

# OUR \$5,000,000 COCKROACH



COCKROACH SLIDE

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 Culebra 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 Culebra 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. Gallard, 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 Gallard 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 Culebra 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.

Watching the steam shovels is a favorite occupation of visitors who venture down into the Culebra 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 piers 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 breakwaters at the Pacific entrance.

## ROMANCE TO ORDER

### Why Barbara Was Married in the Old Blue Gingham Affair.

By SUSANNE GLENN.

Barbara had listened for the sound of Lucy's light feet too many times not to know who it was coming along the road behind her, but she did not turn until Clark Townsend drew up and called cheerfully: "Let me take you home, Barbara?"

"I—I did not know you would care to, Clark," she hesitated, flushing.

"Of course I care to," he said, lifting her in carefully and gathering up the reins again.

For a time there was silence save for Lucy's feet on the soft wood road. The girl was evidently too ill at ease to speak.

"I have you in a trap at last, haven't I?" the man smiled, covering her cold little hand with his big warm one. "And I'm not going to let you go, Barbara, until you tell me what it has all been about."

"What do you mean?" asked Barbara.

"I guess you know what I mean. What happened all of a sudden that you should send me this?" He took carefully from an inner pocket a folded paper out of which something dropped that shone in the twilight. "How do you suppose I felt to see my girl running round with that artist chap? I really think that I deserve a better explanation than I have had."

"Oh, Clark," she wailed suddenly, "you do—but I'm afraid I cannot make you understand. I—just couldn't marry you?"

"Of course not, Barb, dear, if you did not love me enough. But I thought you did—I thought—well, never mind. What came up, anyway?"

"Nothing—that is the trouble. I could not endure it! Nothing happened to me, no experiences like other girls have. People have told me since I was a child that I ought to marry Clark Townsend. When I told mother we were engaged, she said, 'Why, of course. I've known it this long time. I've got everything planned about the wedding and your housekeeping.' I had been so happy before I told her, but after that I cried myself to sleep—you couldn't know about that, Clark. But that was the beginning."

"No, I did not know," Clark admitted.

"Everybody knew, before we did ourselves, that we ought to be married at Christmas so that Brown could move off your place the first of January. And they knew we would spend our honeymoon with your sister Grace in Plainsboro. I planned out the dearest kitchen all buff and blue, but when I mentioned it mother insisted nothing was so good as drab, and settled the matter by getting me a set of those wretched gray cooking things that I've always despised."

"I do not know what you will think of me, Clark, but that is the truth about it! It seemed as if I just couldn't endure it—to be married according to rule, and just to settle down afterward and live by rule. I've lived that way all my life and I know what it means—I didn't dare try to endure it!"

"But that doesn't explain that artist fellow that has hung round you all summer. Does he fill the bill better than I did, Barbara?"

"There has been this one comfort, at least, no one has known what to expect. And mother has been furious!"

Young Townsend watched the girl hurry up the path to the side door of the big farmhouse with a whimsical smile. Yes, he could see how her existence had been depressingly matter-of-fact for a romantic young thing like Barbara Shepard. The unlovely severity of the comfortable house told its own story; its exterior prepared one for a drab kitchen with gray utensils.

"Lucy," he said, shaking the reins affectionately over the sleek back of his favorite gray, "that child is longing for romance in her gray little life, and I take it, it's up to us to produce the goods!"

"Barbary," said Farmer Shepard next morning, looking severely at his pretty daughter, "didn't I see Clark Townsend's gray mare out here by our gate last night?"

"Very likely you did, dad. He brought me home from the Pine road."

"Well, I don't want to see him here again, do you understand?" with rising irritation.

"Why, Hiram," expostulated his wife, are you crazy? There ain't a nicer young man anywhere round than Clark!"

"Just the same I'm not going to have him hanging round Barbary, and I want you both to understand it."

"Then you'd better tell him so yourself," retorted that young person indignantly. "I certainly shall not."

"I have told him, young lady," roared her irate parent, "and now I'm telling you! And I want this the last word on the subject. You and Clark had everything fixed up between you and you were not satisfied. I don't know who was to blame, and I don't care, but I'm not going to have that fool business gone through with again. I told him I'd fill him full of bird-shot if I caught him round here again, and I guess he knew whether I meant it or not!"

"Well, of all things," cried the amazed Mrs. Shepard when her husband's angry footsteps died away in the direction of the barns. "I guess,

Barbara, we had best humor him a little for a day or two. And for goodness sake, don't mention Clark Townsend's name till this spell has worn off!"

Late that evening Barbara sat at her window thinking of Clark, who was forbidden even her front gate when his voice called softly from below: "Barbara, come down, just for a minute."

"Oh," she whispered frantically, "Clark, please go away!"

"Not until you come down, please."

Trembling, Barbara made her way through the silent house and let herself noiselessly out at the unused front door. "What made you come?" she sobbed nervously, when the young man loomed close in the darkness. "If father finds you here he'll never forgive me and I do not know what he will do to you. What has happened! He—he threatened to shoot you if you came here again. Please—please go away, quick!"

