

ENGLAND'S WOMEN.

The Difficulty They Experience in Obtaining Means of Earning a Living.

One fact which stood prominently out in the statements made at the annual meeting in London of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, because, perhaps, of the emphasis given it by the chairman, Sir Owen Roberts, was that there were 2,000,000 more women in this country than men, says the London News. Obviously, therefore, the difficulty of obtaining work for such of them as had of necessity to earn their own living was greater even than when males had, to be dealt with. And this was increased by the comparative difficulty hitherto experienced in providing the necessary technical training for them. On this point, however, Sir Owen Robert pointed out that the market for women shorthand writers and typewriters was overstocked, and suggested that women should turn their attention to dairying and the direction of laundries.

TOLD BY THE FACE.

Physiognomists Can with Much Certainty Tell a Man's Calling by His Features.

"A man's occupation or condition has more to do with making his face than most people think," observed a gentleman who is somewhat of a judge of character to a Washington Star writer. "Intellectual pursuits, like the studies of the scholarly professions, when coupled with temperate and good moral habits of life, brighten the face and give the person a refined and superior look. Magnanimity of nature or the love of study and art will make a bright, glad face, but, contrary to this, a man may have a face that does not please anybody, because of a love of self to the exclusion of others, notwithstanding his learning and worldly shrewdness. Soldiers get a hard, severe look; overworked laborers constantly look tired; reporters look inquisitive; judges become grave, even when off the bench; the man who has had domestic trouble looks all broken up.

"An example of the ludicrous side of this subject is to see a third-class lawyer staking around a police court looking as wise as an owl. The business makes the face, I say. There's the merchant's face, the ministerial face, the lawyer's face, the doctor's face, the hoodlum's face, all so distant each from the other and singly, and I seldom fail to recognize those callings shining through the faces. And what city-bred boy cannot recognize a genuine farmer the moment he sees him on the street?"

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT.

The Small Boy Who Did Not Overlook the Chance of Getting a Job.

The young man came out of a La Salle street tailor shop with a hammer in one hand and a small piece of board in the other and gazed languidly up and down the street. It was nine o'clock in the morning, says the Chicago Chronicle, and the thoroughfare was crowded. After a brief survey he turned to the doorway again, and, producing a nail from his pocket, began to fasten the board to the door frame. Then it was seen that it was a sign, and it bore the magic words:

BOY WANTED.

The young man had struck the nail about four feeble blows when he felt his striking arm plucked by the sleeve. He turned his head. There stood the boy who wanted the job for which a boy was wanted.

"Did you hire a boy yet?" he asked. "Great Scott, no!" said the tailor's assistant. "I haven't got the sign up yet."

"Well, you don't need to put it up now," said the small boy. "I'm here. What do you want of the sign?"

Which, impressing the young man as pretty good logic, he pulled out the nail again and took sign and boy into the store.

A Queer Advertisement.

The London daily newspapers are famous for queer advertisements—if for nothing else. A "personal" which appeared recently in one of them reads: "Wanted—A respectable gentleman—widower preferred—to marry the housekeeper of an aged gentleman, who has been an invalid for years, and who respects her as a good and true servant, whom he would like to see in the happy state of matrimony before he dies. She has had three husbands, but is willing for a fourth."

Makes the Shah Marvel.

The shah of Persia thinks that the art of printing transcends all others and has a particular admiration for his court printer. He has lately seen a typewriter and the idea that "printing" can be accomplished by the mere tapping of the keys was almost too much for him.

A Postponement.

Lady. Yes, I am perfectly willing to give you something to eat, but you must work for it.

Tramp. If it's all de same ter you, lady, I'd rather not discuss de labor question 'thar after dinner. — N. Y. Journal.

VOORHEES' WIT LOST.

The Fat Man Upon Whom He Tried to Hang the Jury Against His Client.

"The greatest jury orator I ever listened to in my life was the late Daniel W. Voorhees," said a well-known New Orleans lawyer to a Times-Democrat man. "He had a jovial presence, a great, resonant bass voice and a bearing so singularly compelling that I know of nothing except the trite word 'magnetic' that begins to define its effect. I heard him in a murder trial at Louisville, and his speech on that occasion was prefaced by a most amusing incident which I have never seen in print.

