

# FINGERS AND THUMBS

### They Got Crossed With a Gouty Hand in Giving a Secret Grip.

By ELIZABETH BENTON.  
"So you're the young man that thinks he can act as my secretary, hey?" inquired Mr. Fagan, swinging round in his swivel chair and staring at Blake under a pair of bushy gray eyebrows. "Nine and twenty I've turned down today, but if you think you can manage—shake hands!"

The transition from sternness to suavity was entirely disconcerting to the young college man. It was his first application for a position, and the salary as secretary to the owner of the big chemical works was fifty dollars a week. Blake had flown at high game for a youngster of twenty-five.

He gave Mr. Fagan his hand and felt a peculiar pressure of the fingers, which his own leaped to meet. Then: "I left college last year, sir," he began. "I can—"

"Tut, tut, young man!" replied the eccentric. "Consider yourself engaged. It warms my heart to meet you. No, no explanations. I don't want to know what you are or what you can do. I'm a judge of men and—we're both Irishmen, ain't we?"

"Indeed we are," said Blake enthusiastically. "And so he went to work and proved highly efficient. In fact, before the month was out Fagan had become so attached to him that he was constantly requesting his presence at his splendid home on the outskirts of the manufacturing town."

Blake had two troubles about this time. One was his inability to discover how it could be that a man of Fagan's apparent limited education had gone through college. The other was Fagan's daughter, Muriel. It was a case of love at first sight with both the young people. When Blake held Miss Muriel's little hand in his and looked into her eyes he knew that he had met his destiny.

But how could a fifty-dollar a week man, with an uncertain future, aspire to the hand of the daughter of Pittston's wealthiest citizen? If he had known it, Fagan could have been



"Scoundrel."

taken by storm during those first two or three weeks. A self-made man, he admired the young collegian immensely and had secretly considered him in the light of Muriel's suitor. But Blake did not know that Fagan's education had been derived from reading the newspapers he sold in front of the chemical works, before these became his own property. And, as a supposed college man who had deliberately cultivated rough ways and coarse language, Blake looked upon his employer with something of awe.

It was about two months after his introduction to the manufacturer's house that he found himself seated beside Miss Muriel upon the piazza. It was a moonlight night; the view was superb; the noises of the city sounded far away and remote; and Fagan was snoring in his library. The combination proved irresistible. And besides, that hand that hung near his was the prettiest hand that he had ever wanted to take in his. He took it, and, seeing that no dramatic outburst of anger followed, he drew the girl to him and kissed her.

For, after all, that is the way in which it is always done.

"Muriel, dearest," he said, "do you know I have loved you ever since I set eyes on you?"

Muriel blushed so divinely that there was nothing to do but repeat the episode. And when he felt her own soft lips on his he knew that his love was returned in full.

"But I don't know what your father will say," she said, with the timid fear of lovers. "If he discharges me—will you wait, Muriel?"

"For ever," she whispered. "Besides, I can win over papa. What is a papa?"

If only she had noticed that his tie was green! But it looked blue in the night; to see its proper color one would have to stand under the electric light. And he had gone straight to Muriel when he found her in the garden.

So it happened that when he stood before his employer and stammered out his story, in the way young men approach wealthy old gentlemen, Fagan's eyes fixed themselves upon Blake's shirt-front and narrowed to needle lines.

"May I ask you why you are wearing a green tie on this day of all days, Mr. Blake?" he demanded, with ominous calm.

"Why," said Blake, hesitating. "You see, today is the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, a day abhorrent to all good Irishmen, and—"

Blake's great grandfather had been hanged for treason in the days of Robert Emmet.

Fagan leaped out of his chair with the agility of a tiger.

"Scoundrel! Scum of Limerick!" he yelled. "To insult a good Belfast man

by flaunting the green flag!" He shook his fist under his secretary's nose. "I killed a man for less in my young days," he shouted. "Out of my house. You're fired. I'll have your pay sent you—!"

