

LANGUAGE OF THE HAND.

It is a Potent Factor in Lovemaking in Sunny Spain.

It occurs to me, in view of other things that I have heard and seen from my balcony in Cartagena, that balconies in general are great incentives to lovemaking, apropos of which I am moved to tell tales out of school. The day that I first noticed them he was standing on the very edge of the narrow sidewalk just down the street from my window, and she, a pretty, dark haired slip of a girl, leaned gracefully on the rail of a balcony opposite, high above him. They were talking softly and earnestly, and it needed only a glance to tell that they had passed together, hand in hand, so to speak, into a rose tinted world of illusions.

Suddenly, from the rude world of material things, there entered through a tall window at the girl's back a stout, hook nosed elderly woman, mother or duenna, I know not which. She seemed not to have noticed the little play and sat heavily down, as if for all time. The young gallant stepped swiftly back into a great arched doorway and stood there quietly in the shadows, his eyes fixed on the object of his devotion. She gave no sign of nervousness or annoyance at the interruption and, without changing her position or taking her eyes from the shadowy archway, continued flitting her fan languidly back and forth, but with what appeared to be a particularly significant movement.

At last I began to be mystified by that fixed, intent look of these two gazing motionless upon each other, as if wholly fascinated. What weird lovemaking is this? thought I. Have they hypnotized each other and then forgotten how to break the spell? Just then the young man, partly turning, brought one of his hands into view, and the mystery was one no longer. The supple fingers were flying like mad, forming letters and words with such incredible swiftness that I could only stand and marvel. Day after day this same little comedy was enacted with trifling variations, and goodness only knows what burning messages passed thus silently between those two. Later I discovered this to be a general custom, both men and women being adepts in that language of the hands.—William Hurd Lawrence in Harper's Magazine.

Kith and Kin.

At breakfast one morning a fond father glanced at his pretty eighteen-year-old daughter and began to playfully question her about the visit of a young man the evening before.

"By the way, Edith," smilingly

queried papa, "what were you and that young Mr. Cross talking about so interestedly in the parlor last night?"

"I forget now," blushfully answered the pretty Edith. "Oh, yes! We were talking about kith and kin."

"That's right, papa," butted in Edith's little six-year-old sister Marie, who lisped, "I heard them."

"You don't really mean it, Marie?" jokingly returned papa.

"Yeth, thir," was the positive rejoinder of Marie. "Mithtah Croth thayth 'can I kith you?' and thith-tah thayth 'you kin.'"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

It Really Is Cape Mey.

Cape May received its name from its discoverer, a brave but egotistical old Dutch explorer and navigator, whose name was Jacob Cornelius Mey. He came to America as the first director of New Netherlands in 1623 and immediately began to explore the Atlantic coast. During this voyage he applied to New York the name "Port Mey," to the Delaware river "New Port Mey," and named the capes at the southern point of New Jersey "Cape Mey" and "Cape Cornelius." The latter has since become "Cape Hellen." He named many other points on the Atlantic coast for himself and others connected with him in his exploration expeditions, but of all of them only one, Cape May, has survived, and that is changed in the spelling.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Permission to Sleep.

A clergyman staying at a hotel one night was awakened in the morning by heavy pounding on his door and the voice of the night clerk saying:

"Five o'clock! Better get up or you'll miss your train!"

The preacher didn't intend to catch a morning train and hadn't given any instructions that he should be called at the hour of 5 o'clock, so he paid no attention to the call. In about fifteen minutes he was again awakened by the pounding on his door and heard the voice of the old man saying:

"Don't get up. I rapped on the wrong door."

Enough to Make Him Rave.

"What is the editor of the health nuts department raving about?" "A rich woman writes that she gives private moving picture shows in her home, and she wants to know if they will injure her possible eyes."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Its Limitations.

A sound disposition is a great institution in a general thing although of little assistance in driving mules.—Arlington Globe.

There are some popular technical fallacies so strongly entrenched in public belief that they survive in spite of reiterated contradiction. Among these is the belief that the first thing a locomotive engineer does, or one of the first, when he sees that a collision is inevitable, is to apply the brakes and reverse his engine.

As a matter of fact, we doubt if one in 10,000 of the locomotive engineers of this country would be guilty of the absurdity of reversing his engine and applying his brakes at the same time. There was a day in the earlier history of railroading when an engineer would have been considered remiss in his duties if he did not in an emergency reverse his engine, but with the growth of technical knowledge it has come to be understood that to reverse the engine after applying the brakes is to defeat the very object for which the train brakes were applied.