"It was a very warm day, and the courtroom was packed to suffocation. As Voorhees arose to begin his argument he cast his eye over the jury and discovered that one of the members had fallen asleep. Frowning with indignation, he motioned to one of the court officials, and in a few seconds the slumberer was shaken rudely into consciousness. He was a fat, timid-looking man and was so mortified and aghast at the enormity of the offense that he could hardly find words in which to reply to the sharp questions of the judge. Finally he managed to blurt out that he couldn't help dozing off whenever it was warm and crowded. "If the gentleman always sleeps where it is warm and crowded," said Voorhees, majestically, "the gentleman will no doubt enjoy himself hugely in hades." There was a roar of laughter, but the retort proved rather costly. The fat man hung the jury against Voorhees' client."

INDIANS NOT DYING OUT.

Indian Bureau Official Says Next Census Is Likely to Show Over 300,000 of Them.

"The Indian is by no means an extinct portion of civilization," explained an Indian bureau official to a Washington Star reporter, "as the coming census will very clearly demonstrate. Indeed, instead of running out, the last ten years will show that he has got almost as good a hold on life as the most favored of our people. The poems regretting his passing away will have to be stored for some year. The Indian of late years has been generally engaged in minding his own business. He is not much improved morally from what he was, but he has not fallen behind to any noticeable extent. It is a case of the survival of the fittest, and, while eventually the Indian will have to go, he is not gathering up his traps and getting ready to start as yet. Those who regard the Indian as a scattered race, existing in small camps in the far west, will be considerably informed when I can tell them that there is today a record of 250,000 Indians in the western states. There are many kinds there. The Choctaws number over 15,000; the Creeks even more; the Seminoles about 3,500; the Cherokees about 30,000; Chickasaws about 8,500. There are over 10,000 Indians in the six nations of New York state alone. The Indian is still in it, and will be in it for many years yet, and I would not be surprised if the coming census will show that there are over 300,000 of them."

NO INK IS NEEDED.

A New English Process for Reproducing Pictures from Artists' Copy.

An English company has been formed to print without the use of ink in any form, by simply bringing the plate into contact with chemically-dampened paper, silk, wool or other fabric, and obtaining a good, clear impression of any desired density. The operation, says the Philadelphia Record, is as quick and more simple than letter press printing and the work resembles in clearness and delicacy a copperplate or litho engraving. Ordinary printers' type blocks, forms, stereotypes and electropypes may be used as a printing surface and drawings, etc., requiring special blocks or electros, lithographic work or copperplate engraving can be done at a great saving. Original sketches, scrolls or fancy lettering can be made upon the transparency or traced through from drawn or printed sketches, the words being typed in their respective places, and, if printed on opaque paper, photographic replicas of any size can be made, while engravings can be reproduced direct from the artist's work. Any class of paper may be used, the sensitizing solution is much cheaper than printing ink, and the speed of the process is greatly in its favor.

Afraid of Americans.

Ever since the Wild West show appeared in Buda-Pesth the citizens believe that every American carries a revolver. Not long ago three Americans were sitting at a table in a music hall, taking such refreshments as may be obtained at such a place. One of the Americans finally called for his check. The waiter performed a feat in mathematics and learned that three times three made 17. The American found fault with this system of multiplication and stood up to protest. Instantly the girl who sold programmes threw herself in front of him, and seized his arm. "Please don't," she pleaded. "He is a poor man; he has a wife and family." The manager came running. "Wait, wait," he entreated. "Please do not make any trouble. I ask that you do not shoot." Yielding to these entreaties, the American (who carried nothing more deadly than a penknife) spared the life of the trembling waiter, who had made a run for the stairway. There was another computation, and it was decided that three times three made nine, and then the ferocious Americans departed, to the great relief of the natives.

THE "CONSOLER."

A New "Grafter" Who Draws Salary for Proffering Sympathy to Losers at Gambling.

The latest position of an easy nature, and within the reach of the rough-riding brigade, is known as a "consoler." The consoler's duties consist in administering balm to those whom the "tiger" kicks in a vicious manner and send them home in a state of mind bordering on calm complacency instead of acute remorse. The consoler are paid a fat salary by a number of the swell uptown gambling houses. They have all the appearance of a broker or a wealthy clubman. When the player who can't afford to lose—and, by the way, there are many of them—is about to emerge from the "tiger's" lair considerably minus, is the consoler's time. Advancing in an amiable way, he puts the victim's shoulder and then the jolly is given. It goes something like this: "Never mind, old man; you lost only \$500. Look at me! Last night I dropped \$1,000, yet to-night I am as cool as ever. A mere bagatelle, don't you know. It won't hurt a man of your standing."

