PALMISTRY.

Thumbs: Their Differences and Mysteries.

BY THE DISTINGUISHED YOUNG PALMIST, MARTINI.

In the study of character the thumb is very nearly of the same importance to the hand as the nose is to the face. It tells the strength or weakness of the natural will of the possessor, and is one of the most marked indications of character in connection with the study.

The Chinese, who are thorough believers in the old-fashioned chiromancy, have a system of divination by the study of the impressions left by the ball of the thumb pressed in a lump of soft wax. The illiterate knights of old used to put just such marks on the parchment deeds they were called upon to sign. Both facts demonstrate how generally it is held that there are no two thumbs whose imprints would prove identically the same.

Not only the Chinese believe in this old branch of chiromancy, but people of our present century. I can well recall, but a few years past, how the murderer of a Philadelphia librarian was hunted down by the imprint of a blood covered thumb left upon a porcelain knob of a drawer in one of the Philadelphia libraries. It has been proved that the rays in the cuticle of the thumb never change from infancy to old age, that is in shape or course.

Prof. Sir Richard Owen in his monograph on the nature of the limbs, calls attention to the fact that the "thumb, which is the least important and constant digit of the anterior extremity in the rest of the mammals, becomes in man the most important element of the terminal segment, and that which makes it a hand properly so called."

Infants, up to the time when their intelligence begins to be developed, keep their hands continually closed, folding their fingers over the thumb; but in proportion as, with the body, the mind becomes developed, the thumb in turn folds itself over the fingers.

A short time ago one of my clients, subject to epileptic fits, was overcome by one of his spells while I was deciphering his hands. Suddenly I noticed his thumbs began to fold before the rest of the fingers, which shows that this evil, which is instinctively apprehended before it is actually felt.

Again, if one pays particular attention as to how people fold or are accustomed to lay their thumbs, without their knowing that they are observed, one can gain a very clear inside as to their will power or strength of character.

In judging a thumb the reader must first examine its length between the first and second phalange, whether set high or low from the side of the hand. If the first phalange is long and large, then the will governs; he is not easily influenced, or led into temptation; it gives power to resist and good, clear judgment. If this portion of this member is exaggerated, then the good qualities above mentioned are spoiled—too headstrong for his or her own good. Be the first phalange conic and long, it gives greater intuition. He will curb his instincts because he is a man of head. If this phalange is short, the possessor is ruled by the heart and not the head; difficult to say no, and feels as though he has to accept of things, when offered to him, for the sake of being congenial.

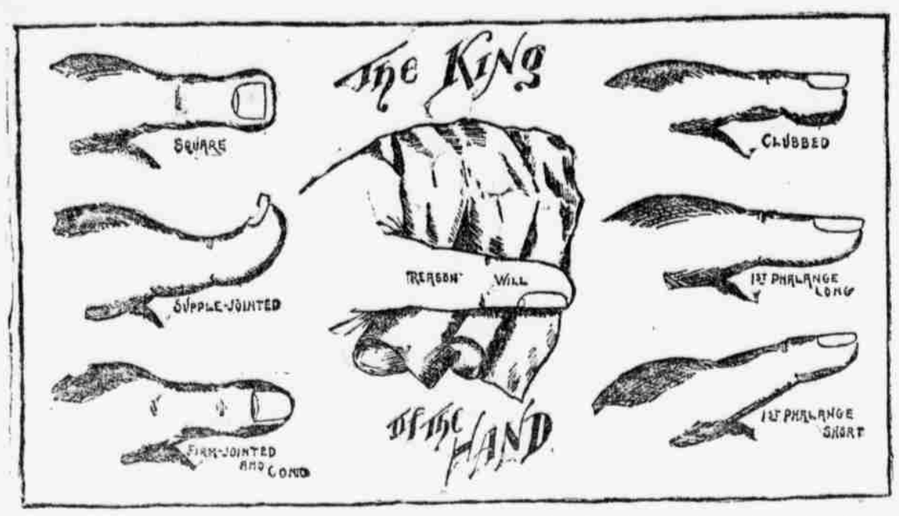
It is the thumb that betrays the weakness or strength. With a weak thumb, a hand that otherwise shows great possibilities would be nerveless and unsuccessful; with a large thumb, whatever virtues or faults the subject may have he will never be petty; he may be either good or bad; he will never be ordinary. A large thumb indicates one who is independent in both thought and action, who is ever ready to suffer the consequences of his own wrong-doing. He is swayed only by reason, and disgusted and hardened by a display of emotion. A small thumb always indicates a sentimental, impressionable nature, incapable of forming any very high aims.