"Come, papa, what is all this about?" interposed Muriel's soothing voice. She had come in softly behind her lover to lend him aid if necessary. She had not anticipated such violence.

"He's wearing of the green—and on this day of all days!" stormed her father. "Molly, I wouldn't have minded so much if it hadn't been for the deceit of the man. But he let me think all along he was a good Orange man, and now he comes and taunts me to my face, presuming upon his claim to love you. Kick him out for me, Molly, my foot's got the gout in it."

"Father, dear—for my sake listen," pleaded Muriel. "I am sure that Arthur—Mr. Blake can explain everything. Father," she pleaded, "We love each other. Think how you and Mother got married, when you were earning nine dollars a week in a shipping office—you've often told me so."

"But he's a damned rebel, Molly, and—and the infernal impudence of it!"

"Tell him it's all a mistake, Arthur," pleaded Muriel.

"It ain't a mistake, it's just treachery," roared her father. "Nine and twenty good men, fine men, I turned down that morning till he gave me the grip—"

"What grip?" demanded Blake.

"The grip of the United Orange-men's Brotherhood," roared the old man. "Didn't I wink at you, and didn't I see it in your face that you understood each other, and didn't I say that was enough between friends and—"

"The grip I gave you," answered Blake, "was that of the Alpha Omega Mu fraternity. I had been told it helped a man to get a position by giving it. I thought you were a college man."

Old Fagan stared at him in stupid wonder. Then:

"Give me that grip again," he said, and Blake, all against the fraternity rules, delivered it.

"My fault," he acknowledged. "You got your thumb crossed in the wrong place. It must have been my gouty hand made me imagine—Well, young fellow, maybe I'll let you keep your job."

"And how about Miss Fagan?" inquired the other.

"Muriel? My daughter! I'll see you—I—now don't cry, Molly, dear. I guess she goes with the job."

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## COSTLY ARTICLE OF RAIMENT

### Many Reasons Why Astrachan Capes May Only Be in the Wardrobe of the Wealthy.

In making a cloak or cape of fine quality the center of the saddle only is used and a very large number of such strips, perfectly matched in curl and degree of blackness, are stitched together to make a complete garment. The rest of the skins, the legs, sides and other inferior parts, are used for less important purposes, such as linings for gloves, shoes and other articles. In classing the various skins the jet-black ones are considered the best. The gray ones are also used in their natural color, but the fawn-colored skins are generally dyed black and used in Persia, though now a large number of dyed skins are also prepared for export. Prices are so high that even inferior skins fetch good sums from the dealers.

Besides the first cost of the skins as they come from the lams' backs, several other items go to increase the cost to the wearer. There are, for instance, the expense of preparing the pelts for transport and the mule freight from Shiraz to Resht, some 60 to 70 days' journey by caravan, a very heavy item. The continually increasing taxes levied by the Persian government for permission to export the skins must not be forgotten in calculation. Every now and then the wily Persian government puts an embargo on skins, the ostensible reason being the ever-increasing price of meat for food, but this is only an excuse, the real object being to squeeze as much money as possible out of the dealers, for bribery plays a very large part in the astrachan trade.—Christian Herald.

### Killed by Light.

Those who have studied the strange inhabitants of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky say that the celebrated blind fish from that cavern, when placed in illuminated aquaria, seek out the darkest places, and it is believed that light is directly fatal to them, for they soon die if kept in a brightly lighted tank. The avoidance of light seems to be a general characteristic of the sightless creatures dwelling in the great cave. An authority tells of seeing an eyeless spiny-tailed eel avoid the light and animals hiding under a grain of sand on the stage of a microscope. It is thought that the light in these cases is in some manner perceived through the sense of touch.—Harper's Weekly.