Of course, it's a mere bagatelle with the consoler. He didn't lose, but he invariably manages to send the victim away in such a frame of mind that he is willing to borrow, beg or steal to give the "tiger" a round the next night. The consoler has only one rival in good manners—the floorwalker in a dry goods store—but among his talent his job is what is termed an "easy graft."

COULDN'T RESIST HIS HABIT.

Congressman Cannon Lost the Floor Because He Shook His Kinger.

Congressmen enjoy a joke as well as any class of men do, and the temptation to play them on fellow members is too often too great to be resisted. "One of the funniest things I ever saw in the house," said Gov. McMillan, of Tennessee, "was a verbal set-to between Cox and Cannon. Cannon gesticulates almost solely with his left index finger, and the way he'll point it at an opponent in debate to emphasize a point is a caution. One day Cox said something Cannon didn't like, and Cannon said: 'Mr. Speaker, I want to interrupt the gentleman.' 'I'll let you have the floor on one condition—that you stop shaking your forefinger at me. I'm afraid it might go off.' 'All right,' said Cannon, and with that he stuck his left hand in his trousers pocket and began to speak. Just as Cannon got warmed up he got excited at the sound of his own voice, and out came his left forefinger, and instantly he was pointing it with deadly emphasis at Cox. 'Mr. Speaker,' said the latter, breaking into Cannon's speech, 'the gentleman has broken his contract, and I refuse to yield him the floor any longer,' and Cox went on in his best vein and gave Cannon a pretty lively flaying. The house burst into roars, and it was a good joke for a month."

DEAF, DUMB AND AN IDIOT.

Sadly Unfortunate Condition of the Heir to the English Duke of Norfolk.

The coming of age of the earl of Arundel, son of the duke of Norfolk, the premier peer of England, is a sad episode of the year, says the New York Times. The boy is said to be idiotic and deaf and dumb. For years the father, a staunch Roman Catholic, has frequented Lourdes and other shrines with his son, but in vain, and prayers have been offered for him in numerous convents and churches and votive offerings made. He has employed the best medical talent, but there seems to be no improvement in the boy's condition. He is devoted to him. The duke of Norfolk is a comparatively young man, a little over 50 years of age. He is a widower, and has never seemed to want to marry again. His brother, who was Cardinal Howard, lost his mind shortly before he died. Arundel castle, in Sussex, is one of the great showhouses of England. Some years ago a rumor was started that the duke of Norfolk was paying devoted attention to Miss Virginia McTavish, of Baltimore. Mrs. and Miss McTavish have lived abroad for several years, making their winter residence in Rome, where they have become identified with the "Blacks," or the papal aristocracy, which is the most exclusive in the holy city.

Popular Falsity Exploded.

The Scientific American states that the venerable bogey of the crystallization of steel and iron in bridge structures is persistently trotted out. It is probable that a large percentage of the passengers daily crossing Brooklyn bridge believe that the metal of the bridge is deteriorating—"crystallizing"—and that the wire cables, unless they are renewed, will in the course of time give way and precipitate the whole bridge into the river. Tests in the laboratory and half a century's tests in the field, supplemented by the recent careful tests made by Prof. Carpenter, of Cornell, prove that this view is no longer tenable. There is no reason why, with careful inspection to prevent oxidation by the weather, the metal of such structures as the Brooklyn and Fort bridges should not last as indefinitely as if it lay imbedded in the ore from which it was extracted.

First Aid.

The wrecking of a ship on the coast of Cornwall enables the Cornish Magazine to report a brief but amusing emergency lecture. All the crew had been saved, but one poor fellow was brought ashore unconscious. The curate turned to the bystanders: "How do you proceed in the case of one apparently drowned?" "Search his pockets," was the prompt reply, from an experienced rescuer.

SEWS UP A HEART.

Most Remarkable Operation by a Binghamton (N. Y.) Doctor.