"You mean you do not want me to stay, Barb?" For answer, Barbara clung to him very satisfactorily. "Listen, dear, I can't give you up like this. Why, we love each other, do we not, little girl?"

"Oh, yes; but what is the use?"

"There is this much use; we are going to be married tomorrow. Now listen; I'll be down here at the bend in the road at twelve, sharp. You must manage to get away while they are at dinner. If I can once have you in the rig, I'll put up Lucy against any horse in this neighborhood!"

"But Clark," tremulously, "where can we live? Father will never have us here after this!"

"Leave that to me. Just you promise to be there. Here is a rope, Barb; pack your suitcase and let it down to me. You'll probably have to be married in that blue gingham affair you wear mornings."

Barbara stole breathlessly back to complete her preparations, and not until she knew Clark was safe on his homeward way did she lay her head on the window sill and sob the happiest tears of her uneventful life.

Dinner was prepared early at the Shepard home next day that the farmer and his wife might go to town. It was with the utmost difficulty that Barbara escaped at the appointed hour. "By love," cried Clark as he swung her into his buggy, "your folks have turned into the road. It's going to be a close call!" And Lucy shot off as if she realized the part she had to play.

But the license was safe in his pocket, and the minister's door stood open. Clark just held her hand a little tighter when voices sounded outside and Farmer Shepard and his wife came in breathlessly, as the ceremony began.

"Barbara Shepard, what a looking bride," sobbed her mother, when the minister's voice had ceased. "Now I guess you can see, Hiram; you've always thought I was too steady with her! She's got her head, now, and mercy knows where she will stop."

"Never mind, mother," soothed the farmer with astonishing good-humor. "It's up to Clark to manage her, and I'm not worrying about him, any!" (Copyright, 1912, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

#### Science of Detection.

There had been a bold, brazen robbery in the jam closet. Evidence of haste was plain, splashes of jam being everywhere. When the owner of the jam made the discovery that she had been robbed, she spent no time or effort in futile speculation. She took prompt and practical steps. She searched in the spilled jam for fingerprints and found them.

"Hah!" she chuckled in the best Sherlock Holmes manner, "I shall have the thief in five minutes." She went to her bedroom and took from a bureau drawer four squares of paper. They were labeled respectively: Willie's thumbprint; Helen's thumbprint; Tommy's thumbprint; and a fourth—a very little one—Baby's thumbprint. Quietly she took them to the jam closet and made comparisons.

"It is as I suspected," she said, as she got down; "it was Tommy's."

"That night Tommy got his—Woman's Home Companion.

#### Teacher's Age.

Senator Joseph L. Bristow of Kansas contributed this one at a recent banquet when reference was made to the somewhat doubtful age of the fair sex.

In a village school a short time ago, so ran the senator's anecdote, the teacher was instructing a class of small youngsters in history, whose lesson for that day related to the Civil war. The wish of the teacher was to impress on the minds of the children how long ago it had occurred.

"Just think, children," she carefully remarked, glancing up and down the class, "that terrible war was fought so long ago that even I do not remember it."

"Gee, Miss Mary!" earnestly exclaimed one of the wondering kids. "Was it before the flood?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

#### Most Unflattering.

George W. Perkins, in a tariff argument, said the other day:

"Well, that isn't very flattering to the intelligence of the American people. It is, in fact, so unflattering that it reminds me of a chap who was sued for breach of promise."

"This chap was twenty-five, and the lady suing him was forty or so."

"What is your deafness?" the judge asked.

"The defendant waved his hand toward the lady and promptly replied:

"Insanity, your honor!"

## LEVY MAY BE MORE

### CONVICT JOHN WALKER DIES PENDING HABEAS CORPUS PROCEEDINGS FOR RELEASE.

### GOSSIP FROM STATE CAPITAL

Items of Interest Gathered from Reliable Sources and Presented in Condensed Form to Our Readers.

In view of the increased appropriations made by the last legislature and the fact that there are now outstanding state warrants amounting to over \$500,000, it is believed the state board of assessment will be obliged to increase the levy for state taxes from 5 1-5 mills, which was the levy last year, to 8.80 mills on the dollar.

It is likely that one mill of the increase will be for the general fund and one mill for the redemption of outstanding warrants. Instead of appropriations for the normal schools, to be paid out of the general fund, the last legislature passed a law levying eighty-five hundredths of one mill for such institutions. The legislature also passed an act levying three-quarters of one mill for university extension, the people of the state to decide by referendum whether it should be expended on the present campus or on the state farm campus.

Last year the total assessed valuation of the state was \$463,000,000. This will be exceeded this year by only two or three million dollars.

