

An interesting estimate of the present application of the wireless telegraph leads to the surprising conclusion that, along the North Atlantic routes, a steamer fitted with only the least powerful instruments is never distant out of call from another steamer or the shore. To be sure, the number of ships which are equipped to pick up communication with one coast promptly upon losing it to the other coast is relatively few. But so generally are the liners, small as well as large, provided with apparatus which enables them to send and receive messages over a distance of say, 200 miles, that a message in event of emergency directed at any point of the course is pretty sure to be picked up. The vessel as she proceeds across the ocean comes into zone after zone where another vessel, known to be equipped with the wireless, will be according to comparative schedules. A recently issued chart shows the frequency of these intersections of lines of communication by ships which are equipped with the instruments.

Tuberculosis, according to medical science, is a communicable, preventable and curable disease. It is, however, a disease for which no specific remedy has been found. Its prevention and cure are matters entirely of hygienic living, but in this respect it is not unlike a majority of the physical derangements that kill men prematurely. If personal cleanliness, sanitary housing and wholesome diet were the rule instead of the exception the general health of the community would, of course, be vastly better than it is. Hence the knowledge of hygiene which the tuberculosis exhibit is disseminating will unquestionably bring down the death rate not only from the white plague, but from most, if not all other, non-congenital diseases.

If the decisions which the courts are just now giving out about domestic and matrimonial affairs could be gathered together, they would make interesting reading. Lately, the obligation of a man to support a woman who marries him on a nominal income, showing thereby her folly, was mooted in the courts, the judges dividing on this matter. Now a New Jersey judge decides that poor cooking is not sufficient excuse for a man to leave his otherwise happy home. He added that marriage is a lottery; that a man knows he takes chances, and that if he draws a blank in the cookery line he must stand by his bargain. And yet women keep on complaining of the "man-made law."

Switzerland has declared war on "cart-wheel" millinery. The big hats which have had so much vogue among the women are to be classed as bicycle wheels on Swiss railways, and will have to be conveyed in the luggage vans. The official notice reads as follows: "Ladies' hats more than 21 1/2 inches in diameter will, according to article 117 of the railway tariff adopted in February, 1906, henceforth be regarded as wheels. Any lady wearing a hat of larger dimensions who desires to travel by a Swiss passenger train must either ride in the luggage van or deposit her hat with the luggage guard and enter the passengers' carriage bare-headed."

Singularly enough the government of Japan joins the government of Russia in denouncing and suppressing the works of Count Leo Tolstoy. As the great Russian writer is a free-thinker, and not what is known as an orthodox Russian, the reason for abjuring his works in that country is both religious and governmental for the tough old count, if not a nihilist, is something equally as good. In Japan, however, they do not care for his religious aberrations, but they consider his political teachings demoralizing to the youth of the nation.

Let the average kidnaper know that for his attempted crime he will, if detected, pay with his life—either give him a life imprisonment or mete out to him the same punishment which is given to murderers—and he will find this dastardly occupation not worth his while. Maudlin sympathy is wasted upon the kidnaper, as only strenuous methods will stamp out such vermin, and it is to be hoped that the recent demonstration of its horrors will prove that more stringent laws governing its punishment are needed.

Fewer auto arrests are being made in New York. That is one sign that the crusade against the "scorchers" and the baby slayers is getting in its work. There is a wholesome scare among the chauffeurs who have been in the habit of defying the speed laws and running away after running down victims.

Some of the impatient waiters out on the rural routes may by this time think congress has decided to take garden seeds off the free list.

The fishing season is surely open. The story comes from California of a fish caught near a town where which is blue-eyed and bearded like a goat. It is added that the fish is iridescent. So it may also be added, is the story—in fact, probably even more highly colored than the fish.

The warship Mississippi was not blown up, and the Italian anarchist did not make passes at the ex-president. Who is this wireless comedian in the mid-Atlantic, anyway?

AFFAIR OF THE PANAMA HAT

BY AN EX-OPERATIVE OF THE SECRET SERVICE

CAPTAIN DICKSON TELLS OF ACQUIRING AN UGLY SCAR EARLY IN HIS CAREER

"YES, I did promise to tell you how I got this wound," replied Capt. Dickson, when I recalled his mention, in a former reminiscence, of the ugly scar on the back of his neck. "It happened when I was young in the service, and it was due to my ambition and foolhardiness, a combination that is dangerous in any one's system. The adventure came near costing me my life. I have always connected that affair with a Panama hat. A Panama hat got me into trouble and got me out again, in the end saving my life."

