

The Shillalah. The shillalah owes its name to the fact that the finest specimens thereof used to be grown in the pleasant groves of trees that formerly flourished in the barony of Shillalah, in County Wicklow. The best shillalah was a root sprung sapling, for one taken from the branches of a full grown tree would lack the necessary toughness. Being trimmed and "brought to hand," the young stick undergoes preparatory discipline by being placed in the chimney to season, thus becoming early acclimated to the hot work in store for it. This part of the curriculum finished, it is rubbed until completely saturated with oil, after which it is securely wrapped in a stout sheet of brown paper and buried in a convenient hotbed. At this stage of its development it is an object of unending watchfulness on the part of its proprietor, who to forestall any detrimental warp in the object of his care visits it daily, correcting any youthful tendency to depart from a straight line and ultimately securing as straight a bit of timber as heart could desire.—New York Tribune.

Hot Scotch. The young wife dipped the ladle into the porridge and smiled inquiringly at the overnight guest. "Will you have some hot Scotch, Mr. Dash?" she asked. "Dash!" he laughed. "Hot Scotch? Where is it?" "Why, here, of course," said the young wife in a perplexed tone. "Didn't you know that oatmeal is called hot Scotch?" "Er—?" Dash stammered, and then the young husband caught his eye, and he was silent. "I didn't know it myself till last year," she explained. "I heard George inviting his cousin over the telephone to meet him at the office and have a hot Scotch. I didn't know what hot Scotch was till you told me, did I, George?" George, very red, answered huskily: "No, my dear."

Vicissitudes of a Picture. The vicissitudes of Leonardo da Vinci's picture, "Last Supper," reminds a correspondent of the strange experience of Holbein's "Field of the Cloth of Gold," which may be seen any day at Hampton Court palace. After the downfall of Charles I., Cromwell in order to raise funds proposed the sale of certain pictures, this among the number. The bargain was already made, but when the dealer was to purchase came to inspect Holbein's masterpiece he discovered that the head of Henry VIII, had been cut from the canvas. He naturally withdrew his offer, and the picture was reserved to the nation. On the restoration a nobleman confessed to having committed the theft for love of art and his country, and he returned the missing head, which now occupies its original position in the canvas. The circle made by the knife is still plainly visible.—London Chronicle.

Cold Storage Rats. The attendant came out of the cold storage room with an awed look. "Rats are wonderful," he said. "We thought modern plumbing would abolish them, but they live in the clean light and dryness of the best modern plumbing more comfortably than they did in the damp and filth and darkness of the past. We thought the modern ship would abolish them, but the Lusitania has as many rats as had the Columbus caravels. And here—"

Fire in Japan. First in Japan are so common that this destructive agency has established itself as a national institution, and a whole vocabulary has grown up to express every shade of meaning in matters fiery. The Japanese language has special terms for an incendiary fire, an accidental fire, a fire starting from one's own house, a fire caught from next door, a fire which one shares with others, a fire which is burning to an end, the flame of a fire, anything-for instance, a bridge, from which a fire may arise; the noise from which to attack a fire in order to extinguish it; a visit of condolence after a fire.

More Wheat to Come. A Chinese doctor, as a punishment for causing his patient's death, had to pay ten loads of wheat. While carrying the grain he was met by a man who asked him to come and treat a sick member of his family. "All right," said the doctor, "I will be there shortly, but in the meantime you may be getting your barn cleaned out."—Scrap Book.

Nothing. "Nature plans well for mankind's needs." "I should say so. What could be more convenient than ears to hook spectacles over?"—Washington Herald.

The Soft Answer. He—Artists say that five feet four is the divine height for women. His Darling crossly—You know, I am five feet nine. He (quickly)—You are more than divine, my dear.

Laws catch flies and let hornets go free.—Anacharsis.

We wish to secure a good correspondent and solicitor in every section of the Peninsula. Will not the different push clubs take this matter up and see that their own particular locality is covered each week with one or more correspondents. If two correspondents from the same locality sends the same item we will cut out the duplicated notes. This means much to the Peninsula and we hope our friends will take hold of the matter and give us all the news on the entire Peninsula.

Getting an "Old Man." "Speaking of new men," said the boss of the skyscraper builders, with a twinkle, "comical things happen even up here, the same as in a theater. Sometimes in rush seasons there ain't enough hands to go round, and we have to take 'em green as the hills. I had one once, a kid from Vermont, a whale of a kid, with bones like a horse and eyes awful anxious to please—eyes that made you like him. He's one of the best men I've got now, but then he was green as God made him." The foreman stopped to chuckle.