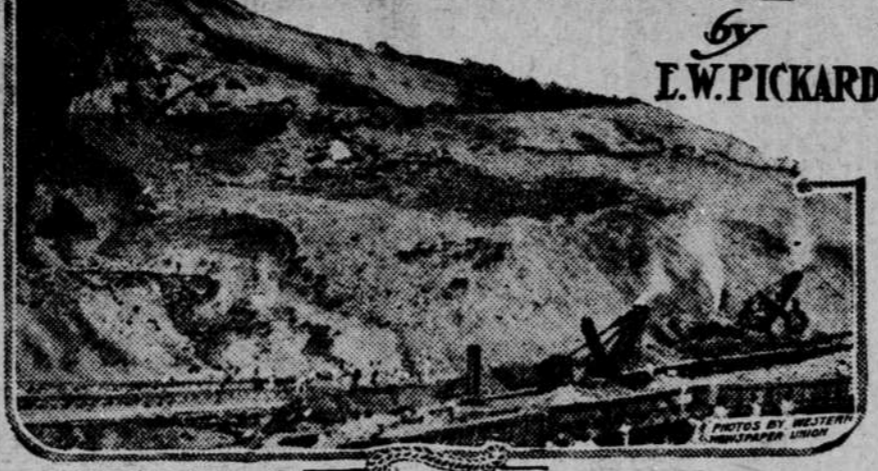
### Speaking of Kissing—

The Arabians shake hands six or eight times. Once is not enough. Should, however, they be persons of distinction, they embrace and kiss one another several times and also kiss their own hands. In Turkey the greeting is to place the hand upon the breast, and bow, which is both graceful and appropriate. In Burmah, when a man meets a woman, he puts his nose and mouth close to her cheek and draws a long breath, as if inhaling a delicious perfume, but, strange to say, he does not kiss her cheek. A man is greeted in exactly the same way.

### Writes Phrases That Live.

Miss Agnes Repplier is said to use the English language in her essays better than most women who write. A writer on the subject says that she always sizes up the situation in an unforgettable phrase and quotes in illustration the sentence from one of her essays: "Lovers are odious things at best."

# OUR \$5,000,000 COCKROACH



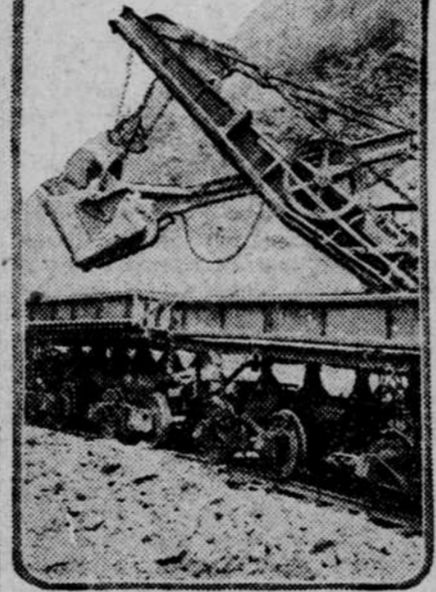
Colon, C. Z.—If you wish to hear "language," just say "Cucaracha" to one of the engineers engaged in building the central division of the Panama canal.

Cucaracha in Spanish means a cockroach. In the Canal Zone it means the greatest of the numerous slides that have made the completion of the Culabra cut so different and so expensive. Why that slide was named the cockroach I could not discover. Certainly even the Panamanian cockroach is not so large, and he moves much more swiftly.

Before the first French company quit operations in 1889 the Cucaracha began to slide, and it first gave the Americans trouble in 1905, the second year of their work on the canal. Between then and July 1, 1912, nearly 3,000,000 cubic yards of material was removed from the canal because of it. The slide had broken nearly 1,900 feet from the axis of the canal, and covered an area of 47 acres. Last fall the engineers were congratulating themselves on having the cockroach stopped, but in January it started moving again, and nearly covered the bottom of the cut.

"What is going to be the cost of that slide to the United States?" I asked Colonel Goethals as we stood at the edge of the Culabra cut and looked across the chasm to where the steam shovels and hundreds of men were laboring to remove the vast mass of earth and rock.