The levy for state purposes last year in mills was as follows:

For the general fund	..... 4
For the university	..... 1
For state aid bridges	..... 1-5

Total ..... 6 1-5

The state levy this year will probably be as follows, in mills:

General fund	..... 5
Redemption of warrants	..... 1
University support	..... 1
State aid bridges	..... 20
University extension	..... 75
Support of normals	..... 75

Total ..... 8.80

The one mill levy for the support of the university is to be made under the provisions of an old law, and the state board has no option in the matter. Neither has the board any option in regard to the state aid bridge levy, the university extension levy and the levy for the support of normal schools. The board may change the general fund levy, but the limit prescribed by the constitution is 5 mills.

The state supreme court was cheated out of making a ruling when death interposed its mandate and took away John Walker, the Indian who had recently asked for a writ of habeas corpus allowing his release from the state penitentiary. Walker had been taken to a local hospital for an operation for appendicitis, but before he could be placed on the operating table he fell back on his couch and breathed his last. Walker was sent here from Thurston county, following his conviction on the charge of killing another Indian. He was sentenced to thirty years for the crime. Last December Governor Aldrich issued a commutation reducing the sentence to ten years, with the stipulation that this period should comprise his total actual service behind the bars. Recently, however, attorneys for Walker asked the supreme court for authority to have him released. They contended that the governor exceeded his power when he cut the term to specified time and that Walker was entitled to a good time deduction from the ten years. Under that interpretation he would have been subject to release last April. The matter was argued in the court last week and a decision was expected within a few days.

The heavy registration of automobiles continued during the month of June, according to reports by Secretary of State Watt. The total for the month reached 1,388, a huge leap over the same month last year. The record was broken during the month of May when over 1,700 licenses were issued by the state.

No Action on Test of Cholera Serum. Governor Morehead has taken no action on the matter of requesting the government to try its simultaneous pure for hog cholera in Nebraska. If the test is made an entire county will be placed under quarantine so far as hogs are concerned and none will be allowed to be shipped into the county for a fixed period, but hogs may be shipped out for purposes of slaughter.

If herds in the county should die of the cholera that might be caused by inoculation with blood of diseased hogs the state might be held liable.

On Track of Baron Von Werner. Officers think they are close on the trail of Baron Max von Werner, the convict from the Nebraska penitentiary who was given a leave of absence to go to Tecumseh and participate in a musical entertainment at the home of the chaplain of the prison and who made his escape. According to the story, a Lincoln man saw Von Werner at Spirit Lake, Ia. The baron had contracted for a garage, he claimed, had rented a house and was making arrangements to locate in that city. The wife of the fugitive is at Madison,

The Man Who Put the Feet in Feet  
Look for This Trade-Mark Picture on the Label when buying  
**ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**  
The Antiseptic Powder for Tender, Aching Feet. Sold every-where. J.C. Bamberg & Co., Address: ALLEN S. OLMBROEK, La. Roy, N. Y.

The Wretchedness of Constipation  
Can quickly be overcome by  
**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Head-ache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature  
*W. Wood*

### NO EVIDENCE OF STATEMENT

Foreman of Jury Had Claimed They Had One Mind, but Losing Lawyer Wanted to Be Shown.

Counsel for the prisoner looked hopefully at the faces of the jurors as they filed into their seats, and listened hopefully as the foreman announced that they had agreed. His client had enjoyed ample provocation for the assault upon the person of Tobias Jones; but the jurors were uniformly Tobias' friends and not unbiased.

"The jury is all of one mind, your honor," the foreman said. "We find the prisoner guilty."

"You hear the verdict, counsel," remarked the judge. "The jury is all of one mind. Have you anything to ask of the court before sentence is pronounced?"

"Yes, your honor," replied counsel, still hopefully; "for the purposes of the appeal which my client will take, it would be of material assistance to learn which one of the twelve men who have reached this verdict is possessed of the one mind you are so careful to mention."—New York Evening Post.

#### Her Lucky Day.

Frances is only a little girl, but she has a quick mind and the gift of language that sometimes distinguishes children who associate much with their elders. Her other day Frances came home to her mother with cheeks like roses and eyes like stars.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, happily, "I've had the best luck this morning! I got downtown just at the psychological moment!"

"Did you, dear?" was mother's pleased inquiry. "And what happened?"

Said Frances, solemnly: "I saw a parade."

#### Richness Personified.

Ikey—Fader, vot means a 'pluto-crat?"

Fader—One of dem fellers dot's so rich he needn't to fall any more—Puck.

#### Looking on the Bright Side.

"It is said that more than one person has been killed by kissing."

"Yes; but isn't it great stuff if you live through it?"—Judge.

A man should be a credit to himself, but he wants a little cash thrown in.

Few young men are really as bad as the girls try to make them think they are.

Almost as many women's heads are turned by flattery as by peroxide.

Many a man's soiled character has been washed in a woman's tears.

A Sweet, Crisp, Delicious "Bite-To-Eat" Post Toasties  
Dainty bits of peppy white corn, perfectly cooked and toasted to delicate "brown."  
Usually eaten direct from package with cream and sugar.  
Or, sprinkle Toasties over saucer of fresh berries—then add the cream and sugar—a dish to remember.  
Post Toasties are sold by Grocers everywhere.