Laws."  
"Here is a place where you can't go anyway."  
"But I do not want to go there, so I am in no danger of the penalty."  
"The first speaker was a Russian lad, who was surprised that the Capitol, the White House, public buildings of all kinds in Washington, were open to the world, without even the formality of asking permission. The second speaker was the American friend who was showing him round the city, and the forbidden spot which they at least had reached was the grass in a park, with the sign, "Trespass forbidden, under penalty of the law."  
"Oh, no," was the reply. "He would not want to walk there and spoil the grass, and he would not break the law anyway."  
"What?" said the boy. "Does your President have to obey the law?" He gazed in surprise at such a thought.  
"By all means," replied his civic one. "The President must obey the laws of course."  
"He must?" cried the boy. "That is queer. Our Czar and grand dukes never have to obey the law."  
At the close of the day the lad was taken into the Congressional Library, where scores of men were bending over magazines under pleasant evening lights. He caught the arm of his friend as though he saw a ghost. "See! a soldier, a soldier! and he has no gun and he is reading! You could not see that in my country."  
**Wide Awake.**  
Fuddle—You know Stocks, don't you?  
Doctor—Yes, indeed. He is now a patient of mine.  
Fuddle—Pretty wide-awake man, isn't he?  
Doctor—I should say so. I am treating him for insomnia.—London Tit-Bits.

brings out one of the curious facts in connection with the bank robberies. They were all committed in small towns, even the names of which are unfamiliar to the average American. No city of any size figures in the records.  
"Big bank robberies in cities are a thing of the past," remarked a detective, referring to these figures. "For one thing, the banks in the great cities have more money at stake. They must make their vaults impregnable. A bank in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago, for instance, did not keep more than \$250,000 in cash and securities in its vaults ten or fifteen years ago. Now the great banks frequently carry over \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000. With such sums, no walls can be too thick, no vaults too strong.  
With the exception of \$1,225 taken from a bank in Truxton, N. Y., on Dec. 20 last, none of the burglaries was committed east of the Allegheny Mountains. None of the ten hold-up robberies in banks occurred nearer New York than Granite Falls, N. C., on the south and Clinton, Ill., to the west ward.  
**West Stamping Ground.**  
A glance at the discs on the map indicates the center of the burglaries. The report shows that the largest number of bank robberies in any one State was 12, in Minnesota. Then came Oklahoma, with 8, Missouri and Kansas, with 6, and North Dakota and South Dakota, each with 4. Of the hold-up robberies, there were two each in Kansas and Oklahoma, and one each in Colorado, Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska and North Carolina. When asked why the burglaries and hold-ups were thus confined to a comparatively small section of the country the detective replied:  
"The Middle West is a stamping ground for thieves, because, for one thing, the distances are so long and the areas so vast that it is difficult for the police and sheriffs to give effective service. Twenty-five miles of comparatively open country between even small towns gives the thieves many chances to escape."  
**POINT IN TYPEWRITING.**  
**Why in Some Work the Periods and Commas Show So Black and Deep.**  
"When in anything typewritten you see the periods and commas punched black and deep," said an experienced typewriter to a New York Sun man, "you may know that the work was done by a beginner or by one who had not yet done sufficient work to have acquired a perfect touch.  
"The reason for the deep punching of the punctuation points is very simple. Naturally enough the beginner at typewriting plays upon all the keys with equal force, but as the types attached to the keys present unequal amounts of printing surface it follows that equal force applied to all the keys results in more or less unequal printing on the paper.  
"For instance, a certain amount of force applied to the B key might produce that type a fair impression on the paper, but the same force applied to a period might drive that, a mere point, clean through the paper. In fact, it is not unusual for beginners on the typewriter to punch holes in the paper with their periods.  
"But as the learner progresses in her art she comes to realize that some types must be touched more lightly than others and gradually her periods become less black and deep, and with further practice she comes instinctively, automatically, to grade her touch on

but I saw that I had to act quickly and decided to let the house go and try to save the factory. I took the little insurance money left me and started right in. At the time my husband died he had just been given the contract to make thirty-five sprinkling wagons for the city, and, with positively no knowledge at all of such things, I had to see that it was fulfilled.  
"Well, I don't know just how I managed to do it, but I did, and now I keep about fifteen men working for me. We have the contracts from all the express companies, and in the spring have almost more than we can do.  
"This experience has shown me one great thing a man should do, however, and that is that he never should keep his affairs from his wife. Although at the time he thinks he is being thoughtful by keeping his business affairs from her, he is in reality doing the worst thing he could possibly do, for if something should happen and his wife was left as I was, she would not know what to do. Woman was made to be a companion to man, and he should consider her as such, and not as a child."  
**INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION**  
There is room for a school of international education. Let the youth of the "dark" countries, such as Russia, be sent to the enlightened ones for a time, and then let them return home to use their knowledge. A writer in the Independent illustrates this principle under the caption, "Liberty to Keep the Laws."  
"Here is a place where you can't go anyway."  
"But I do not want to go there, so I am in no danger of the penalty."  
"The first speaker was a Russian lad, who was surprised that the Capitol, the White House, public buildings of all kinds in Washington, were open to the world, without even the formality of asking permission. The second speaker was the American friend who was showing him round the city, and the forbidden spot which they at least had reached was the grass in a park, with the sign, "Trespass forbidden, under penalty of the law."  
"Oh, no," was the reply. "He would not want to walk there and spoil the grass, and he would not break the law anyway."  
"What?" said the boy. "Does your President have to obey the law?" He gazed in surprise at such a thought.  
"By all means," replied his civic one. "The President must obey the laws of course."  
"He must?" cried the boy. "That is queer. Our Czar and grand dukes never have to obey the law."  
At the close of the day the lad was taken into the Congressional Library, where scores of men were bending over magazines under pleasant evening lights. He caught the arm of his friend as though he saw a ghost. "See! a soldier, a soldier! and he has no gun and he is reading! You could not see that in my country."  
**Wide Awake.**  
Fuddle—You know Stocks, don't you?  
Doctor—Yes, indeed. He is now a patient of mine.  
Fuddle—Pretty wide-awake man, isn't he?  
Doctor—I should say so. I am treating him for insomnia.—London Tit-Bits.