"The Chinese exclusion act has given a lot of trouble to the government in one way and another, but the consequence I am most familiar with is the smuggling of coolies into this country through Mexico and Canada. Coolie labor is cheap, and it is a profitable job to slip a bevy of them across the frontier."

"Things began to take a lively turn as soon as I reached Presidio, my headquarters, a village of mud huts and rambling shanties on the Rio Grande. I left the Southern Pacific at Nopal and rode many weary miles across country. Over the river, in Mexico, was the dirty village of Presidio del Norte. It is impossible to imagine a more forsaken-looking place. The Rio Conchos, a river of uncertain habits, flowed into the Rio Grande here. It was by means of this river that coolies were brought to Presidio del Norte."

"I had arrived in Presidio wearing a heavy Scotch hat. It had been cool when I left Washington and this was my first trip to the Texas border. I saw at once that my hat was a back-number. Jarrall, the customs officer, suggested that I get a Panama, telling me that I could secure a smuggled one at a reasonable price from a dealer in the village."

"He said he knew they were smuggled, but that there was no remedy for it as the government didn't think it of sufficient importance to put its agents on the case, and he was powerless without them. I took his advice and bought a Panama, the largest and whitest and most conspicuous one."

"The next morning after my arrival I crossed over to the Mexican village, to look around a bit and see if I couldn't pick up some valuable information. I was wandering about, staring at the crude hats and the naked babies, when I encountered an American wearing a hat that was a duplicate of my own, only his showed marks of hard usage."

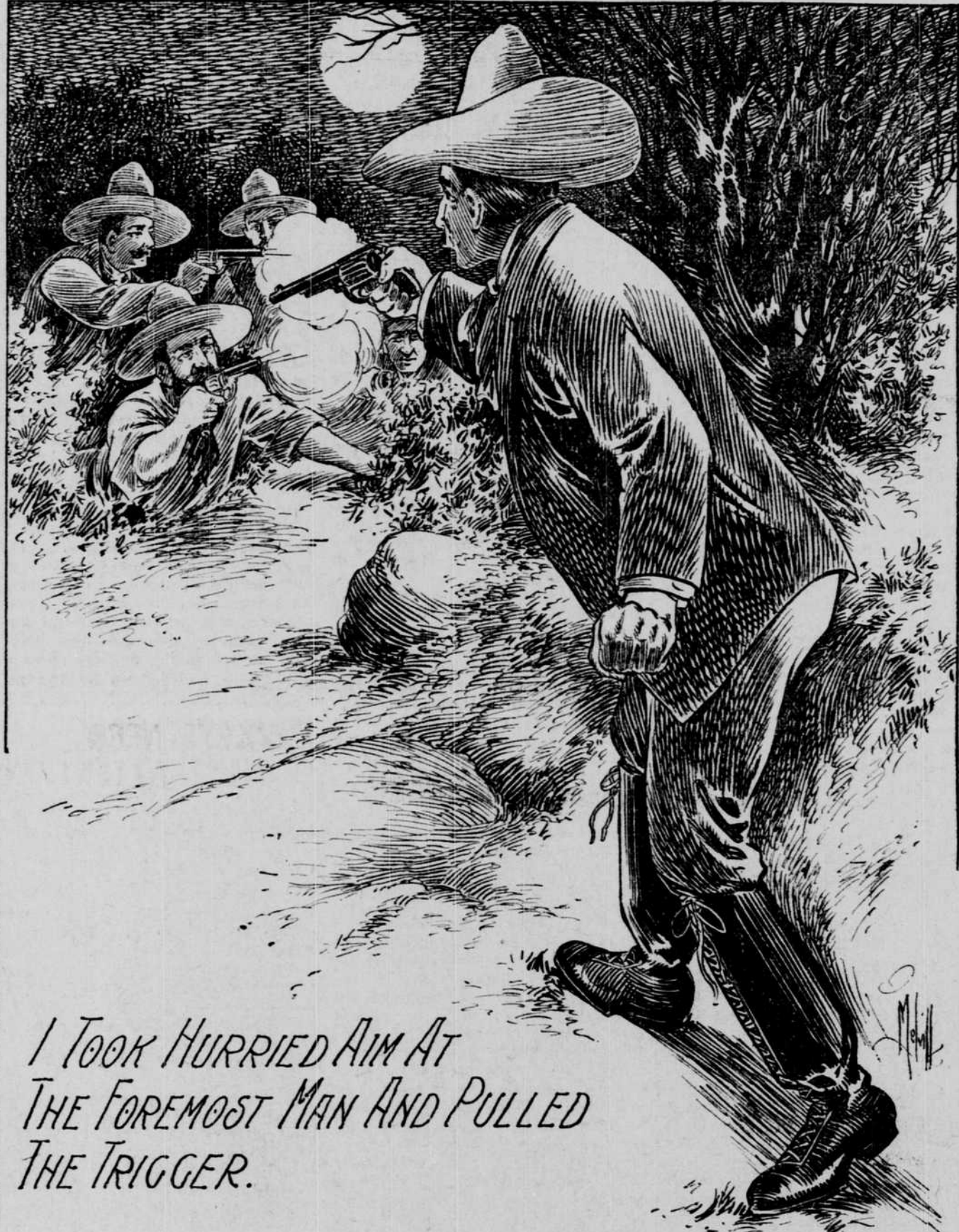
"'Hello!' he said, 'when did you get in?'" "I was on the point of telling him that he had made a mistake, but something prompted me to play him along and see what he was up to. I merely replied: 'Yesterday.'"