A thumb extra length, broad and square, is the worst symptoms of all—furious impulse, uncontrollable temper, one of the characteristics of the wife-beater, highwayman, murderer and brutal parent.

The supple-jointed thumb is a sign of extravagance in everything—money matters, worldly affairs, projects, thoughts. In fact, he can make himself at home most anywhere. If you want to reach his heart, all you have to do is to tell him a sad story, with tremulous tones of genuine grief; you will reach his will through his heart.

Firm-jointed thumb shows more determination and will-power than his supple-jointed brother; also caution, secretiveness, wealth of common-sense, and a tendency to limit his intercourse to people who may be made use of.

Clubbed thumb is a sign of ungovernable temper, a brutal, aggressive nature, a lack of reason in action; blind, unrestrained passion aroused by the slightest cause. Such a thumb is largely found among those who commit murder on the impulse of the moment. It generally shows a craving for stimulants.



A large-thumbed woman is always considerate and clear-headed. Love with her is more a matter of business, more faithful and never a coquette or flirt.

A small-thumbed woman is, however, far more fascinating. Love is her all in all.

In marriage it is advisable that one choose a partner with a different type of thumb, for if both parties have dominant wills, it would be like a pair of shears, cutting all that comes between, yet irrevocably each struggling to go its own way.

In my next article I will describe the nails, one of the most interesting sections of the study of the hand. In it I will explain how you may learn your sweetheart's temper; how hereditary tendencies towards disease may be foretold, etc. Martini.

209 Washington avenue.

MEETING ROYALTY UNAWARES.

Adventures of People with Kings and Queens They Didn't Know.

From the London Mail.

Many amusing stories are told of the adventures of royal personages when they have divested themselves of what may be called their official dress and assumed the guise of ordinary mortals. And no one loves more to tell these tales of misadventure than the royalties themselves.

The czar still recounts the story of an experience he had some years ago in Scotland. It was in the early days of his cycling enthusiasm, and he was riding in company with Princess Maud. When the royal cyclists were walking with their machines up one of the steep hills near Balmoral they overtook an old Scotsman, who wished them "good day" and seemed disposed for gossip.

The young pair entered into the spirit of the adventure, and chatted merrily about their cycling until they reached the top of the hill. Before they remounted the garrulous old man looked wonderingly at the machines, and said: "Weel, weel, they're grand things for you toon lasses and laddies." When they had got out of hearing the royal pair literally laughed until they cried, and the czar even yet answers to the name of "the toon laddie" among his cousins.

Not many months ago the German emperor sustained quite a shock. Like King Leopold of Belgium, the kaiser loves occasionally to take a solitary ramble in the country. One day last summer while at Potsdam he had wondered further than usual, and at dusk found himself, dusty and weary, still a dozen miles from the place. When at this stage a country-woman driving a cart overtook him he greeted her politely and asked her to allow him to take a seat in the cart. The woman looked down critically at the dusty and disheveled man, and, whipping up her horse, said, "Not me; I don't like the looks of you."

Some distance ahead a mounted patrol stopped the woman and asked what the emperor had said to her. "The kaiser?" she queried, in amazement. "What kaiser?" Then, as the truth gradually dawned on her, she turned pale, gave a frightened look at the dusty figure coming nearer, and drove rapidly away.