"Well," the chief engineer replied, "our estimate is that by the time it is all cleared up it will have required the expenditure of about \$5,000,000 more than the cut would have cost if the slide had not occurred. It is still moving, and has broken so far back that



Giant Steam Shovel.

now we are shoveling the crest away from the canal in order to relieve the pressure from above. Before the movement in January before the excavation in the cut at that point had been carried to within 15 feet of the canal bottom. Digging out that 15 feet of material removed the support of the Cucaracha, and down it came. If we could have turned in the water and taken out the 15 feet with dredges, I think the pressure of the water would have done much to prevent the slide."

"What of the future?" I asked. "Is there any danger of slides occurring after the canal is opened?"

"Absolutely none, I believe," he answered. "When the excavating and dynamiting have ceased and the water is in, it will be quite safe. We have the slides and breaks mapped out as far back as there is any indication of their extending, and are working back to those lines. It is merely a matter of persistency and patience."

"When will the water be let into the cut?"

"In October," replied Colonel Goethals. "But there will be no celebration over the event. That one in January, 1915, is giving us enough worry, and we don't forget the premature and ridiculous celebration by Ferdinand de Lesseps many years ago. We will just turn the water in—that's all. Then we can complete the excavation there with suction dredges, which will do the work cheaply and rapidly."

"And when will boats be passing through the canal?"

"That I cannot say, but the sooner the better, for the operating crews must be properly trained before that January celebration. I wouldn't have an accident occur for anything. If we cannot have commercial vessels going through before then, I shall ask the government to send naval vessels through, so the operating forces can get the experience. Anyhow, I want to see the canal opened to commerce as soon as possible, for it is revenue I am after."

Another day I stood with Col. D. D. Gaillard, the engineer of the central division, outside his office in Empire, and watched his army laboring in the cut, the completion of which has been his biggest task and greatest glory. Right at our feet a big area had sunk down 70 feet in a night, and if there had not been warnings of the break a wing of the colonel's office building would have gone down with it.

"We had just time to remove that wing," said he, "and my office force is rather nervous now, for there are

three big cracks under the main building. I expect it, too, will have to be torn down very soon.

"These slides used to make us rather despondent, for it seemed as if they never would stop, but the progress we are making this year has cheered up the operating forces again, and we can see the end of the task."

The slide and the break are quite different. In the former the earth slides at an angle down a sloping face of rock, and in the latter the mass sinks straight down and at the bottom bulges out into the channel. Along both sides of the cut you can see numerous small slides and breaks. Those are in pockets in the rock wall, and, annoying as they are, they only need cleaning out. The Cucaracha started as a slide and now it is both a slide and a break.

"Incidentally, that cut should be a great place for geologists. I have found in it every kind of rock except granite, and many interesting fossils and petrification have been discovered there. In one stratum through which we cut there were found a great number of teeth of prehistoric varieties of sharks."

"What is your opinion concerning the date when the canal will be ready for commerce?" I asked.

"If I had my say," said the colonel emphatically, "not a commercial vessel would be allowed in the canal until it is absolutely complete down to the smallest detail. In some of the many safety devices were not in operation and an accident should result, the canal would get a black eye from which it might not recover for a long time. Officially, the time for the completion of the canal is still January 1, 1915. It may be done before that date, but in March of this year there was still about \$50,000,000 worth of work ahead of us."

"We who have been digging the canal and are still here in positions of responsibility—I mean the members of the Isthmian canal commission—are rather fearful concerning that part of the Adamson bill which permits the president to dissolve the commission whenever in his judgment the canal is near enough to completion. We feel that it would be extremely unjust not to allow us to remain 'on the job' until after the grand formal opening in January, 1915. It would be much like permitting a boy to complete his university course, and then taking him home before he receives his diploma."

And then Colonel Gaillard said some things about Mr. Taft's efforts to put into effect that clause last January, which must have made the ex-president's ears tingle a bit.

"The Culabra cut is like a three-ring circus. I don't know which way to look," said one visitor to the zone.