"Go up to the eighteenth floor," I told him one day, "and bring down an old man." I was busy at the time, and when he saw the kid stare I said kind of sharp that if that old man wasn't here in five minutes the whole blamed building would probably go to smash. This was just my way of making him hustle, but he thought I meant it word for word. He went up on the run, and in a few minutes he came down with a spattering, clawing old fellow held like a vise in his arms. "He was the only old man on the floor," said the kid, "and he wanted to stop and argue about it, but from what you said I knew what it meant, so I just grabbed him and came."

"You see," the foreman added kindly, "not my puzzled expression, 'an old man happens to be the name of a tool we use.'—Everybody's Magazine.

Making Caricatures. The way in which some artists can distort features without making them unrecognizable is certainly very remarkable. Thomas Nast possessed this faculty to an extraordinary degree, and he had a very peculiar way of adding new faces to his mental photograph gallery. When a fresh subject would arise in politics, for instance, he would invent some pretext to call upon him at his office or house and hold him in conversation as long as possible, studying his features. When he took his departure he would purposely leave his cane. Once outside, Nast would make a hasty pencil sketch on a card and would usually find that his memory was deficient as to some detail. He would then return, ostensibly for the cane, and another look at the victim would enable him to perfect his sketch. After that he had the man forever. When Joe Kessler was alive he used to make frequent trips to Washington for the purpose of seeing statesmen whom he wanted to draw. He was very clever at catching likenesses and scarcely ever referred to a photograph.

A Wonderful Bird. One day a wonderful bird tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's (wife of the famous arctic explorer) home at Christiania. Instantly the window was opened, and in another moment she covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses. The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but it had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with him and his expedition in the polar region. Nansen had fastened a message to the bird and turned it loose. The frail courier darted out into the billiard air. It flew like an arrow over a thousand miles of frozen waste and then sped forward over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests and one morning entered the window of the waiting mistress and delivered the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously.

Would Let Folks Know It. Somebody sent this to the society editor and made affidavit that it really happened. Here it is: They were out at an afternoon card party. A stout woman dropped a card to the floor. "Would you be so kind as to pick up that card for me?" she inquired of the little woman at her right.

"Certainly," said the accommodating woman at the right, picking up the card.

"You see," explained the stout woman apologetically, "I've got on a brand new fifty dollar corset, and I'm afraid I'll strain it if I lean over."

"Hum!" commented the other woman enviously. "If I had a fifty dollar corset I'd wear it on the outside. A really would."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Crazy. "We find the prisoner not guilty by reason of insanity." "But the plea was not that of insanity," remarked the court.

"That's just the point we made," rejoined the foreman. "We decided that any man who didn't have sense enough to know that an insanity plea was the proper caper must be crazy."—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Was Sensitive. Blobs—You're pretty much stuck on Miss Gobbs, aren't you, old man? Hobbs—I was once, but after what she said to me last night I'm not going to pay any more attention to her. Blobs—Gee! What did she say? Hobbs—"No!"—Cleveland Leader.

Freshman Mathematics. Freshy—Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater from the less? There is a pretty close approach to it when the conceit is taken out of a freshman."—Jewish Ledger.

Porter Always a Sailor. During Grant's first term his secretary of the navy, Forster, for a time turned the actual administration over to Admiral Porter. Admiral Porter was a sailor in the strict etymological sense of the term in that he believed there was nothing like sails. As soon as he was in authority he caused the four bladed propellers of the vessels to be removed and replaced by two bladed ones in order that the ships might maneuver better under sail. This was when he was still in the navy, and he was not an engineer, as the size of the propeller opening was fixed and the two bladed screw could not be made large enough. A few years later in a report to the department he actually claimed that the vessels were faster under steam with the mutilated screws. The facts, of course, were just the reverse, and when his influence became less proper propellers were again fitted. This was when he was still in his prime and his judgment was, at least, not impaired by age. About twenty years later, when the Roach cruises were being built, the dear old man, then over seventy, went before the naval committee and said that the plans of these vessels were wrong because they had only auxiliary sail power. In his judgment they should have been given full sail power with steam as an auxiliary. He was still a sailor! The world had not moved for him.—Engineering Magazine.