Knife Wounds in Vital Organs Closed Up with Several Stitches and Patient's Life is Prolonged.

An autopsy on the body of Rabbi Louis Ginsburg, at Binghamton, N. Y., revealed the remarkable fact that he lived 40 hours after a knife wound in his heart had been sewed up, the operation having been performed by Dr. F. L. Foraker. Death was caused by septic inflammation of the pericardium. The autopsy showed that one wound passed almost entirely through the abdomen, between the stomach and left lung, through which a long slit was cut, the knife blade passing through the pericardium and entering the wall of the heart at the left ventricle, and lacking but an eighth of an inch of passing through the heart wall, which in that place was a trifle over half an inch thick.

When Dr. Foraker reached the place after the tragedy he found the rabbi nearly dead from loss of blood. During the operation he transfused into the man's veins about three quarts of saline solution to take the place of the loss of blood and keep up life. It was then necessary to cut off one of the ribs and push back two others in order to get an opening to perform the operation. Then in spite of the flow of blood, Dr. Foraker, assisted by Drs. L. H. Quackenbush and U. G. Cole, took three stitches in the heart and stopped the flow of blood.

In spite of the skepticism of other physicians, some of whom assisted at the autopsy, the autopsy revealed the stitches in the heart, just as Dr. Foraker claimed. One of the stitches was taken deeply into the muscles of the heart and the other two through the heart skin. As soon as the operation was performed the rabbi regained consciousness and remained conscious up to the minute of his death. A few minutes before he died, at ten o'clock, he asked Dr. Foraker to try and keep him alive for a couple of hours more.

SUBMARINE BOATS.

One Being Built Under Contract with Holland Company Causing Considerable Worry.

Naval experts are in a great quandary over the submarine boat which is being built at Baltimore under contract with the Holland company. Nothing has been done on the craft for a year or more, and it is already apparent to the officials here that the boat has many defects in a constructional and engineering way, which equal anything urged against it as a hazardous feature of the naval force. There is still doubt in the minds of many officers whether the submarine boat is a useful ship of war. The experiments abroad are not reassuring in this respect, and tests so far with the Holland boat in New York are not conclusive by any means. A great deal depends upon the forthcoming trial of the Holland boat under the auspices of the naval board of inspection.

The boat building at Baltimore will probably have to be altered materially, and much of its engine room equipment removed. In any event, it will be an undesirable craft to which to be attached, as its accommodations are poor. It will be impossible to remain on board any length of time without great discomfort. The question of changes and the future of the boat rest with the board of construction.

THE DYNAMITE SHIP.

Its Pneumatic Guns, So-Called, Are a Failure—Is Good Only for Dispatch Boat.

The Vesuvius is giving the navy department much concern. Constructor Feaster, of the Boston navy yard, is in Washington and will discuss the ship with the constructors and engineers there. It has been officially reported that nearly \$15,000 must be expended before the ship can again go into commission, and then it will only be serviceable as a dispatch boat, attached in all probability to the North Atlantic fleet. Its pneumatic dynamite guns, so called, are a failure, and while it is not proposed to go to the expense of removing that mechanism it is agreed that they are worthless as naval ordnance. The ship will have to be materially strengthened in the hull and other changes will be made, the work being done at the Charlestown yard during the next few months if the navy department authorizes the expenditure.

SAME AS THE DUM-DUM.

Bullets Sent to British Troops in Africa Denounced by Irish Nationalists in House of Commons.

The under secretary of state for the war office, George Wyndham, replying to a question of Michael Davitt, Irish nationalist, in the house of commons, acknowledged that bullets similar to the dum-dum bullets, which were condemned at the Hague peace conference, were being supplied to the British troops in South Africa. The statement was greeted with loud cries of "Shame."

Long Carriage Drive.

A 1,500-mile carriage drive is not a common experience in these days, but that is the distance covered by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mason, who rode from Indiana to Westbrook, Me., between May 9 and June 18. They made a go-as-you-please affair of it, greatly enjoying the journey, says the Kennebec (Me.) Journal, and the horse actually gained flesh on the road.

FOOLED THE TRICKSTERS.

How a Shrewd Chicago Lawyer Detected a Neatly Planned Job to Loot a Hotel.