It is indeed a scene of wonderful activity. Giant steam shovels are scattered through it, scooping up enormous masses of rock and earth; on half a dozen tracks on as many different levels snorting and puffing locomotives are swiftly drawing loaded or empty dirt trains; along the ledges are batteries of steam and compressed air drills, making holes for dynamite; suddenly there is a toot-tooting of a steam whistle, a hundred men scurry to shelter, and a dynamite blast fills the air with sound and dirt and rocks. These blasts during work hours are known as "double shots," and are fired for the purpose of breaking up boulders too big for the shovels to handle, and to remove small masses of earth. Though small blasts, they are decidedly noisy ones. The larger ones, which loosen great areas of material for the shovels, are fired only when most of the workmen are out of the cut, between 11 and 1 o'clock and after 5.

The amount of dynamite used on the canal is extraordinary. For several years the annual average has been about 6,000,000 pounds. Put in another way, one pound of dynamite has been used to every 2 1/2 cubic yards of material blasted. When the drill holes have been loaded, they are connected in parallel and fired by means of a current from an electric plant. Colonel Gaillard, when he took charge of the central division, found a different system of firing in use which a considerable proportion of the charges failed to explode. He changed that, and at the same time instituted other reforms in the manner of handling dynamite. One result was a marked decrease in the number of accidents from premature explosions.

Watching the steam shovels is a favorite occupation of visitors who venture down into the Culabra cut. They seem almost human, and do a vast amount of work. Their dippers hold five cubic yards of material, weighing on an average a little more than three tons. This spoil is emptied into cars of several kinds. Flat cars with one high side are unloaded by plops that are drawn the length of the train by cables upon a winding drum. The others are dump cars, the largest of which are operated by compressed air from the locomotive. The trains haul the spoil from the cut to dumping grounds, which on an average are about 12 miles distant. Some 18,000,000 cubic yards of this material was used as filling for the long breakwater at the Pacific entrance.

Records are fragile things; you can't lower one without breaking it.

## SAW COMING STAR IN CALVE

At Hayman First to Recognize Singer's Great Powers, and Henry E. Abbey Did the Rest.

Several years ago Al Hayman, who was in London, met the late Henry E. Abbey, who was then our greatest impresario. Mr. Abbey was presenting opera at the Metropolitan and was searching Europe for new singers. As they sat over their coffee after a comfortable dinner in their club Mr. Hayman described the trip he had just taken through provincial France. "And, by the way," said he, "I heard a most remarkable young woman sing Carmen at some little out-of-the-way place."

Searching through his pockets he finally came upon her name in his note book and gave it to Abbey, who seized his hat and called a cab. "Where are you going?" said Hayman. "I'm going to Paris immediately and find where she is and go to hear her," replied the Impulsive Abbey. He found her in a dingy little opera house in a small provincial town and heard her sing Carmen. That night he had her signature to a contract, and that is how New York came to hear and acclaim the great Calve before ever Paris had heard of her.

Appliances for Measuring Time. Mechanical appliances for measuring time were in use from the earliest ages and clocks of one kind or another were made in Europe before the discovery of America. Brass wheel clocks with weights, standing six feet high, such as are now called grandfather clocks, were common in England and Germany long before the revolutionary war. The first clockmaker in the United States was Eli Terry, who made his first clock with wooden wheels in 1792, and afterward made a great many, and they were good timekeepers. In 1807 he contracted to deliver 4,000 wooden wheel movements to a certain firm, and it took him three years to fill the order. Seth Thomas, once a well known Yankee clockmaker, learned his trade with Eli Terry. Brass wheel clocks were first made in the United States in 1837.

Never judge a railway by the cigars sold on its trains.