The Desert Tortoise. One of the most interesting reptiles of California's great desert is the desert tortoise. A writer in Suburban Life says: "I have found as many as twenty of these hard shelled fellows that we usually associate in our minds with the thought of water in the very heart of the desert, where the water was exceedingly scarce. Yet when you pick them up they generally hold two or three large spoonfuls of liquid. Dissection shows that they each have two large water sacks on the back, and these afford them their water supply. They are great travelers and can walk faster than we should imagine. They are also good climbers. I have watched one for hours climbing up and down the rocky sides of a desert mountain. He could wriggle himself up to a rock almost as high as he was long. Raising himself on his tail end, he would use his head as a hook, then climb with his right leg until he had secured a good hold, then, with what seemed to me extraordinary strength, he would lift himself up and wiggle his body into a secure position."

The Wise Eskimos. Everything in the Eskimo dress has a reason for its existence, writes Captain Ronald Amundsen in "The North-west Passage." The members of Captain Amundsen's expeditions had become accustomed to the Eskimo dress and had adopted it, but many of them thought it ridiculous for grown up men to go about wearing fringes to their clothes, so they cut it off. I had my scruples about this, says the author, as I had already learned that most things in the Eskimo's clothing and other arrangements had their distinct meaning and purpose, so I kept my fringe and put up with the ridicule. He laughs best who laughs last. One day the anovaks, a sort of tunic reaching below the knee, made of deerskin, from which the fringes had been cut off, commenced to curl up, and if the fringe had not been put on again quickly they would soon have looked like neckties.

Only a Letter Out. "Talk about scholars," said the proud Sam Smith to my little lad last about grammar. Tommy, what gender is thy father?" "Masculine," said the learned Tommy.

"Beant it wonderful!" said the proud father. "And thy mother, Tommy?" "Feminine," replied the erudite juvenile.

"Hear that agen!" cried the delighted father. "Ans, noo, Tommy," he proceeded, picking up the family teapot, "what gender is this?" "Neuter," said Tommy.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "it's allus the way. Still, not but what the little lad was far out. He only said 'neuter' 'stead of 'powter, that's a'!"—London Tit-Bits.

Resentment. An old toper, being very hard up, went into his favorite bar and asked the publican for a glass "on tick."

"No," said the proprietor, "I won't give you whisky on credit, but there's a sixpence. Now, what do you want?" "Nothing here," replied the tippler, lifting the coin and putting it in his pocket. "The man who refuses me credit won't get my ready cash," and with an elevated nose he marched out at the door.—London Telegraph.

Know All About George. "Do you know, my daughter, that every name means something? For instance, Charles means brave, William resolute, George?" "Oh, I know what George means, mother."

"Well, what is it?" "George means business. He told me so last night."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Apt Pupil. Friend—You took your son into your establishment some months ago to teach him the business, I understand. How did it turn out? Business Man (wearily)—Great success! He's teaching me now.

A Cross man would be worth at least a dollar a day more if he would become good natured.—Atchison Globe.

Our Charges. As is customary, we will charge for card of thanks, 50c; for resolutions of respect, \$1.00; for notices of church or lodge entertainments, suppers, societies, etc., where there are charges for admission, 5c per line, but where there are no charges for these events, we will break the rule and insert them free. We make this announcement so that our good friends may understand our rule in this respect.

A Bank on Two Legs. "For more than thirty years the most popular woodsman's bank in Maine was a bank on two legs," says Major Holmes Day, author of "King Spruce." "Until he was over seventy years old Uncle Nate Swan was conductor on the Bangor and Piscataquis railroad, running between the city and Moosehead lake. With him rode the woods and driving crews. When they forgot themselves and made a racket on his train he used to cuff them into submission, and no man ever raised his hand against Uncle Nate. When the men came out of the woods with their pay most of them realized from bitter experience that the city folks would get all their money away from them in a few days. As soon as they would get aboard the train they would begin to strip ten dollar bills off their rolls and hand the money to Uncle Nate to 'sink' for them, banking it on call. They never forgot, nor did he, and in all the years there was never a dispute between Conductor Swan and any of his depositors. When they came back on his train they were sure of enough money for their fare and their tobacco at the lake outfitting store. They wouldn't have known very well what to do with more."

Her Ideal Villain. The following anecdote, taken from "My Story," by Hall Caine, is interesting: Immediately after the production of "The Woman in White," when all England was admiring the arch villainy of Fosco, the author, Wilkie Collins, received a visit from a lady who congratulated him upon his success with somewhat icy cheer and then said: "But, Mr. Collins, the great failure of your book is your villain Excuse me if I say you really do not know a villain. Your Count Fosco is a very poor one, and when next you want a character of that description I trust that you will not disdain to come to me. I know a villain and have one in my eye at this moment that would far eclipse anything that I have ever read of in books. Don't think that I am drawing upon my imagination. The man is alive and constantly under my gaze. In fact, he is my own husband."