In justice to the early locomotive engineers, however, it should be remembered that only the tender of the locomotive carried the brakes, not the engine itself, and under those conditions the reversing of the engine applied an additional, though comparatively small, retarding effect, supplemental to that afforded by the tender brakes.

The folly of reversing when there are brakes on the engine and these brakes are set is evident if we remember that when the engine is running with the brakes applied the retarding effect is due to the large aggregate area of contact between the brake shoes and the tread of the wheels, whereas when the engine is reversed the frictional area of the brake shoes is replaced by the very small area of the sliding surfaces in contact between the tread of the wheels and the rails, with the result that there is an immediate large reduction of the retarding effect of the engine on the train behind it.—Scientific American.

The Way of Humanity.

Human nature is kind and generous, but it is narrow and blind and can only with difficulty conceive anything but what it immediately sees and feels. People would instantly care for others as well as themselves if only they could imagine others as well as themselves. Let a child fall into a river before the roughest man's eyes—he will usually do what he can to get it out, even at some risk to himself, and all the town will triumph in the saving of one little life. Let the same man be shown that hundreds of children are dying of fever for want of some sanitary measures which it will cost him trouble to urge, and he will make no effort, and probably all the town would resist him if he did.—Ruskin.

EARLY RAILROADS

In the Days When Making a Record Was Quite an Event.

FIRST MILE A MINUTE TRAIN.

This Honor Was Claimed by Two Roads, the Boston and Maine, With the Locomotive Antelope, and the Mohawk and Hudson, With the Davy Crockett.

The first achievements of American railroading are, in the greater number of cases, lost in the obscurity of tradition, and there has sprung up a host of interesting stories that go the rounds like Homeric tales. The honor of having created a record or a custom that is now commonplace has had many claimants in nearly every instance.

Take the first train to run a mile a minute. The Antelope, an engine on the Boston and Maine railroad, according to one of the most cherished of these legends, pulled the first train that made this record. Her run was between Boston and Lawrence, a distance of twenty-six miles, and one day in 1848 she is said to have made her last fourteen miles in thirteen minutes.

But it is just as earnestly upheld that the Davy Crockett of the Mohawk and Hudson railroad has this distinction. The Davy Crockett was the pride of the road in her day. It is said that her engineer, David Matthew, loved her better than he did his family. But she reached the pinnacle of her fame locally when in 1832, sixteen years before the Antelope was heard of, according to this other story, she covered a fourteen mile straight-away level stretch between Albany and Schenectady in thirteen minutes and made one stop for water besides. A letter written by Matthew in that year mentions having done better than a mile a minute with her on several occasions.

Running an engine at a mile a minute in those days was many times more dangerous than it is now. Three-quarters of a century ago the rails were light strips of iron spiked down to all sorts of ties. There were no tie or fish plates then, and in hot weather especially the sleepers and the rails would warp in the torrid sun and pull apart.

Not infrequently the ends of the light rails would curve upward from the track, forming the much dreaded "snake heads" which were the horror of engineers and passengers alike. Many tales are told of "snake heads" springing up under the jolting trains, piercing the flimsy car doors and impaling passengers in their seats. Until a remedy was found for these "snake heads" by using better fastenings and more seasoned ties a large force of men was continually employed to walk the tracks and nail them down.

Broken car wheels were another ever present danger in those remote days. The present standard gauge is said to have been originally established by taking the distance between the wheels of the carts used on English highways. For the same reason, apparently, the first rolling stock was equipped not with solid wheels, but with cast iron models of the wooden wagon wheel, though of smaller diameter. These were not submitted to the drop test that is now universal and were of a dangerously light pattern. The result was that often interior defects in the casting would pass unnoticed until the wheel broke and the train was derailed. It took a bad accident, in which a number of people were killed, so runs the tradition, to bring about the testing of car wheels by tapping them.

Real time saving in running trains did not begin until 1851. Charles Minot, superintendent of the Erie railroad, was one of those given credit for inaugurating telegraph signals for the handling of trains.

He was in the cab of a passenger train one day, so the story goes. There were no double track railroads in those days, and trains had to lie out on sidings and wait for the train bound in the opposite direction to come along. However long the delay, the train on the siding waited.