Ex-Queen Emma of the Netherlands and her daughter, the queen of today, had many amusing experiences in their wanderings incognito. Last summer, when they were staying at one of the hotels in the Tyrol, the young queen won all hearts by her sweetness of disposition and vivacity. There was one young Englishman who was so overcome by her charms that he followed her everywhere in spite of a frowning mamma, and, it must be said, with some mischievous encouragement from the daughter. His attention at last became so marked that one day the young girl and her mother disappeared without warning, and it was only some days after that the young Englishman learned, through the papers, that the young lady he had wooed so persistently was the girl queen of Holland.

Many good stories are told of the curious adventures of Queen Margaret of Italy on her mountaineering excursions. The story of how she entertained a party of tourist climbers in one of the mountain huts is well known, but few have heard of another little adventure which befell her this summer. The queen, whose energy is always the envy and despair of her suite, had wandered away from her attendants, and had not only lost her way, but was both hungry and fatigued, when she saw a peasant's cottage in the distance.

Making her way to it, her knock was answered by an old peasant woman, whom she asked for rest and refreshment. "Come in, my dear, and welcome," the kindly old peasant said. The queen entered, and insisted on helping her hostess to prepare the simple meal of milk and bread. When the belated attendants reached the cottage they found the queen and the old woman gossiping and eating with all the freedom of old friends, and it was not until some days later, when a handsome present arrived at the cottage, that the woman learned how she had entertained her queen.

ELECTRICITY IN A MONASTERY

Carmelite Monks Have the Finest Kitchen in the World.

A most interesting application of electricity to heating and cooking, as well as to lighting, has been made in a new Carmelite monastery. The total amount of electric power used, which is derived from the Niagara falls, two miles off, is 100 horse-power. Of this amount 25 horse-power is devoted to lighting, cooking and heating water, the remaining 75 horse-power heating the lower floor of the building, consisting of eleven bedrooms, reception room, office and dining room, with corridor. In the corridor, which is 120 feet long, 10 feet wide and 15 feet high, nine four horse-power electrical heaters have been placed. Each bedroom—10x12x15 feet in size—has an electric heater of four horse-power, with switch for adjusting the heat. It is believed that the kitchen of the hospice building is unequaled in the world in the completeness and character of its electrical equipment, which, while having sufficient capacity to cook all the meals of the residents and visiting pilgrims at the hospice, supersedes all other kinds of fuel commonly used in kitchens such as coal, gasoline, or oil. There are three electric ovens and an electric combination range, having a heating surface of six square feet. Each square foot has its individual switch, and can be regulated to full or half heat, as desired. The oven capacity consists of two small ovens and one large oven. The large oven will cook four large roasts at one time. In the butler's pantry, where the tea and coffee are made, are three five-gallon urns and a chafing dish, all electrically connected. One urn is used for tea, another for coffee, and the third heats the water for the tea and coffee urns. The water for laundry and bathroom purposes is electrically heated in a 400-gallon boiler, a smaller boiler of 150 gallons capacity being empolyed for heating water for kitchen use. Both boilers have a 2½-inch covering of asbestos to economize heat. The cook in charge of the kitchen, who has had many years experience with coal and other fuels, pronounces electricity far superior in every way to them all. It not only increases the actual efficiency of the kitchen to a remarkable extent, but makes the results to be secured absolutely sure—in fact, brings down cooking to an exact science. At the formal opening and blessing of the hospice dinner was cooked for 250 persons in two and one-half hours. The door of the large oven is fitted with a thermometer, which indicates the internal heat of the oven, so that the cook knows to a nicety when to put in her meats or other articles of food. There is none of the smell common where gas is used, and none of the ashes and dirt left by coal. As soon as the meal is cooked the heat is turned off, and the kitchen becomes as cool as any other part of the house. In the small ovens bread can be baked in eighteen minutes. The total lighting, cooking and heating of the building takes 25 horse-power, which, at $25 a horse-power, costs the hospice $625 a year. The fact that such a low rate can be made is strongly suggestive of the extended use of electricity for domestic purposes in large establishments.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE BATTLEFIELD

PEN PICTURES OF LIFE IN THE ISLAND OF LUZON.

Perplexities of the English Language to Those Who Don't Know it. Swapping Jokes in Unknown Tongues—Only One Killed—An Every Day Incident of Quiet Yankee Heroism.