"'Where is Munson?' he queried, looking me over carefully. 'He will be here later,' I replied at a venture. 'Now let's get down to business,' he began. 'All right,' I replied. 'We have 200 coming down tonight,' he said, 'and 200 more in three days. The boats are ready and Manuel is in charge at Huataz so there isn't a chance for anything to go wrong at that end of the line.'"

"He paused a moment to mix another highball which he swallowed at a gulp. 'You know where to meet us tonight?' he queried. 'The instructions haven't been too plain,' I replied. 'Blame that mutton-headed Indian!' he swore. 'I might have known that he couldn't get anything straight. Well, I will have to tell you all over again. You and Munson be at the cottonwood toward two miles above town at 11:30 to-night to check up the cattle and pay over the money. Take the north trail from Presidio and turn to the left at the giant cactus. You can't miss the way. It is about two miles. The cattle-path at the cactus will lead you out to the landing at the towhead. Andrews and I will come over with the first boat and we can check up as they land. I suppose you have the papers,' he concluded. 'No, Munson has them,' I ventured, feeling sure that if Munson didn't have them I did not know where they were. 'Well, be sure that Munson brings them along,' he admonished. 'This concluded the interview and I lost no time in getting back across the river to tell Jarrall of my adventure. He was delighted at my luck. 'At five minutes after ten I heard horses' hoofs pounding the sand to the south. I could almost have shouted, for I was sure that it was Davis and his rangers. It was only the messenger whom we had dispatched in the morning. He was covered with gray dust and his throat was so choked he couldn't speak. He literally fell from his horse before Jarrall's door, and we had to support him as he

staggered into the room. A few drinks put him on his feet, and then he told us that the rangers were not at their headquarters but had gone in pursuit of a band of cattle thieves. 'Well, we can go after them ourselves,' I said. 'There will only be two against two and we will have the advantage by surprising them.' Jarrall looked at me in blank surprise. 'You must be crazy, man, to suggest such a thing. I am not counted a coward, but I wouldn't undertake the job without at least half a dozen good men at my back, for all the gold in the world. It would mean certain death for both of us. No, I am not a candidate for the undertaker just yet.' 'With that I buckled on my revolver and started for the door. 'I wouldn't do that, old man,' Jarrall breathed, a look of real concern displacing the amused expression that had so nettled me. 'My God, man, you

proceeded into the boat and the four men stepped out. I had only counted on two. In my hurried ride I had planned out my course of action. I had read somewhere of a soldier singlehanded, and I intended to follow his plan. 'As the four men advanced up the shelving bank I gave a tense command to an imaginary posse hid back in the shadows and, with my revolver leveled I stepped out into the moonlight, covering the nearest of the men. 'This trick may have worked with soldiers, but it certainly didn't go with border outlaws. No sooner had I stepped from the shadows than the four men reached for their guns, at the same instant dropping flat upon the ground, where they were almost invisible. 'I took hurried aim at the foremost man and pulled the trigger. The hammer fell with a metallic click, which rang sharp and distinct in the still air. Then, with a sickening sinking of the heart, I remembered that in my hasty departure I had failed to load the revolver. 'I was unarmed and at the mercy of the outlaws. 'These incidents had happened with marvelous swiftness. Instantly there was a flare of light, a loud report, and a bullet sang uncomfortably close to my ear. It was the first time I was ever under fire. There was a second flash, and my right arm dropped limply to my side. I sprang for the shadows of the cottonwoods just as the third revolver cracked. The bullet cut across the back of my neck and I fell unconscious. 'When I came to myself I was in



I TOOK HURRIED AIM AT THE FOREMOST MAN AND PULLED THE TRIGGER.