On this particular occasion Minot's train took its siding. The operator at the little country station strolled over, remarking that the train in the opposite direction had got stalled on the grade some fifty miles down the line and that it would be two or three hours before she could patch up her leaky fuses and get power enough to climb the hill.

Minot was in a hurry, and he decided to telegraph down the line that the train he was on would not wait at the siding, but would proceed—for station agents to watch out for the other train and have it wait on the siding nearest the spot where they would meet. The engineer refused point blank to take any such risk, saying that it was against all railroad law and custom. Minot finally discharged him, put him off the engine and ran the train himself to the end of the division, keeping posted by telegraph at each station. Everything worked out just as he had planned and was so satisfactory that he at once inaugurated a system of moving all trains on telegraph signals.—Thaddeus S. Dayton in Chicago Record-Herald.

Within oneself must be the source of strength, the basis of consolation.—Marcus Aurelius.

For Goodness Sake
BUILD WITH

Spaulding's Lumber

And Be SATISFIED Forever

GUARANTEED QUALITY

Delivery Everywhere

Phone, White 26

"There Is a House With a Bathroom"

was an expression at one time calculated to arouse interest, but now, conditions are entirely different. To build a house without a bathroom merely raises a question as to the good judgment of the builder. People know that he has either not considered or else misjudged the importance that an up-to-date bathroom has in increasing the value of the house, both as to renting and selling value.

For the finest plumbing equipment at reasonable cost we recommend "Standard" plumbing fixtures and will be pleased to show you the many artistic designs in which they are made. Ask for illustrated booklet.



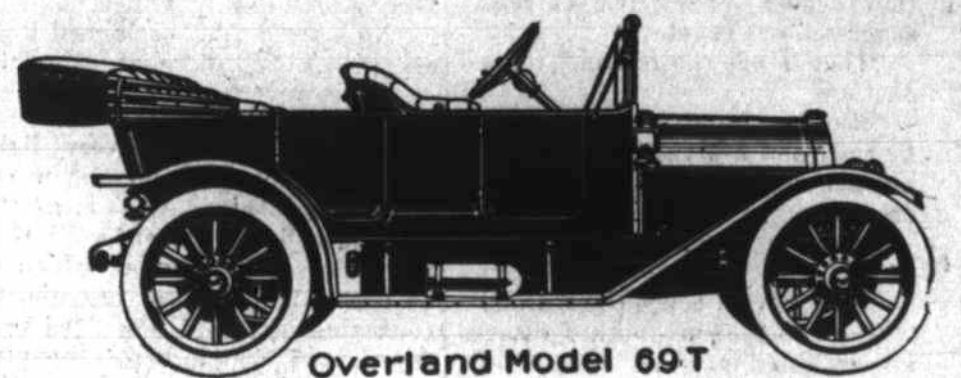
E. L. EVANS, Plumber

501 FIRST STREET

LIGHT AND POWER

HOUSE WIRING AND
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

Yamhill Electric Company



Overland Model 69-T

OVERLAND 30, fully equipped including \$50 Warner speedometer, self starter, presto tank, tire irons, top and top foot, clear vision wind shield. \$1100 F. O. B. NEWBERG

CADILLAC, fully equipped, very much improved, equal to any car of any price.

Let S. A. Mills tell you about either of them.

FIRST CLASS SHOP WORK

The Newberg Auto Co.

Our Building Materials are the Best

Our prices are right, and we shall be pleased to have you call and give us an opportunity to furnish you with anything you need in our line.

Newberg Mfg. and Construction Co.

403 North Main St., Newberg, Oregon

Manufacturers of Doors, Windows, and Other Building Materials

THE GRAPHIC CLUBBING OFFER

All the same as city folks, the family who lives on a rural mail route may have a daily paper to read the same day it comes from the press. Read our clubbing offer:

Daily and Sunday Oregonian and The Graphic, one year..... \$8.00
Daily, without Sunday, and Graphic 1 year \$6.00
Weekly Oregonian and Graphic 1 year..... \$2.25

THE Weekly Oregonian

Including 4-Page Supplement

Until January 1, 1915

MORE THAN AN ENTIRE YEAR

For 75c

During the Bargain Period
Ending Oct. 31, 1913

To New or Present Subscribers
Who Hand Us Their 75c Now

Mail or bring your subscriptions today to the office of

The Graphic

Bargain Day Agent of The Weekly Oregonian