From the Philippine Correspondence of the Chicago Record.

We have great times trying to speak Spanish and we do not always meet with the success our sincere efforts deserve. The natives are trying to learn English, but it is slow work on both sides. The padre came to me a day or two ago and said he should like to know what to do when he was out at night and was challenged by a sentinel. He said the sentinel said something that sounded like "Hop!" and he had looked up the word in the dictionary, but it puzzled him, and when a sentinel came at him with his rifle in that threatening position and said "Hop!" he didn't know what to do. I explained that the word was "Halt!" and he had quite a laugh over it.

I wonder if you would find anything pathetic as I do in seeing men of all ages, old, middle-aged and young, stuying English from little incorrect primers got up in Spanish, Tagalo and English, and with a fourth column giving as nearly as they can our pronunciation of English words. As I go along the street a common sight is one of our soldiers leaning over the counter of a little "tienda" or booth explaining simple expressions to eager students. I have never before found anything especially affecting in "Mary had a little lamb," "I have John's cap," or "The boy is bad, but his little sister is a good girl." Sometimes I stop and try to explain our inexplicable English pronunciation of words such as cough, enough, through and plough and the poor Filipinos usually end by saying "Oh, el Ingles es mucho trabajo." They are right—English is much work, and how would you like it if you had to begin such a work in order to be able to converse with a new race that came in to take and govern your home? In Spanish every vowel is pronounced separately, and when a Filipino has laboriously mastered the word "said" and points to it with satisfaction and calls it "saheed" I feel as though I ought to apologize for speaking such a language and particularly as there is no such sound as our short e in either Tagalog or Spanish, and I can tell him he is wrong, and cannot even write anything that suggests the sound of said to him. Here is a great opening for our philanthropists. Let them look up a lot of competent teachers and send them over here to teach English. They will find ample opportunity and willing pupils.

A house occupied as an office is owned by a native woman whom I commend as one of the most cheerful ladies I have ever met. She came in one morning and introduced herself by saying "No sabe Espanol," to which I replied "Neither do I; so we are even." But she sabed Tagalog and I sabed English, so the difficulty was not inconsiderable. However, she didn't seem to mind, and she chatted away at me in the cheerfulest manner possible, while I had not the faintest notion what she was talking about. As she talked she went to work cleaning house and mopping the floors, and she would throw her head back and laugh and tell me something that must have been the funniest I ever heard. It was infectious, and I thought up an old joke or two of mine, for I propose not to be outdone by these people in matters of entertainment; and she seemed just as much pleased over them as I was. Really, I never before have assisted at such an idiotic performance in my life as that was. The house-cleaning took some time and I should have run out of stories if it had not been for a copy of Life that had come in the mail, and I read her nearly all of its editorial page. You should have heard her laugh. Before she finished two other officers who were present had nearly hurt themselves with laughter, and they assured me I had been a more ludicious idiot than they had ever chanced to meet before. All the same, I don't intend to let any plain old Tagalo jokes run here without opposition. Incidentally, too, I gave her a peseta for her work and some coppers for the pickaninnies, and if I did make a fool of myself it did me good to have such a laugh.

But the life here is not all a joke. A few days ago a reconnaissance was made toward Novaleta. Two battalions of the Fourth infantry went out with the brigade commander and ran up against the trenches, which we knew were there. It seemed a pity that a life had to be sacrificed for practically nothing, but it was so. There is in the regiment a detachment of sharpshooters and scouts, made up of four privates and a non-commissioned officer from each company, all under the command of an officer. This detachment had the advance, and coming near the enemy they proceeded to develop his force. That word develop does not sound serious, but it really means getting shot at, and as the enemy was present, there was soon a lively fire. Our men got down behind the rice-dikes and fired volleys. Soon one of them was hit in the left breast and he toppled over, but immediately straightened up and tried to repeat an order that was being shouted across the field. He was not of the "hero" kind, or at least he did not mean to be; he was just paying attention to his duty, and if anyobdy could have spoken to him about it he would probably have said: "Why not? What should you expect me to do?" But in the midst of his attempt the blood gushed from his lips and he went down again and did not get up. Can you imagine such a scene? The ground was deep with water and mud, there were no cheers or shouts of encouragement; it was a cloudy, rainy day and the only thing unusual was the popping of rifles off there from the bamboo thickets that lined a small stream and the corresponding zipping of the bullets as they kicked up the mud and water. And this man died as quietly as anybody ever died and with no idea but to do his duty. Pick out some man you know and think of him in that position, and see how it feels. And it has happened several times since we have been out here that only a few days after such an occurrence a letter has come from a mother or sister asking about her boy or brother who has been perhaps a little careless about writing home. I tell you those letters are not easy to answer. I saw a short verse the other day entitled "Only One Killed," but to somebody he was the only one thought of and dreamed of and perhaps followed with prayers and hopes for his safety.