brings out one of the curious facts in connection with the bank robberies. They were all committed in small towns, even the names of which are unfamiliar to the average American. No city of any size figures in the records.  
"Big bank robberies in cities are a thing of the past," remarked a detective, referring to these figures. "For one thing, the banks in the great cities have more money at stake. They must make their vaults impregnable. A bank in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago, for instance, did not keep more than \$250,000 in cash and securities in its vaults ten or fifteen years ago. Now the great banks frequently carry over \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000. With such sums, no walls can be too thick, no vaults too strong.  
With the exception of \$1,225 taken from a bank in Truxton, N. Y., on Dec. 20 last, none of the burglaries was committed east of the Allegheny Mountains. None of the ten hold-up robberies in banks occurred nearer New York than Granite Falls, N. C., on the south and Clinton, Ill., to the west ward.  
**West Stamping Ground.**  
A glance at the discs on the map indicates the center of the burglaries. The report shows that the largest number of bank robberies in any one State was 12, in Minnesota. Then came Oklahoma, with 8, Missouri and Kansas, with 6, and North Dakota and South Dakota, each with 4. Of the hold-up robberies, there were two each in Kansas and Oklahoma, and one each in Colorado, Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska and North Carolina. When asked why the burglaries and hold-ups were thus confined to a comparatively small section of the country the detective replied:  
"The Middle West is a stamping ground for thieves, because, for one thing, the distances are so long and the areas so vast that it is difficult for the police and sheriffs to give effective service. Twenty-five miles of comparatively open country between even small towns gives the thieves many chances to escape."  
**POINT IN TYPEWRITING.**  
**Why in Some Work the Periods and Commas Show So Black and Deep.**  
"When in anything typewritten you see the periods and commas punched black and deep," said an experienced typewriter to a New York Sun man, "you may know that the work was done by a beginner or by one who had not yet done sufficient work to have acquired a perfect touch.  
"The reason for the deep punching of the punctuation points is very simple. Naturally enough the beginner at typewriting plays upon all the keys with equal force, but as the types attached to the keys present unequal amounts of printing surface it follows that equal force applied to all the keys results in more or less unequal printing on the paper.  
"For instance, a certain amount of force applied to the B key might produce that type a fair impression on the paper, but the same force applied to a period might drive that, a mere point, clean through the paper. In fact, it is not unusual for beginners on the typewriter to punch holes in the paper with their periods.  
"But as the learner progresses in her art she comes to realize that some types must be touched more lightly than others and gradually her periods become less black and deep, and with further practice she comes instinctively, automatically, to grade her touch on

brings out one of the curious facts in connection with the bank robberies. They were all committed in small towns, even the names of which are unfamiliar to the average American. No city of any size figures in the records.  
"Big bank robberies in cities are a thing of the past," remarked a detective, referring to these figures. "For one thing, the banks in the great cities have more money at stake. They must make their vaults impregnable. A bank in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago, for instance, did not keep more than \$250,000 in cash and securities in its vaults ten or fifteen years ago. Now the great banks frequently carry over \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000. With such sums, no walls can be too thick, no vaults too strong.  
With the exception of \$1,225 taken from a bank in Truxton, N. Y., on Dec. 20 last, none of the burglaries was committed east of the Allegheny Mountains. None of the ten hold-up robberies in banks occurred nearer New York than Granite Falls, N. C., on the south and Clinton, Ill., to the west ward.  
**West Stamping Ground.**  
A glance at the discs on the map indicates the center of the burglaries. The report shows that the largest number of bank robberies in any one State was 12, in Minnesota. Then came Oklahoma, with 8, Missouri and Kansas, with 6, and North Dakota and South Dakota, each with 4. Of the hold-up robberies, there were two each in Kansas and Oklahoma, and one each in Colorado, Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska and North Carolina. When asked why the burglaries and hold-ups were thus confined to a comparatively small section of the country the detective replied:  
"The Middle West is a stamping ground for thieves, because, for one thing, the distances are so long and the areas so vast that it is difficult for the police and sheriffs to give effective service. Twenty-five miles of comparatively open country between even small towns gives the thieves many chances to escape."  
**POINT IN TYPEWRITING.**  
**Why in Some Work the Periods and Commas Show So Black and Deep.**  
"When in anything typewritten you see the periods and commas punched black and deep," said an experienced typewriter to a New York Sun man, "you may know that the work was done by a beginner or by one who had not yet done sufficient work to have acquired a perfect touch.  
"The reason for the deep punching of the punctuation points is very simple. Naturally enough the beginner at typewriting plays upon all the keys with equal force, but as the types attached to the keys present unequal amounts of printing surface it follows that equal force applied to all the keys results in more or less unequal printing on the paper.  
"For instance, a certain amount of force applied to the B key might produce that type a fair impression on the paper, but the same force applied to a period might drive that, a mere point, clean through the paper. In fact, it is not unusual for beginners on the typewriter to punch holes in the paper with their periods.  
"But as the learner progresses in her art she comes to realize that some types must be touched more lightly than others and gradually her periods become less black and deep, and with further practice she comes instinctively, automatically, to grade her touch on