"That reminds me," said a Chicago man in a reminiscent group the other night, relates the Inter Ocean, "of an old story that is good enough to repeat. Some years ago three bookmakers put up at a Chicago hotel and handed a large package of money to the chief clerk. They told him that they would leave it with him every night, and were particular in saying that it was to be delivered only in the presence of all three. It was evident, you see, that they didn't quite trust one another. Well, a week or so rolled around, and one morning one of the trio came down rather early and called for the cash. Without thinking of the conditions of delivery the clerk handed it over, and the bookmaker promptly skipped. His two partners were furious and brought suit against the hotel for \$25,000, the amount in the bundle. A smart young lawyer volunteered to take the defense, which other attorneys regarded as hopeless. When the trial came off he waited until the bookmakers had submitted all their evidence, and then arose with a large bundle in his hand. "We stand ready," he said, "to fulfill the letter of agreement you have just proved. This package contains \$25,000 in cash. As soon as the three owners apply for it together we are prepared to turn it over."

"Of course the third man couldn't be produced, and the case immediately collapsed. The parcel really contained an old pair of pants."

KNOCKED OUT BY SULLIVAN.

It Was All Because the Grocer Had Never Gone to See the Fighter.

"While I was over in Springfield the other week," said the Boston grocer, according to the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "I was casually introduced to a farmer from Vermont. As he was sending butter, cheese and eggs to market in large quantities, I thought it might be a good thing to do business with him. He was willing, and we were getting figures down to our mutual satisfaction when he suddenly inquired: "John L. Sullivan, the prize fighter, lives in Boston, don't he?" "Yes, I believe so." "What street does he live on?" "I can't say." "Haven't you ever met him?" "No." "Well, that's funny. You may live in Boston all right enough, and maybe everything would be all right if I shipped stuff to you, but I guess we'll call the deal off."

"Because I don't know John L. Sullivan?" I queried.

"Mostly," he soberly replied, "I rode 200 miles to see him once, and if you don't care to even go a mile to shake hands with him I'm afraid we might not just hit it off in business."

SMUGGLERS BOUND BY OATHS.

Murders Recently Committed by an Organized Band of Spaniards Near Gibraltar.

Smuggling still forms a regular and oath-bound secret profession in the land of the hidalgos. Its operations have lately been quite active about the coast near Gibraltar. Several murders have been committed within a few days recently on Spanish soil near the British frontiers by a band of smugglers, the victims being members of the "Compania Tabacolera," a sort of customs detectives for the prevention of tobacco smuggling. Upon request of the Spanish authorities the chief of the Gibraltar police, accompanied by a marine police officer and a lieutenant of the Spanish militia, proceeded in a launch to the back of the rock to search some caves. With the aid of rope ladders they entered a cave at the height of 70 feet from the sea, where they found a Spaniard, one of ten murderers, guarding part of the band's provisions and stock. The bandit gave considerable trouble to the invaders of the cave, but was finally cornered and in a wounded condition lowered to the boat by means of ropes. In times of yore these caves of Gibraltar have been the lurking haunts of pirates and smugglers.

A SCATTERING VOTE.

A Republican Judge of Elections Who Knew a Joke When He Saw It.

Down in Carroll county, Ind., is a township called Democrat—one of the best in the Hoosier state, and there is reason in the name. There are not many republicans in Democrat township. Formerly there were but ten members of the g. o. p. in the whole region. That was just enough to comfortably fill the election boards, and so in a certain election one of the republican judges counted up the voters of his party in the precinct and then counted the ballots and found there were 11.

"How's this?" he demanded. "There is one vote too many."

"Is some one pretending that Democrat township has 11 republican votes?" inquired a clerk.

"Nothing less," was the republican judge's reply. "Well, we ten must stand together. This maverick vote goes under the table."

And on the tally sheet he made the entry: "One scattering."

It is only when the parties are somewhat evenly divided that neither side can take a joke.

Charcoal in Italy.

Charcoal is the great Italian fuel. Naples alone consumes 40,000 tons of wood charcoal, at a cost of from \$16 to \$20 per ton. The national consumption is 700,000 tons.

Canadian Forests.

Canada's forest area is said to cover 800,000,000 acres.

NEW WAR ENGINE TESTED.

Rapid-Fire Gun Is Mounted Upon a Speedy Motor Carriage for the British Army.