Then I must tell you something else that occurred the same day. When this poor fellow went down another man walked over to him, took of his belt and put it on himself, took both rifles in his left hand and then grasping the dead man's wrist with his right swung him on his back and shoulder and started off across the rice fields, wading through mud and water up to his waist and damning those rebels who kept shooting at him. But he kept right on and they didn't hit him. And while he was doing this the rest of the detachment were not idle either, but kept up such a fusillade that the insurgents did not have much of a chance at their target. And when he was out of reach our men got up and left there as promptly as possible, for they had been ordered some time before to withdraw, and had waited to cover this other man's withdrawal. And then they all came back here and an official report was sent in that the enemy's trenches had been located and were found to be occupied in force.

Political Information.

The Instructor—What is the difference between a subject and a citizen?

The Student—If you please, the subject has to be humored and the citizen gets bossed.—Indianapolis Journal.

Finn & Phillips

And the

Largest Retail Piano and Organ Business in the State

(Outside Philadelphia and Pittsburg.)

This Is What Finn & Phillips, the Wyoming Avenue Music Dealers, Honestly Say of Their Magnificent Establishment—Their Immense Stock Occupying Five Floors and Basement—They Make a Feature of Doing All Their Own Repairing—Their Remarkable Success in a Short Period.

Although the well-known firm of Finn & Phillips is the youngest of our local music stores, yet it is a well-known fact that they have the biggest establishment, and are doing more business in their line than any concern in the state, outside of the cities of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

A visit to their warerooms is very interesting, and at once creates the impression of the magnitude of their business, especially in Pianos and Band Instruments. There are at least fifty pianos on the various floors, while on the second floor is found an immense stock of band and orchestra instruments of every description.

In referring to the piano stock, just consider this list of good makes to select from: Mason & Hamlin, Hardman, McPhail, James & Holmstrom, Malcom-Love, Hallett & Davis. Fischer, Smith & Barnes, Franklin, Standard and Singer. Here we find pianos for the artist, pianos for the layman; in fact, pianos for everybody, to suit all tastes and pocketbooks, The most important factor in making this house renowned throughout Northeastern Pennsylvania as the one great centre in piano retailing, is the great complete stock always on hand. The same can be said of the Band and Orchestra Department. In the beautiful room on the second floor can be found every instrument necessary to equip a full band and orchestra.

From an artistic standpoint this store is especially attractive. From the general salesroom on the ground floor to the repair department on the fifth floor, every room has a warm, cozy effect, from the carpets and furnishings throughout.

No customer goes into Finn & Phillips' store but understands that the firm is on a strictly one-price basis, and whatever representation is made by the salesmen or saleswomen, will be carried out to the letter. The great reputation of this firm for fairness and honesty is firmly established.

The purchaser who cannot find exactly what he or she wants in this stock of "Everything in Music" is indeed hard to suit,

Finn & Phillips do all their own repairing. For quick repair work there is a special department on the fifth floor, and the work is done as complete as if the instrument were sent back to the factory in which it was originally constructed.

There are many other interesting features to this great establishment worthy of mention in these columns, but time and space will not permit. However, visitors are always welcome, whether bent on purchasing or not. One of the firm's favorite phrases is "Come in, Gaze About."

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