the bottom of a boat and the four men were paddling with might and main for the Mexican shore. Here was a pretty mess my rashness had dragged me into. I realized that the men would show me no mercy, that death probably awaited me at the landing. But I was mistaken in this. They did not know that I had recovered consciousness and I could hear what they said when they paused in their furious rowing to catch their breath. 'They seemed highly excited over my single-handed attempt to capture them. One of them, a Mexican, wanted to kill me at once, but the American wouldn't hear of it. He advised that I be revived and made to tell just what I knew. This met with general approval, and it was decided that I should be taken to the house that I had visited that morning in company with the American. They were going to hold me a prisoner there until they had gained the information they wanted, and then they were going to make an end of me. 'They stopped talking and resumed their paddling. I was in the heavy shadows at the bottom of the boat, and when I noticed that my big Panama hat was resting on my chest an idea came to me. I fished a pencil stub from a pocket and, with my left hand, scrawled a message to Jarrall on the brim of the big hat. It was a miserable effort, and I feared it would be unintelligible. I told him of my capture, that I was wounded, and being taken to the house with the broken column.

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"No stronger expression of toothache's intensity and scorching fierceness can be imagined than this fact—that, within my private knowledge, two persons, who had suffered alike under toothache and cancer, have pronounced the former to be, on the scale of torture, by many degrees the worse. In both, there are at times lancinating pains—keen, glancing, arrowy radiations of anguish; and upon these the basis of comparison is rested—paroxysm against paroxysm—with the result that I have stated."

"The men jerked me out of the boat with small ceremony when we reached the shore. I moaned piteously and lay limp and inert, clutching the hat with my left hand, the writing underneath. As they packed me up the bank I dropped the hat in the shadow of a bush. After this I became unconscious from the pain of my wounds. 'I came to in a small room with a single window up near the ceiling. It was heavily barred with iron, between which I could see a single star, so I knew that it was still night. I lay there for a long time, it seemed, half-conscious and utterly resigned. I was suffering too much and was too weak from loss of blood to care whether I lived or died. In fact, I think I preferred to die. The smugglers had not dressed my wounds and I felt that I was slowly bleeding to death. It was beyond my strength to make any effort to escape. 'I had dozed off again, I suppose, when the report of shots awakened me. A battle seemed to be in progress about the building, but I was too weak to more than raise myself upon my good elbow for a moment; then I fell back panting and exhausted. The rattle of firearms grew less distinct, as if the shots were coming from a great distance and I slept again. 'The next I knew Jarrall was bending over me. I was in bed and very weak. It was the room where I had stopped in Presidio. I felt that it was a hallucination of my feverish brain. 'It was little that I did towards my recovery. Jarrall did it all. By force of his personality he nursed me back

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LIBBY'S EVAPORATED MILK

Contains double the Nutriments and None of the Injurious Bacteria so often found in So-called Fresh or Raw Milk.

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Try LIBBY'S and tell your friends how good it is. Libby, McNeill & Libby CHICAGO

ANOTHER TERROR.



Frightened Pup—Gee! I always heard that women were going into everything; but I never knew there were lady dog catchers.

Counsel Sought from Christian Men. An evidence of the part which our missionary colleges are to play in the reconstruction of Turkey is found in the appointment of two professors in Euphrates college on a committee to consider educational measures for one of the large interior provinces. One, Prof. N. Tenekjian, several years ago served a term of six months in prison, being falsely accused of disloyalty, and Prof. Nahigian studied for a time under President Angell at Ann Arbor. Both are scholarly and earnest Christian men. The same governor has also asked Dr. H. N. Barnum, the veteran missionary of the American board in eastern Turkey, to suggest what in his judgment will promote popular education and social reform.

Cause for Relief. An Alabama man tells of an unique funeral oration delivered in a town of that state not long ago by a dark preacher. Now, it seems that the habits of the deceased brother had not been irreproachable, to the great scandal of the worthy pastor of the flock. So, in summing up the case at the funeral, the preacher delivered himself of the following: 'My brethren and sisters, we are here to pay our last respects to our departed brother. Some says he was a good man, and some says he was a bad man. Where he has gone to we can't tell, but in our grief we have one consolation, and that is—his head.'

With a smooth iron and Dedance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Mother—Aren't you ever going to get over fighting, Willie? Willie—Yes'm, when I'm licked.

Do You Drink It? A minister's wife had quite a tussle with coffee and her experience is interesting. She says: 'During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty, I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the morning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a good hot cup of coffee about that time. It stimulated me and I could keep awake better. 'After three or four years of coffee drinking I became a nervous wreck and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. All this time I was subject to frequent bilious attacks, sometimes so severe as to keep me in bed for several days. 'After being married, Husband begged me to leave off coffee for he feared that it had already hurt me almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make