Fixed Bayonets in London. The privilege of marching through London with fixed bayonets is enjoyed by but very few regiments, such as the Royal Fusiliers, who trace their origin to Cromwell's trained bands, which in later years produced so famous a captain as John Glyn. After the Royal Fusiliers, perhaps even before them in point of regimental seniority, come the East Kent "Buff," a small city ancestry, while the Royal Marines for some reason or other also enjoy the same fixed bayonet rights in the city. A battalion of the grenadier guards was once impressed to serve as marines, and hence they share the privilege of the men who are "soldiers and sailors too." This also explains why that grenadier battalion has for its tattoo "Rule Britannia" as a souvenir of the time when its combative existence was that of the amphibious kind.—London Standard.

The Mental Jog. "There is a certain type of person," said the business man, "especially in New York, who seems unable to understand what is said to him—or her—unless the statement or remark is prefaced by some catchword, usually the word 'listen.'"

"For instance, I have a stenographer who simply stares at me in dumb amazement if I say anything to her without first saying 'Now, listen.' If I begin to dictate a letter to her she will not write a word if I forget to give that mental jog. When I snap that at her she will scratch like mad. She is not the only one. The telephone girl cannot take a message unless it is prefaced by 'Listen.' When I am out of the office and try to talk over the wire with her I must always begin, 'Now, listen,' or else she is hopelessly at sea and seems not to understand a word I say."—New York Press.

Different in Books. In the books this is the way they say it: "Outside the wind moaned unceasingly, its voice now that of a child which sobs with itself in the night, now that of a woman who suffers her great pain alone, as women must suffer till life begins, as women must suffer till life wears to its weary end. And mingled with the wailing of wind rain fell—fell heavily, intermittently, like tears wrung from souls of strong men."

Outside the books we say: "It's raining."—Atchison Globe.

The Brakeman's Joke. "Ran over a cow this morning up above Coffeyville," said the brakeman to a reporter. "How did it happen?" asked the reporter. "She was drinking out of a creek under a bridge," shouted the brakeman as he swung on to the last car and went grinning out of town.—Kansas City Times.

Brutal. Jimson—Where's your wife? Haven't seen her often lately. Weed—Oh, I sent her away on a little vacation. Jimson—So? Where'd she go? Weed—To the Thousand Isles. Jimson—Stay long? Weed—Yes, I told her to take a week to each island.—Judge.

A Saving Grace. Florence—I can't understand why Ethel married Mr. Gunson. He is old enough to be her father. Lawrence—Yes, but he is rich enough to be her husband.—Exchange.

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Baptist church—John Bentzen, pastor. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. B. Y. P. U. 7 p. m. Preaching at 8 p. m.

Methodist church—H. Dewart, pastor. Sunday school 10 a. m.; preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Epworth League at 8 p. m.

Holy Cross Catholic church, Portsmouth Station: 8:15 a. m., low mass; 10:15 a. m., high mass; 7:30 p. m., vespers and benediction.

Christian church—Meets every Sunday in Tabernacle as follows: Sunday school at 10 a. m.; preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. and V. P. S. C. E. meeting at 7 p. m. K. J. Johnson, pastor.

St. Andrew's Episcopal Chapel, University Park—Rev. Wm. R. Powell, chaplain. Regular services 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m.; Bible class at 7 p. m.; Lenten services every Friday at 10 a. m.

Evangelical church—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching 11 a. m., Junior K. L. C. E. 2:30 p. m.; Senior K. L. C. E. 7 p. m. Preaching at 8 p. m. Chester P. Gates, pastor.

First Congregational Church—G. W. Nelson, pastor. Sunday school 10 a. m.; preaching 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m. A seat and welcome to all.

Baptist Church, University Park. Rev. A. H. Walz, pastor. Regular services every Sunday morning and evening.

German Baptist church—Services held each Sunday at Baptist church as follows: Sunday school 2 p. m., preaching at 3 p. m. Rev. Faltmet, pastor.

German Lutheran—Services at 10:45 a. m. every Sunday morning at corner of Peninsula avenue and Kilpatrick street, University Park. All Germans of St. Johns cordially invited to attend. C. Buechler, pastor.

Christian Science—Society meetings held at Chicago Rooming house, Sundays, 11 a. m. and Wednesdays at 8 p. m.

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The undersigned having been appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Multnomah County, Administratrix of the estate of W. W. Raser, deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to present them verified as by law required, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice to the undersigned at the office of Collier & Collier, Holbrook Building, Saint Johns, Oregon.

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