Motor carriages upon which modern machine guns are mounted will be introduced in the British army before long if the experiments now under way prove as successful as expected. One of these new fighting machines will be inspected by Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. It was adapted by Hiram Maxim from the plans of Frederick E. Sims.

Among the displays at the automobile show recently held in the Old Deer park, Richmond, was a military motor quadricycle, the device of Frederick E. Sims. The quadricycle carries a maximum gun of Mark IV. pattern, and bore 3.02 inches, runs by timing gear up to 18 miles an hour, will cover 120 miles before becoming exhausted, or 250 miles with a reserve of petroleum, and can be worked—gun as well as motor—by one man. The motor is made self-cooling, self-feeding and self-igniting by means of the inventor's magneto-electric ignition system.

This "Sims Motor Scout," as it has been named, was twisted and turned over grass and cinder track with the greatest facility, and with unvarying silence. The gun sweeps a wide field, and can be aimed, whether at the halt or in speed, to right and left. A thousand rounds of ammunition can be easily stowed on the machine, in boxes of a hundred, advantageously disposed for replenishing the gun feeder. A new form of tire, combining the cushion, pneumatic and solid, is fitted to the motor scout, and will, it is claimed, allow of the machine being worked over rough country.

This compound tire is cooled by rotation, has side flanges to the rim that afford protection against collision with such objects as curbstones, and eliminates side slips. Should a puncture occur the tire collapses entirely inside the rim and the wear falls partly on the side rims and partly on the tread.

SCHOOL FOR SIGNAL CORPS.

To Be Opened Up at Fort Myer About October 1—Experiments with Automobiles to Be Made.

Gen. Greeley, of the signal corps, will establish a school at Fort Myer for the instruction of men of his command, and where experiments with new inventions will be made. At the beginning of the Spanish war the school of this character at Fort Riley, Kan., was abolished, and nothing in this line of training has been given the members of the signal corps. They have, however, been getting instruction of the most practical kind in the field, and this corps has gone through the war with spotless record.

The school will be opened about October 1, when three automobiles which have been contracted for from a Chicago firm will be delivered. Two of these machines will be used in connection with the wireless telegraph. Each will be equipped with a complete set of instruments, and they will be sent to different parts of the country to conduct experiments under all conditions. The third automobile will be used for general transportation purposes, and the utility of these machines will be given a practical test.

There will be accommodations for at least 100 men. They will be put through a course of training in the duties expected of them, and after a term at this school the members of the signal corps will be well equipped for their duties, and have a great deal of practical knowledge about electricity and telegraphy.

WILL RIDE ON CHIMNEY TOP.

A. M. Schreyer to Run a Wheel on a Home Trainer for a Week in Washington.

Alexander M. Schreyer, known as the "Australian Whirlwind," will attempt to ride a bicycle on a home trainer for a week on the top of a chimney 105 feet high and nine feet in diameter in Washington, D. C.

The hole in the center, from which the smoke used to issue, will be boarded over, and on the boards Schreyer will set up his home trainer. On one side of the chimney top will be erected a tiny one-room house, where the bicyclist will live during the week, in which he is making his roller ride.

A sort of windlass is being constructed on the chimney edge. A long rope will run through it to the ground, and by it the bicyclist will receive his three meals a day.

To protect Schreyer from the sun's rays a gigantic parasol will be fitted to the handlebars of his bicycle.

There is scarcely any part of Washington from which he will not be seen. There will be no gate receipts.

As the match is only against time and the laws of gravitation, there will be no prize money for the winner. To defray his expenses Schreyer will sell advertising space on the Pennsylvania avenue side of the chimney.

Queer Villages in New Guinea.

In New Guinea the village of Tupuselei is most remarkable. The houses are all supported on piles and stand out in the ocean a considerable distance from shore. This is to protect the villagers from the attacks of the dreaded headhunters always looking for victims. Other villages in this queer land are perched up in the trees for the same reason.

He May Die in One of Them.

Aguinaldo lost his brass band, but the Kansas City Times reminds us that he still holds a large assortment of last dishes.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

Est très répandue en Louisiane et dans tous les Etats du Sud. Sa publicité offre donc au commerce des avantages exceptionnels. Prix de l'abonnement, pour l'année: Edition quotidienne, \$12.00 Edition hebdomadaire, \$3.00.