The Clocks We Wear. The three marks on the back of a glove and the clocks on the stocking are due practically to the same circumstance. The glove marks correspond to the fourchette pieces between the fingers, and in other days these pieces were continued along the back of the hand, braid being used to conceal the seams. A somewhat similar origin is assigned to the ornamental clock on the stockings. In the days when stockings were made of cloth, the seams occurred where the clocks do now, the ornamentation then being used to conceal the seams. The useless little bow in the leather band lining a man's hat is the survival of the time when a hat was made by taking a piece of leather, boring two holes through it and drawing it up with a piece of string.—Harper's Weekly.

First Newspaper.

The Acta Diurna (Acts of the Day), instituted by Julius Caesar, comes about as near being the first newspaper as anything we can find. There was an official editor, and the gazette was exhibited daily in public. It was copied by scribes, who sold it to their customers. The Acta contained announcements or decrees by the government, notices relating to the courts, and other matters of public interest, such as birth, marriages and deaths. It had a wide circulation and in many ways fulfilled the office of a regular newspaper.

She Said It.

"You are no gentleman," she wrote, "if you think I said any such things as she said you said I said I had said."

"Dear girl," he answered, "you must not think I think you think you must be if you said such a thing as you said she said I said you said you had said."

It seems he knew she knew he knew she said just what she said she heard he had heard her friend had heard him say he had heard her say, but with intuitive feminine tact she accepted his apology.—Life.

No Chance.

Atlas was carrying the world on his shoulders. "If the darn thing didn't weigh over eleven pounds I could send it by parcel post," he complained.

Logical Result.

"Do beauty shows profit?" "I don't know, but they ought to show a handsome profit."

No thought; person uses liquid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv.

We make friends not by explaining things to them but by allowing them to explain things to us.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Many a man has had a close shave who never patronized a barber.

Bankers Life Ins. Co., Lincoln, Neb. Gentlemen:

I received your check for \$833.08, cash value of my policy No. 2861, matured the 10th day of May.

I consider it has been the best investment I have made. Thanking you for your fair treatment, I am

C. A. RUDISILL.

Ask the man who owns one of these policies.

For That Picnic —to ensure complete success take along a case of Coca-Cola. The satisfying beverage—in field or forest; at home or in town. As pure and wholesome as it is temptingly good. Delicious—Refreshing Thirst-Quenching. THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

Libby's Veal Loaf A Picnic Favorite. Good at home, too. So handy for a dainty lunch when you don't want to cook a meal. As a Sandwich Meat it has no equal; there are a dozen other Libby's Luncheon Specialties at your grocer's. Get acquainted with them. Try Libby's Veal Loaf fried. Cut the contents of one can of Veal Loaf into quarter-inch slices. Fry golden brown in small quantity of butter. Garnish with cream. Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago.

WANTED HOMES FOR THE FAMOUS FAULTLESS STARCH DOLLS. Send 6 tops from ten cent packages of Faultless Starch and ten cents in stamps to cover postage and packing and get Miss Lilywhite, 6 1/2 inches high. Send three tops from ten cent packages and four cents in stamps and get Miss Elizabeth, 6 1/2 inches high. Send two tops from ten cent packages and four cents in stamps and get Miss Lilywhite, 6 1/2 inches high. Send tops from ten cent packages, if you wish, but first see many are required. Out this ad. only. It will be accepted in place of one ten cent or two, but first see many are required. Write your name and address plainly. THE BEST STARCH FOR ALL PURPOSES FAULTLESS STARCH CO. KANSAS CITY, MO.

Bears the Double Guarantee Tag REGAL WASHING MACHINE. Do the Best Work Operate the Easiest Last the Longest. The REGAL Washing Machine will do the best work because the dasher or agitator makes a 3/4 turn and it is the action of this dasher that does the work. It will operate the easiest because it has a large fly wheel making 6 1/2 revolutions every stroke of handle, and two sockets for the operating lever, and the operator may stand or sit while working the machine. It is best constructed, having extra large size tub, separate legs firmly bolted to tub, and steel rods under cross pieces. Non-tearing dasher gearing is most simple and durable, and in all respects the Regal Machine will satisfy the user. If You Want the Best Gasoline and Electric Power Washers Buy Blackstones.

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